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MONTHLY



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The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

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

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APRIL, 1892.

VOL. IV.

WILLIE GILLIES.

CHAPTER I.

I AM old and garrulous, and must say something about myself in the first place. Peradventure a short introduction will save wearisome explanations at a future stage.

The son of a Highland country farmer, I was bred up for the church—for my mother thought me a prodigy, and deemed the sublimest place for a prodigy the pulpit of a Presbyterian kirk. The atmosphere which I breathed in boyhood confirmed me in the same belief. Although I became a "sticket minister," I have yet a great respect for the cloth. Well, after the ordinary curriculum of ministerial training, I was licensed "a preacher of the Gospel," and awaited the notice of a patron and the call of a congregation to make me a full-blown minister and give me a stipend, manse and glebe, *et forsitans placens uxor*.

But I missed my object in the following way. I was an ambitious student, and aspired to academical honours. I gained the A.M. on the conclusion of my four years' course, while Charles Lumley, son of the ponderous Dr Lumley (I conceal true names in this sketch), the chief man in my

native Presbytery, was shamefully plucked. The Dr, who prided himself on the attainments of his son, the more so because he directed his preparatory studies himself, was wroth at Charlie's failure, and, by a most perverse exercise of logic, transferred the just wrath of the father and teacher from his son to me. The *animus* of the Rev. Dr was quite apparent on the occasion of the Presbyterian examination, which students have to undergo previous to entering the theological hall, and, as I gave, when roused by his unfair questioning, some saucy answers, his influence in the Presbytery, from his social connections and falsely reputed learning, was such that I would have smarted for my knowledge and my impudence, if it had not been patent, even to his simple co-presbyters, that I was better posted up in all subjects than his own son, who was examined the same day. Besides, the A.M. had an imposing sound for the five ministers who, along with Dr Lumley, formed the Presbytery of Glenmorin (it will not be found in the gazetteers, though all I say is true, notwithstanding). Three years later, when I came before the Presbytery of Glenmorin, a candidate for license, the Rev. Dr, who had nursed his wrath to keep it warm, prepared to smash me; but I had anticipated this and was ready for him. His mode of examination may be shown by two questions in ecclesiastical history, the first proper enough, the second a silly trap:—*Q.*—"Who was the mother of Constantine the Great?" *A.*—"Helena." *Q.*—"Who was the mother of Helena?" *A.*—"As far as it has any bearing on ecclesiastical history, it is sufficient to say the mother of Helena was a woman." Upon this saucy answer the members of the Presbytery laughed, and a shrewd, but unlearned elder, interrupted the examination by an anecdote, which I must relate, as it greatly angered the Doctor.

"Weel dune, laddie, I trow ye ha'e fairly coupit the doctor clean heels ower head. Odds, it reminds me of a droll story about the English Johnson, wha, ye ken, juist hated honest Scotchmen as if they were reprobates. Weel,

the English pheelosopher, on his journey to the Heebrides, foregathered wi' a canny fule at a certain laird's hoose. For fun, the pheelosopher tried to pose the fule by speiring if he could tell him wha was the faither of the sons of Zebedee. Weel, the fule scratched his head, but, upon conseederation, he brichtened up a' at aince and said, 'Toots, man, wha could it be but Zebedee himself? And noo that I ha'e answered your question, will you answer ane of mine?' 'Of course,' said the pheelosopher. 'Weel then,' continued the fule, 'can you tell me wha was my faither?' Ha, ha! The pheelosopher was posed, and couldna answer a word."

The rebuke restrained my examiner from similar catch questions in the remainder of the English examination. He, indeed, endeavoured to provoke me to make heretical replies to questions on the abstruse doctrines of free grace and predestination, and I am free to confess that my replies exhibited fully as much apparent inconsistency as the doctrines themselves. In the Greek and Hebrew examination, I was more than a match for my pundit, although he had posted himself up in the passages selected by himself to puzzle me. After the *viva voce* examination, I read, according to custom, the trial discourses of a candidate for license. On looking over them now, I do feel that they are verbose and overcharged with incongruous imagery, but they have the rudiments of several good thoughts, and, certainly, when read *ore rotundo* by the young author, they must have had, as my friend the lay elder assured me at the time, "a grand soond." As I was saying, when the trial was concluded, I was told to go into the next room, and allow the Presbytery to deliberate in private. There was a chink in the partition, and, while ashamed of eavesdropping, I could not help listening to the conversation which ensued. I need not repeat it. Suffice it to say, that the doctor laboured to impress on his brethren that my learning was more specious than solid, and that in doctrine I was far from sound. He was not,

however, entirely the dictator of the court. When he hinted that it would be advisable to postpone my license for another term, several of his co-presbyters said "No, no," and the lay elder aforesaid declared with emphasis that I was "a more likely lad for wagging my head in a poopit, aye, by a half, than some of the smaiks that had passed at former diets, including Dr Lumley's ain son." Finally, I was called in. The doctor, as moderator, announced that the Presbytery agreed to license me, and then proceeded to make severe remarks on my appearance in the *viva voce* examination, and injurious inferences from passages in my homilies, sermons, or whatever they should be called. My outward demeanour was calm, but passion boiled at my heart, and I interrupted the doctor's remarks to tell him that I was perfectly content to have my whole examination taken again in writing, and to meet the rev. gentleman's strictures where I should be sure of justice, at the bar of the Synod. Fire shot from his eye; he finished his speech abruptly, and from that moment he was a worse foe than ever.

Well, I had no patron, but a fair character, and the inheritance of a good name from two or three generations of honest ancestors—it is always a primary consideration with a Scotch congregation that ministers be of honest, that is pious and prudent parentage, it does not matter however poor—recommended me to the favour of a vacant parish in the next Presbytery. At the request of his farmers, the patron presented me to the church and parish in due order, and I was in a fair way of being settled for life, when Dr Lumley got hold of two of the elders that led the most orthodox portion of the congregation, whispered doubts as to my soundness in the faith, which doubts were emphasised by sundry shakes of the head. The oracles at once changed their tune. As there was no veto-law then, and as the objections were groundless, I would have been settled had I chosen to persist. But I always held that a minister cannot be useful where the people look upon him

an intruder, and so I resigned my pretensions and retired permanently from the ecclesiastical field. I could try my fortune again, but the emptiness of religious professions which I had witnessed improperly disgusted me with the calling of a minister. In addition to this feeling of repugnance, I had lost my legitimate ambition of distinction—and what can be a greater loss to a young man? But this loss was rather the result of failing health than of a trivial disappointment. There is nothing more sad than the exhaustion of energy which follows too much study. I went to college an ill-trained lad, with fair abilities, and grasped at learning with too much avidity. The plethora of undigested mental food brought me to the brink of the tomb, and made me a confirmed valetudinarian. I lived with my elder brother, who succeeded my father in the farm. My brother and sister-in-law never complained of me as a burden, but, when somewhat recovered, I felt it a duty to try and do something, however little, to repay them for their kindness. I was naturally of a literary turn, and by and bye, having established a connection with two or three magazines, my pen brought me a limited but competent remuneration.

A literary work, which it is not necessary to particularise, brought me to Edinburgh about ten years ago. My time was short, and why should I not say it? my purse was light, and, for economising both time and money, I was induced during my two months' stay in town to leave the penetralia of a publishing firm in Princes Street regularly when the clock "chappet" one, and adjourn for dinner—invariably a plate of roast beef, potatoes, and a glass of ale—to an eating-house on the other side of the street. It was a low affair, insomuch that the front of it was below the level of the street, and the entrance was reached by a stair descending from the pavement. As the house stood on the brink of the Nor Loch ravine, the back windows, however, overlooked the railway, and rose high above many humbler buildings. The rear

elevation, therefore, counterbalanced the humility of the front, and the dining-room was pleasant as one could wish, and no objection could be made either to the neat-handed Phyllis or the viands. I forgot to mention that the house was conducted on temperance principles, although a few of the company, like myself, used the permission of sending out the boy for a pint of ale, as being more *apropos* than water to our constitutions. It dawned on me after a couple of visits, that the company were always the same persons, and most agreeable fellows also. They were, in fact, junior clerks in the public offices and foremen in shops, who had no time for going home to dine, or no inclination for spending money for show in pretentious but not always comfortable hotels. The junior clerks, indeed, would gladly have changed from low grubs into butterflies, and took their humble fare under protest and appeal to future days. But they were cheery, well-informed, gentlemanly fellows, with whom I dearly liked to chatter for the half-hour after dinner. I am an awkward timid man in promiscuous company. I never gave a lecture, though often pressed by friends, nor made a public speech in my life. A sea of upturned faces is my horror, and on the rare occasions on which I appeared in the pulpit my heart went pit pat, and my legs trembled under me until I began to warm with my own eloquence. In a snug family party I rather shine, because I feel quite unconstrained by formalities galling to a free man, and which an absent man continually transgresses in very ludicrous ways. From the first, however, I quite felt at home with this company, and in the political, legal, scholastic, and commercial conversations which we had from day to day, I was not unseldom chosen referee by the good-natured disputants. It was not an unpleasant feature of our communion, that we never spoke about ourselves, our connections, prospects, never made enquiries respecting one another, never even carried our dining

intimacy to the street. The perfect separation of the particles for twenty-three hours of the day increased their harmony when they met.

I was quite content with this convenient limitation of friendship towards all my fellow-diners but one. The exception was a lad about fifteen, the junior of the company, and by far the most reserved. He was close as an oyster ; it required the knife to open him. I believe in physiognomy and admire beauty—not altogether the beauty of shape and colour, for these, while they are not despicable gifts, do not constitute the beautiful man or woman. It is the indescribable irradiation of heart and mind that gives to physical beauty a ten-fold power of attraction, and that even overcomes the homeliness or ugliness of less favoured mortals. My dinner companion was a fine lad to look at, but that was not what made the young clerks so forbearing to him (I got myself a good share of their jokes and banter), the steady, hard-headed, and not soft-hearted tradesmen so kind, and the Phyllis of the house so anxious to study his comfort. I believe we all intuitively understood, that this boy was one who had already looked without the coloured medium of fancy on the stern realities and responsibilities of life, and had made up his mind to sacrifice pleasure, inclination, and ambition itself to duty. His noiseless demeanour and serious blue eye showed the manliness of a right determination to reach a given goal, and the strength of self-consciousness of ability. He diligently perused a book which he always brought with him in the interval after dinner. Sometimes he looked up, when the conversation around him was serious and animating, and then his eye glanced with intelligence, or a pleasant but sad smile fluttered, as if half ashamed of itself, for a moment on his face. I made several attempts to draw him out, but he answered in polite monosyllables, and immediately relapsed into the study of that weary book, I was angry with the young fellow, and made a vow I would force him from his defences. So one day, coming

too late for dinner, when passing my friend, I looked over his head, and discovered that the book was Justinian's Institutes. Placing my hand on his shoulder in a fatherly style, I bent my face over him, and gave aloud an English translation of the passage at which he was looking with a puzzled expression. He lifted up his eyes to mine, and in a quick way for him thanked me for helping him out of a difficulty. I remarked that such and such passages in that part of the work would have presented similar difficulties to him. He looked his admiration of my learning, and, turning up the passages I mentioned, showed that every one of them was marked with an N.B. for future study. Delighted at finding a road to his confidence, I entered with pleasure on the discussion of the twisted passages, and made several of them clear to him before the hour expired.

CHAPTER II.

THAT day I loitered behind my companions, and found an opportunity of asking the head of the establishment the name of the student of Justinian.

"The callant's name is Willie Gillies, sir," was the response.

"Where has he come from?"

"Frac a muirland parish on the Highland Border. But while he has been coming here for two years bygane, we ken little aboot his forbears and sichlike, because, ye see, he's that close that he never wares a word that can be helped on man, woman, or beast. I misdoot it he has seen black dule, and that he is striving to sprackle up the brae against odds. Faith, I think he'll win the top too. The guidwife, mysel', and Maggie (our Phyllis, to wit) are free to take our corporal aith that he is just the tightest, doucest, and best laddie in Auld Reekie this day, but we ken unco little aboot his history."

"But what is he doing? He is not a regular student."

“ If ye mean a collegian, no. But as for a student in the way of reading, I never saw his equal. The spune is hardly out o’ his mou’ when he’s tooth and nail at his buik. Ye speir what is he doing? Weel, he’s in lawyer B——’s office. Not a regular apprentice, because he canna pay the regular ’prentice fee, and the auld skinflint has’nt the heart to dae him justice, tho’ I’m tauld by ane wha shu’d ken—that’s the head clerk—that Willie is the handiest lad about the place, and has the langest head ever seen on a callan’s shouthers; except that he’s a thocht too strict for the lawyer craft, whilk is just a gipsy clouting of crazy pots and pans, maybe wi’ stolen material.”

This was all the information I could gather from the head of the eating-house, a plain, honest man, with a prudent eye to business, and a sound heart under his doublet, but who, in the management of his business and in “genteel feenish,” as he said himself, was quite eclipsed by his wife and daughter. What he told whetted my curiosity to know more of Willie Gillies, and for that purpose I resolved to keep Justinian as a spiritual medium between him and me. The plan succeeded to a miracle. Willie from day to day became more communicative about the difficulties that beset him in his readings, and my elucidations were ever at his command.

Willie’s learning was scanty, but his application and perseverance frightened me. I knew by experience the sad blighting of over-study. Lawyer B——’s office was shut on Saturday afternoons, and as our friendship progressed, I also stole a half-day weekly holiday from my work in order to stroll with Willie into the country. My health required this relaxation, for pure air and active exercises are the best stimulants to a languid temperament and debilitated constitution. Besides, I flattered myself that I was not selfish in my indulgence, since it brought Willie from his attic in a narrow lane to inhale health and strength in the open air. We now took up with Justinian, Glanville, and the Regiam Majestatem. The combined history of Roman and

Mediæval law was as interesting to myself as advantageous to my pupil, who, with his strong common sense, grasped at once the points of contact and divergence as soon as they were indicated, and made occasional suggestions on the moral philosophy and underlying systems of jurisprudence, which opened new trains of thought for his teacher. But the more closely I studied my companion the more convinced I became that mine host spoke the truth when he described him as "a thocht too strict for the lawyer craft." The easy morality of the profession did not harmonise with the stern truthfulness of his nature. Politic shifts and ingenious chicane seemed to be beyond his reach as they were far below his contempt. The study of law as an abstract science has attractions for men of the most diverse minds and principles. The practice of law as a profession often demands a suppleness, especially from young aspirants without connections in the legal circle and money to make them independent of their profession, which galls the high-spirited, and often disgusts or vitiates the high-principled. I could not help dropping dissatisfied hints to Willie about his chosen profession. I went as far as to suggest that he should study medicine or theology. He changed countenance and said sadly, "I have no choice, I must take the nearest road to make money that I can find."

"Shame on you, Willie," I replied, with virtuous indignation, "for such a grovelling sentiment. Ambition of fame and distinction is natural to youth; the love of money is the vice of age."

"But," said Willie, his face reddening and speaking eagerly, "it is not for the love of money, it is because my father's dying charge weighs upon me. He left my mother, my sister, and my brother to my care. I was six, Kate was three, and George was not born, when, with his dying breath, he enjoined me solemnly to be the prop of the house as soon as I could. Mr B—— offers to article me on certain conditions, which are hard but not

impossible. I have no money—no friends (after a pause), and my mother's allowance from the Ministers' Widows Fund is so small—father was a poor missionary when he married, and could not take the higher class of payments—that they have scarcely enough to keep them from want, and I can't help them much until I earn better wages. I can and will work—that's a consolation."

"My lad"—I spoke as calmly as emotion permitted—"I am grieved that in haste I was a harsh judge of your motives. To you I dare not give counsel. What am I but a comparatively useless member of society—one without a settled purpose or object of exertion? I stand rebuked before you who are going out with faith and hope and lofty principles to the battle of life, which I evaded by running away. I envy you the motive of your exertion. Obey your father's words like a voice from heaven. You have a purgatory of disappointments and crosses before you—you have already entered it—but trust in God and persevere, and you will come out of it like gold thrice tried. I will not judge of the profession you have chosen—or which has been forced upon you by circumstances. Many in any profession may be good and honest, and it is the professions of doubtful reputation that have the greatest need of goodness. Feeling towards you as if you were my son or younger brother, I say that I would not have counselled you to study law, but as it is, I can only ask forgiveness and bid you go forth and prosper."

We did not again recur to the subject, but the ice being once broken, Willie after this conversation talked freely about his friends at home. By the synthetical process of reasoning, I made up pictures of his mother, sister, and brother. The first I thought was a pliable, loving woman, the second a smart romp, the plague and delight of the family, and the third a plump fellow, eating, if he could, all day, and sleeping all night. In the first instance I had soon ocular proof that my ideal was correct, and I have found cause since to surmise that I was not far wrong about the junior members either.

My work in Edinburgh was completed, and I was dining in the eating-house the last day but one previous to my departure, when, a little after the rest of the company, a lady entered the room, and without speaking to anyone sat down at an unoccupied table near the door. The presence of any woman but of mine host's wife and daughter was a novelty in the establishment. It was Saturday, and the company were fewer, and all but myself and two others went away sooner than on other days. Willie did not make his appearance at the usual hour, and I was for sauntering forth without him, when a slight movement and lighting up of face on the part of the stranger widow caused me to lift up my eyes from the *Scotsman* and fix my attention on her. The sound of footsteps reached me through the open door, and I was sure it was Willie that was coming. Then the truth flashed on me that this stranger was his mother. When his eyes fell on her, his lips confirmed my guess.

“My mother!”

“My son!”

He gently kissed her cheek, and they both sat down. She explained how the chance of a conveyance for nothing induced her to come and surprise him by a visit. He inquired about Kate, George, and—smile not, reader—about their dog Sirrah. They were all well. Then Willie ordered dinner for two with a little pomposity, and asked Maggie to get something nice for his mother. The smiling maid obeyed with pleasure. When the humble fare was placed before them, mother and son bowed their heads, while he, the prop and stay of his family, returned thanks to the gracious Father of all, for giving them that day their daily bread. It was Willie's laudable custom to give mental thanks every day, but now he spoke out audibly and from a fulness of heart. The words were few and simple, but oh, how affectingly beautiful! they breathed the faith and child-like gratitude of believing hearts. I watched the pair with dim eyes over the edge of the newspaper.

The mother was what I had fancied her, a careworn, faded woman, with much amiability and little inherent strength of mind. She leant on her son with a trustfulness really wonderful; and he took it upon him to cater for her, cheer her, and whisper the comfort and the hope to which she was herself a stranger. How strange that mother and son should be so similar in features and complexion and so dissimilar in qualities of mind! I guessed that with his mother's fair complexion and soft demeanour, the boy inherited the firm will and lofty purpose of a strong-willed and strict-principled father. For some time the two were so engrossed with each other, that they were oblivious of all around them. Willie's attention was drawn to me at last by a noise, which I made with my cane to notify my presence. A vivid blush covered his face as he led me up to his mother, and stated that I was the kind gentleman about whom he wrote, who aided him so greatly in his studies. The widow warmly shook my hand and said, in a quivering, low voice,

“God bless you, sir, for your kindness to Willie.”

At that moment I felt indeed blessed.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ESTATE OF BUGHT, INVERNESS,
AND ITS OWNERS, 1171-1891.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P.

PART II.

IT will be observed that by this time Margaret Grant is married a second time, to Hugh Ostler, burghess of Inverness.

The minute description of the seals of the Haliburton and Chisholm families attached to the deed of 1449 is of historic value.

I had supposed that "William de Buthe," a wealthy burghess of Inverness, also a liberal benefactor, especially to the Chaplainry of St Michael, in conjunction with Marion Muirren, his spouse; Janet Buthe, their daughter; and Alexander Vaus, her husband, who all lived at this period, was proprietor of Bught. At same time, it is seen that most of William's lands were situated in the valley of the Milburn, or within burgh, and do not include Bught. Possibly he may have been proprietor of the lands now known as Dirriebught, held in mortification for the poor.

In passing, it may be noticed that in 1453 the rental payable to Aberbrothoc from the Church of Inverness comprehended "the herring teinds of Inverness, the teind of the mills of the same town, also 40s from the Paschal roll of the aforesaid town,—also the land of Bouch."

The Abbot not only declined to sanction the alienation of the lands of Bught, but took active steps in person to recognise them, as appears by the following documents, the first in 1456:—

"Bucht : Instrument of Recognition.—In the name of God, Amen : By this be it known that in the year of the Lord's Incarnation 1456, on the 3rd day of the month of December, the 5th indiction, and second year of the Pontificate of Pope Calixtus III., in the presence of me and the

witnesses underwritten, personally compeared Malcolm, Abbot of Aberbrothoc, and also James Ogilvie, bailie of the said father in that part, which James by the precept of the aforesaid father there personally present, by taking of stone and earth at Bucht and upon the ground thereof, recognosed the same on account of the alienation made, the license of the said father and his convent not being sought nor obtained thereupon: Also on account of the non-payment of the service due and wont to the said father and convent: Inhibiting Hugh Hostlar, the pretended occupier of the lands of Bucht, or any other, to intromit with them until they should be lawfully repledged, upon which the said father asked a public Instrument to be made to him by me. These things were done at Bucht, there being present Alexander Flemyng, Thomas Cuthbertson, John Monelaw, Andrew Monelaw, and John Young.

“And I, Alexander Thornton, notary in the premises, was present, etc.”

Abbot Malcolm renewed the instrument in 1460:—

“In the name of God, Amen: By this be it known that in the year of the Incarnation of the Lord 1460, on the 18th of June, the 8th indiction, and second year of the Pontificate of Pope Pius II., in the presence of me and the witnesses underwritten, personally compeared Malcolm [etc., as in foregoing]. These things were done at Bucht, present, Gilbert Stewart, Walter Stewart, James Guthre, Thomas Brown, and Patrick Hay—and I, Alexander Thornton, notary in the premises, was personally present, etc.”

While the Abbot was firm, John Haliburton (his parents being by this time apparently dead) was obdurate, acting defensively and offensively. In 1463 John has to yield for the moment, and makes his submission as follows:—

“In the name of God, Amen: By this let it be known that in the year from the Incarnation of the Lord 1463, the 12th indiction, and 11th day of the month of August, and the 6th year of the Pontificate of Pope Pius II., John Halyburtoun of Kynrossy obliged himself to make restitution to Sir William Noble, monk, in the name of the Abbot and Convent of Aberbrothoc, of a horse taken by the said

John from the said Sir William : which horse Sir William formerly distrained for the fermes of the lands of Bucht : and upon this he engaged as his security Thomas Forbes, Daviesoun ; and thereupon promised not to molest the lands of Bucht until he should do to the Abbot for them what he was of right bound to do. Upon which Sir William asked from me an Instrument : These things were done in the Castle of Inverness, about the 11th hour before noon, the witnesses being James Bishop of St Andrews, Andrew Lord Avandale, Chancellor of Scotland, Colin Earl of Argyll, and James Lord Levinstoun, with many others."

Next year, 1464, the Abbot makes a final and supreme effort, as appears by the following writs :—

"James, by the grace of God King of Scots, to our macer Hector of Meldrum, our sheriff in that part, greeting : Our will is and we charge you that you in our name summons and charge Alexander Vaus, Alexander Flemyng, John Sherif, Patrick Ferguson, Alexander Watson, Hugh Clerk and Thomas of Moray and Patrick Flegear, chaplains, William Awas, William Soulis, and Andrew Fermor, chaplain, to compear before us and our Council at Inverness, this next Saturday, the xi. day of this month of August, with continuation of days, to bear leal witness to the sooth fastness in it that shall be enquired of them in the action and cause betwixt Dean William Noble, Chamberlain and Procurator to ane venerable father in Christ, the Abbot and Convent of Aberbrothoc, on the one part, and John Haliburton on the other, touching the spoliation and alienation of the lands of the Bught, and to answer for them in that matter in so far as law will, under all pain and charge that after may follow, the which to do we commit to you our full power by our letters, delivering them by you duly executed again to the bearer. Given under our signet at Inverness, the viii. day of August, and of our reign the fifth year.

"I, Hector of Meldrum, macer and sheriff in that part, summoned these persons within written personally and before witness, as I have done after the tenor of this summons this last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. In witness whereof I have set to my signet at Inverness, this Saturday, the xith day of this August."

“In the action and cause moved by Dean William Noble, Chamberlain of Aberbrothoc, in the name and the behalf of the Abbot of Aberbrothoc, against John Haliburton of the Ard, touching the alienation of the lands of the Bught holden of the said Abbot and recognosced in his hands for the said alienation, and upon the spoliation made by the said John Haliburton of the said lands as is alleged since the said recognition, the Lords assigns Saturday next to come with continuation of days to the said Dean William to prove the said alienation and spoliation, and ordains the macer to charge the chaplain of Saint Katharine’s Altar to be here the said day, to shew to the King what reason he has to occupy the said lands, and summonses the said John or his to be here the said day to hear the said proof, and decerns also the said Dean William to have such letters of summons as he will desire upon any persons that may be witness or proof in said matter. (Signed) W. LAYNG.”

Information at this point ceases until 1562, when process is found to have been taken in the Sheriff Court of Inverness, at the instance of Sir Gilbert Duff, Chaplain of St Katharine’s Altar in the Parish Church of Inverness, to remove John Neilson from the lands of Bught, in the parish of Inverness. Neilson defended the action, and objected that Bught being Church lands, the matter was one exclusively falling under the proper cognizance of the Bishop’s Court. No decision is recorded, and in a few years the Reformation took place. From this it would appear as if the alienation to the Reid family was destined in reality to the chaplain for the time being of St Katharine’s Altar, Inverness, who is found connected with Bught in an apparently proprietorial capacity in the years 1464 and 1562.

It is not clear when the Burgh of Inverness acquired the lands, or whether it ever possessed more than the superiority; and Bught *per expressim* is neither included in the Charters by Queen Mary in 1567, nor by King James in 1591. Some light upon the nature of the right of the Burgh to Bught, is shown by the following memorandum,

written about 1755, by Bailie Duncan Fraser on his own behalf, and that of his co-owners of the four coble fishings of Ness, which, though confused, is interesting in many respects.

William Fraser of Bught, also Town Clerk of Inverness, having attempted to close the roads or passages to the Islands along the west bank of the River Ness, the matter came into Court. Bailie Fraser's Memorandum, couched in severe terms as regards the Town Clerk, is here quoted :—

“ Hints of Replys to Clk ffrasers answers that the first Petition was so far from being ill-founded, that the second is the same, and if the sheriff will take cognizance of it, he will soon be convinced of the justness of the Petitioners side of the question, and the ridiculous pretensions of the Respondents, particularly the proprietor of Kilvean, the other persons names being borrowed only by him.

“ The Petitioners cannot forbear wishing that the former judges had acted more like Magistrates of the Good Town of Inverness. The Respondents low insinuations of Christianity, good neighbourhood, and members of one community, as if the Petitioners should compound this affair with him, after he had committed a very rash and presumptuous step, by cutting and taking possession of ground he can have no right to, which he will find ; and the further he follows it will bring him less advantage or credite. His alleading the Petitioners have no right, is like the man, for he knows Mr Duff's right as well as Duncan Fraser's, as he is keeper of the Register that contains them. He knows that the Lords some five years agoe removed Mr Duff's tenant in his fishing after such prors as he obliged him to bring the cause before them. However, our rights are produced.

“ The sarcasm of the Petitioners ignorance in their own rights, is so indiscreet as not worth answer. He goes on with a detail of his letting grounds in Tack to Robert Anderson, &c., pretending his ignorance with respect to the intention of building a flour mill there, this is of a piece with the rest, for besides the said flour miln he is in terms with oysrs who are to build a snuff miln and a bleaching miln. He must have he says for himself all on the banks of the River Ness, which banks belong to the Town of

Inverness, and particularly in servitude to the proprietors of the River, and without which there could be no fishing. Besides it is the common high road to go to the Isle for inhabitants and strangers, and the only way the fishermen have of hawling their boats to the Island to fish it, and the very place where the boats lye on shore in the day time; by which the Sheriff sees that the Respondent has no property in these grounds nor did any of his authors pretend to any such thing. His suggestions of Envey, Emulation, and litigation is ill flitten, for if he was not Master of the Adjacent lands, and particularly Town Clerk of Inverness, the Good Town, their vassalls or inhabitants would not be thus troubled as no other proprietor having these lands durst (we may say) act such a part.

“ He knows Duncan Fraser is doer for the Taxmen, as he pays him his rent punctually for them when it falls due, &c.

“ The Respondent comes now as he calls it to speak Up and appears in his proper light, or collours, ffor he refuses to be a vassall of the Town of Inverness.

“ Some years agoe he built a gate clandestinely a little below on the road and Banks, which when discovered was interrupted, and after debating the matter in Council It was enacted there that the same should be razed, and the road left patent to the Magistrates, their vassals, and inhabitants of Inverness, and if the Clerk did not so himself, one of the Magistrates was appointed to pay labourers and see it done. It was not done, I mean razed, for some time, but himself did it at last. It is true he has since carryed off some ground, and made an ugly breach in the bank and said high road, in which he has not yet been legally challenged, but that matter is not over. It may be presumed the above two cases were intended as preparatives (to the present) and finding the last unnoticed as yet he has proceeded.

“ As to what he says of Church lands, any person without being a man of law, far less a Clerk of a considerable community, knows that Church lands were disposed of at the Reformation in an odd and extraordinary way to friends and powerful neighbours by the then incumbents. His intentions to be no vassall of the Towns is to make out by his Church right, Titles to the Millns and Multure of his land and fishing (as he says) included in his said right, Neither of which can he have from the Magistrates,

for all their fishings were disposed of by them long agoe as were their millns, to which last the Town of Inverness and lands holding of it are thirled, But before and at the Reformation the Magistrates and Council were (it being Church lands) the Patrons of Bught, which is equal in the present case to superiors, as by the Disposition he mentions will appear, as likewise that these lands are burdened in the usages, liberties, and privileges, &c., used and wont to the Town of Inverness, their vassals and inhabitants. As to what he says of the regality of Spynie, should it hold, the Town would have few vassals left them, for most of the Carse of Inverness were of Arbroath, and oysrs of the lands they are superior of, of different holdings. So this is a fine motion from their Town Clerk.

“To imagine that this country was all oake 150 years agoe is thoughtless, ther was as little hereabouts then as now: our woods having been destroyed ages before by Danes, English, and Intestine war. Besides, it does not at all appear that ever there was water in the great Canal he mentions, nor an iron Miln erected, and far less any work going on there, as there is not the least vestige thereof. Nor any filth or cinders, or dreggs of iron, of which at any such work there must have been very considerable heaps of both remaining had they ever wrought at it.”

Although Bailie Fraser states that the Town was “Patron” of Bught before and at the Reformation, the probability is that the Town claimed and exercised the superiority over Bught under the general terms of the Charter of 1591. It is curious that while in the Town’s Charters Bught is described as lying “within the Territory of the Burgh;” in the proprietor’s titles the lands are, as late as 1783, when acquired by Mr Duncan Grant, described as “lying within the regality of Spynie.” From what precedes, it is certain Bught originally, lay neither within the Territory of the Burgh of Inverness nor the regality of Spynie.

At this stage it may prove convenient to give a description of the original Estate of Bught from a Town Charter in 1692:—

“All and whole the lands of Bught with houses, biggings, yards, parts, pendicles, and universal pertinents

thereto belonging, lying within the Territory of the Burgh of Inverness and Sheriffdom thereof, bounded with Mr David Poulson of Kinmylies his lands at the north and east, the water of Ness at the south, and the highway that leads to Dunaincroy at the west parts respective, together with the teinds both great and small, as well parsonage as vicarage of the lands and others foresaid included with the stock, and not to be separated therefrom."

The feu is 10 merks and 3s 4d Scots. It will be seen that while three of the boundaries continue the same to the present day, the west boundary is entirely altered. The road described as leading to Dunaincroy followed the present Glen-Urquhart Road unto a point a few yards to the south west of Bught Lodge; then, inclining to the left, it made pretty straight for the foot of the east slopes of Torvean. The formation of the canal greatly changed things in that neighbourhood, but a part of the old Dunaincroy road to near Bught Lodge I distinctly recollect in the years 1836-1841. Thus the original Bught did not include Torvean, nor any land west of the old Dunaincroy road. Neither did it include the Mills of Bught, with stances for houses and rights of watercourses, which were parts of the Barony of Kinmylies granted to the Bishop of Moray by Alexander II. 1232-1236.

No particulars regarding the owners of Bught from 1562 have been noted, until about 1614, when Duncan Forbes, first of Culloden, who had been brought from the east country to Inverness by his stepfather, Fraser of Strichen, established a large business there and became owner. As Duncan Forbes "of Bught" he is very frequently referred to, and until he purchased and became designed "of Culloden" in 1637. It is understood he gave these lands to a younger son, James Forbes, found in 1643, who married Agnes Munro. In 1648 John Polson "of Bught" is found. At a subsequent date Robert Chapman, merchant, Burgess of Inverness, and Elizabeth Grant, his second wife, are owners, and in embarrassed circumstances. By disposition dated 16th November, 1691, John Chap-

man, eldest son and heir of Robert Chapman, sells Bught to Mathew Paterson, burghess of Inverness (son of Alexander Paterson), and to his wife Jane. Mathew Paterson was living in 1734, being succeeded by his son, Lieutenant Robert Paterson, who sold Bught to William Fraser, Town Clerk (before referred to), son of Provost Alexander Fraser. William Fraser was infeft on a Charter from the Burgh in February, 1744.

Clerk Fraser set up a Bleachfield on the river banks, which was carried on for several years, but it was not a great success. He employed an experienced Bleacher named William Henderson from the south. Henderson's extraordinary but involuntary adventures after sailing from Leith bound for Inverness in April, 1757, until his arrival in Inverness months afterwards, are worthy of being recorded. He married, 30th March, 1767, Isobel, fourth daughter of the Clerk, who died 31st July, 1769, and their surviving daughter, Christian Henderson, a lady of great beauty, married Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch.

William Fraser's Trustees sold Bught to Duncan Grant, Commissary of Inverness, who began his legal career as "servitor" to Evan Baillie of Abriachan. Mr Grant married Jean, daughter of Hugh Baillie of Dochfour, and niece of Abriachan—no beauty, but a clever member of a rising family. Her sisters were—Mrs Fraser of Belladrum; Mrs Chisholm, wife of Provost William Chisholm of Buntait; Mrs Duff, younger of Muirtown. The accumulations of the two brothers Alexander, and Evan Baillie, together with that of Evan's sons, Peter and James, made up the present great estates of the Dochfour family.

As a marriage present, tradition has it, Mrs Grant's brother, Evan Baillie, who had purchased Kinmylies, gave his brother-in-law, the south-west part thereof lying 'twixt the old road to Dunaincroy on the one side, and very near the present road to Urquhart on the other, thus including Torvean Hill, Loch-na-Sannish, &c., more than doubling the area of the original Estate, with a feu of £2 2s, but no consideration otherwise.

Before the present Urquhart road was formed early this century, the enlarged Bught and Kinmylies march ran a little to its left, and any one passing the road westwards, say opposite to the road leading to Balphadric, will observe inside the present wall the remains of a feal dyke—the old march. When the late Mr Grant erected the present stone wall, he was permitted to do so along the present road, the narrow intervening stripe 'twixt the old feal dyke and the public road being useless to Kinmylies Estate.

Bught was now a compact Estate, and Mr Grant began to improve and square off the arable land. He also planted Torvean, hitherto a bare, ugly hill, covered with whins. He enlarged the house, and formed the fine extensive garden, with its remarkable holly hedge fence. It is a pity that the ancient burial ground of Kilvean, a little to the south of the Bught steading, has been obliterated.

In Mr Duncan Grant's time, the Canal was formed, bisecting the estate, but it is said the compensation, and for land taken, about ten barren acres, viz., £1500, almost equalled the price paid to Clerk Fraser's Trustees for the original Estate.

Provost Grant, the only son of Duncan Grant, succeeded. He was one of the most hospitable of men, was twice married, first to Miss Gillanders of Highfield, and second to Miss Mackintosh, Dalmigavic. The Provost was succeeded by his only son, the late Mr Duncan Grant, through whose beneficence the present handsome Town Hall of Inverness greatly owes its existence. To Mr Grant's memory I take the opportunity of adding my hearty tribute for his kindness, continued from the time of his father, and spreading almost over a century, in allowing the poor women of Tomnahurich Street and the neighbourhood to gather and carry off sticks and decayed branches, free firing for their humble homes, from the woods of Torvean, and which old kindly custom terminated in the North with Mr Grant.

In the time of Mr Grant's relict, the late lamented Mrs Warrand, the Miln of Bught with its pertinents was added

to Bught, and an old grievance, the cause of much annoyance and litigation to the owners of Bught, was thereby removed.

The precise signification of Loch-na-Sannish has given rise to difficulties. In 1788 Mr Campbell Mackintosh spells it "Loch-na-Sannach;" but he unfortunately did not give the significance, as he did satisfactorily once when writing the word "Clach na halig." Of old it was used as a general quarry for the winning of clay and marl, and its extent added to, as well as deepened, by the great mass of material extracted for the puddling of the canal banks in the vicinity. It is feared that Torvean will never recover the hashing received by the canal operations.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER IV.

Bailie James Dunbar's Debts.—References to them in a Summons, and in Session Records in 1701, 1710, 1711, and 1712—His Death.—Proceedings against his Heirs.—Interesting Old Document, relative to the above (1713).—First Mortification of 2000 Merks.—Second Mortification of 2000 Merks.—Heritable Bond of Corroboration, relative to First Mortification.—Another ditto, relative to Second Mortification.—Proceedings taken relative to said Bonds.—Possession of Fishing and Lands obtained.—Counsel's Opinion asked.—Counsel's Opinion.—Occasion of Recording Provost Dunbar's Deed of Mortification in Session Records.—Hospital Treasurer James Dunbar's Protestation (1711).—Resolution of Kirk Session respecting Provost Dunbar's Mortification in 1711.—The Donor's Intentions under the Deed, especially with reference to First Mortification of 2000 Merks.—Little attention paid to them.

IT was only after much pressure that any proper security was obtained from Bailie Dunbar, probably not till April, 1703, when he granted two heritable bonds of corroboration; but trouble about the money did not cease even with his death, which probably took place early in 1712, for by the end of that year we find him spoken of as "the deceast Baillie Dunbar."

There is a short index at the end of a volume of Session records, showing the pages on which his debts were referred to, and headed "B. James Roy Dunbar." He had been *Church* Treasurer, and a large sum of reparation money was also due by him, as well as the trust money belonging to the Hospital proper.

There is a document forthcoming, of date 23rd October, 1700, docketed—"Summonds the Patrons and Administrators of the Hospitall of Inverness against James Dunbar, 1700." In the narrative of this, both the mortifications are

mentioned, with the destination of each. The one first mentioned in this is the same as the one mentioned in the first of the two bonds of corroboration, viz., that for the use of the Hospital of Inverness ; with this difference, however, that it is here stated that the beneficiaries were to be “ *eight* poor men in the said Hospital, aither those now in it or that afterwards should happen to be lodged therein.” But this appears to be a mistake, so far as *eight* is concerned (a summary of the destination of the moneys has been already given). The date of this mortification is here given, and apparently correctly, as 16th June, 1688, and the patrons, Mr Gilbert Marshall, and his successors in office ; James Barbour and his heirs and assigns ; together with James Dunbar. The one mentioned second is the one mentioned in the second bond of corroboration, viz., that for eight poor persons, but with this difference, that it is said to be “ for *other eight* indigent persons of the inhabitants of the town to be lodged therein” (*i.e.*, in the Hospital). There is no ground for this according to the fuller document, the bond of corroboration. The date of this mortification is here said to be “ of the self-same date with the immediatlie above letter of mortification.” The patrons here named are “ Mr Hector M’Kenzie, minr. at Inverness, with his then colleague, and their successors in office, together with the said James Dunbar, and his heirs and assigns, and five of the Elders of the Kirk Session, with this *specialtie* (?) that he the said James Dunbar as to the nomination of the sd. eight indigent persons shd. be always, and whether of the Eldership or not ; as the Hospital letters of Dotation and Mortification afore-said, of the dates above mentioned, and containing in each of them, the said James Dunbar, his receipt of the said two — (?) principall sums, and registrat in the town Court books of Inverness upon 18th day of September, 1688 yeirs, more fully bears.”

The above narrative and dates appear to be correct, except as to the limit of eight poor persons within the Hospital, and the insertion of the word “ other ” before “ eight indigent persons of the town.”

As early as 17th July, 1701, the Committee appointed by the Session to speak to Baillie Dunbar reported that they had met with him and spoken to him, and that he promised to take a speedie course to give them satisfaction. In the margin of the Session records there is here written, "Baillie James Roy Dunbar."

The two bonds of corroboration, with security, dated 27th April, 1703, seem to have been the fruits of this conference. In 1710 we find him still promising. On 26th December of that year, after much negotiation and pressure, he "offered the Session to secure them in any part of his lands that were not life-rented by his wife." Parties were appointed by him on the one hand, and the Session on the other, to inspect and value the lands of Gallow-muir and Millfield.

As already mentioned, the Session, on 11th September, 1711, were directing the Hospital Treasurer to "use the utmost diligence, both personal and reall, against the said Baillie for recovering the poor's money lying in his hands." On 9th October of same year we find in the records that "the Provost reported anent the securing of poor's money belonging to the Hospitall, that he and some of the Elders had met with Baillie Dunbar, and the matter is fully agreed to, and Baillie Taylor appointed to draw up the papers." But again, on 20th November, 1711, we find the Bailie still promising.

In the following year, on 26th February, 1712, "James Dunbar, late Baillie, appeared" (before the Session) "and desired to have arrestment on his rents removed, and expresses willingness to give security to the Session, and to endeavour to get those charters and papers relating to the lands above the hill, now given to the Hospitall, and the half coble of the water of Ness, and further security in tenements in Bridge Street, in warrandice of the lands above the hill." In the margin of the Session records on this occasion is written, "B Ja. Roy Dunbar."

Baillie Dunbar probably died early in 1712, and the trustees under these mortifications had to institute proceed-

ings against his heirs. The following interesting old document gives a good idea of the history of the two mortifications up to this period, but, unfortunately, it is neither signed nor dated. It is headed, and runs as follows :—

“Memorandum and Queries for the Hospitall of Inverness—The deceast Alexander Dunbar of Barmuchatie, Provost of Inverness, by a mortification of the date the 16th of June, 1688, mortified the sum of two thousand merks to the said 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 Mulderg, and James Dunbar, late Baillie of Inverness, both now deceast, and their aires male or representatives for the time, being of perfect age, or, in case of minority, by the tutors or curators of the said aires male, to the end the a. rent of the said summ might be employed by the said trustees (1st), for building a stone dyke about the yaird of the sd Hospitall in conjunction with the other rents of the Hospitall and weigh-house kept yrin, and (2nd) for maintaining the poor persones that should be called By the said Trustees: lyke as the sd prinll sum was then advanced to the said Bailie Dunbar for the ends aforesd, and in testimony yrof he subscribes the sd mortification. The a rent payable at the first terme of Whitsunday or Martinmas after the Donor's decease. It is appointed that any of the name of Dunbar being in Inverness be preferred by the patrons, or any two of ym, the minister being one, to any of ane oyr name. Bailie Dunbar was ordained Disdistributor of the a rent during his life. The prinll sum was appointed to be waired upon land or wadset when it could be got conveniently done. And he required the patrons to execute his will faithfully as they should answer to God and their own consciences, and recommended to the Magistrates of Invernes to concurr with and observe the patrons. Lyke as the said Provost Dunbar, by a mortification of the date of the former, mortified the like sum of 2000 merks to the said Hospitall, and ordained the a rent thereof to be given to eight poor men within the said Burgh, and named Mr Hector Mackenzie and Mr Gilbert Marshall, ministers, and their successors, and five of the Session, the said Baillie Dunbar and his aire being one to be patrons; the a rent and prinll summ payable at the

termes, and with the instructions mentioned in the former mortification, with this alteration that the a rent was to be employed for buying shoes and abulzements to the sd 8 poor persons in the winter and spring quarters, and meall in the summer and harvest quarters, commencing winter, 1688. And Bailie Dunbar in token of his receaving the principall summ subscribed the mortification. The said Baillie Dunbar granted ane heretable bond of corroboration relative to the mortification *first* mentioned for the prinll sum of 2000 merks and a rent yrof since Whitsunday, 1689, being the first terme after the Donor's decease, till Whitsunday, 1703, extending in all to the sum of 3600 merks, obliging him to pay the said accumulat summ to Mr Hector Mackenzie and the other minister who should succeed the said Mr Gilbert Marshall or either of ym or either of their successors, and yt at any Whitsunday or Martinmas when it should be found by John Barbour, aire male of the sd James Barbour, and the said Bailie Dunbar or be their aires male or their Tutors or Curarors, and by the sd Mr Gilbert Marshall's successor or any two of ym by advice of the Magistrates that the sd prinll summ could be got conveniently settled on Land in heretage or wadset, with 500 merks of penalty and a rent from Whitsunday, 1703 years. To be employed towards the uses in the Mortification upon the requisition allways of 60 days. And he, the sd Bailie Dunbar, for further security obliged him to infest the sd patrons for the use of the poor for his half-coble¹ salmond ffishing, ffour aikers of the Dempster, for real warrandice of prinll a rent and penalty, redeemable allways and under reversion in manner mentioned in the said Heritable bond, which is dated 27 April, 1703, regrt. in the Town books of Invernes, 4 June, 1706.

“ Lyke as by ane other heretable bond of the date and regration of the former, relative to and in corroboration of the mortification last mentioned (*i.e.*, the second one) “ the said Bailie Dunbar stands obliged to pay to Mr Hector Mackenzie and the successor of Mr Marshall, John Barbour, Bailie, James Dunbar, younger, Alexr. Stewart, and James Thomson, four of the elders, and their successors, as patrons, for the use of the eight poor men a mentioned, the sum of 2000 merks, and that any Whitsunday or Martinmas that it shall be found be the minister or ministers and elders for

¹ The half-coble's fishing is entered in Treasurer Mackintosh's accounts as worth £2000.

the time being, or major pairt of ym, he, Bailie Dunbar, or his representatives being allways one of the number, that the sd sum shall be got conveniently bestowed on land in heritage or wadset, with four hundred mks of penalty and a rent from Whitsunday, 1703, and for further security of prinll a res and penalty to infest in the Milnefield, Gallowmure,¹ and 4 aikers of the Dempster, redeemable upon requisition of 60 dayes, in manner at length mentioned in the heritable bond. Conforme to which heretable Bond the sd patrons upon the 27th April, 1703, were infest in the ffishing and Lands above spect. for security as said is.

“Item upon the 14th March, 1706, requisition was used upon the said bonds, by virtue of procuratories by the sd patrons, to have the prinll summs in readiness agst Whitsunday, 1706, seeing the patrons do declare that at that terme security could be had for the money in the termes of the Mortification.

“The Patrons obtained possession of the ffishing about 8 or 9 years ago, and of the Milne field and Gallow mure at Whitsunday, 1712. But not of the aikers of Dempster, the same being possessed by Bailie Dunbar’s widow.

“It is proper that ane accompt be made and subd by the patrons or their collector of the totall charge and payments recovered from the rents of the ffishing and tenements possessed.

“The patrons are to advise what dilligences are proper for ym to use agst the representatives of Bailie Dunbar, and how to obviat the effect of the preferable dilligences mentioned in the inventory hereto subjoined. They are further to advise whether the terme of payment of the prinll summs be, or how the same is to be, clearly constituted and purified.

“They are like wise to consider if the requisitions allready used be vallid, without any previous declaration of the terme of payment, other than the patrones, yr own assertion in generall termes.

“The Lawier will be pleased to give a full and plain direction how to proceed in this matter for the security of the poor, considering especially that the debt now resting is about 8000 merks, and that the subject possessed is worth but about 7000 merks, and the aikers life-rented by the widow are worth about 2000 merks.”

¹ These lauds are mentioned in the Treasurer’s accounts as worth £2646 13s 4d.

The following is a copy of the "Answers to the Memorandum for the Hospitall of Inverness":—

"Baillie Dunbar being now dead, it will be necessary for the patrons to the revice Mortifications to raise processes of constitution against Alexander Dunbar, eldest and only lawful son to the said James, and a general charge to enter heir must be raist to be the fundation of the processes of constitution, ffor it's probable he will not represent his father. And upon his renunciation a decret, *cognitiouis causa*, will follow, which will be a fundation for adjudging all and whatsomever subjects belonged to the said James, and particularly the reversions of the fishing and other lands disponed by him in security to the Hospitall.

"I am of opinion that the former requisitions will be sufficient for carying on the said processes, and that there was no need of purifying the condition of the termes of payment by any previous declaration to the requisitions and that it will be sustained sufficient that the patrons did sixty days before the terme of Whitsunday intimat to the debtor that he should have the money in readieness then to pay, seeing they had provyded a reall settlement for the money.

"As for directions how to obviat the preferrable dilligences against James Dunbar's interest, those cannot be now given, but will occur better after the leading the adjudiciens at the patrons their instance when a process of competition and ranking may come in before the Lords."

The above two papers are folded in a wrapper, which is docqueted "Memorandum for the Hospitall of Inverness—March 3rd, 1713, wh Mr Robert Fraser's Consultane."

The result was, of course, a good many processes, but the patrons retained the fishing and lands until 1762, when, after further law expenses had been incurred, they were redeemed.

I believe that an extract, registered, of Provost Dunbar's Mortification for the benefit of 8 poor persons is in the Hospital treasurer's keeping now. I have not seen it, nor the date thereof, but I have reason to believe that it is dated 16th June, 1688; but I have seen the two following documents, parts of which are not very legible, viz. :—

1. A document docqueted "Extract Registrat Bond of Corroboration for 3600 merks and security on $\frac{1}{2}$ coble river

fishing," and also docqueted at other end, but nearly illegible, "Extract Registrat Bond, James Dunbar, to the Ministers of Inverness and? others for the use and behoof of the poor of Hospital." "3600" is marked below, and date, "1706."

In the narrative of this document the date of Provost Dunbar's first mortification is given as 16 July, 1688, and the patrons said to be appoined were Mr Gilbert Marshall, James Barbour of Mullderg, and James Dunbar, and their heirs male or representatives for the time, being of perfect age, or, in case of minority, &c., &c.: provision is said to be made also for successors of Mr Marshall, the annual rents to be applied as we find them stated in the memorandum, for counsel's opinion, *i.e.*, for the poor in the hospital. There is no mention of 8 or any fixed number of poor persons. The date is evidently a mistake for 16th June, as in the other bond of corroboration the date of the second Mortification is given as 16th June, and this second one is referred to in the said memorandum (as already mentioned) as "of the same date as the former," *viz.*, the first mortification, and again in the summons as "of the self-same date with the immediate above letter of mortification."

2. Another document docqueted "Extract Registrat Bond, Baillie Dunbar to the Ministers of Inverness and four members of the Session thereof, for the use and behoof of eight poor within mentioned," also "1706," and "For the 2000 merks mortified by Alexr. Dunbar."

In the narrative of this bond the date of Provost Dunbar's second mortification "for the use and behoof of eight poor weak and indigent persons within the burgh" is 16th June, 1688, and the patrons appointed were Mr Hector Mackenzie and Mr Gilbert Marshall and their successors in office, and five of the members of the Kirk Session only and no more, whereof James Dunbar, his cousin, or his representative was to be always one. Both these bonds of corroboration are registered on the same date, *viz.*, 4th June, 1706.

A copy of Provost Dunbar's mortification of the Hospital building has been given early in this narrative, when it was mentioned that it was recorded in the Session minutes of 18th September, 1711. The occasion of this was that James Dunbar, the then Church Treasurer, protested against the Magistrates setting part of the Hospital without consent of the Session, who were made sole patrons of the Hospital by Provost Dunbar. It seems probable that the James Dunbar here referred to is the one who was appointed Hospital Treasurer at the beginning of the following year, viz., on 8th January, and Mr David Scott was appointed Church Treasurer the same day, the duty of the latter being, *inter alia*, "to uplift and take care of the collections for the poor." He protested "that both the upper floors be made void and redde for receiving the poor, according to the will of the mortifier." Upon this Bailie Stewart replied—"Possess the rooms who will the next year, the Magistrates have decerned in favour of him to whom it was set for this year, and that they will own it."

After Provost Alex. Dunbar's deed, dated 10th January, 1684, is recorded in the Session records, as above stated, on 18th September, 1711, there is added a resolution of the Session, come to at the meeting on the former date, when the Provost signed the mortification in presence of the Session. The members present, besides according him their thanks, "appointed that his name and coat of arms should be set up on severall places thereof, and there continued as long as the place shall endure;" also "that any person of the name of Dunbar within the burgh requiring to be put in the said Hospital, if deserving, should be preferred;" further, "that, during Provost Dunbar's life time, there should be none put within the Hospital, or enjoy any maintenance of the same, without his consent and advice;" "also, in respect that the wey-house and yard"—then worth £42 per annum—"were mortified for maintaining, decorating, and repairing the Hospital, the Session obliged themselves and their successors to bestow the same in all

time coming, for maintaining, decorating, and repairing of the Hospital house, and also obliged themselves and their fore-saids ever thereafter, that, if the rent of the said house and yeard should fall short, to maintain, repair, and decore the said building, that then the charge for doing thereof should be taken out of the Hospital stock or annual rent thereof, whereby the said Hospital may be kept in as good condition as it now is, which is hereby declared to be sufficiently sclated and watertight, and all the windows cased with oak." Then follows the discharge of Provost Dunbar for all his intromissions as Hospital Treasurer, which is signed by John Cuthbert, Provost; Fin. Fraser, Bailie; J. Rose, Bailie; Wm. Duff, Bailie; Hugh Robertson, Bailie; Robt. Barbour, Dean of Guild; Wm. Duff, Treasurer; James Dunbar, one of the Elders; David Fouller, one of the Elders; John Hepburn, one of the Elders; John Mackintosh, one of the Session; Wm. Thomson, one of the Sessioners; James Dunbar, one of the Sessioners; Robt. Ross, one of the Sessioners; J. Dunbar, Sessioner; Wm. Baillie, one of the Elders; Wm. Paterson, one of the Session; Mr Gilbert Marshall, minister at Inverness; Mr Angus M'Bain, minister at Inverness.

The above resolution clearly shows that the donor's intention was understood at the time he made over the building, to be that the two upper stories were to be occupied by deserving poor, placed therein by the Session, and that any of the name of Dunbar, if requiring it, should be preferred. It is also evident that one of his mortifications of 2000 merks was made with the object that the interest should be applied for the maintenance of the persons so placed therein. It has been shown that very little attention was paid to these wishes for a good many years.

APPENDIX

TO

“THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY
CAMPAIGN, 1858.”

THE following notes are appended, by way of correction or addition, to the account already published, as the result of correspondence with brother officers still surviving, to whom copies of the little book was sent. D. W.

Inverness, January, 1892.

Pages 3 and 4 of book (pages 659-60, Vol. II., of magazine)—*List of Officers and Sergeants*.—It is very difficult, after the lapse of so many years, to ascertain correctly to which Companies the subalterns and sergeants belonged in 1857-58. Some changes were made soon after landing in India, and as time rolled on many changes were made, and one associates a particular individual with a given Company, but feels uncertain as to the date. I was myself in charge, in different years, of No. 1, No. 9, and the Grenadiers, though I belonged to the latter Company from the time I rejoined from sick leave, early in 1860.

I have no doubt as to the officers of the Grenadiers, Light Company, No. 1, and No. 6; they were as stated. Those of No. 2 were probably Capt. Maitland, Lieuts. Cleather and F. P. Campbell; of No. 3, Capt. Turner, Lieuts. Mackesey and Crawford, and Ens. Lord Louth; of No. 4, Capt. Percival, Lieuts. De Carteret and M'Murdo, and Ens. J. B. Campbell; of No. 5, Capt. Miller, Lieut. Allen, and Ens. Dougal; of No. 7, Capt. Leith, Lieut. Alleyne, and Ens. M'Causland; of No. 8, Capt. Currie, Lieuts. Neil Campbell and Gawne.

Capt. Leith and Ens. M'Causland were on board the “Louisiana,” with *part* of No. 7 Company; Lieut. Alleyne and the remainder, in the “Tyburnia.” Lieut. De Carteret

was also in the latter ship, but belonged *then*, I think, to No. 4. Lieut. Mackesey was acting Adjutant, and Lieut. Allen acting Quartermaster, of Major Butt's detachment. Some changes must have been made before we reached Lucknow. During the campaign, Lieuts. Allen and Cleather were in No. 2, and, I think, Lieut. F. P. Campbell in No. 5, and Lieut. De Carteret in No. 7.

Sergt. Davie belonged to No. 6 Company, and the name of Sergt. Humble, drill instructor, should be added.

Page 7 of book (p. 663 of magazine).—Ens. Lord Louth was left sick at Calcutta, and subsequently sent home. Capt. Turner was sent back to Calcutta from Raneegunge sick, but re-joined the regiment before the operations at Lucknow commenced. Capt. C. Macdougall, of the Bengal army, was attached as interpreter.

Two privates of the regiment died in Fort William, Calcutta, late in the evening before we proceeded to Raneegunge; one of them was Pte. Daniel Grant, Grens., a man of 6 ft. $1\frac{3}{4}$ in., and 18 years' service, one of the finest men in the regiment. I distinctly remember being at his funeral at Raneegunge, the first I attended in the 79th.

During the transit by bullock train to Benares and Allahabad, No. 3 and 4 Companies, under Capt. Percival, escorted treasure from Raneegunge to Benares; and a 68-pounder gun, drawn by natives, from Benares to Allahabad. Nos. 5 and 6 Companies, under Capt. Miller, escorted treasure and ammunition; and the Colours of the regiment were especially committed by Col. Douglas to the charge of Ensigns Dougal and Kerr, with strict orders that they were never both to be absent, or out of sight of them. The Colours were made fast to the bullock-cart of Col.-Sergt. Gilchrist; and the two young officers and a party of No. 6 were to take it in turns to ride in that cart and the one immediately in rear; the treasure and ammunition were between the two companies, No. 5 bringing up the rear.

Before reaching Benares Ensign Dougal was accidentally shot in the feet and ankles by a native who was taking a

fowling-piece, which was unfortunately loaded, out of a buggy. In consequence, the sole special charge of the Colours rested on Ensign Kerr, a lad of 19, until the detachment reached Benares. Lieut. Dougal was left there for a short time on the sick-list.

Page 8 of book (p. 665 of magazine).—Ensign Clay joined the regiment at Oonao, between Cawnpore and Lucknow. He had been at the School of Musketry at Hythe, and came out overland. Subsequently, on Lieut. Walker being employed as Orderly Officer to Brigadier Douglas, he was appointed Acting Instructor of Musketry.

Page 15 of book (p. 723 of magazine).—The horses of “the Bays” in their excitement fairly ran away with their riders: and in consequence, both Major Percy Smith and the Sergt.-Major were carried into the enemies’ ranks, and lost their lives.

Page 16 of book (p. 724 of magazine).—I have received many interesting details of the part taken at Lucknow by No. 6 Company from Mr W. J. Kerr, then an Ensign in that company. On the evening of the 8th of March part of No. 6, under Lieut. Durant and Ensign Kerr, were on outlying picquet near the river and the racecourse as a covering party to sappers constructing a battery, and were much exposed to the fire of the enemy’s guns on the other side of the river. They were relieved about sunset by a picquet of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and Ensign Kerr warned the officer in command to move his men from the spot where he halted, as several shot had lighted there. He took the hint, and moved his men under cover only just in time.

The 79th men remained all night in support, and the following morning, under Lieut. Durant, joined Nos. 3 and 4 Companies, under Capt. Percival, in the attack on the “Yellow Bungalow.” This building was the stand on the racecourse, situate about 300 yards from the river, not far from the point of the arrow, which indicates the points of the compass on the plan, but of course on the other side of the river, and about 500 yards from the Battery marked

“2 R.” It was shortly after the assault on this bungalow that Sergt. Davie of No. 6 Company was shot dead while in the act of levelling his own firelock. Lieut. Durant had a narrow escape the same day, the strap of his water or grog keg being chipped by a bullet. The ammunition carried by this party was very bad, choking the rifle barrels.

Page 19 of book (p. 727 of magazine).—Ensign Holford was also with Capt. Stevenson's picquet. Another side of the enclosure was held by a strong picquet of the Grenadiers, under Capt. M'Barnet, to whom Holford was sent with a message, and fired at. I was also sent with a message to Major Butt to maintain communication, but got there and back unobserved in the dark.

Page 23 of book (p. 732 of magazine).—During the advance of the regiment on the road leading to the iron bridge, on the 11th of March, Nos. 5 and 6 Companies were halted, and suddenly received a volley, by which Capt. Miller received his severe wound. He was helped to a dhoolie by Capt. Macdonald, who immediately rejoined his company. Ensign Dougal commanded No. 5 for the rest of the day. Somewhat later the regiment advanced parallel to the river, up to a spot north of Shah Behari Lul's garden, and adjoining the road leading to the stone bridge. Here the enemy's guns began to play upon them, while halted along with a troop of the Bays in a narrow street. The direction of their fire was splendid, but fortunately the elevation was too high, otherwise the loss would have been very heavy. Some gun-bullocks, frightened by the fire, charged, and threw one company of the 79th into disorder.

Captain Miller, after being wounded, was carried to the rear, escorted by F. Gordon, a bandsman. During their progress, first a round shot grazed the top of the dhoolie, and then the bearers were threatened with an attack by a lot of budmashes, and naturally wanted to bolt. Gordon fortunately had Capt. Miller's revolver, and, presenting it at the heads of the bearers, made them proceed, and the party got to a place of safety.

The same day, Pte. M. Meany, of the Light Company, while on picquet under Capt. Scovell, was wounded by a bullet in the arm, which he lost in consequence. Capt. Scovell was not laid up with fever till about the 15th or 16th.

Page 25 of book (p. 734 of magazine).—Capt. Donald Macdonald was on picquet when he heard of the death of his brother, of the 93rd, and was relieved by Capt. Percival to enable him to attend the funeral. The brothers had passed the evening together one night just before the advance on Lucknow, in Donald's tent, and, on parting, Charles said, "I must be off," and taking his brother's hand, added, "Good bye, old fellow, every luck and success to you; we may never meet again." And they never did meet again. Poor Donald served in the regiment until 1871, when the regiment, being already under orders to embark for England, he dropped down dead from heart disease while at great gun drill at the Artillery Barracks at Kamptee.

Pages 34-36 of book (pp. 25, 26 of Vol. III. of magazine).—On the evening of the 16th, after seizing and occupying the Great Imambarra, No. 6 Company was sent forward to hold the Roome Durwasa, and on the 17th was one of the companies which advanced under Outram to the Hasein Mosque, and Shureef O' Dowla's house. It was advancing up a narrow street beyond these and the Jumunia Bagh, when the explosion of powder took place in front of them, in a courtyard adjoining the Jumma Musjid, and it was near enough to be enveloped in dense white smoke. The Sikhs and camp-followers, who were in front, fell back with such a rush as to drive the company out of the street, it being supposed that the street was mined, and that other explosions would follow. Emerging in an open space, the three officers rallied the men and re-formed, General Outram, Brigadier Douglas, and staff officers being close by. At this moment poor Sergt. Blyth rushed up, his doublet and kilt on fire, and his face all black, and

shortly expired. Many natives, also badly wounded, were rolling in the dust.

No. 6 was left as an advanced picquet to hold a small mosque, near the open space, to the left-front of the Jumunia Bagh, and was so pressed and outnumbered that Captain Macdonald sent back Ensign Kerr to the Imambara for reinforcements. As the company was nearly surrounded, Kerr had to run the gauntlet, and was fired at several times, but fortunately was not hit. He met Colonel Taylor and another officer before reaching the Roome Durwasa, and told them his errand, warning them not to proceed alone. Sir Colin and Brigadier Douglas and staff came up just after he reached the Imambara, and he made his report. Two guns were sent, and Kerr rejoined his company. During his short absence Captain Macdonald and Lieutenant Durant had each gone out with a party and cleared some of the adjoining streets, and the two guns opening fire, drove the enemy further back. The men of this picquet had a narrow escape from an accident caused by the folly of a gunner. In the mosque were several hives of bees high up on the walls. A gunner threw a stone into a hive; down came the bees with a vengeance, and attacked the men. Kerr, though sitting some little distance off, was severely stung, several bees getting down his back; the man who threw the stone was nearly blinded, the bees would not leave him. The rebels, seeing the confusion, again advanced, and the guns had to be served to keep them in check; but it was the duty of the gunner, already nearly blinded, to load. He was so beset and confused by the bees that he only got in a small portion of the charge of powder, and the consequence was that the shell, when fired, fell only a few yards from the gun and from the men. The artillery officer yelled out, "Men lie down," which they did forthwith, and had to lie and watch till it burst. Happily no one was struck, but pieces of the shell passed unpleasantly close over the heads of several of the men. Soon afterwards Kerr was sent out with a small party, and on

reaching their furthest sentry, was warned that bullets came down a narrow street whenever anyone showed. He accordingly advanced in single file, leading the way himself, and broke into a house at the end of the street, attached to which was a cow-shed with cattle in it. Kerr, entering first, received a kick on the knee, which made him stumble, and three or four of his party rushed past and found five or six budmashes, whom they shot or bayoneted. After this the company was not molested, and the guns were withdrawn at sunset.

The same night also, when visiting the sentries, it was reported to him that Sergt. J. Anderson (familiarily known as Sergt. Joss) had been lately round with the relief, and on the sentry reporting to him that he had heard a noise under his feet, had made search and found the entrance to an underground passage: and that the sergeant, taking two men with him, had gone to explore it. Kerr at once returned with the corporal, and reported this to Captain Macdonald, asking for a search party to return with him, and to be ready to clear out the place if necessary. Captain Macdonald, however, resolved to go himself, leaving orders that if he did not return in a quarter of an hour, Ensign Kerr was to follow with as many men as could be spared, and look for him. The corporal accompanied Captain Macdonald. The exploring party, following the underground passage, found a large cellar, apparently under the mosque, filled with women and children; one of the former had died, and it was the wailing for her which the sentry had heard. The women and children were ordered to vacate the place, and soon disappeared in the darkness. This picquet had a very long fast, which they only broke by eating some pigeons which they caught and cooked.

Page 40 of book (p. 30, vol. III. of magazine).—Some men were so knocked up with marching on 19th March that they were seen to throw away rupees rather than carry them further.

Page 42 of book (p. 85 of magazine).—Captains Turner and Scovell and Lieutenant Durant were left in hospital sick, the last suffering from blindness ; also Captain Miller wounded.

Page 45 of book (p. 89 of magazine).—The day before the attack on Fort Rooyah Ens. Kerr, who was on the sick-list, was being carried in a dhoolie, the bearers of which lagged behind in rear of the column. Parties of the enemy's cavalry were hovering about to cut off stragglers, and the bearers were inclined to bolt and leave him to his fate. A revolver again proved very serviceable. The threat to use it, coupled with promises of backsheesh, proved effectual, and he was brought safe into camp.

Pages 46, 47 of book (p. 90 of magazine).—As the result of a good deal of correspondence about the attack on Fort Rooyah, I think that Malleeson, on whose account I based mine, has been misinformed as to the points of the compass, and that the strong side, against which our skirmishers of the 42nd and the 4th Punjaub Rifles were fruitlessly sent, was the south (or south-east) side, instead of the north, and that it was on the latter side—the one facing Allygunge—that the rebels evacuated the fort. Probably the faces did not lie due north, &c.

The general course of Walpole's march from Lucknow to Shahjehanpore and Bareilly was about W.N.W., but Rooyah apparently lay somewhat to the south of such a line, about ten miles east from the Ganges. It is probable, however, that the General, after leaving Lucknow, made somewhat of a detour towards and along the river Ganges, and so moved along a road, running about N.N.W., when he got near Rooyah, which lay about a mile to the right or north of that road. Col. Percival has sent me a sketch, which confirms my own recollection, that Walpole's force, on the morning of the attack, moved off to the right or north of the road, nearly at right angles to where I was halted with the baggage guard. All the firing I heard was from my proper right front, when facing in the direction of

our march, say N.W., and any tidings we got of officers and men wounded came from that direction.

Several companies of the 79th (which must have been left in front that day) were engaged either as skirmishers or in support of skirmishers or of the two heavy guns.

I think there can be no doubt, from Col. Percival's description, that Ross-Grove with his company of the 42nd, and Cafe with his men of the 4th Punjaub Rifles, were sent against the south (or south-east) side of the fort, and that on this side Brigadier Adrian Hope and so many officers and men were killed. Early in the day, General Walpole sent several companies of the 79th to the left, or west, of the fort, in support of his two heavy guns, which opened fire opposite to its furthest angle on that side. Upon this Col. Percival, then Captain of No. 4 Company, saw two cows make their way out of the north or north-west side, and remarked to one of the artillery officers, "That is the side to attack; we can get in where a cow can come out." Soon afterwards the heavy guns were moved nearer our main body, opposite to the southern or south-west angle, two companies, including No. 4, remaining with them, and the others joining our reserve. Ensign Kerr, of No. 6 Coy., though on the sick list, joined No. 4 Coy. He confirms the above, mentioning that the two heavy guns were moved to the left of the attack early in the day, that several companies were sent in support, and adds that, on the guns opening fire, the elephants became almost unmanageable.

The cavalry were sent round to our right, *i.e.*, to the north or north-east of the fort. Possibly some other guns may have opened fire, the shot from which may have passed over the fort, and lighted among the 42nd skirmishers, when looking for a gate as described.

The two heavy guns, after firing a few rounds from their second position, were withdrawn, and with the two companies 79th rejoined the reserve or main body. Some of the other companies were then in advance, but the ground between the main body and the fort was to a considerable extent thick jungle.

I have no doubt that our camp was on the opposite, or south, side of the road, and that when our whole force was withdrawn in the afternoon, it came from the proper right of where I had been halted ; also that the dead were buried in rear of our camp, *i.e.*, to the south of it.

On the following day, after the fort was evacuated, Capt. Percival visited it, and found the walls on the side which was not attacked (which must have been the north), so much out of repair in several places that one could easily scramble over, and did so himself. There was a large *jhecl* or pond, intended to defend that side, but it was nearly dry, and there was more than one gate on that side.

Page 48 of book (p. 92 of magazine).—When the doctor was examining the wound of one of the 79th men, wounded on this occasion, he felt for the bullet with his finger, upon which the poor fellow exclaimed—“ There’s no need to do that, doctor, the hole is big enough already.”

Page 50 of book (p. 93 of magazine).—See below, note on p. 60 as to bees.

Page 56 of book (p. 152 of magazine).—In the forenoon of the 5th of May two companies of the 79th were sent out under Captain Percival (probably Nos. 3 and 4) in skirmishing order, Sir Colin himself saying, “ I will see that you are properly supported, Captain Percival.”

Mr Robert Stewart tells me that the Grenadiers were attacked on one occasion, he cannot remember where, by a body of Ghazees just as the 42nd were, who would take no quarter. The Grenadiers formed company square, and received repeated charges of the fanatics, until the latter were all killed, one of their own men being slightly wounded. The most likely place for this to have occurred was the wood at Bareilly.

Page 57 of book (p. 153 of magazine).—Ensign Kerr came in for a long spell of duty at Bareilly. He was on guard over the ammunition of the force on the 4th of May, and on being relieved at daylight on the 5th, carried the regimental colour during all that excessively hot day. In

the evening, when lying asleep and pretty well beat, he was roused to go on outlying picquet in command, and had to go, it being decided by Captain Currie, to whom the question was referred, that a guard and a picquet were on different rosters. Poor fellow, he had not long been off the sick-list; no wonder that, on the picquets being withdrawn, during the march of the regiment from its bivouac towards camp next morning, he fell dead asleep under a tree during a short halt. No one noticed him, and when he awoke he found himself alone, but made his way into camp and found Captain Macdonald with his tent pitched, and wondering what had become of him.

Page 60 of book (p. 156 of magazine).—During the early part of the day the 79th hastily formed line to the right, rear rank in front, to meet an expected attack. After being exposed for some time to artillery fire, they were countermarched when opportunity offered, on the rebels being forced to retire.

I conclude that the afternoon of this day, 11th May, on which we relieved Shahjehanpore, was one of the occasions on which a fierce attack was made by bees upon the regiment while halted in a tope, in consequence of their being disturbed by sticks or stones thrown at their nests. Captain Holford and Mr Kerr both connect the incident with this day, and with the 60th Rifles being attacked at the same time, and they are confirmed by Sir Cromer Ashburnham and Colonel Kelly, then officers in that regiment.

Such attacks by infuriated bees occurred on several occasions during the Indian Mutiny Campaign. One instance has been given where No. 6 Company was attacked in Lucknow. The late Dr Brougham, then surgeon 1st Bengal Fusiliers, several times asked me if I remembered such an occurrence, and, as I recalled only one, I assumed that it must have taken place when *his* regiment was with us, *i.e.*, before the final capture of Lucknow. My own impression of the date, however, is that it was about the

11th of April. I remember the scene well enough—before the sad affair at Rooyah, when the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd were brigaded together; and two old sergeants of the 93rd, now in Inverness, concur in this, but one of them attributes it to a trooper of the 9th Lancers having thrust his lance through a bee's nest, and told me that an officer of his regiment, naming him, was so badly stung that he was carried in a dhoolie all the way to Bareilly, *i.e.*, till 6th May. I distinctly remember sticks and stones being thrown up into the mango trees to knock down the fruit.

Col. Percival's recollection of the occurrence is "early in the campaign and when halted in a tope;" but he also mentions another instance when a picquet of two companies 79th, two guns, and a troop of cavalry were assailed by bees.

Another instance is given in Sir Hope Grant's "Incidents of the Sepoy War," where an officer of the 9th Lancers thrust a lance into a nest, and provoked such a furious attack that the advance guard, consisting of men of the 93rd, then on the march to the Alumbagh, were fairly routed and driven back on the main body of the regiment. Colonel Adrian Hope, not knowing the cause, formed his men in haste ready to resist an attack of cavalry. On this occasion an artillery officer was so badly stung that his life was in danger for some days.

It was on the 11th of May also, during the advance to relieve Shahjehanpore, I believe, that the following sad accident took place. The 79th, after passing through a large tope, were halted near the outside of it, at the top of a declivity, to allow the 60th to pass, both regiments being formed in fours. The 60th had their rifles at the trail, and a private, having his at full cock, unfortunately shot a sergeant of that corps in front of him through the thick part of the thigh, the wound proving fatal in a very short time. This was witnessed by Ensign Kerr and myself. Probably the 60th had been ordered to skirmish in front on emerging from the tope, and the 79th had their bayonets fixed; for, on descending the hill a few minutes afterwards, owing to one

of our men sloping his rifle too much, I had the forefinger of my bridle hand abraded by the point of his bayonet.

Page 61 of book (p. 156 of magazine).—During the advance through the suburbs of Shahjhanpore, and before reaching the spot where we bivouacked near the gaol, on the night of the 11th, the men were falling out fast from fatigue and the intense heat. Ensign Kerr, seeing a man of No. 6 falling out and lying down, said to him, "For God's sake come on, if you are left here you will be murdered." His reply was, "It's no to be helped, I canna gang anither step; *hell canna be hotter than this.*" Kerr believes the man turned up all right that night; he was probably seen by the rear-guard and picked up by the dhoolie-bearers.

Page 62 of book (p. 157 of magazine).—Captain Leith was sent out with his Company (No. 7) on the Sowars retiring.

Page 63 of book (p. 233 of magazine).—When No. 6 was sent in support of the guns, Ensign Kerr was ordered to skirmish in front with part of it, and the men were lying down. Finding that the enemy had retreated into a wood, and were no longer visible, he directed them to cease firing, but some of them a little way off continued their fire. He went up and asked if they had not heard his orders, and was told by one of them, Private Anderson, that they were doing so by Sir Colin's order, and looking round he saw Sir Colin himself. He saluted, expecting a wiggling. Sir Colin, however, only smiled, and told him, "You are quite right to be careful of the ammunition." Just then Captain Tombs, of the Horse Artillery, rode up, and said, "I can clear the wood, sir, if you wish, with a few rounds." Sir Colin replied "No, it will soon be dark." No. 6 was one of the companies that remained out on picquet, and were so long there that Kerr remembers the men going to bathe in the river, which was quite close by, two companies at a time, the bathing company piling arms, while the other was on guard.

Page 64 of book (p. 234 of magazine).—On the terrible march to Mahomdee, on 24th May, Ensign M'Causland carried the Queen's, and Ensign Kerr the regimental colour, and though these were cased a blast of hot wind made them very heavy to carry. Kerr wore a Glengarry with a towel under it, hanging over the back of his neck, which he got wetted as often as he could.

On that same excessively hot day, Capt. Scovell was exposed to the blazing sun, and to the risk of being cut off by parties of the rebels. Shortly before, he had left hospital in Lucknow, and was travelling down country, venturing to do so by day only, as the road was even more unsafe by night, when his dâk gharry got smashed. He had to lie helpless in the sun, paralysed by the heat and too weak to move for a long time, but fortunately got another gharry, and reached a dâk station before dark.

Page 75 of book (p. 282 of magazine).—Capt. Miller was in command of the two companies that attacked the fort of Rampore Kussia, as senior officer. His own company, No. 5, and Capt. Percival's, No. 4, being in advance, forced their way independently through the jungle, and met in the out-work, or mud fort.

Page 82 of book (p. 288 of magazine).—Add to list of officers now deceased, Lieuts. Durant, J. B. Campbell, and G. Duff.

D. W.

IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

XIV.

A.D. 1014-1172. THE EFFECTS OF THE BATTLE OF CLONTARFF.
CONTESTS FOR THE SUPERIOR KINGSHIP.

THE Battle of Clontarff, like its hero Brian, has always occupied a large place in the recollection and imagination of the Irish. Their later historians and, following them, writers of other countries speak of it as if its consequence had been the final destruction of the Danish power in Ireland, and sometimes, indeed, as if it had led to the absolute expulsion of these foreigners from the country. On the other hand, the annalists treat it very much as one of the ordinary incidents in the drama of battle and murder of which the history of the country, according to them, is mainly made up. The truth apparently is that it was really a turning point in the history of Ireland and of its colonists and invaders. There can be no doubt that the great collection to Dublin of Norsemen from all parts of Scandinavia and the islands under Scandinavian rule, and the "din" which the preparations for the great battle created all over the north, meant more than a mere effort to defend Dublin from attack; and if the fate of the battle had been other than it was, it is more than probable that a great effort, at least, would have been made to conquer Ireland, and to bring it under the same subjection to Scandinavian rule as then prevailed in Man, the Western Isles, Orkney and Shetland, the Northern Counties of Scotland, and Northumberland. It would appear, too, that in this great effort the force of the Viking element in the Norsemen exhausted itself. We hear of no more arrivals of foreigners in Ireland, nor of any invasions or attempts at invasion, except on one occasion, in 1103, when Magnus, King of Norway, appeared on the coast

with a fleet, but did not land, and is said to have been successfully attacked and killed by the fleet of Ulster. On the other hand, as we have already said, Dublin was not taken, or even attacked, after the battle, and from the time of the battle till the Conquest, the various Norwegian communities settled at Dublin, Waterford, Wexford, Limerick, Cork, and some other towns along the coast, retained their separate existence, with the rule over a certain territory adjoining the town. They were, no doubt, subject, and probably tributary, to the Provincial Kings in whose territories their settlements were, just as the subordinate Irish chiefs and tribes were, but they retained, at least, as much separate and independent authority as these chiefs did, and, in the case of Dublin, the territory over which its king ruled was of considerable extent, stretching along the coast from Skerries to Wexford, and inland as far as Leixlip, on the Liffey, being the point to which that river is navigable. In the internal affairs of the country, they conducted themselves much as the native tribes did; they made war, ravaged and pillaged exactly like their neighbours, and during the whole period from 1014 to 1172, we hear of them—still under the name of foreigners—as engaged in such operations as often, at least, as we do of any native tribe. Indeed, on one occasion we hear that a number of hostages were released from Dublin, which indicates that the foreigners of that city were attempting to establish dominion over some, at least, of the surrounding tribes. They were the builders and possessors of the only stone-built and fortified towns; for neither in the native wars, nor in the wars which accompanied the Conquest, do we read of the siege of any Irish town or castle, with the single exception of Armagh, which is said to have been besieged for a week by the English conquerors; and they conducted all the foreign trade of the country, and amassed considerable wealth in their towns. It is to this source that the pre-eminence which Dublin was attaining was, no doubt, due, for we find that before the arrival of the English, it

advanced pretensions to be the metropolis, civil as well as ecclesiastical, of Ireland, and that this was so far acknowledged by the Irish that, in 1166, Roderick O'Conner, King of Connaught, went there to be inaugurated as King of Ireland, of which office he was the last holder. In matters ecclesiastical, we shall see that the foreign colonies exercised a powerful influence on the course of Irish history.

So far as the native inhabitants of Ireland were concerned, the reign of Brian and the Battle of Clontarff seem to have produced no permanent effect, except in this, that Brian's usurpation of the supreme sovereignty of Ireland destroyed the tradition which had made that sovereignty the heritage of the posterity of Nial of the Nine Hostages, and had for a long time secured a comparatively peaceful succession, and once more made the high kingship a prize to be striven for by any provincial king who thought himself powerful enough to overcome his compeers. The entirely personal nature of Brian's power is shown by the fact that, on his death becoming known, his victorious army dissolved into its elements of hostile tribes. Before they left the field of battle, the tribes of South Munster withdrew to a separate camp, and made a claim to the sovereignty of the whole province; and on his march home with his own clan, Brian's son, Donnchadh, was twice threatened with attack, and a demand made on him for submission and hostages, once by the men of South Munster, and once by the men of Ossory and Leix, who, as inhabitants of Leinster, had probably been in the army of Maelmordha and Sitric.

The sovereignty of Ireland was resumed by Malachy, apparently without opposition, but the remaining eight years of his life were spent in constant wars to assert his authority, and he repeatedly made war on and ravaged the foreigners; and, thirty days before his death, he gained a bloody victory over them at the Yellow Ford of Tlachtga, in Meath. He died in Cro-inis (the island of the hut), in Loch Ennell, near Mullingar, in the county of West Meath, in the 73rd year of his age, and attended by the successors

of Patrick, of Colum-Cille and of Ciaran, and most of the seniors of Ireland, who "sung masses, hymns, psalms, and canticles for the welfare of his soul." In the island in which he died there are still the remains of a small castle or stone house, and on the banks of the lake, which are now adorned by many beautiful seats of noblemen and gentlemen, are still to be seen the remains of Malachy's Dun, or Fort, consisting of several concentric earthen ramparts.

On the death of Malachy, it seems to have occurred to the Provincial Kings of Leinster, Munster, and Connacht that each of them was entitled to play the *role* of Brian and to become supreme King of Ireland, while the head of the northern Hy Niells asserted his hereditary right to the alternate succession to the Crown. Wars were the result of the rival pretensions. After a time, Donnachadh O'Brien, the son of Brian and Gormflath, who, to make way for his pretensions, procured the murder of his brother Tadg, appears as the most successful competitor, and is sometimes styled King of Ireland; but, in 1064, he is said to have been deposed, and to have gone to Rome, where he died. Some accounts say that he carried the Crown of Ireland with him, and that it remained in Rome until the Pope presented it to Henry II., but this is a manifest fable. We next hear of Diarmad of Leinster as attaining a kind of supremacy, and in the notice of his death in the Annals of Ulster, in the year 1072, he is styled "King of Ireland, Wales, and of the Danes of Dublin, and protector of the honour of Leth Cuinn." After him, Turlogh O'Brien, a grandson of Brian Boroime, seems for a long time to have been the most successful competitor, and he was addressed as King of Ireland by the Pope, and by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1084, when they wrote him complaining of the ecclesiastical irregularities permitted in his kingdom; but he was never fully acknowledged, and, in recording his death, the Four Masters style him King of Ireland "with opposition." On his death, a fierce contest

was waged between the chiefs of the northern Hy Niells, now styled O'Lochlain—for in Brian Boroime's time surnames came into use—the chiefs of the O'Briens, and the chiefs of the O'Connors, sovereigns of Connacht ; and in the year 1119, in the notice of the death of Murrogh O'Brien, he is styled King of Ireland, and in the same year Turlogh O'Conner of Connacht is also styled King of Ireland, while on the death of Domhnall O'Lochlainn, in 1121, he is said to have been twenty-seven years in the sovereignty of Ireland. From this time the contest seems to have been mainly between the houses of O'Lochlain and O'Conner, but attempts were made to assert themselves both by the Princes of Leinster and by the O'Briens ; and, in 1137, we read that the notorious Dermott MacMurrogh, Prince of Leinster, was making pretensions to the sovereignty, and that having established the chief of the O'Briens in the supreme sovereignty of Munster, he exacted homage from him. In 1156, Murrogh O'Lochlainn is styled King of Ireland, and in the same year, in the record of his death, Turlogh O'Conner is styled King of Ireland "with opposition," and his son, Roderick O'Conner, is said to have assumed the sovereignty of Connacht, and procured the submission of O'Brien. For ten years Murrogh O'Lochlainn contended for the sovereignty, until, in 1166, he was killed in a contest with the Chief of Oirghialla, a part of Ulster, who led an army against him because he had killed certain chiefs in violation of the protection of the successor of Patrick, of the Chief of Oirghialla himself, and of the "relics, laity, and clergy of the North of Ireland ;" and in the record of his death he is styled "Monarch of all Ireland, the chief lamp of the valour, chivalry, hospitality, and prowess of the west of the world in his time." On his death, Roderick O'Conner, his rival, led an army against his tribe and procured their submission ; he then entered Meath and procured the submission of that kingdom, and then with the army of Connacht, Meath and other allies he marched to

Dublin and was then inaugurated King "as honourably as ever any King of the Gæidhil was ever inaugurated." And he is said then to have presented their stipend to the foreigners in many cows, and to have levied a tax of 4000 cows on the men of Ireland for them—a statement which seems to imply that he took the foreigners into his pay—the custom of hiring mercenaries having by this time become common. After his coronation, Roderick invaded Leinster and Munster, and he appears to have procured the submission of Dermot Macmurrough, the King of the former province, but, notwithstanding, he consented to the attack on that Prince by the King of Breeful and to his banishment to England—an event which led to momentous consequences in the following year.

In 1067 Dearmaid O'Brien, who is designed as King of Munster and Leth-Mogha, a man who aimed at the sovereignty of all Ireland, died. On his death, Roderick O'Conner, apparently with the view of procuring his acknowledgement as sovereign of Ireland by the northern half of the kingdom, held an assembly of the chiefs of Leth-Cuinn, both lay and ecclesiastical, and at this assembly it is said that many good resolutions were passed "respecting veneration of churches and clerics and controul of tribes and territories, so that women used to traverse Ireland alone." The assembly was an armed one, however, and is said to have been attended by 13,000 horsemen, and it is recorded as a singular and unlooked-for circumstance that they separated without battle or contest. The statement that the result of the assembly was a state of peace in the country, which made it possible for women to travel alone, is as true as the similar statement about the time of Brian. After the assembly, Roderick led his army into Munster and procured the submission of the chiefs of that province, and he was thus acknowledged by the whole kingdom as its Ard Righ or supreme King. Here it may be said, after 153 years of a war of succession was a king established, and the fair

beginning of a new and a better time, but in the same year in which this result was attained Dermot Macmurrough returned from England with the first detachment of his Welsh and Norman allies, and a series of events commenced, the result of which was that within five years the princes and ecclesiastics of Ireland acknowledged the supremacy of Henry II. of England, and the history of Ireland as a separate and independent kingdom came to an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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I.—THE LAST OF THE PENSIONERS.

METHINKS that I do see him still, as once upon a day long ago, he approached a merry pack of prankish youngsters grouped in front of the Parish School.

While I write, there rises before my memory, in a dull grey light, which I think must have been that of an April day, the whole scene as it then appeared, within the wide sweep of the Grampians, but, most vividly of all, the figure of this old soldier.

How often has it recurred to me, just as it does to-day! A tall, lithe man, of iron-grey whiskers and strongly marked features, of tough rather than massive frame, well advanced on the down-hill of life, but still suggestive of a powerful grip.

As he stalks along gloriously, with a scarlet vest fashioned out of the once familiar tunic, and a broad blue bonnet adorned with tartan bordering and red top, the womenfolk of the village are reminded that the Pensioners' Day has come round again, and young and old hasten to their doors to peep and smile a welcome. The veteran has just left the inn, and nothing loth to renew old acquaintance while he takes his way he crosses and re-crosses the little street. He is stooping slightly forward, which may be due to the weight of years, as a certain unsteadiness of gait may have been occasioned by the forced marches, battles, and sieges through which he had served his King.

The band of urchins, of whom I formed probably the youngest, received him with ringing shouts of various pitch and cadence, some crying one thing and some another—

“ Ciudad Rodree-ee-eeo,” “ Torres Ve-e-edras,” “ The Aguee-da,” “ Salamanca,” and what not ; while ever and anon “ Ciudad Rodree-ee-eeo” rose loud over all. Then, during a slight lull in the Babel of sound, a tiny but venomous voice at my elbow shrieked out, clear and shrill, “ Make for the rear, my man, while your blood is warm.”

This saying, meant in mere fun and wantonness to be perhaps the shrewdest hit of any, did indeed strike home ; but it did so in a manner that took us all by surprise, and threw the perpetrator into confusion. Our first sallies had only awakened a good-humoured smile on the somewhat grim, but withal attractive, countenance of the antique son of Mars. Had he not been so accosted in that exact spot, by successive generations of schoolboys, for two score years ?

The names of the great battles and sieges of the Napoleonic wars had for long been as by-words in the country. In former times, when the Pensioners’ Day arrived, a considerable number of those who had been companions-in-arms foregathered at the village to receive their well-earned allowance. Officers who had held various ranks would be there, glad to give up a few hours to the cup of fraternity and the days that were gone ; and among them, as the centre and life of the party, he who had followed the colours as the devoted chaplain of the regiment. While they sat at dinner of state in the inn parlour, their humbler comrades either stood in groups outside or crowded the tap. Proud to have shaken hands with the worthy Highland gentlemen who had often led them to victory in foreign lands, each felt he had been of no small consequence in his time to King and country, and, growing more

“ Vain,
Fought all his battles o’er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
he slew the slain.”

Anecdotes known to all were now aired anew. It was told how the unfortunate Portuguese that fell into a ditch

became, as it were, a stepping-stone for the whole regiment, until nothing remained of him in sight except his knapsack, when the last man to employ him—being something of a good Samaritan—dragged him forth ; how one of the company was wounded in the retreat from Bourgos, and left for dead, but opening his eyes after some hours, he arose with difficulty, and beholding a gipsy with a donkey, implored assistance, whereupon, being churlishly refused, he took heart of grace, and toppling the rude fellow down a steep bank, mounted his seat and galloped into quarters ; how a soldier, bringing water to a wounded comrade after Toulouse, was requested by the generous sufferer to relieve first a Frenchman in agony of thirst, who was no sooner refreshed than he turned and shot his prostrate benefactor, and thus quickly sealed his own doom ; how in the thick of the awful carnage that attended the storming of Badajos, one said, “ Courage, Duncan, you and I shall yet stack fir together on the peat moss of our township ”—which, to be sure, was a prophecy that turned out true ; and how—note this above all, gentle reader—the humble private, at that moment, glass in hand, proceeding to propose a toast of immortal fame, had once, during action, been recognised by the great Duke of Wellington—nay more, had received direct personal instructions from the immortal Commander-in-chief. It was thus that it came about :—At some critical conjuncture in the fierce engagement of Quatre Bras, Wellington galloped close up to a regiment which occupied an advanced position, and seeing a soldier bleeding profusely from wounds, and still endeavouring to do his duty, the Duke actually addressed to him that memorable order, “ Make for the rear, my man, while your blood is warm.”

No wonder that the brave fellow looked back upon this as the supreme event of his life, and considered that he had received a special mark of honour from one who had watched his career with approbation. Let none grudge him a laudable pride, though it must be allowed that his

companions sometimes thought that he made rather too much of the incident. Every one of themselves, however, had one story, of many stories the favourite. Every one spoke of one engagement, more than other engagements, as the scene of his particular glory. Moreover, having fought in Gascony, might they not in reason be permitted to indulge now and again in the Gasconading vein?

Any one passing along the road came within earshot of these reminiscences, which, as might be supposed, waxed louder and warmer as the afternoon advanced. The youth of the neighbourhood, always eager for a lark, drew as near as they durst, and afterwards followed each retiring hero with mocking echoes of his own words.

So it had been on many a successive Pension Day; but I need not tell how, in process of time, the noise of the captains and the shouting died away, as one after another responded to the last roll-call, and went to rejoin old comrades, even at headquarters. At length there came that Pension Day—the only one within my recollection—when a solitary individual appeared where full fifty had formerly convened. I do not think that he felt in any degree friendless and forlorn, or experienced any sadness on account of the comrades that were gone. Nature is very kind and considerate, especially perhaps to the aged, taking means to conceal from our view, or, at least, to gloss over, the tragedy and pathos of life, which, if plainly perceived in all their nakedness, might cast us into dejection. Thus, the Last of the Pensioners, far from feeling in anywise despondent, was probably at heart somewhat proud of the peerless importance of his position; and, notwithstanding our ribald greeting, he came towards us with a waggish smile, making feint as though he would give us chase, until, as I have described, there rang out in jeering tones those fatal words, “Make for the rear, my man, while your blood is warm.”

At this the poor old soldier suddenly paused, gave a slow glance around like one bewildered, and then, putting his sleeve up to his eyes, sobbed like a child.

We had no opportunity to attempt any *amende*. The schoolmaster's whistle was already sounding, our play-hour had come to an end, and we ran away to resume our tasks more willingly than usual, for we felt strangely scared and remorseful on account of the scene we had just witnessed.

It must have been about Hallowe'en of the same year that the distant sound of pipes broke faintly but unmistakably on our ears as we raced across the play-ground. The most absorbing game always yielded in point of fascination to the awful solemnities of a funeral; and we knew that this would be no ordinary one, for it was that of the Pensioner, and the kind Chief was certainly present, as the music of his piper attested.

We had already, according to use and wont, inspected the grave that was being opened in the forenoon, counted the number of skulls that were turned up, and listened with interest to the usual surmises as to the identity of those gruesome relics. And now, warned of the approach of the cortege, the predatory hordes of Scotch and English, into which we were divided, hastily proclaimed a truce, the wardens allowed their two respective heaps of much-prized aichils to lie unprotected, and all ran to the gateway that faced the road.

As, headed by the gallant patrician who thought it not beneath him to conduct the humblest of his clansmen to their last resting-place, the funeral procession passed through our midst, with measured restlessness of tread, and the sound of many voices, like lonely waves that break on a rocky shore, and then slowly ascended the rising ground that led to the church-yard, I shall never forget how the wailing notes of the lament seemed to form themselves into words in my ear. It was a foolish whim, for methought I heard again, in the wild, mournful strain, those sonorous names of the Peninsula and of Flanders, which would never more be heard as of old on the Pensioners' Day, but which will still continue, from the page of history, to send a thrill of patriotic enthusiasm through every loyal-hearted son of the Gael.

Thus, then, was buried, with seemly respect, the Last of the Pensioners. Their homes, high and low, were gradually filled by a new generation, who knew little of heroic sentiment, having immediate interests which widely separated them from the age of military glory to which the Pensioners belonged. But so long as the old Chief remained, there was one at least who cherished that illustrious past, who, having been familiar with many of its veterans among his tenants and friends, delighted, when in hoary age, to recount the valiant fame of those

“Who fought right on, with conquering banners o’er them,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees.”

BOOKS.

LEGENDARY FICTIONS OF THE IRISH CELTS. Collected and Narrated by PATRICK KENNEDY. London : Macmillan & Co.

THE first edition of Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts" appeared in 1866, and the work has long been out of print. This second edition will be welcome to all lovers of folklore, and also to all those that take an interest in the lore of the Celtic race, whether in Ireland or in Britain. The book is divided into five parts, dealing with household stories ; fairy legends ; stories of witches, ghosts, and fetches ; Ossianic tales ; and legends of the Irish saints. Many of the stories have analogies among those of the Highlands. This is especially true of the Ossianic legends, which form a considerable portion of the book.

THE BODLEIAN FRAGMENT OF CORMAC'S GLOSSARY. By WHITLEY STOKES, D.C.L. Philological Society's Transactions.

CORMAC was king-bishop of Cashel at the end of the 9th century, and was a man of scholarly mind, well versed in Latin, Greek, and Irish. He compiled a glossary of rare Irish words, wherein he also made attempts at etymology, and recorded some curious beliefs and stories illustrative of some of the words which he discussed. The glossary exists only in middle Irish manuscripts, and is not now as Cormac wrote it. Dr Stokes published the text of the glossary in 1862, from the *Lebar Breac*, or Speckled Book, a MS. of the 14th century. He also published a translation of it, with additions, in 1868. He now publishes a fragment of it as found in a Bodleian MS. of the 15th century. This fragment contains the latter half of the original glossary nearly complete. Some of the articles here discussed are extremely important, such as that headed *Mugh-éme*, where the Scottish invasions of Britain in Roman and post-Roman times are referred to. Irish folklore and mythology are also well represented, for the fragment commences with the famous *Imbass forosnai*, a method of incantation, whereby a poet, by chewing raw flesh over which he had muttered a charm, and then sleep-

ing with his head on this palms, saw into futurity. Dr Stokes does the editing with his usual thoroughness and accuracy. He gives a translation and adds valuable notes, where he offers some new etymologies. That puzzle of all etymologists—the word *beul*, inouth, he refers to an original form in *gvetto-s*, which he connects with English *quoth*. The word *bochd*, poor, is held to be a participle, from a verb *bongaim*, I break, which is doubtless allied to the English word “bang.” The derivation offered by Dr Stokes and Mr Strachan for *lom*, viz., *lup-mo*, a root *lup*, to peel, is phonetically unsatisfactory. It seems rather allied to the English “light,” pointing to a root form *lougvo-s*.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE 40th number of the *Gaelic Journal* is to hand. It is now under the editorial care of Professor O’Growney, of Maynooth College. Dr Kuno Meyer continues his excellent series of articles containing odds and ends from old Irish MSS. There is a sensible article on the Infinitive in Gaelic, and several other practical pieces bearing on the study of the language.

THE March number of the quarterly called *Folklore* contains one or two articles of interest to Highlanders. Professor Rhys continues and finishes his papers on “Manx Folklore and Superstitions,” and a discussion is invited on the subject of *comhdhail* or “first-footing” and meeting. Why are red-haired people bad *comhdhails*? Professor Rhys suggests racial animosities; but red hair is not considered artistic in any case, and the whole system of *comhdhail* is founded on the idea that it is unlucky to meet antagonistic or ugly objects. It is unlucky, for instance, to meet one’s private enemy first as one starts on a journey. It is similar with the case of flat-footed persons. Here Professor Rhys thinks that the flat-footed people must be

the Saxon or other conquerors of the Celts. Mr Alfred Nutt discusses the connections of the Gaelic story "Gold-tree and Silver-tree."

MR NAIRNE, of the *Northern Chronicle*, has in the press a work dealing with "Highland Floods of the Nineteenth Century." The work promises to be an exceedingly interesting and important one, and Mr Nairne is sparing neither trouble nor expense to make his book both complete and concise. It is to be fully illustrated.

DR WHITLEY STOKES has reproduced his paper on the Irish Annals, where he deals with the great "Pictish Question," in a German periodical called *Bezenberger's Beiträge*. He has made several additions, one of which being the acceptance of the termination *four* in Balfour, Pitfour, &c., as of Pictish origin, and related to the Welsh *parwr*, pasture, a derivation suggested by one of the editors of this magazine, and acknowledged as such by Dr Stokes.

The Highland Monthly.

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A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scoto-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

The following, among others, are to be Contributors:—

- Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Author of "Records of Argyll."
Sir HENRY COCKBURN MACANDREW, Provost of Inverness
CHAS. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, Esq., M.P., Author of "Antiquarian Notes," "Dunachton Past and Present." "Invernessiana," &c.
Rev HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D., D.D., Author of 'Bible Teachings in Nature,' "Foot-Notes from the Page of Nature," &c.
Rev. JAMES CAMERON LEES, D.D., Minister of St Giles, Edinburgh, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal.
Rev. Dr MASSON, Author of "Vestigia Celtica."
Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions, Manitoba and N.W.T.
JOSEPH ANDERSON, Esq., LL.D., Keeper of the Museum of Antiquities, Royal Institution, Edinburgh.
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WILLIE GILLIES.

CHAPTER III.

I AM the most unpunctual correspondent in the world. I cannot conquer the failing. I have lost through it some of my best friends. My sister-in-law says it's lucky for me that I drop my acquaintances as easily as I pick them up. That is right for her to say, who knows not how often I am seized with painful remorse when, from the hidden chambers of memory, the shadows of dear friends of the past step out in the watches of the night, in the midst of the minister's sermon, and on other times when my head is at rest, to recall broken promises, and shake their angry locks at me. Now, were I to say that the failing is owing to a procrastinating habit and defect of memory that I cannot overcome, will any of my friends believe it? or shall I be forgiven if I prove that I suffer more pain for my shortcomings than my rude forgetfulness ever inflicted? Indeed, I fear no man will listen to such palliatives as an excuse for neglecting him, although he might readily admit it as a good one in the case of others. Self-esteem is right to make the exception. And I freely con-

fess that of the hundreds with whom, at one time or other, I commenced to correspond, there are but few of whom I have not some pleasant recollections; and none whose complaining second last, and unanswered last letter, have not given me a taste of the punishment of faithlessness. Of late years, aware of my besetting sin, I never promise a lengthened correspondence, nor do I keep letters after they are read, lest they should witness against me. The shadowy conjurations of memory punish sharply enough, without the aid of material witnesses. I do answer punctually business letters. And I think, although the disgraceful habit of procrastination is to be blamed for dropping friendly or literary correspondence, that there is also a law of sympathy, at work which partly accounts for my failing. I meet a person with whom I form a sudden acquaintance. We talk on some subject in which we both feel interested. One is better informed, and can instruct the other. We correspond, but naturally the correspondence ceases when the information of the correspondents is equalised. Again, it may be a sentiment, an indefinite similarity of taste, that forms the friendly cement. To a tie of this kind distance of place and time does not lend enchantment. In letters the attractions of a personal individuality are lost—unhappily people do not write as unaffectedly as they speak, and, for myself, the comment of the face is often far clearer than the text of the lips. Besides, long acquaintance shows the difference, as the first intimacy showed the similarity of our tastes. Some people can make formal replies to formal letters, but others, like myself, never reply with pleasure, seldom reply at all, to letters that affect them not like the presence of the writer, in the state they most admire, when the letter is read. I have known a short note to electrify my lethargy so much that I immediately replied under a sort of inspiration. The mutual sympathy constituting sentimental friendship in such circumstances was actively working. But, while assigning reasons for the shameful manner in which I drop the

correspondence with casual friends, let it not be thought that these are to be excuses for remissness and negligence in the case of life-long friends and intimate relations. Mine forgive me—except my cousin in Canada, who threatens to visit me with dire revenge when he returns—but I do not forgive myself, nor advise anybody to imitate my failing.

To be sure, I am a garrulous old man, or however could I write such a dawdling paragraph, when I meant merely to tell that on leaving Edinburgh I kept up a correspondence with Willie Gillies, which came to an untimely end by my habitual failing of forgetting to send punctual replies? Two long letters I did punctually answer, and Willie, in after years, published them in the *Journal of Jurisprudence*, being, as he said, humorous dissertations on two greatly disputed maxims of Roman law. But the next letter from Willie was a dry formal thing, that propounded no questions and merely thanked me for my last. He said he wrote in a hurry, and I thought he would at better leisure write again, but he did not. There was a silence of six weeks, and then I resolved to write; only I resolved and did not do it. By and by the casual acquaintance nearly dropped out of my mind, till one day in the midst of some meditation, that had no connection with the subject, Willie Gillies started up before my memory with a vividness and suddenness which impressed me strongly. I have no desire to discuss questions above my reach. The spiritual influences external to man are not better understood or defined by civilized and learned men than by savages and children. The millions of invisible beings that walk the earth or traverse space are only quantities in the high problem of abstract life, which we presently cannot solve, although the philosopher and the child may equally believe in their existence. But there are internal impressions and powers of mind which force themselves perpetually forward in our experience of human life, and yet elude the analysis of reason and the grasp of investigation. The wonderful

sympathies and antipathies that cannot be controlled by the judgment of the mind—the manifest but inscrutable way in which the mind influences and is influenced by others, and that also through none of the channels by which ties of material interest are formed and regulated, are some insoluble quantities of the sub-problem of life that concerns the present condition of man. In my own experience I have been often perplexed by the phenomena of memory pictures reproduced in odd ways. I find no satisfactory explanation in metaphysical writings. As far as the reproduction of images of dead matter, scenery and such like, is concerned, I am satisfied with the association of ideas as the efficient cause. But I have frequently laboured in vain to discover any connection between the previous train of ideas and the abrupt recollection of an absent friend. It seemed to me as if my friend had a longing to confer with me, and through the mysterious agency of sympathy his wish raised a recollection of him in my mind. The incident which occurred to me at this time seems to confirm this view, nor does it stand alone in the experiences of myself and friends.

When I dropped the drum ecclesiastic as previously narrated, I took to literary pursuits, which, in course of time, brought me competent remuneration. I dabbled a good deal in antiquarianism, and in my part of the country was accepted as quite an oracle, respecting family history and pedigrees. An accident gave me the chance of obliging a powerful patron. A title was on the point of going a-begging for heirs. The last of an old line was tottering childless to the grave. A difficulty happened as to who was heir of line. There were many claimants who traced their descent from a baron of the sixteenth century. After that time the lords of H—— had singularly small families, and although the line had remained unbroken for eight descents, it had seldom above a double strand, and now it was hanging by the last thread of one old man's life. There were six claimants descended from one man, the

brother of a lord in the days of James V. The difficulty in their case was to tell the priority of descent among themselves, and show that another cadet, whose place was chronicled in the family between the eldest brother and their common ancestor, died without lawful issue. There was a gentleman who claimed descent from this middle brother, but he wanted proof of legal descent from the fountainhead. After the first link the chain of evidence was complete. Some persons advised him to apply to me. He did so, and I was able by the merest chance to supply the missing link. At the Reformation the records of the Scotch Papal Church and religious houses disappeared, and for a couple of centuries they were supposed to be almost entirely lost. Recent publications by antiquarian and learned societies prove the supposition wrong, and more proof is to come, for when the repositories of all the ancient families are searched, I believe few valuable records of the two centuries before the Reformation will be wanting, and I shall not be extraordinarily surprised if an antique collection of Ossianic poetry should even turn up. Well, about the time that the question of succession of the lordship of H—— was beginning to be ventilated, a country gentleman with whom I was on friendly terms, put in my hand an old MS. volume which he had found in his family archives, and which he could not read. It was the chartulary of a religious house in the neighbourhood, and one of the consequences of its discovery was that the descendant of the middle brother completed his title, and that in less than two years, I was appointed to a public office through the influence of the new Lord H——. I need not describe its nature further than to say that it obliged me to traverse a wide district in summer, and supplied literary lesiure and appliances in winter. The emoluments were not great but they were abundantly sufficient for my wants.

Why should it be that when I was reading the official letter of my appointment, and receiving the congratulations

of my brother and sister-in-law, a painful recollection of negligence towards Willie Gillies should cross my mind? Why should the impression be so strong that I hastened my intended visit to Edinburgh purposely in order to enquire after him? If the reader refuse to accept the theory of extensive influences of sympathy which has been alluded to, I have no explanation to give. When I entered the eating-house at the usual dinner hour, the first glance satisfied me that no Willie was there. I asked the landlord for information. The honest fellow shook his head and answered my enquiries in a way that did his kind heart credit :—

“ The puir callant—he’s o’er guid for the world! And he is o’er proud to be helpit. Ods sir, I am glad to see you, because Willie the day he left spoke about ye. He juist clean exhausted himself in that d— office, trying to satisfy the auld deevil of a lawyer by working double since he coudna pay the prentice fee. And when he was out of the office it was nae better. His nose was atween the twa brods of a buik, when it ought to hae been atween the blankets, and his head was racked with long-nebbit words when it ought to hae been dreaming of the wimpling burns of his ain countrie. Weel did the wise man say that muckle reading is a weariness to the flesh.”

“ Has Willie left Edinburgh?”

“ He has been ta’en awa.”

“ Goodness gracious! you don’t mean to say he’s dead? Did you not say just now that he was living?”

“ Weel, I hope he is leeving, but ye’re sae hasty, sir. I’ll tell ye it a’ from the beginning if ye let me speak my ain gate. When ye went awa, he settled down to his buiks waur than ever. Exercise, ye ken, the bonnie daunders into the country and round by Arthur Seat was nae mair thocht off. Then cam a want of appetite, and a short hoast which told a clear tale that the puir laddie was pining awa. At last I was frichtened about the laddie’s ailment, and sent the guid wife to the auld toon to speak

to his landlady, Lucky M'Kay, about him. The doited auld body said he was weel eneuch, but complained sairly that he sat up at nicht reading and burning her gas, for which she had nae amends. I dinna ken if I did richt, only a man maun dae his best to his fellow-creatures, and when I got the guid wife's report, I went to Lucky mysel' and gae her such a hearing for her hard-heartedness that she that verra nicht tauld Willie he would hae to quit at the end of the week for the imperance she had got on his account. I ken she was on the scent of a wealthier lodger, and, therefore, wished for an excuse. What could I think o' after this, but to offer him the spare room in my ain house. Fac' I wished to have him under the guid wife's e'e, 'cause I thocht he would quicker mend. She and Maggie did a' they could, but he became waur and waur, and the doctor (it was difficult to make Willie let me send for a doctor, puir boy, because he had nae money) said he maun be sent awa to his friends in the country or else die. Sairly Willie prayed me to let him drag himsel' to the office when he could hardly stan' on his legs—aye, and could ye believe it? he would not take the wine I freely offered him, until I was obliged to tell him the downright truth that he would else die, and never be able to help his mother or repay his friends. I was put to it, sir, or I wouldna hae used sic words to the wilfu' bairn, who, when I put it in this licht, became quiet and obedient as a lamb. But a' wouldna dae. At last his mother came for him, and they went awa this day four weeks. He spoke of you, sir, and said to me that if ever he was better he would write you, and if he died—weel, sir, I canna think o' Willie deeing, for he has been aff and on dining here for three years bypast, and we a' sae muckle liked him."

The honest fellow drew his sleeve across his face, and never told me the end of Willie's message.

CHAPTER IV.

ON a comparison of dates it was clear that on the very day when, according to mine host's story, Willie Gillies had expressed a strong desire to see me, in the midst of other and different thoughts his image had strongly recurred to my memory far away in the country. When I made further inquiries, I found that not only the day, but the hour and minute coincided. In "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Brontë relates a similar incident with more striking details. The little recluse of Haworth had herself experienced what she describes. I dislike philosophising on circumstances like this, because they are not properly subject to the judgment or reason, since they are not consistent with the known laws of mind; and the attributes of mind, or qualities external to mind, by which they are produced, remain a mystery. But I have much of the faith of a little child respecting many things "not dreamt of in our philosophy," and so I deemed the circumstance a sufficient reason for exchanging the district allotted for my peregrinations with a brother official, that I might have an opportunity of visiting Willie at his mother's home.

My new district included stretches of Highland Border land, with which I was best well acquainted. I first traversed it in October. The weather was fine—frost by night, mist in the morning, and bright sunshine in the middle of the day. I always enjoy that kind of weather. The chill of the evening renders the fire only the more pleasant, and the social circle cosier, nor is it unpleasant for a valetudinarian himself, if well wrapped up, to stroll out into the hoary frosted fields, and gaze upwards on the myriad stars. When that sheet of diamond-crystalised dew is liquified and evaporised by the level sunbeams, a blanket canopies the sky, but the red eye of day pierces through the covering, and we wait contentedly for its ultimate triumph. This kind of weather is to me exceedingly enjoy-

able. It combines winter and summer, without the severity of the first or the cheaterly of the latter. Nor is the face of nature less interesting in its russet garb than in its gaudy robes of green. The sere and yellow leaf has its own poetry, and the withering ferns and darkening heaths their endless charms of colour. The brooks sing the hymn of the season—a thanksgiving for the past, a prophecy for the future. Look next at the animal world. How they enjoy the end of the summer weather? Nature, like a provident mother, gives them their rough winter coverings before winter actually comes. Sheep and cows, especially, seem quite aware of the value of the gift, and it is wonderful how comfortably they prepare themselves for the evil days that are coming upon them. They lick up the soft herbage, as if intending to be victualled at once for six months, and get up more impromptu fun among themselves at this time than at any other. The *fera natura* are similarly affected. Their coatings of wool, fur, hair, or feathers thicken and change colour in accordance with specific wants, but the careless creatures, instead of being made grave and demure by the signs visible in themselves of approaching storms and privations, are as quietly, solemnly happy as if the millennium of animal nature had come.

Well, I am like the lower animals myself in so far that I feel more thankful for present enjoyments than apprehensive of coming evils. When I left Edinburgh I was anxious to reach Willie's native village as soon as possible. I felt depressed about my young friend. The scenery diverted my mind from the painful subject. I willingly allowed its influence to control me. Whether it results from an originally hopeful disposition, or from the experience of long illness, in which the ceasing of pain was a real pleasure, I know not, but this I have learnt, that I can put off with much ease apprehensions of future evils like the careless animals that sport on the eve of winter. Through the romantic region fraught with mouldering memorials of centuries of strife—the native home of the

ballad-poet and clansman — I jogged along as pleasantly as if I did not expect to find my young friend dying. I have frequently thought that we have been naturally provided, not with an antidote, but with an opiate for sorrow, applicable for the mitigation of every grief, but the remorse of a self-accusing conscience. Perhaps, however, my isolation in the social world prevents me from estimating the strength of grief under circumstances to which I have been a stranger. I know, however, that the practice of the peasantry confirms my personal experience, and that like myself and the *feræ naturæ*, they enjoy the fleeting hour of sunshine, and bravely trust heaven in the storm, be it of poverty or family affliction.

When I reached the muirland village where Mrs Ellis resided, I left my horse at the inn (I forgot to say that I had a Government allowance for the expense of horse and gig for the road), asked the way to the widow's house, and directed my steps towards it at once. The question blistered my tongue, but some way I could not utter it— "Is Willie living?" The talkative landlord would have told without asking, but I disliked to hear the worst from his lips, especially since he seemed to be a Boniface that had grown callous, drinking whiskey. The cottage to which I was directed was on the outskirts of a stragglng village. As I stood by the garden fence, a girl came tripping from a rivulet at a little distance, carrying a pitcher of water, and accompanied by a merry boy, who was telling some drolleries that made both laugh. They approached the cottage. The boy, when he saw a stranger at their gate, suddenly sunk his voice, and hesitated to advance. The girl, who was older, took the lead. Here, I thought, are Willie's sister and brother. Kate was much as I imagined. Her eye had rather a roguish cast, but though the smile raised by her brother's jokes flitted yet about her lips, her face had signs of anxiety and care that were little in keeping with her buoyant step as she tripped from the well. I talked to the children, and soon learned their story. Kate

answered me first. But when George had satisfied himself by a long-searching stare (children and uneducated people have a wonderful power of reading people by a steady perusal of their looks) that I was not a dangerous animal, he took the lead, and told me that their brother Willie had been poorly, but that he was now better, and had that day got out of bed the first time for a month. "And," he concluded, "Mamma and Kate and I and everybody are so glad."

I was equally glad, and followed the children into the cottage, where I found Willie seated on a chair by the fire-side, propped up by cushions, and that everlasting Justinian in his hands. I was shocked at his appearance. His mother assured me, however, that he looked better that day, and that the medical men of the district said he would improve daily if he was well taken care of.

"But," she said with tears, "that is easier said than done. We have nothing to give him that can do him good but our love. And my rich brother never thinks of our wants, while Willie will not let me receive money from neighbours that offer, and whom, tide what might betide, I would by and by repay."

"Oh! mother," remonstrated Willie, "do not speak thus. I will get sooner better on bread and milk than on anything else. I feel getting quite strong; and in case I die it will make me miserable to leave you in debt."

He appealed to me, telling their circumstances, and explaining that the mother's small annual allowance had been forestalled to pay the expenses attendants on his illness. Little George had gone out to herd to a farmer near to the village, but came daily to see his brother. Kate had, in order to help her mother, given up attendance at a school where she was training for governnessing, and thus the economy of the whole little circle had been disturbed by the illness of the elder brother. The lad's recovery was retarded by his anxiety not to be a burden, and by the want of generous diet, which his horror of debt prevented Mrs Gillies from procuring.

I liked Willie's independence, but stoutly contended that his mother was right, and that he must cease to struggle in the toils, and obey good advice for the sake of his friends. When I urged the latter consideration pretty strongly, Willie bent down his head, and two large tears fell on the pages of "Justinian." He was yielding, and I changed the subject. I cannot very well describe the conversation that followed, but it must have been of a cheerful nature, for I remember that Willie laughed, that his mother smiled to see him laugh, and that among the amusements of the evening, were a song volunteered by Kate, a droll story of an outwitted fox, told by George, and an unmeasured quantity of cheerful nonsense contributed by myself. "A pretty account indeed," says the reader, "of a 'sticket minister's' idea of the proper conduct of Christians towards a sick or perhaps dying person." Well, I do not think it was according to rule, but I feel pretty certain that if it had been my last night with Willie, it would not have been ill spent. For is there aught derogatory to Christian faith and humble trust in strewing the path to the grave with flowers, and in making the most of the last ray of sunshine. Ladies and gentlemen, criticise as you like, but really I could not help feeling an expansion of heart that despised rules and formulas, when I found my young friend living and apparently in the way to recovery; and besides, I have already let drop a hint or two to let you know that he did recover.

It was late before I thought of going back to the inn, and, when I offered to depart, the mother, with the old-fashioned hospitality which still lingers in some outlandish corners, pressed me to stay in the cottage. George assured me that there was their grand red bed free to me, and Kate also added her wishes in a very energetic manner. I stayed because I had a request to make, which it seemed would be listened to with more respect if I accepted their hospitality. Well, I slept in a little neat room in the grand red bed, which was evidently a relic of manse life, bought

when the young hopeful minister brought home his bride. There is often a history in furniture which tells strange ups and downs. Here was a most affecting one, and it somewhat saddened me to think how much depended on the recovery of Willie, in order to elevate the red bed to the dignity to which it was originally intended. George was a good-natured boy of no particular character, and what could the weak widow, or even the energetic Kate do in fighting with the world, except under the shield of the manly Willie. I resolved, at any rate, that whatever the medical man recommended he should have, in spite of his pride and scruples. I had about twenty pounds in my pocket, the amount received for articles published in a cheap magazine. On leaving home my sister-in-law told me to devote this sum to the decoration of my outer man. I resolved, however, to devote it to a better purpose, though I should go in one old coat to the end of my life. Willie resisted in vain. I was firm, and, I am afraid, told some white fibs about my wealth and prospects. The thing was done, and I departed, promising, on my return in the course of a month or so, to call at the village again, and see how Willie improved. I am quite sure I kept up my official dignity, talked wisely to parochial authorities, and drank toddy with ministers and dominies as well in my old coat as I could have done in a new one.

TO BE CONTINUED

IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

xv.

1014-1157.—STATE OF ANARCHY. FOREIGN INFLUENCE
BEGINS TO PREVAIL.

IN the previous chapter we have shown that during the one hundred and fifty-three years which intervened between the death of Brian Boroimhe and the arrival of the first band of Welsh and Norman adventurers, there was waged an almost continuous war between the families of O'Brien, O'Lochlan, O'Connor, and MacMurrough—representing the provincial sovereignties of Munster, Ulster, Connaught, and Leinster—for the possession of the high kingship of Ireland. It is remarkable that during the whole period subsequent to the death of Malachy, none of his descendants or tribe appears as claiming the sovereignty, the alternate succession to which was their ancient right. This probably may be accounted for by the fact that there were internal divisions in the family. We read of frequent contests for the sovereignty of Meath, and of that province being divided into two kingdoms. None of the competitors except Roderick O'Connor attained beyond dispute the dignity for which they strove, and the name of none of them except Roderick is associated with any great national event which lives in the recollection of their countrymen or of the people of other nationalities. Roderick is memorable as being the last who claimed the dignity, as having been crowned or inaugurated in Dublin, thus acknowledging the City of the Foreigner as the National Capital, and as having resigned his office to Henry II., and consented to hold his hereditary kingdom of Connaught as a vassal of the English Crown. There is no record during this time of the passing of any

law, or even of any attempt at regular or civilised government. That the high kingship was coveted, and held a powerful sway over the imaginations of Irishmen, is obvious from the incessant conflicts which were waged to attain the dignity; but the dignity was a shadowy one, and its possession involved no real power. Each prince who attained it, or thought he had done so, took hostages and exacted tribute from the chiefs and princes who submitted to him. When he was at peace he lived in his own dune or rath in his own hereditary dominions—no doubt in a state of considerable barbaric pomp and magnificence; and when at war he could call on his tributaries to bring their tribes to his assistance; but he did not attempt to govern, did not attempt to control, his tributaries in their exercise of what they considered their kingly power in their own dominions or over their own tribes. The shadowy and merely nominal nature of the sovereignty is shown by the following passage in the Annals of Clonmacnoise, a record believed to be ancient, but which now exists only in a translation made in 1627:—"The kings or chief monarchs of Ireland were reputed and reckoned to be absolute monarchs (*i.e.*, supreme monarchs) in this manner; if he were of Leigh-Con, or Con's half in deal, and one province of Leath-Moye, or Moyes half, he was reputed to be of sufficient power to be king of Tarogh or Ireland; but if the party were of Leath Moye, if he could not command all Leath-Moye and Taragh, with the lordship thereunto belonging, and the province of Ulster or Connacht (if not both), he would not be thought to be sufficient to be king of all." From this passage it would appear that the tradition of sovereignty still lingered around Tara, but the annalists cease during the period of which we are treating to call the supreme king King of Tara, and the title is constantly applied to the princes of Meath, and even to the princes of that division of Meath in which Tara is situated.

But the possession of the high kingship was not the only and perhaps not the principal cause of wars in Ireland during this time. There were wars almost as incessant between the O'Briens and Macarths for the sovereignty of Munster, between the Northern Hy Niells and the Ulidians for the sovereignty of Ulster, and between the different branches of the families of Leinster and Meath for the sovereignty of these provinces. In addition to these there were wars between the subordinate chiefs or kings of districts such as Osraigh, Brefny, Orghialla, and others, who were now rising into importance, and acting independently of, and often in hostility to, the provincial kings to whom they were nominally subject, and there were wars instigated by the clergy in revenge for the violation of protection and sanctuary given by them, fightings between the clergy of different establishments, and armed conflicts for the succession to abbacies.

One of these private wars, as we may call them, may be noticed, not because there was anything peculiar in its cause or in its incidents, but on account of the remarkable consequences to which it led. Dermot MacMurrough succeeded his father as King of Leinster and of the Danes of Dublin some time before 1152. By Irish writers he is represented as a monster of lust, cruelty, and treachery; but whether, if he had not been the means of bringing the English into Ireland, he would have come down to posterity as worse in these respects than many of his neighbours may be doubted. He was, however, bad enough. On one occasion he violated the successor of St Bridget, or Abbess of Kildare, and on another occasion he blinded seventeen of the nobles of Leinster. In 1152, Dermot joined as an ally of O'Lochlan in a contest for the supreme sovereignty between O'Lochlan and O'Connor. In course of the war he invaded Brefny, a part of Meath, defeated O'Raurie, the king of that territory, and carried away his wife, with her cattle and furniture. He is said to have done this with the approval of the lady's brother, and

the interchange of wives between Irish chieftains was at that time no uncommon event. O'Ruarie, however, never forgave the insult, and, as we have seen, he revenged himself fourteen years afterwards by procuring the deposition of Dermot and his banishment beyond the sea. That at the time Dermot was not without friends and sympathisers may be seen from the following wail written on the margin of one of the pages of the Book of Leinster:—"O Virgin Mary, it is a great deed that has been done in Erin this day, the Kalends of August, viz., Dermot, the son of Donach MacMurrough, King of Leinster, and of the Danes of Dublin, to have been banished over the sea eastwards by the men of Erin. Uch! Uch! O Lord! what shall I do?"

The condition to which Ireland was reduced by the end of this period seems to have been one of absolute and complete anarchy. The annalists frequently deplore the condition of the country. In the annals of Loch Ce, under the year 1061, we read—"Numerous truly are the events of this year between slayings, plunderings, and battles. No one could relate them all, but only a few of many of them are related on account of the dignity of the people mentioned in them." There are similar entries in some of the other annals, and the Four Masters record under the year 1145—"Great war in this year, so that Ireland was a trembling sod." In the later years of the period, and connected, we think, with a revolution or reformation in the church, which we shall afterwards notice, we find the clergy frequently interfering with the object of making and maintaining peace, and we are told that at one time Cellach, or Celsus, Bishop and Abbot of Armagh, was absent from Armagh for more than a year endeavouring to make peace among the men of Ireland. But their efforts had little or no effect. There is no single year from the battle of Clontarff till the arrival of the English in which the Four Masters do not record battles, plunderings, or outrages; and during the whole one hundred and fifty-three years

embraced in that period, they record 173 battles, 593 murders or mutilatings of chiefs or ecclesiastics, and 473 plundering expeditions, hostings and burnings of churches and monasteries. Many of the events which we class as murders were massacres of a considerable number of people, and it is to be borne in mind that the annals of the Four Masters deal chiefly with the province of Ulster, and omit many events relating to other provinces which are recorded by other annalists.

During the period of which we are treating, and no doubt as a result of the state of warfare and anarchy which prevailed, there grew up a custom among the Irish princes and chiefs of employing mercenaries in their inter-tribal wars. The custom probably originated with the Foreigners, who, as we have seen, were sometimes in the pay of the Irish kings, but instances become common of whole tribes hiring themselves out as soldiers to other tribes, and these were no doubt the origin of the kernes and gallowglasses who figure so largely in later Irish history.

In the anarchy, and amid the decay of national life which prevailed during this period, it might be supposed that all appearances of civilisation would have disappeared. This, however, was not entirely the case, and we even read of some indications of progress in the material arts. Such progress as there was, however, may now be traced to foreign influence. This influence entered Ireland mainly through the Church, which, as we shall show, fell entirely under that influence, and through the Danish cities, which, as trading communities, kept up a considerable intercourse with England and the Continent. There is even reason to suppose that in these cities the English language was spoken as early as 1014. The Irish historian of the battle of Clontarff, whom we have already quoted, tells that previous to the battle some sort of challenge to personal combat had passed between Donald Mormaer of Mar and one of the leaders of the Danes of Dublin; and that during the battle this leader was heard calling for his adversary in

the words, as the Irish writer gives them, "faras Domhnaid," which look very like "where's Donald." He also tells us that when Brodar and his attendant came in sight of Brian praying in rear of his host, the attendant, who knew the old monarch, called out "Cing, Cing" (King, King), and that Brodar answered "Prist, Prist." Building with stone and lime became common, and we read of streets and causeways being built in the cities which were arising around some of the great monastic establishments. Lime kilns were erected, and bridges were built. Gothic architecture was introduced, and many ornate and beautiful churches were built, and Miss Stokes claims for the Irish the development of a distinct variety of style. Of the churches built during this time, the most beautiful, and probably the only one which now exists, is the building called Cormack's Chapel in Cashel. This chapel, the Four Masters tell us, was built by Cormac MacCarthy in 1134, and consecrated by a synod of the clergy of Ireland, but notwithstanding this distinct record, some Irish writers fondly attributed it to Cormack MacCuilenan, the famous King and Bishop of Cashel, who flourished two hundred years earlier. If new churches were built, however, some old ones went into decay, and we read that in 1125 Cellach put a roof of shingles on the great stone church of Armagh, which had been without a roof for thirty years.

Another instance of foreign influence was the introduction of feudal ideas. The claimants to the high kingship and other greater princes now assumed the right to make grants of the lands and of the chieftaincy of the subordinate territories. There are frequent notices of such grants, and we are told that Roderick O'Connor divided the territory of the Northern Hy Niells into two parts, giving one part to Nial O'Lochlan for two hostages, and another part to Aedh O'Neill for other two hostages. And of another claimant to the high kingship we read that he divided the land of Ireland, and thus showed that he was king.

Written charters, too, were coming into use. In the Book of Kells there are seven charters in the Irish language said to have been copied into that book in the twelfth century, but all relating to grants of land made between 1021 and 1157. These documents are more however, in the nature of records of verbal grants, with the names of the witnesses and sureties, than of actual grants in writing. But there are also extant some regular Latin charters by Irish princes, being all foundation charters of ecclesiastical establishments. There is also a charter by the Danish King of Limerick in 1169, in which, in addition to other pertinents of the land, fishings and mills are mentioned.

It was through the Church, however, as we have said, that foreign influence principally made itself felt, and that the way for the conquest was prepared, and how this came about we shall endeavour to narrate in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE UNPUBLISHED DESPACHES
FROM GENERAL MONCK,DESCRIBING HIS MILITARY OPERATIONS IN THE
HIGHLANDS IN 1654.BY WILLIAM MACKAY, SOLICITOR, INVERNESS.¹

GENERAL MONCK'S campaign in the Highlands in 1654 has strangely escaped the notice of Scottish historians. Except by Hill Burton, who only refers to his operations in the Southern Highlands, and evidently did not know of his expedition into the counties of Inverness and Ross, it was not even alluded to until Mr Julian Corbett published his interesting life of Monck, in 1889 ("English Men of Action Series"). The following despatches, which have never been published, throw a flood of light on the event, and show what a brilliant affair it was. The transcripts are taken from Monck's own copies, which are preserved in the Library of Worcester College, Oxford—and for them I am indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. the Warden of the College, and the Librarian.

A few words by way of introduction to the despatches. Although the Scots surrendered Charles the First to the English Parliamentary Party, they disapproved of his execution, and brought his son, Charles the Second, home to reign in his stead. The new King's supporters were, however, defeated by the English at Dunbar, in June, 1650, and again at Worcester, in September, 1651. After Worcester, Cromwell's soldiers over-ran the greater part of Scotland, and ruled the country—establishing, among other garrisons, one at Inverness—at the Citadel, or Sconce—and another at Brahan. Certain Highland chiefs, however, including Lochiel and Glengarry, still held out for the Stewarts, and

¹ Read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

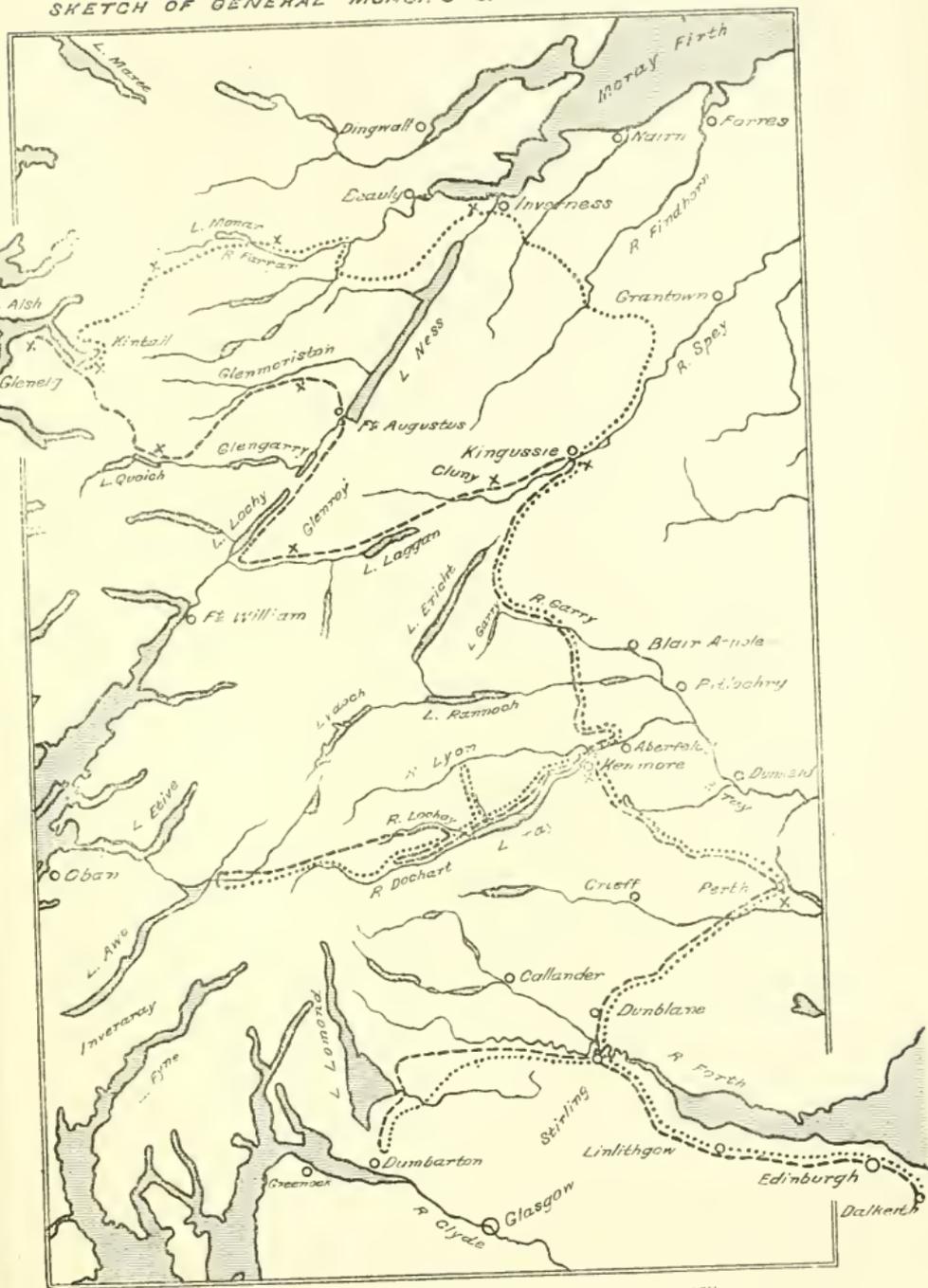
when the Earl of Glencairn raised the Royal standard, in 1653, they hastened to join him. Glencairn wasted time in aimless marches, and before long he had to yield the chief command to the more energetic General Middleton. Lilburne, who commanded Cromwell's forces in Scotland, proved, notwithstanding the famous Colonel Morgan's assistance, unable to suppress the Royalist rising. Cromwell, therefore, resolved to put a stronger man in his place, and in April, 1654, Monck arrived at Dalkeith, in the capacity of Governor of Scotland, and armed with the fullest powers.

He at once prepared to follow the Royalists into the Highlands. In May he moved to Stirling, from whence he advanced into the district of Aberfoyle, where, after repeated repulses, he dispersed the forces of Glencairn. He then marched northward to meet Middleton—having arranged that he should be joined by Morgan, who was stationed at Brahan, and by Colonel Brayne, who was despatched to bring 2000 men from Ireland to Inverlochy. His movements were extraordinarily rapid. He started from St Johnstone's (Perth) on Friday, 9th June, with a force of horse and foot, which included his own regiment, now the famous Coldstream Guards. I shall allow himself to tell the rest of the story; and the accompanying map, which has kindly been prepared by Mr James Fraser, C.E., will help us to follow his footsteps. The first despatch is addressed to General Lambert, from Glenmoriston, on 25th June; the second, to Cromwell, from Ruthven in Badenoch, on 7th July; and the third, to Cromwell, from Stirling, on 29th July.

I.—MONCK TO LAMBERT.

My Lord,—We are now come thus farre for the finding-out of the Enemy, and have received information that Middleton is with the greatest parte of his force, reported to bee betweene three and foure thousand, at Kintale which is about 18 miles hence, where I intende to bee this day, and if possible either engage or scatter them. However, I shall with these Forces attend his motions to prevent his

SKETCH OF GENERAL MONCK'S CAMPAIGN IN 1654



Miles 10 5 0 10 20 30 40 Miles

Advance marches ————
 Return marches
 Halting places mentioned - - - X

further leavies. Col. Brayne was with mee (with ye Marquesse of Argile) on Thursday last at the foot of Lough Loughce, 6 miles from Inner Loughce, where hee hath entrencht those forces hee brought from Ireland.

I remain yr. Lordshippe's most humble servt.,

GEORGE MONCK.

Campe at Glenmorrison, 25 June 1654.

II.—MONCK TO CROMWELL.

May itt please your Highnesse,

Wee are now returned back thus farre after the Enemy under Middleton, who by a teadious march have harras't out their horse very much ; both Highlanders and Lowlanders begin to quitt them. They are now about Dunkell, butt wee heare they intend to march towards the Head of Lough-Lomond, wee shall doe our best to overtake them in the Reare, or putt them to a very teadious march, the which wee hope will utterlie breake them. I desire your Highnesse will be pleased to give order That care may bee taken that the Irish forces that are att Loughaber may continue there, for a yeare : I finde they are very unwilling, being they were promist (as they say) to returne within 3 or 4 Monthes, but being that providence hath ordered That that partie should come into those parts itt will bee a great deale of trouble to shippe them away, & to shippe other men to Releve them in that place ; and truly the place is of that Consequence for the keeping of a garrison there for the destroying of the stubbornest enemy wee have in the Hills, that of the Clan Cameron's and Glengaries, and the Earle of Seafort's people, that wee shall not bee able to doe our worke unlesse wee continue a Garrison there for one yeare ; For in case we should withdraw that Garrison towards the winter from thence these 3 clans doe soe over awe the rest of the clans of the Country that they would bee able to inforce them to rise, in case wee should withdraw our garrisons, and nott find them employment att home the next Summer before there will bee any grasse for us to subsist in the Hills : In case we should putt in some of our owne forces there and return the others into Ireland wee shall not have shipping to doe both, besides the unsetling of one and settling the other will be a great inconvenience to us : This I thought fitt humbly to offer to your Highnesse, concerning which I shall humbly desire to have your Highnesse speedy Answer

what you intend to doe with the Irish forces, and in case you doe intend the Irish forces shall stay there, I desire you will please to write to L. Col. Finch who commands the Irish Forces under Col. Brayne that they may stay there, for I finde they are something unwilling unless they putt your Highnesse to that trouble & therefore now the letter may be speeded to him as soone as may be if your Highnesse thinke fitt. Col. Morgan is att present about ye Bray of Marre, & Col. Twisleton neere Glasgowe with Col. Pride's Regiment.

I remain, &c.,

GEORGE MONCK.

Campe at Ruthven in Badgenoth,
7 July 1654.

III.—MONCK TO CROMWELL.

May itt please your Highnesse,

Being returned hither I thought itt my duty to present your Highnesse with the enclosed acct. of these forces' six weeks march in the Hills, which I humbly tender to your consideration, and remayne,

Your Highnesses most humble Servent,

GEORGE MONCK.

Sterling, 29th July, 1654.

*Narrative of Proceedings in the Hills from June 9 to
29 July, 1654. [Endorsement.]*

Uppon Friday the 9th of June I marched with Col. Okey's, and the Regiment of Horse late Major Generall Harrison's, and 50 of Capt. Green's troope of Dragoones, my owne, Col. Overton's, 4 companies of Sir Wm. Constable's, one of Col. Fairfax's, and one of Col. Alured's Regiment of Foote, from S. Johnston's for the Hills, and coming uppon the 12th to Lough Tay. Understanding that an Island therein was garrison'd by the Enemy I sent a summons to the Governour, Capt. Donald Robertson, who att first returned answer, That hee would keepe itt for his Majistie's service to the expence of his laste droppe of bloud, but uppon the preparation of floates for the storming of itt, he rendred the Garrison uppon articles the 14th of June, whereuppon considering that Balloch the Laird of Glenury's¹ House, Weem's Castle, and the Isle were con-

¹ Glenorchy.

siderable to secure the Country, I placed a Company of Foote in Ballock, and another in Weems and the Isle. The Enemy having quitt Garth Castle, a small Castle and nott considerable, leaving 30 armes (most charged) behinde them order was given for the burning of itt. From thence I marched to Ruthven in Badgenoth, where I had notice of Middleton's being with his whole force about Glengaries Bounds, which hasten'd my March the 20th to Cluny, and from thence the next day to Glenroy, which being the first Bounds of the Clan Camerons I quarter'd att, and they being uppe in armes against us, wee began to fire all their houses. I had there notice Middleton was in Kintale.

The 23th the Marquesse of Argyll and Col. Brayne mett mee att the Head of Lough Loughe and had an account of the killing of threescore and odde of the Souldiers from Ireland that went from Innerloghee, most of them in cold bloud by the Clan Cameron's. The 24th the armie came to Glenmoriston, and in the way mett with Col. Morgan's Brigade neere Glengaries new House which was burn't by that Brigade the day before, and the remaying structure I order'd to bee defaced by the pyoneers. Col. Thomlinson's owne troope with Capt. Glynn's and Capt. Farmer's troope of Dragoones taken in to march with my partie. Col. Morgan appointed to the Head of Loughness to attend the Enemies motion in case wee should drive them that way. The 25th the army came to Glenquough, and the next day to Glen-Sinnick¹ in Kintale (where the Enemy had bin the day before). The violent stormes in the Hills drove about 500 coves sheepe and goates for shelter into the Glen, which were brought in by the soulders. Wee had notice that Middleton's Horses were gone to Glenelg that night. The 27th the Army came to Lough-Els,² where the Enemy had also bin, and left 3 barrells of powder with some store of provisions behinde them for haste. In all our march from Glenroy wee burn't the houses and cottages of the Mac-Martin's and others in armes and in all parts of Seafort's Country.

The 29th I came to Glenteugh³ in the Shields of Kintale; the night was very tempestuous and blew downe

¹ Glen-Sinnick or Glen-Finnick: not now known. The Rev. Mr Morison of Kintail thinks it must have been Glengynate, which was probably the old name of the Glen through which the Inate runs.

² Loch-Alsh—that is, the southern shore of the arm of the sea called Lochalsh.

³ Glenteugh: probably Lon Fhiodha, on the way from Kintail to Glenstrathfarar.

most of the tents. In all this march we saw only 2 women of the inhabitants, and one man. The 30th the army march't from Glenteugh to Browling,¹ the way for neere 5 miles soe boggie that about 100 baggage horses were left behinde, and many other horses begg'd or tir'd. Never any Horse men (much lesse an armie) were observ'd to march that way. The souldiers mett with 500 cattell, sheepe, and goates, which made some part of ameends for the hard march.

July 1. Col. Morgan came to mee to Browling where he had orders to march into Caithnesse, and to make itt unserviceable for the Enemies Quarters this Winter. The 3d instant att Dunneene² neere Invernesse I received letters from the Governour of Blairstown Castle in Atholl, That Middleton with his forces reputed about 4000 Horse and Foote came within the view of the Garrison indeavouring to make uppe their leavies, and were marching towards Dunkell. That Seafort, Glengary, Sir Arthur Forbes, Sir Mungoe Murray, Mac-Cloude, and others were left behinde to perfect their leavies in Sir James Mac-Donalds bounds in Skye Island, and Loughaber. The 6th Col. Morgan came to mee att Fallaw,³ neer Inverness, and had orders to march back towards the Bray of Maur to attend the Enemies motion, myselfe intending to follow them through Atholl. The 7th, 8th, and 9th, the army continued marching, and came the 10th neere Weems Castle. Col. Okey was sent out with a party of 200 Horse and 250 Foote to discover the Enemy, who wee heard were marching from Garuntilly towards Fosse: Some of his partie alarum'd the Earle of Atholl's forces, kill'd 3 and brought away 4 prisoners. Having staid att Weems the 11th for the taking in provisions wee march't the 12th to Lawers: Middleton was the day before att Finlarick att the Head of Lough Tay, and burn't that House belonging to the Laird of Glenurquy. The 14th, marched from Glendowert to Glengoughee about 16 miles. In the evening the Enemy under Middleton were discovered by our Scouts, marching in Glenstrea and firing the Country as they went (having risen from before the House of Glenurquy in Loughoe,⁴ be-

¹ Brouline, in Glenstrathfarar.

² The fact that Monck was at Dunain seems to show that from Glenstrathfarar he marched up Strathglass, and down through Glen-Urquhart, to Inverness.

³ Faillie, in Strathnairn. ⁴ Loch Awe.

fore which they had layne 2 dayes, and had made some preparations to storm itt, The Marquesse of Argyll and Glenurqy being in it). But uppon the view of some few of our forces they dispersed severall wayes, our men being to passe over an high hill towards them, and night approaching could not engage them, they left behinde them divers of their baggage horses with portmantuats and provisions, some of them march't that night to Rannogh above 16 miles, by which time they were reduc't from 4000, which they were once reported to bee, to lesse than 2000. The next day I marched to Strasfellow, where the Marquesse of Argyll mett mee and declar'd his resolution to use his indeavours to oppose the Enemy: They took 4 of his horses that morning. The 19th Major Keme of Major Generall Harrison's late Regiment with a partie of Horse being sent out to discover the Enemy, whose scouts alarum'd them, and hasten'd their march from Rannogh towards Badgenoth, soe that the next day July 20 uppon my march towards Glen-lion wee had newes by one who brought away Middleton's padde nagge, That Col. Morgan had the day before mett with Middleton's Horse and routed them neere Lough-Gary, which was confirmed by about 25 prisoners taken this night and brought in, and among the rest Lt. Col. Peter Hay (who lately escaped out of Edinburgh Castle), Capt. Graham, and others. Major Bridge was sent out with 130 Horse and Dragoons towards Lough Rannogh to fall upon the straglers, and returned the next day to the Campe neere Weems having falne uppon a partie of Horse and Foote under Atholl, tooke some prisoners, much baggage, and amongst the rest Atholl's portmantua, clothes, linnen, his Com'isn from Ch. Stuart [Charles the Second], divers letters from him and Middleton and other papers of Concernment, Atholl himself narrowlie escaping.

The 23d at the Campe neere S. Johnston's I had letters from Col. Morgan of the defeate of Middleton's partie above 300. Horse taken with his commission and instructions from Charles Stuart and other considerable papers. Alsoe Kenmore's¹ sumpter horse. The number of the Enemy was 800 horse, uppon whose route 1200 foote which they had within 4 miles alsoe fled towards Loquaber. The number taken and kill'd is nott yett sent, but divers of those which escaped are much wounded; and amongst the rest some of

¹ Lord Kenmore.

the prisoners report that Middleton had the States Marke. Wee are now come hither where wee shall stay some few days for refreshment. Some small parties of the Enemy are abroad in the country, and on Munday and Tuesday nights last burn't Castle Campbell, an House belonging to the Marquesse of Argyll, and Dunblain a Garrison kept by us last Winter, and say they have orders from Middleton to burne all the stronge Houses neere the Hills. On Tuesday I intend to march hence towards Lough Lomond neere which place Glencairne hath layne all this while with about 200 Horse, and I heare that Forrester Mac-naughton and others are joyned with him about Abrifoyle and make him uppe 500 Horse and Foote, whome I shall also indeavour to disperse.

I shall only add that Monck's expedition into the Loch Lomond district was attended with complete success, and that he was able to return to his headquarters at Dalkeith by the end of August. As Governor of Scotland he did much good ; and he became so popular with the Highlanders that when, after the death of Cromwell, he marched into England to bring about the Restoration of Charles the Second, Lochiel, for whom he had an intense admiration, was able to attach himself to his staff, and ride with him to London.

AN GLEANN 'S AN ROBH MI OG.

LE NIALL MACLEOID.

THE following is an attempt to make your English readers acquainted with the grace and beauty of one of our most popular Gaelic songs, so far as that is possible through the medium of a translation. I am quite alive to the fact that the translation is not equal to the original, but it may serve the purpose already indicated.

FIONN.

AN GLEANN 'S AN ROBH MI OG.

'N UAIR 'philleas ruinn an samhradh,
Bidh gach doire 's crann foth chròic ;
Na h-eòin air bhàrr nam meanglan
'Deanamh caithreim bhiun le 'n ceòl ;
A' ehlann bheag a ruith le fonn
Mu gach tòrn a' buain nan ròs—
B' e mo mhiann a bhì 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg,
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg,
B' e mo mhiann a bhì 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

'S a' mhaduinn 'n àm dhuinn dùsgadh,
Bhiodh an driùchd air bhàrr an fheòir ;
A' chuthag 'us gug-gùg aic'
Ann an doire dlùth nan cnò ;
Na laoigh òg' a' leum le suunt,
'S ag cur smùid air feadh nan lòn ;
Ach cha 'n fhaicear sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 'a an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

MY BONNIE NATIVE GLEN.

WHEN the simmer bricht returnin',
Decks each grove and buddin' tree ;
When the birds amang the branches
Are a' pipin' loud and free :
An' the bairnies, fu' o' glee,
Fu' the roses in the den,
O, 'twere dear delight tae wander
In my bonnie native glen.

In my bonnie native glen,
In my bonnie native glen,
O, 'twere dear delight tae wander
In my bonnie native glen.

At the early peep o' mornin',
When the grass was wat wi' dew,
Amang the woods o' hazel
Gaily sang the shy cuckoo ;
An' the calves, clean daft wi' joy,
Gaed a' friskin' roun' the pen—
Now we've nae sic scenes o' gladness
In my bonnie native glen.

'N àm an cruinneachaidh do 'n
bhualidh

B' e mo luaidh a bhì 'n an còir ;
Bhiodh a duanag aig gach guanaig,
Agus cuach aice 'n a dòrn ;
Bhiodh mactalla 'freagairt shuas—
E ri aithris fuaim a beòil—
Ach cha chluinnear sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 's au robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

Ann an dùbhlachd gharbh a' gheamh-
raidh

Cha b' e àm 'bu ghainn' ar spòrs ;
Greis air sùgralsh, greis air dannsa,
Greis air cainntireachd 'us ceòl ;
Bhiodh gach seanair acsmhor, liath,
'G innse sgialachdan gun ghò
Air gach gaisgeach fearail, greannmhor
Bha 's a' ghlann 'n uair 'bha iad òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

Bha de shòlas dlath gach seòrs' ann
'Chumadh oigrìdh ann am fonn ;
Cha robh uisge, muir, no mòinteach
Air an còmhdach bho ar bonn ;
Ach an diugh tha maor 'us lann
Air gach alltan agus òb ;
Cha 'n 'eil saorsa sruth nam beanntan
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

Tha na fùrdaichean 'n am fàsaich,
Far an d' àraicheadh na seòid,
Far 'm bu chridheil fuaim an gàire,
Far 'm bu chàrdeil iad mu 'n bhòrd,
Far am faigheadh coigreach bàigh,
Agus ànrach bochd a lòn ;
Ach cha 'n fhaigh iad 'sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

Chaochail maduinn ait ar n-òige
Mar an ceò air bhàrr nam beann ;
Tha ar càirdean 's ar luchd-eòlais
Air am fògradh 'bhos 'us thall ;

When the lasses gaed a fauldin,
Aft I joined the merry thrang,
In their hands their milkin' coggies,
' An' fra ilka voice a sang ;
When the echoes, sweet an' clear,
Wad gie answer frae the ben—
But we hear nae mair their liltin'
In my bonnie native glen.

In the gloomy winter e'enin's
Roun' the ingle gathered a',
An' wi' music, mirth, an' dancin',
There we wiled the hours awa.
Or the auld folks aiblins tauld
O' the brave and mighty men,
That were ance the pride an' glory
O' my bonnie native glen.

There was routh o' sport an' pleasure
Tae keep a' the young in glee,
For the loch, the moss, the muirlan',
Then tae a' alike were free.
Now the bailiff's keepin' ward
On each streamlet, creek, an' fen,
An ye daurna fish a burnie
In my bonnie native glen.

Now the dwellings are in ruins,
Where ance lived a gallant clan ;
Their's was aye the frien'ly welcome,
And their's aye the open han'.
Aft the needy an' the pair
Found a place at their fire-en'—
Now, alas ! there's nane tae greet
them
In my bonnie native glen.

Like mist upon the mountains
Our youthfu' days did glide ;
Now oor kin an' auld acquaintance
Are scattered far an' wide ;

Tha cuid eile dhiubh nach gluais,
Tha 'n an cadal buan fodh 'n fòd,
'Bha gun uaill, gun fhuath, gun
antlachd
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh iad òg.

Anns a' ghleann, &c.

Mo shoiridh leis gach cuairtaig,
Leis gach bruachaig agus còs
Mu 'n tric an robh mi 'cluaineis
'N àm 'bhi 'buachailleachd nam bó—
'N uair a thig mo réis gu 'ceann,
Agus feasgar fann mo lò,
B' e mo nhiann a bhi 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghlean, &c.

An' some mair are sleepin' soun'
'Neath the shadow o' the ben,
That were ance baith leal an' hearty
In my bonnie native glen.

But fare ye well each fountain,
Each dell an' grassy brae,
Where aft the kye I herled
In boyhood's happy day,
When life's gloamin' settles down,
An' my race is at an en',
'Tis my wish that death should find
me
In my bonnie native glen.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER V.

Lower Room in Hospital used as a Grammar School.—Petition of Laying Schoolmaster for Lodgings in the Hospital.—Petition Granted.—Laying's Claim for Repayment of Outlay on his Chambers.—Dispute as to Right to Appoint New Schoolmaster.—Session Appoint Man previously appointed by Magistrates and Council.—Claim by Interim Schoolmaster.—James Dunbar, Treasurer, 1712-1719.—Duties of Hospital Treasurer recorded.—Zea! of New Treasurer.—His further Protest.—Protest well founded.—Patrons chosen by Session to nominate Eight Poor Persons under Provost Dunbar's Second Mortification.—Inventory of Papers relative to Provost Dunbar's Two Mortifications made in 1719.—Bequest of Lands of Diriebught to Kirk-Session.—Purposes of this Trust.—Former Owners of these Lands.—Earlier Resolution of Kirk-Session to invest part of Hospital Stock in "Soiled" Land.—Purchase thereof by Mr George Duncan.—Tack of said lands to Mackay of Scourie.

THE room, however, at the south end of the lower floor must have been used as a Grammar School, as directed; for we find the following entry in the Session Records on 24th January, 1710:—

The sd day Mr John Laying, Master of the Grammer Schooll in Inverness, gave in a Petition craving that the Session (as Patrons of the Hospitall) would be pleased to allowe and grant him libertie to possess the Chamber above the school with the closet thereto belonging, both being fire rooms, in the south end of the Hospitall, to the end he might better attend his school and wait upon the Librarie; the Session, taking the same into consideration, and seeing that none of the hospitall poor did possess the same and being vacant, did grant the Petitioner's desire, and hereby allows the said Mr John to possess the same during the vacancie and their pleasure.

It may be noted in passing that, at the same meeting, it was "ordered that James Thomson, Hospitall Thesaurer, repair all the windows of the Hospitall with the first convenience."

It does not appear that any member of the Session pointed out that, if "none of the hospitall poor did possess the same," it was owing to the Session having omitted to place any of them therein in accordance with the will of the Mortifier.

Somewhat later, on 19th August, 1712, the same Mr Laying "signified that he had demitted his charge of the Grammar School," and besides claiming £25 Scots, salary due to him, he stated "that for his own accommodation he had expended upon the chambers of the Hospitall, some time possessed by him, the summ of fiftie-eight shillings sevenpence sterling, craving payment and repetition." The Session agreed to pay him the amount of salary due, but were "to consider the other claim."

In the November of the same year a dispute arose as to the appointment of a new master to the Grammar School, the Magistrates and Town Council claiming the exclusive right, the Session a joint right with them. Mr Stuart, minister of the Third, or Gaelic, charge, protested, and among other reasons gave this one, viz.:—"That the Session have the right of disposing of the schoolhouse is clear by Provost Dunbar's Deed of Mortification."

The course adopted to get over the difficulty is amusing. At the next meeting the Session considered "this protest, but finding that the Magistrates and Town Council insisted on their right, and had called a Mr James Mackenzie, schoolmaster at Ferntosh, to be master of the Grammar School here, and that without advice or consent of the Session, yet for peace sak and eviting of Jarres, the Session have agreed to call the said Mr Jas. Mackenzie to be schoolmr. at Invs., and referre him to the Presbytrie to be tryed according to Act of Parliamentt hereanent."

A little later, but not during the treasurership of James Thomson, we learn that on 19th January, 1714, Mr Jas. Mackenzie, schoolmaster, makes a claim for a year's salary, and a Mr Alex. Mackenzie "petitions for £5 Scots due to him for attending the Grammar School during that intervall

of Mr John Laying's demission and Mr Jas. Mackenzie, his entry." Also on 1st June, 1715, we find the schoolmaster and the session-clerk again complaining of their salaries not having been paid, and mention made that "the penaltie money is the fund to clear them."

The Grammar School continued to be in the Hospital House, until it was superseded in 1792 by the Royal Academy: hence the name "The Old Academy."

The successor of James Thomson as Hospital Treasurer was James Dunbar, who was chosen to that office on 8th January, 1712, and is described in the minute of that date as James Dunbar, merch., younger, in Inverness and one of the elders. He did not, however, enter on his duties till about Martinmas: for a Minute of Session of 25th November, 1712, records "James Dunbar, who had not yet officiate as Treasr. though chosen," was formally appointed and empowered by the Session "to uplift annual rents due to the hospital, and secure sums of money due where the cautionrie is like to expire, to give tacks of milns or fishing belonging to them, and when need is to pursue for removall and finally to doe everie thing competent for the good of the poor aggreable to the Mortification made in their favour, and every other thing which former Treasurers were empowered to doe in a conformatie with the instructions contained in the Hospitall Book."

He had charge of the Hospital Accounts as Treasurer from Whit. 1712 to Marts. 1719.

The new Treasurer seems to have been resolved from the first to act up to his instructions. It was soon after he entered upon his duties that the memorandum for the opinion of counsel above quoted was drawn up, and we find him following up the protest he made in September, 1711, about the Hospital House, by a still stronger protest on 7th April, 1713, against the mode in which the funds were being dealt with, as well as the rooms in the building.

He states, *inter alia*, that "Provost Dunbar during his lifetime had placed Bedmen in the Hospital," and that "in

one of his mortifications of 2000 merks left for subsisting of the poor he appoints the yearly annl. rent thereof to be bestowed on such poor persons as shall be brought in to the said house." He also refers to the terms of the Provost's own Mortification of the Hospital, regarding which, as he reminds them, "The Provost causes record it in the Hospital Book, and subscribes it with his own hand."

He refers to the instructions given by the Session to him, on admission as Treasurer, "strictly to observe the will of the dead," and also to his "having consulted an expert advocat in Edinburgh, how he should obtain possession of the uppermost storie for which he had applied to the Magistrates and Council."

He expresses "surprise that while he was in Edinburgh, discharging his trust, the Session had placed in the lower storie a man whom they could not pretend to be a bedman" [evidently the schoolmaster] "and that without waiting for the key which was in his" [Dunbar's] "house; and a man who had lately entered a publick charge disagreeable to your constitution, and without the legall tryall and qualification appointed by Act of Parliament and Articles of the Union," and much more of similar purport.

The Session deferred consideration. At the next meeting the Treasurer produced Provost Dunbar's papers and evidences anent the Hospital, which were considered, but the Session "did not conclude upon an answer till next meeting." The matter then seems to have been allowed to drop.

Enough has been quoted from Provost Dunbar's papers to show that Treasurer James Dunbar's contention was perfectly right; and all that he stated is confirmed by the two bonds of corroboration granted by James Dunbar in 1703, which narrate the purposes for which Provost Alex. Dunbar mortified both the sums of 2000 merks each. On the occasion of his Protest he thus summarises the purposes for which they were given, viz., "One of them for subsisting of the poor, the annual rent thereof to be bestowed on such

poor persons as shall be brought into the said house, and does appoint dykes to be built to the Hospital yard for the accommodation of those that shall happen to live within that house and in the close thereof;" and the other for eight poor persons, in which deed apparently there occurred these words, " I conjure the Patrons and others concerned, as they shall be answerable to the Great and Eternal God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be faithful and true in their administration, and to keep my will and mortification unviolable and unalterable to all intents and purposes :” and the Treasurer argues “ by which it is evident that the said Provost Dunbar appointed the said house for lodging of the poor, and not for to be set on rent, or bestowing it for private use.”

In the following year, on 2nd March, 1714, the Treasurer pointed out “ that there had been no patrons chosen for Provost Dunbar’s Mortification of 2000 merks for benefit of 8 poor persons since the decease of James Dunbar, late Baillie.” “ The Session accordingly chose Wm. Duff, late Provost, George Duncan, James Dunbar, and James Thomson, Elders, the deceased B. Dunbar’s sone Barmuckitie being the fifth with the two ministers.”

The Kirk-Session minutes of 14th July, 1719, contain an Inventory of papers connected with Provost Dunbar’s Mortifications, several of which are still forthcoming. The following is a copy of it, the two documents last mentioned, however, referring to the debts of Robertson of Inches. It will also be observed that the mortification, which is here mentioned *first*, is the one mentioned *second* in the memorandum for counsel’s opinion. The slight discrepancies in the dates have been already discussed, both mortifications being doubtless of same date, 16th *June*, 1688.

INVENTORY.

1. Extract mortification, by Alex. Dunbar of Barmuckatie, of 2000 merks, for use and behoof of 8 poor persons within the Burgh. Dated 16th June, 1688. Regis-

trate in the Burgh Court books of Inverness, 18th Sept., same year.

2. Extract heritable bond, by Jas. Dunbar of Dalcross (in whose hands the sums contained in the above mortification were deposited), to the ministers and elders of the said Burgh of Inverness, for the said sum of 2000 merks, with penalty and annual rents, &c. Dated 27th April, 1703, and registrate 4th June, 1706, in Burgh Court books.

3. Extract mortification, by the said Alex. Dunbar, whereby he mortified 2000 merks Scots to and for the use of the Hospital, which sum was deposited in the hands of James Dunbar, merchant. This mortification is dated 6th July, 1688, and registrate in the Burgh Court books of Inverness, 18th September same year. (This date, which is evidently erroneous, is quoted elsewhere 16th July—the proper date being 16th June).

4. Extract heritable bond, by the said James Dunbar, to the ministers and elders of the Burgh of Inverness, as trustees and administrators to the poor of the said Hospital, of the sum of money contained in the mortification last mentioned. Dated 27th April, 1703, and registrate in the Burgh Court books, 4th June, 1706. (In this extract the above date is given as 16th July. It is the bond for 3600 merks).

5. General charge to enter heir, at instance of ministers, magistrates, and elders of Burgh of Inverness, as trustees and administrators for the 8 poor persons named in the mortification and heritable bond first mentioned, against Alex. Dunbar of Barmuckaty, only lawful son and apparent heir to said deceased James Dunbar of Dalcross. Charge dated 2nd April, 1713.

6. Summond upon the passive titles proceeding upon the said general charge, &c.

7. General charge to enter heir, at same instance as foregoing, against the said Alex. Dunbar. Also dated 2nd April, 1713.

8. Summond upon the passive titles, &c.

9. Precept of poinding, at instance of Hospital Treasurer, against Wm. Robertson of Insches, upon several bonds. (*Memorandum*.—These bonds commence with one of 1691, of which the annual rent *due* was far more than the principal).

10. Extract bond, be William Robertson of Insches and others, to James Dunbar, Hospital Treasurer, for bond of 1000 merks.

“Mr Robert Baillie” [then minister of the Second Charge], “to deliver the said papers to Bailie Dunbar, and get his receipt.” (Kirk Session minutes, 14th July, 1719, pp. 291-296).

It was during the treasurership of Bailie James Dunbar that Mr George Duncan, merchant in Inverness (and probably the same person as the Hospital treasurer from 1701 to 1706), bequeathed the lands of Diriebught, by disposition and mortification, dated 3rd March, 1715, to the Kirk Treasurer of Inverness and the remanent members of the Kirk Session, and their respective successors in place and office, but subject to their being liferented by his wife, if she survived him, which she did.

This property was not left to the Hospital or the poor generally, though it fell under the administration of the Hospital Treasurer and Kirk Session. The purposes for which it was left were, “the one-half of the yearly rent thereof for maintaining, supporting, and keeping in repair both the Churches of the said Burgh of Inverness, and the other half thereof for educating and paying the school-master’s fees of six poor boys at the school until they shall attain the age of fourteen years complete, and also for maintaining and upholding them in clothes, &c., as far as the said half of the yearly rents shall extend.”

But this bequest was made under the provisions, conditions, &c., underwritten, viz.:—“That, in case the reparation of the above churches shall not exhaust the half of the said yearly rent for and at the year immediately preceding any term of Martinmas, when the saids rents shall fall due, then,

and in that case, the same or any part thereof that shall not be so expended to the use and at the time aforesaid, shall be sequestrate and ingrossed with the half of the stock of the said lands for a settled fund for affording annual rent in all time thereafter for the said use, and no part thereof to be impaired for that or any other use whatsoever."

Under the recent Educational Endowments Act, the half set apart for education comes under the administration of the Directors of the Royal Academy and Governors of the Inverness Educational trust. These lands probably belonged in early times to the Chisholms of Strathglass. Sir Robert Chisholm of Chisholm, who was constable of Urquhart Castle, granted a charter of certain lands near the town to the Church of the Holy Cross in Inverness, dated on the feast of the Epiphany, 1362. Frequent mention of the altar of the "Holy Cross in Inverness" occurs from 1363 onwards, and also in old deeds of the lands of the altar of the Holy Cross, and as these lands seem to have been known from a very early date by the name of Diriebught (*Tir nam Bochd*), the land of the poor, it is probable that they were set apart for charitable purposes. At the Reformation they would in that case have been included in the grant of churches and other ecclesiastical property by charters from Queen Mary and James VI. to the Magistrates of Inverness, and were probably disposed of by them.

At anyrate we find it recorded in a Minute of the Kirk-Session, dated 22nd April, 1713—"The sd day it was overtured that some part of the Hospital Stock might be better settled upon soild land than by bond, and seeing the lands of Dearbught were to be exposed to sale, the Session might consider of it. In the interim compeared Alexr. Paterson, apothecarie, with whom the Committee having conferred about these lands, he told that he hade six thousand merks with five guineas in his offer for it. This to be represented to the next Session."

Apparently Mr George Duncan bought the lands himself, and settled them in the terms mentioned above, and he

must have died not very long after, for in 1720 we find the Session appointing "the Hospital Treasurer" [Thomas Alves] "to require the papers containing the progress of rights belonging to the lands of Dirbught from Widow Duncan, relict of the deceast George Duncan, and Life-exutrix of the sd lands."

In 1725 Patrick Mackay of Scourie, having taken a lease of these lands from Mrs Duncan, applied to the Session for a longer tack, for the space of five nineteen years, undertaking to improve the lands by enclosing them, planting hedges, dividing the lands, building a dwelling-house for himself, and offices, and at the end of the tack either to leave the said improvements to the Session or to take a new tack. Scourie's offer was accepted at a subsequent meeting.

This, however, is somewhat anticipating the order of events, and Duncan's Mortification Accounts are kept separately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RENFREWSHIRE KELTIC PLACE NAMES.

NEILSTON PARISH.—*Gaelic Place-Names*—Barr-head—Barr, s.m., the top, the uppermost part of anything, and *head*, English. Barsheegray—Barr, top; sith, a hill; gray=graigh, a flock or herd, or stud of horses. Barsheegray therefore signifies Top of the flock-hill. Commonmore—Here the English common is used as a Gaelic word, and qualified by the Gaelic adjective *mor*, large; Commonmore therefore means, the large common. Old Barr denotes Old Top. Achenbach—Achadh, s.m., a field; bach, s.m., a breach or contention; en. the article an; Achenbach consequently signifies, Field of the breach or contention. Mearns, Merns, Mørne, Meiernys (Kincardineshire)—a district in the north-east of Scotland, called *Magh Circin*, the plain of Circin, from which this place in Renfrewshire has been called. Auchentibeer—Achadh-antiobair, Field of the well. Knockglass—Cnoc glas, Verdant hill. *Brythonic*.—Arthurlie = Arthur-lee. Killock—Celli, a grove; ock, for oak; Killock, the oak grove (Bannister's "Glossary of Cornish Names.")

CALLHART PARISH.—*Gaelic*—Drumby=Druim-buidhe, Yellow ridge. *Brythonic*.—Clincart—Clin=Calenick (celin, holly), holly place, or moist (lynnic) enclosure (cae)—Bannister. So Clincart would seem to signify, Moist enclosure on the Cart.

PARISH OF EAGLESHAM.—*Gaelic*—Bennan=Beannan, a little hill; so Beannan denotes Little hill. Bogside—Bog means a soft place, and Bogside signifies The side of a soft place. High Craig—Craig=Creag, a rock, and High Craig means High Rock. Nether Craigs denotes Nether Rocks. Enoch=Eanach, s.m., a moor, a marsh. Revoch= Riabhach, adj., reddish-grey in colour; Revoch, ground

of a dusky reddish-grey colour. Ardoch = Ardachadh, High field. Lochcraigs—Loch, a lake ; and craigs, rocks ; so Lochcraigs denotes Lake rocks.

GREENOCK PARISH.—Gourock, Greenock—The *ock* at the end of these names corresponds to *aig* at the end of Gaelic names, which is derived from the *vic* of Norse names, which denotes a bay ; thus Greenock is in Gaelic *Grianaig*, and there is a small inlet on the north-west of Islay named also *Grianaig* ; Gourock is also *Guraig* in Gaelic.

PARISH OF HOUSTON AND KILELLAN.—*Gaelic names*—Kilellan=Cill Fhaolain, St Fillan's Church ; *cill*, derived from Latin *cella*, a cell. Barrochan Cross—Crois Bhearchain, St Berchan's Cross. Reilly—Raghallach, the Irish surname Reilly, or O'Reilly=O'Raghalaidh. Barlegan—Barr Legain, Top of Legain. Scart—Scairt, a thick tuft of shrubs or branches. Blairock—Blarag, diminutive of blar, a small piece of flat ground.

ERSKINE PARISH.—*Gaelic names*—Craigton—Craig =creag, a rock. Glenshinnoch—Gleann-sionnach, Glen of Foxes ; *gleann*, glen ; *sionnach*, a fox. Barangry—Barr-na-Graighe, Top of the herd. Drumcross—Druim-croise, Ridge of cross.

INNERKIP PARISH.—The village of Innerkip is situated on the Kipp water ; inner, contraction of inbhear or inbhir, the mouth of a river or estuary ; kip = cip, a stump. Dunrod—Dun, a fort ; ròd, a road, a harbour : the fort of the road or harbour. Finnockbog—Fionnach, old ; bog fionnach, old bog. Kellochend—Kelloch=Ceall-achadh, Church-field ; so Kellochend signifies Church-field end. Leven—Leamhan, elm. Berfern—Barr-fearna, alder top. Drumshantie—Druim-seann-tighe, Ridge of old house. Bogside—Bog, soft place ; so Bogside, Side of soft place. Auchmede—Achadh-meadhoin, Middle field. Auchneach—Achadh nan each, Field of the horses.

Townlands in the landward part of ABBEY PARISH, PAISLEY, and in KILBARCHAN.—Auchinlodemont—Achadh an Lodain(?) Field of the soft puddle. Auchensale—

Achadh an t-saile, Field of the salt water. Craigenfeock—Creag nam fitheach, Rock of the ravens. Auchencloach—Achadh nan clach, Field of the stones. Barbush—Barr, top; Barbush, then, is equivalent to Top bush. Auchenames—Achadh-an-amais, Field of the hitting. Burbowie, for Barbowie—Barr-buidhe, Yellow top. Barnbeth—Gaelic, Barran beithe, Birch coping. Bardrain—Gaelic, Barrdraighinn, Top of slœe-thorn. Clothoderrick—Gaelic, cloidhe, s.f., a mound, a rampart, a ditch; derrick=dearach, sad; Clothoderick therefore signifies The sad mound, rampart, or ditch. Pennel—Brythonic, pennel, end of the place (Bannister's Glossary).

LOCHWINNOCH PARISH.—The village of Lochwinnoch is situated on the north-west bank of the beautiful lake that bears its name, and environed by scenery of the most romantic character. The charming loch, the banks of the Calder, the magnificent cascade of Reekan Linn, the bottomless Gurratt's Linn, and the ruins of several old castles, are all exceedingly worthy of notice from the visitors to these parts. The lake, which stretches in a northerly and southerly direction, lies in the eastern part of the parish. The Calder water flows into it on its west side, and the Black Calder issues from it.—Auchengowan—Gaelic, Achadh an ghobhann, Field of the smith. Barfad—Gaelic, Barr-fada, Long top. Tandle Muir—Brythonic, tàn, fire; so Tandle Muir is equivalent to Fiery Muir. Barneigh—Gaelic, Barr an fheidh, Top of the deer. Barrodger—Gaelic, Barr Rodger, Rodger's Top. Howberneigh—Gaelic, Tobar an fheidh, Well of the deer. Revioch—Gaelic, riabhach, reddish-grey. Auchenhane—Gaelic, Achade-na-h-aithinne, Field of a firebrand. Achenbathie—Gaelic, Achadh na bathach, Field of the cow-house. Auchengown—Gaelic, Achadh an ghobhann, Field of the smith. Gavel Moss—Gabhail, s.f., spoil, booty, conquest; Gavel Moss is equivalent to Moss of booty.

MEARNS. — Crummock House — Crummock, Gaelic cromag, a crook. Duncarnock—Gaelic, Dun-carnaig, Fort Carnaig.

Paisley is probably derived from Gaelic *baisleac*, a church, by provection of the *b* and modification of the last syllable. Lat. *Basilica*. "It is the name of a parish church in the county of Roscommon." "Baislec, a *basilica*, Grœcè; *ecclesia*, Latine i. Tech righ nime"—H. 2 15, p. 180, col. *a*, line 3 (Dr O'Dononan's Supplement to O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary). Paisley is generally considered to be the Vanduara of Ptolemy, a notion supported by the etymology of the name Vanduara, which seems to be derived from the Brythonic words *wen*, white, and *dwr*, water—white water, the name of the river on the banks of which the town is built. In olden times Paisley was distinctly celebrated by its Abbey, and the shrine of St Mirren, which it enclosed, was visited by hosts of pilgrims from all districts in Scotland. Saints James, Merrin, and Milburge divided all the tutelary honours. This great and wealthy monastic establishment was founded in the year 1164, by Walter, Great Steward of Scotland, and son of Allan, the first of the Stewarts, who, for a long period, made this abbey their family mausoleum. The religious of the Clugni were the first occupants. It was originally a priory, but was subsequently raised to the rank of an abbey, and its lands were erected by James II. into a regality, of which the abbot was lord.

RENFREW.—In old charters the name of this place is variously written Ranfrew, Ramfrew, and Renfrew. It is derived from two Brythonic words, *rhyn*, a promontory, and *ffrwd*, a stream.

Abbotsinch=Abbot's Island—*Innis* (Gaelic), an island. Inch=Innis. Knock—Gaelic, *cnoc*, a hill.

INCHINNAIN PARISH. — Inchinnan — Gaelic, Innis-Fhionnain, St Finnan's Island. Craigend—Craig, Gaelic *creag*, a rock. Craigmores—Gaelic, *Creag-mhor*, large rock. Portnald—Gaelic *port*, a port; *nald*, an all, of the rivulet; allt, s.m., a rivulet, a brook, a rill; gen. uillt.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND
BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.¹

By WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

AT a meeting of this Society on 7th May, 1879, I read a paper entitled "Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio," concluding with a number of Gaelic charms and incantations which I had gathered in various districts of the Highlands. That paper appears in Vol. VIII. of our Transactions. Various writers had previously published specimens of Gaelic incantations, but so far as I am aware our volume contains the first collection of them. Old writers on Highland superstitions make frequent reference to charms; but while they give descriptions of ceremonies they unfortunately pass over the incantations with contempt. There can be no doubt that many interesting relics of antiquity have thus been lost to the folklorist. The belief in these matters is rapidly becoming a thing of the past; and the charms and incantations are lost as each successive year death carries away the old people among whom alone they are to be found. While thus the field where charms and incantations may be got is becoming more and more limited, the collector has further to contend with these difficulties (first) that those who know them and believe in their efficacy will not communicate them to any one on whom they may look as an unbeliever; and (second) that many who know them as matter of tradition are frequently ashamed to own the fact. It is satisfactory to know, however, that many of these relics of the past have been rescued, and it is to be hoped that members of this Society may do what they can to add to our store of this particular kind of folklore ere it be too late. Our friend

¹ A paper read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness on 23rd March, 1892

Mr Macbain, published a valuable collection of them in the *Highland Monthly* during last year. To-night I propose to resume the subject commenced before this Society in 1879; and although it may be necessary to recall here and there portions of my former paper, and also to refer to and sometimes quote from the writings of Mr Macbain and others, I will endeavour to place before you, in the main, charms and incantations which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto been published.

From the earliest times we read of wizards and witches, sorcerers and magicians. The State punished them as persons dangerous to society, and the burning of witches forms an interesting if not a very edifying feature of our national history. In these proceedings the Churches have taken an active part. A popular proverb has it—“*Gheibh Baobh a guidhe ged nach fhaigh a h-anam trocair*”—“A witch will get her wish though her soul may not get mercy.” To banish from the minds of the people such a belief as this was a task which the Churches seemed to have placed before themselves. Not only were our Gaelic-speaking Highlanders taught to place no belief in witchcraft and divination, but our cousins in Ireland were taught the same lesson. In a Catholic Catechism I find the following among the things forbidden by the First Commandment :—

Q.—A bheil a chiad aithne 'bacaíl nì sam bith eile ?

A.—Tha—buidseachd, eolasan, giseagan, innse-fortain, a' toirt brìgh a' brùadar, agus gach comunn do'n t-seorsa sin ris an aibheistear.

Again in the Catechism by Andrew Donlevy, Director of the Irish community at Paris, published in that city in 1742, and still in use in the sister isle, I find the following among the things forbidden by that commandment :—

Ceisd.—An bhfuil sé an aghaidh na hAithene-sì Comhairle d' iarraidh air luchd fàisdine, Draoidheachta, no Piseóg, noch do ní cunradh ris an Diabhal ?

Freagradh.—A tá gan amhrus ; do bhrígh gur ab ó'n Diabhal gheibhidh gach Eolus, da mbí aca.

C.—Creud is Piseóga ann ?

F.—Briathra do rádh, no Comharrtha do dheunamh chum críche, do chum nach bhful brígh na braidh aca ó Náduir, ó Dhia, na ó 'n Eagluis.

Notwithstanding the influence of the Churches, the belief in witchcraft is not quite dead, and charms and incantations have survived to the present time. As to the supposed effect of witchcraft, I will quote a sentence from a leaflet which I picked up in Inverness last winter. It is headed the "Crofters and Witchcraft." The writer says he himself was confined in an asylum—a circumstance throwing all the light necessary on his lucubrations. His description of his feelings under what he believed to be the influence of witchcraft is, however, exceedingly interesting. It is as follows :—

"As an example of how this man of sin punishes those who differ from him in religion, I may state that I am daily tortured by his most powerful agent, viz., witchcraft. It takes away the faculties of my brains ; it makes my body feel as if some one was sticking hot irons in me, at other times I feel as cold as ice ; it weakens me to such an extent that I am hardly able to move out of the position in which I stand ; it gives me such a shock while I am walking on the public road that I am not able to stand and speak to any one ; it has got such a hold upon my body and soul that I find that the most experienced members of the medical profession are unable to do any good to me."

The popular belief in witchcraft is also well expressed by Duncan Mackenzie, the Kenlochewe bard, in a song appearing at page 22 of his book. In this song the nuptials of a young couple are described. The mother of the bride, according to the bard, was a witch—her race being noted for "Buidseachd a's Draoidheachd a's farmud." In the song the old lady is pictured as using herbs, assuming the form of a hare, and robbing her neighbours' cattle of their substance, endowing the musicians at the marriage with the power of playing fairy music, and by means of a

Love Charm winning the affections of the bridegroom for her daughter. The following two verses will serve as specimens:—

'S i mathair Ceit Uilleim bha lamhach
 'N uair chaidh i 'n *riochd gearr* feadh na duthch';
Bha im aic' a thoradh a' Bhraighe
 'S bha 'n *caise bho mhnaibh* Leitir-iùgh,
 Bha 'm bainne *cho tiugh* ris a' bharr aic'
 (A's muighe dubh lan ann an cuil)
 Ga 'bhleothan *a duthan na slabhruidh*
 'S i 'g *aithris nan rann* a bh'aig Fionn.

'N uair chuir iad a charaid a chadal
 Bha 'chailleach ga faire gu treang;
 Chuir i *uisg-oir* air an casan
 A's *lia-lus* a's *aitiunn* fo'n ceann.
 Bha i ga'n *sianadh* 's ga'n teagasg
 An dochas gun gineadh iad cloinn
 'S chuir i *fath-fith* air na balaich,
 Cha loisgeadh na dagaichean straoil.

In connection with charms and incantations, it has to be pointed out that while it appears to be impossible to get the malific charms, or such as are identified with what is usually termed witchcraft, there are numerous specimens which are really of a Christian character, and are intended by the invocation of the Trinity to defy evil agencies, or effect cures. In these cases the charms are forms of prayer—a sort of ritual unauthorised by the Churches. Although the Churches might have laughed at them, those who practised them sincerely believed in them. A discussion on the domain of prayer forms no part of my subject, but I think the ordinary mind may find it difficult to see wherein lies the difference between the simple-minded peasant who, with implicit faith in its efficacy, mutters a prayer with the view of stopping the toothache or curing a colic, and the modern ecclesiastic who by a prayer hopes to stamp out the influenza.

As illustrating the Christian character of many of our old charms, reference may be made to St Patrick's Hymn

—one of the old Irish hymns preserved in the *Liber Hymnorum*, a collection made in the 11th or 12th century of hymns composed in former times. The hymn in question is attributed to Saint Patrick himself—“*Patraicc dorone innummunsa*”—and we are told that it was composed in the time of *Loegaire Mcc Neil*, who persecuted the Saint and his followers. According to the Four Masters, Loegaire was killed by the Elements of God—*Duile Dé*—in the year 458. In the hymn we have the Saint binding himself to God, and invoking heavenly powers for protection against *inter alia* “Incantations of false prophets” (*fritinchetla saibfàthe*), and against “Spells of women and smiths and druids” (*fribrichta ban 7 goband 7 druad*). [For hymn in full, *vide* “Scottish Celtic Review,” p. 49].

Charms and incantations are known by different names, and although many of them seem to be now regarded as synonymous, there was doubtless originally a difference of meaning. We have the *Rosad*, a malific charm, which rendered its victim powerless. Thus the hunter who was unlucky in his sport believed that a witch or other evil disposed person put a *Rosad* on himself or his gun. The opposite of *Rosad* is *Sian*—the latter being the spell that protected one from evil agencies and ordinary dangers.

Geas was a form of enchantment—*Daoine fo gheasabh* are men spellbound and enchanted; and most Inverness men are acquainted with the popular belief that the *Feinne* are enchanted, reclining on their elbows in Craigacho. The word *gisreagan*, or *geiseagan*, which is commonly employed to signify enchantments, and the belief in witchcraft, is doubtless from *geas*. This word occurs in Manx; and in Moore’s “Folklore of the Isle of Man” we have, on page 89, an account of *Caillagh-ny-Ghueshag*, or the “Old woman of the spells.”

Then we have *ubag*, *ubhaidh*, *obag*, or *obaidh*, meaning a “charm” or “incantation.” The word occurs in Manx as *obbee*, and Mr Moore translates *fer-obbee* as “men charmers,” and *ben-obbee* as “women charmers.”

The *Eolais*, which really means "knowledge," is probably the most popular of our charms. The origin of *Eolais* in the Western Islands is thus given :—

St Columba had two tenants. One had a family, and the other had not. The rent was the same in each case. The one who had no family complained to the Saint of the unfairness of his having to pay as much rent as the other considering his circumstances. The Saint told him to steal a shilling's worth from any person, and to restore it at the end of a year. The man took the advice, and stole a small book belonging to St Columba himself, and thereafter he proceeded to the Outer Hebrides, where he permitted people to read the book for a certain sum of money. The book was read with great avidity, as it contained all the 'Eolais' composed by the Saint for the curing of men and cattle. Thus it was that these 'Eolais' came to be so well known in the Western Islands. The farmer went back to St Columba at the end of a year, having amassed a considerable fortune, and restored the book. The Saint immediately burned the book, so that he himself might not on its account earn a reputation which he thought he did not deserve.

Finally, we have the *orr* or *orra*, *ortha*, or, as the Irish have it, *oráid*. As the English word "charm" is derived from the Latin *carmen*, a song; and "incantation" from *cano*, I sing; so *orr* is derived from *oro*, I pray. Macalpine in his Dictionary defines *orra* as "amulet or enchantment to effect something wonderful;" and he gives the following list of examples :—

- Orra-ghraidh—An amulet¹ to provoke unlawful love.
- Orra-sheamlachais—An amulet to make a cow allow the calf of another cow to suck her.
- Orra-chomáis—An amulet to deprive a man of his virility, by way of vengeance.
- Orra-na-h-aoine—An amulet to drown a foe.
- Orra-'n-donuis—An amulet to send one's foe to the mischief.
- Orra-ghrudaire—An amulet to make every drop of the wash to overflow the wash-tuns; and
- An orra-bhalbh—An amulet to prevent one's agent to make a defence in a court of justice.

¹ Although "amulet" is the word used, it is obvious that "charm" or "incantation" is meant.

The charms and incantations which follow may be divided into five classes :—*First*—Those aiming at divination ; *Second*—Those which, by means of volition, seek to attain certain ends ; *Third*—Protective charms and amulets ; *Fourth*—Those intended for the cure of men and the lower animals from certain diseases ; and, *Fifth*—Blessings and miscellaneous charms.

I will commence with the subject of divination. Under the general title of *Divination*, I will take first the

FRITH.

So far as I am aware, the *Frith* is quite unknown on the mainland. Macalpine appears to be the only Gaelic Lexicographer who gives us a definition of it in the sense here used. He describes it as “an incantation to find whether people at a great distance or at sea be in life.” It is, in short, a species of horoscope, wherein the position of the objects which meet our eyes take the place in the *Frith* which the position of the heavenly bodies took in the horoscope of the ancient astrologers.

The *Frith* is religious in its character, and is attributed to the Virgin Mary. It is called in Uist, *Frith a rinn Moire dha Mac*—“the *Frith* that Mary made for her Son.” According to Holy Writ, Joseph and the Virgin Mary went with the child Jesus, when he was twelve years old, to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem. When they fulfilled the days of the feast, they returned, but the child Jesus tarried behind them in Jerusalem, and they knew it not. The account of their three days’ anxious search for him is narrated in the Bible, and our Highland poetess, *Sileas na Ceapaich*, beautifully describes the whole situation in *Laoidh na Maighdinn* :—

.

Thug iad cliu do Dhia ’s an Teampull
 ’S gu Nasaret air dhaibh bhi tilleadh,
 Suil ga’n tug iad air an gualainn
 Dh’ ionndrainn iad bhuap am Messiah.

'S iadsan a bha duilich deurach
 'Nuair nach b' urrainn doibh ga sheanchas,
 'S tuirseach a bha iad mu dheighinn
 Na trì là bha iad ga 'shireadh ;
 'Nam 'bhi dol seachad an Teampuill
 Dh' aithnich iad a chainnt gu beothail,
 Eadar na doctoirean teagaisg,
 Bu deise 'thigeadh dha labhairt.

This subject, too, forms one of the Seven Dolours of Mary recognised by the Catholic Church. During the search the Virgin Mary, we are told, made a *Frith* which enabled her to discover the Saviour among the doctors in the Temple, and left it for the benefit of future generations.

The *Frith* is not yet an institution of the past in some of the Outer Islands ; and when the fate of absent ones is causing friends anxiety, or when it is uncertain whether the illness of men or the lower animals may speedily pass away or terminate fatally, a *Frith* is made. A *Frith* may be made at any time ; but the first Monday of the quarter—a *chiad Di-luan de'n Raidhe*—is considered the most auspicious.

The mode of making the *Frith* is as follows :—In the morning the *Ave Maria*, or *Beannachadh Mhoire*, is said thus :—

Beannaichear dhut a Mhoire,¹
 Tha thu lan dhe na grasan ;
 Tha 'n Tighearna maille riut ;
 'S beannuichte thu measg nam mna ;
 'S beannaichte toradh do bhronn—Iosa.
 A Naomh Mhoire—Mhathair Dhe—
 Guidh air ar sonainne, na peacaich,
 Nis agus aig uair ar bais—Amen.

After repeating the *Ave*, the person proceeds with closed eyes to the door. On reaching the *maide-buinn*, or doorstep, he opens his eyes, and if he sees the Cross (*Crois Chriosda*) although it were only made with two straws lying

¹ This version of the *Ave Maria* I noted from an old Uist lady. Other versions commence "Failte dhut a Mhoire." In Domlevy's Irish Catechism, previously referred to, it begins "Dia do bheatha a Mhuire."

across each other, it is a sign that all will be well. On getting outside, he proceeds round the house sunwise (*deisiul*), repeating the following incantation :—

Dia romham ;
 Moire am dheaghaidh
 'S am Mac a thug Rìgh nan Dul
 'S a chairich Brìghde na glaic.
 Mis' air do shlios, a Dhia,
 A's Dia na'm luirg.
 Mac Moire, a's Rìgh nan Dul,
 A shoillseachadh gach nì dheth so,
 Le a ghras mu'm choinneamh.
 God before me ;
 The Virgin Mary after me ;
 And the Son sent by the King of the Elements ;
 And whom St Bridget took in her arms.
 I am on thy land, O God !
 And God on my footsteps ;
 May the Son of Mary, King of the Elements,
 Reveal the meaning of each of these things
 Before me, through His grace.

Another version of the incantation is as follows :—

Tha mise falbh air srath Chrìosd :
 Dia romham, Dia am dheighidh,
 A's Dia a m' luirg.¹
 A Frith a rinn Moire dha 'Mac,
 A sheid Brìghde troimh glaic,
 Mar a fhuair ise fios firinneach,
 Gun fhios breige,
 Mise dh-fhaicinn samhla 's coltas ———²
 I go forth on the track of Christ—
 God before me, God behind me,
 And God on my footsteps.
 The *Frith* that Mary made for her Son,
 Which Bridget blew through her hand ; (?)
 And as she got a true response,
 Without a false one,
 May I behold the likeness [or similitude] of
 A—— B——.

¹ We have similar expressions in St Patrick's Hymn, already referred to—

“Crist ìim Crist rium Crist imdeaid”

(Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ after me).

² Here the name of the missing person was said.

The incantation finished, the person looks forth over the country, and by the auguries or omens which meet the eye he divines what will be the fate of the man or animal for whom the *Frith* is being made—whether the absent one, about whom nothing is known, is in life, and well; or whether the sick man or beast at home will recover from his ailment. Subjoined is a list of objects, with their significance. This list is compiled from various sources, but largely from notes placed at my disposal by Father Allan Macdonald, Dalibrog, a gentleman to whom I am indebted for much information in connection with this paper:—

- A man coming towards you.. An excellent sign.
 A cock looking towards you.. Also an excellent sign.
 A man standing Sign of a sick man recovering and casting off illness.
 A man lying down Sickness; continued illness.
 A beast lying down..... Ominous — sickness; continued illness.
 A beast rising up Sign of a man recovering and throwing off illness.
 A beast lying down Death.
 A bird on the wing..... A good sign.
 A bird on the wing coming to you..... Sign of a letter coming.
 A woman seen standing A bad sign—such as death, or some untoward event—(*Am bas no ni rosadach air choireigin*).¹
 A woman seen passing or returning Not so bad.
 A woman with red hair Not lucky.²

¹ Bu choir do dhuine e-fein a choisrigeadh nam faiceadh e boirionnach an am a bhi deanamh na Frith—(A man should cross himself should he see a woman when making the Frith).

² Red hair does not appear to have been favoured by the Celts. An old song says—

Cha ghabh mi 'n te fhrionasaich, chonasach, *ruadh*,
 A chumas an Donus na mhollachdain suas.

Again, Lady Wilde, writing of Irish superstitions, says—“It is unlucky to meet a red-haired man or woman the first thing in the morning; but a freckled red-haired woman is particularly dangerous. Should she be in your path on first going out, turn back at once, for danger is in the way. Some say that Judas Iscariot had red hair, hence the tradition of its evil augury.”

- A woman with fair hair (*falt ban*)..... Not lucky.
- A woman with black hair (*falt dubh*)..... Lucky.
- A woman with brown hair (*falt donn*)..... Luckiest.
- Fowls without a cock in their midst Not a good sign.
- Stonechat (*Clachran*)..... Untoward (*rosadach*)—
- Chunnaic mi 'n t-seilcheag an talamh toll,
Chunnaic mi 'n clachran air lic luim,
Chunnaic mi 'n searrach 's a chul rium,
Dh' fhaithnich mi nach reachadh a' bhliadhna leam—
Chaill mi bean-an-tighe 's a' chlann.
- A lark¹..... A good sign.
- A dove..... A good sign.
- A crow or raven² A bad sign; death.
- A sparrow (*glaiseun*)..... Not lucky—but blessed. (It foretells the death of a child).
- A wild Duck (*Lach*)..... A good sign.
- Ducks (*Tunnagan*)³ Good. (For sailors especially—meaning safety from drowning).
- A dog..... Good luck.
- A cat..... Good for Mackintoshes only. To others it is considered *rosadach*, or untoward. The cat is regarded as evil, as shown by the fact that witches are believed to assume this form.

¹ The lark was considered sacred, and to it the endearing term of *Uiseag Mhoire* (the lark of the Virgin Mary) was frequently applied.

² The raven is always regarded as ominous. In the Saga of "Howard the Halt," for instance, it is referred to as "hawk of slaughter" and "blood fowl." In Ireland, as Lady Wilde tells us, "when a raven is seen hovering round a cottage, evil is near, and a death may follow, or some great disaster; therefore, to turn away ill-luck, say at once: "May fire and water be in you, O bird of evil, and may the curse of God be on your head for ever and ever."

³ Ducks are considered blessed. Tradition informs us that on a certain occasion Jesus had to take refuge, and that he was concealed under straw. Hens scraped the straw away, thus exposing him, but the ducks pushed it back again. The duck has since been considered blessed.

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- A pig..... Good for Campbells. For others
indifferent when facing you ; bad
with its back towards you.
- A calf, or lamb Lucky with its face to you ; good
with side.
- A horse..... Lucky.
- A brown horse Is the best.
- A chestnut or red horse A bad sign ; death.

As to the colours of horses generally, we have the following :—

Each donn.....	Fearann.	Brown horse....	Land.
Each glas	Fairge.	Grey horse	The ocean.
Each ruadh.....	Reilig.	Chestnut horse..	The churchyard.
Each dubh	Mulad.	Black horse.....	Sorrow.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF 1603.

I N the April and May numbers of the *Highland Monthly* for last year, I wrote about Clan Chattan, and discussed the Mackintosh pedigree and the Macpherson claims for the chiefship of Clan Chattan. I treated the subject in no partisan spirit, I believe, and, as a consequence, I have incurred the grave displeasure of both Mackintoshes and Macphersons. After all the criticisms, both public and private, that have been made upon the articles in question, there is only one correction which I can accept. This is in regard to Andrew Macpherson, the Cluny of 1603.

Andrew Macpherson is the first chief of the Macphersons who has any contemporary record of his existence. He is mentioned at least five times in various documents of the time. He first appears in the "Clan Farson" Bond given to Huntly in 1591, where he is called "Andrew Makfersone in Cluny." He was merely tenant of Cluny, as the preposition *in* proves, a fact corroborated by the second mention of him in the 1603 Huntly Rental. The entry in the Rental is—"Clonnye, three plenches. . . . Andro McFarsen tenant to the haill." But in 1609, in the bond of union which Mackintosh of Borlum got drawn up and signed by the leading members of Clan Chattan, he is called Andrew Macpherson *of* Cluny, which shows that Huntly had meanwhile granted him a heritable right over his former tenancy. In the events of 1644, when Montrose raised the standard in behalf of King Charles in the Highlands, we are told by the M'Vurich seanachie that Alastair MacColla started in the West Coast and marched through Glengarry, "but none of the people joined them. From thence they went to Baidineach, encamped in it, and threatened the men of that country that if they did not join the king's army they would burn and spoil the country.

The order was shown to them, and by the order they were joined by Clann Muirigh Baidineach and Catein, and were led by a good chieftain of their own blood, namely, Eoghan Og, son of Andrew, son of Eoghan, who brought three hundred men of his own kin with him into the king's army, who were very steadfast in the army while the war continued." Eoghan or Ewen is entered as proprietor of Cluny on the valuation roll of 1644, although his father Andrew was still living. Andrew was then an old man, for the Synod of Moray in 1648 excused, on the ground of his age, his attendance on their court to answer for his share in the doings of his clan in the Montrose wars. But his son Ewen had to appear, and do penance for the part he took in the uprising under Montrose. Of Andrew we naturally hear no more after this date. The chief in Cluny in 1660 was Andrew his grandson, whom Shaw mentions as the first Cluny known to him.

The correction which I have to make on my Clan Chattan articles concerns this Andrew Macpherson of 1591-1648. In the Huntly Rental of 1603, as printed in the Spalding Club Miscellany, vol IV., he is called "Andro McFarlen." In commenting on this blunder, I said, "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.'" I have lately, through the good offices of, and in company with, Mr Macpherson, banker, Kingussie, had an opportunity of seeing the original document, from which the above was printed. There plainly enough the name is Andro McFarsen, and the *McFarlen* of the book is either a printer's or a transcriber's error. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is therefore wrong. The Macphersons and the Marquis of Huntly were especially friendly, as their defence of Ruthven Castle in 1594, when the battle of Glenlivet took place, and other facts amply prove. Huntly and his estate officials were well acquainted with the Macpherson chiefs, so that a mistake like M'Farlen for M'Farsen could only happen through carelessness. As a matter of fact, however, the mistake did not occur; and I take this opportunity of correcting the error into which I fell and of withdrawing the inference deduced therefrom.

NEW BOOKS.

RELIQUIÆ CELTICÆ : TEXTS, PAPERS, AND STUDIES IN GAELIC LITERATURE AND PHILOLOGY, left by the late Rev. ALEXANDER CAMERON, LL.D. Edited by Alexander Macbain, M.A., and Rev. John Kennedy. Vol. I., OSSIANICA, with Memoir of Dr Cameron. Inverness: "Northern Chronicle" Office. 1892.

DR CAMERON was undoubtedly the ablest and most learned Gaelic scholar of his time. He knew the literature and philology of the Gaelic language as no other man did. His published works and the *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, the first volume of which is before us, do not do justice to the breadth or accuracy of his scholarship. The philological articles in the *Gael* (1872-4) and the *Scottish Celtic Review* represent the most of the work published by him in his lifetime, while these two volumes of *Reliquiæ* only give the raw materials of his study for the most part. The structure that should be reared from these materials—the historical Gaelic grammar, the etymological Gaelic dictionary, the editions of old Gaelic texts with notes and translations, and the disquisitions on Gaelic philology—has not gone further than the mere foundations. Dr Cameron's papers present some scattered notes on Gaelic philology and grammar, and the beginnings of an etymological dictionary. There are abundant transcripts of old texts, but few translations and fewer notes. Judging by the first volume, we think the editors are carrying on their work with the greatest judgment. They accurately reproduce Dr Cameron's texts, and they complete any broken lines or passages that were left blank in their originals; but they do not feel themselves justified in doing more than this; they allow the student and the general reader to be their own commentators and translators.

Dr Cameron was born in 1827, the son of a cottar-crofter in Badenoch. In his schooldays, he attended school only during the winter half-year, for in summer he

had to herd or work. When slightly past the middle of his 'teens, his brightness as a scholar procured for him employment as teacher in side schools among the glens. The little secondary school training which he received was done mostly in the private time of the respective teachers of Kingussie School. At the age of twenty, he entered Edinburgh University, and at the age of twenty-nine, in 1856, after a brilliant career, he was licensed a minister of the Free Church. His first charge was Renton, which he left in 1874 for Brodick, Arran, where his pastoral work lay till he died. He was considered an able preacher, but his relations with his Church were latterly of a strained character. His last few years were spent in a wearing quarrel with his Church Courts, and leisure time that would otherwise have been devoted to Gaelic studies was spent on fruitless and evanescent ecclesiastical squabbling. In this way, Dr Cameron was unable to take advantage of the revolution caused in Gaelic and general philology by the views of the "New School," led by Brugmann, Thurneysen, and Zimmer. Indeed, he added little to his philologic work after the publication of the last number of his *Scottish Celtic Review* in 1885, though he did some work in connection with his texts and transcripts.

His literary remains are to appear in two volumes. The first one consists of some six hundred pages, and the second, which is to appear in the coming publishing season, will in all possibility be of like bulk. The sub-title of the first volume indicates fully its general character, which is "Ossianic." It is claimed to be almost a complete *corpus*, or body, of Ossianic poetry, like J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*. The volume contains the Ossianic poetry in the Dean of Lismore's Book, and several other pieces of the Dean's text. The accuracy and care bestowed by Dr Cameron on his transcription of the Dean is fully evidenced in the hundred odd pages devoted to him in this volume—pages which are a marvel of printing as they are of accuracy on the part of author and editor. The Edinburgh MSS., 48 and 62, then follow. These are only partially Ossianic. The former gives excellent specimens of the common literary dialect of Ireland and the Highlands in the seventeenth century, and is written by one of the M'Vurichs, the hereditary bards of Clanranald. Thereafter the volume contains several important collections of Ossianic poetry never before published—most of which,

indeed, was supposed by J. F. Campbell and others to be lost. These are Campbell's, Macfarlane's, Maclagan's, Sage's, and Sir George Mackenzie's Collections. The whole series is simply invaluable to the student of Ossianic lore.

Mr Kennedy writes the memoir of Dr Cameron, which extends to 155 pages, and he does so in a manner and with a feeling that only the Roman word *pietas* fully, and our term "filial affection," lamely and metaphorically, expresses. It is an excellent production, and, though rather out of keeping with the severely scientific character of the rest of the volume, we have no doubt the general public will greatly enjoy it. Our only criticism would be that Mr Kennedy should have enlivened his pages with a few clerical anecdotes. This is a criticism which also a Glasgow correspondent makes, who relates one or two tit-bits about the worthy and reverend doctor. We will quote one to show Dr Cameron's keen, if at times sarcastic, humour. Our correspondent said to the doctor one day: "Your friend, Mr So-and-so, is teaching Gaelic in the So-and-so College this session." The doctor rejoins: "Teaching Gaelic! Oh, is he? When *did he learn?*" And this, too, about a quondam candidate for the Celtic chair! His sense of accuracy almost amounted to a disease. In a highly appreciative review of the *Reliquiæ* which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, the writer relates an amusing instance of his fastidiousness, to the following effect:—Some years ago a Glasgow printer had an article from the doctor's pen in type and corrected, when he received in the forenoon a telegram ordering the deletion of an apostrophe after a particular Gaelic word. In the afternoon a telegram again arrived from Brodick, which read: "Stet apostrophe deleted this forenoon."

The second volume promises to be even more scientifically important than the first, and more interesting as well to the general reader. The famous Fernaig MS., written by Duncan Macrae in Kintail two hundred years ago, is to be reproduced in full. This M.S. of various vicissitudes has, we understand, been generously gifted by Dr Skene, its late possessor, to one of the editors (Mr Kennedy), and the forthcoming edition of it will not fail in excellence and accuracy of materials. It is written in phonetic Gaelic, which makes it all the more important as giving the exact pronunciation and idiom of the time. An unpublished

Turner collection is to follow, of which Dr Cameron thought highly. A complete recension of the story of Deridre is also to appear ; and thereafter essays on Gaelic literature and philology, the volume ending with a full glossary of all Dr Cameron's etymologies of Gaelic words, published and unpublished, which we believe will extend to considerably over a third of the vocabulary of the Gaelic dictionary. The present volume is very handsomely got up. Of the printing, it may at once be said that it reflects the highest credit, as the preface puts it, "on the individuals concerned in that work." The difficulties of small super-linear letters and other signs, combined with the running on two opposite pages of text, transliteration, translation, and notes on all these, are overcome with complete and admirable success.

D. C.

The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

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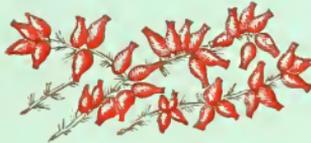
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JUNE 1892.

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VOL. IV.

WILLIE GILLIES.

CHAPTER V.

I STATED that my official duties were migratory in summer and stationary in winter. My in-door work did not restrict me to any precise locality; for, as far as official, it consisted in a reduction of the materials of information obtained in summer. I was one of the compilers of periodical blue books. I cannot say that it was an employment I altogether felt fitted for. My mind does not love to work according to rules—it has a disagreeable habit of wandering. Thus it happened that when I should look to the prescribed mode of classification, and to arithmetical correctness of calculation, my thoughts have often been turned into a side channel by a chance idea, suggested by some obscure analogy. The troublesome habit brought me into a ludicrous scrape—in my first report I embodied, in utter unconsciousness of doing such a thing, an independent inquiry into a collateral matter not officially prescribed. I was only made aware of the fact by a letter from head-quarters, in which, to my great delight, praise instead of blame was awarded to me for calling the atten-

tion of the authorities to a part of the inquiry that had been omitted in the regulations. Still I had no ambition of teaching "my lords," and I dreaded another lapse of forgetfulness which might bring a rebuke upon me. I dreaded it all the more because a friend at head-quarters told me of another blunder of mine not officially noticed. When I am studying, I have an abominable custom of scribbling odds and ends of thought on the sheets of blotting paper I use, or on the margins of the manuscript itself. When men, animals, or scenery enter into my meditations I draw caricatures instead of descriptions. I was never taught drawing, and my sketches *are* caricatures. Now, when drawing up that first official report, I kept the margins clean enough, and wrote out the manuscript in my most clerkly hand, but by ill luck, on sending it away, I left several tale-tell sheets of blotting paper between the leaves, which astonished the secretary, and made "my lords" laugh. Of course, I vowed sincerely to be more careful in future, and took a wise step to prevent a breach of my vow.

My brother was blessed with a large, healthy, and noisy family—dear nephews and nieces don't be angry that I tell the truth, since I love you well. They interrupted me continually. At one time baby quarrelled with mamma, and only Uncle John could quiet it. At another time boisterous Charlie and pertinacious Tommy rudely broke the thread of my meditation to decide a difference of opinion on a question of property in pocket knives and fishing tackle. And Lucy—my quiet, inquisitive, best-loved niece—how that child puzzled me with her earnest, dreamy look, unearthly beauty, and mysterious imaginings and longings? I have sat by the bedside of the dying Christian and of the insensible sinner, but in neither case did I ever feel such awe, such faith, such hatred of sin, and such consciousness of immortality and a judgment to come as in presence of the child who instinctively knew that the mark of Azrael was upon her young brow, who died, to everything but love and hope, long before she ceased to breathe

—who, in truth, could not be said to die, but to be translated. I doubt the spiritual affinity between children and parents. Souls, like faults, in many instances, appear to be personal—to belong to the individual stamp exclusively. My brother is not a bad fellow as the world goes, and my sister-in-law is an admirable person, and my general adviser ; but how little seemed in common between them and the angel child, except that human affection which makes families and all the world kin ?

I am straying again. Well, the long and the short of it is, that for satisfactory study and relieving my brother of the burden of which he never complained, I took a nice cottage for myself, on the outskirts of a country town not far from my brother's farm. For a sensible woman, as she is, my sister-in-law upon this occasion was quite unreasonable. She disapproved of the plan, and reproached me with want of affection in leaving them. I was moved by her reproaches and grief to the extent that I would have given up my plan and forfeited a year's rent if I had not formed a little scheme which was then a secret to all but myself. When she saw that I was firm she yielded with a good grace, set about furnishing my cottage with her usual vigour, and completely forgot all her vexation in making hard bargains with the upholsterers and tradesmen. I handed to her my purse (my first year's salary opportunely replenished it) and when all was finished to her taste, she ushered me with some ceremony into my new abode, and returned the purse, which was not empty, as I had good cause to expect. We had a little party to celebrate the event. My sister-in-law was a bit proud of her handiwork, and drew more attention than was necessary to every article of furniture in succession. Among other things she begged me to notice the easy chair on the right side of the fire as my seat of honour and meditation, "and there," she said, pointing to a low-rocking chair opposite, "is the place of your wife, if you give up your brown sheep-skins (she meant parchments) and stinking old books, and, like a

sensible man, marry." The children laughed, all but Lucy, who gave me one of her queer wistful looks. Charlie, the scamp, threw himself upon the seat in question with a vehemence dangerous to that article of furniture, and declared it would be "jolly" to have another aunt—he had but one, his mother's sister, and he was down in her bad books. I felt annoyed and—yes, I did blush. But catching hold of Lucy I drew her to me partly to hide my confusion, but chiefly because I loved her dearly, displaced the scamp Charlie, placed her in the chair, and declared she was to be my companion and housekeeper. That was a part of my secret scheme. It was a vain fancy of mine to think that she could be kept long on earth by keeping her quiet and watching over her health more than was done at home. Lucy thanked me with a look that I shall never forget. But the boys noisily asserted that they would not get on at home without Lucy. Even my sister-in-law negatived the proposal. She was, however, open to conviction, and altered her mind, when I showed her that the town was warmer in winter than the country, and that my dear friend Doctor —— would see her daily. My sister-in-law felt the force of the argument, and yet she started the objection that the girl would pine away from the want of companions of her own age. I was prepared for the objection, and told her that I also wanted the loan of Tommy, promising that he would have good instruction in the grammar school during the day, and the benefit of instruction from myself at night. My brother and his wife saw the advantage of the offer; they were ambitious of turning out of the family one scholar at least, and felt inclined to accept the offer; indeed, they accepted it already in their hearts, only my sister-in-law observed that the boy would be certain to run wild, since I was so forgetful of things going on around me that I would not see his faults nor punish him. She believes in the virtue of the rod, does my sister-in-law. Well then my whole secret was revealed, and I felt relieved, for it weighed on me for weeks

how to tell it to the family without giving offence. I said the statistical work was too much for me alone (in very truth the dread of new blunders could not be removed but by a sharp-eyed confidential assistant, that would keep me on the square without laughing openly at my everlasting *gaucheries*), that my salary was good and about to be increased, and that I was acquainted with a smart lad who was just the proper clerk for me. Then I was questioned about the future clerk. I told what I knew of Willie Gillies. My brother swore (he has a habit of using strong expletives when excited) that lad was the right sort of a chap, and my sister-in-law said in such company she believed Tommy would be safe. Little Lucy said nothing. When I looked at her, however, I saw that there was colour on her pale cheek, and moisture in her large eyes. Poor thing! it would have greatly relieved her had dislike of observation allowed her to vent in sobs her appreciation of Willie's moral heroism.

The ready acquiescence of my friends cheered me. I was in regular correspondence with Willie Gillies. If I did sometimes forget to reply to him, it only caused him to write earlier again. Willie was one of those whose friendship and confidence it was difficult to gain, but which when gained lasted for ever. I learned his state and prospects clearly from his letters. His health was improving, but was not what it had been before his illness. A letter from the district surgeon assured me of this. He was craving for independence and employment. His old employer had got another clerk to occupy his stool, and, under the impression that Willie was ruined in health, refused to take him back. In a letter to me Willie bemoaned his fate; for once his courage gave way, and he confessed it; and when I traced the torture of a weak and suffering mind, I wept for him as if he were my brother. Then it was the thought struck me—it was just after I heard of the unlucky tracery on the blotting-paper submitted to “my lords” by mistake—I would get Willie to help me, and give him better wages

than he had in Edinburgh. I knew that the money which I had pressed upon him was a yoke upon his neck, and that he would have no peace until it was repaid. Well, I wrote him at once, and—I dare say I put a little fancy colour on the necessity—told him that my work was more than I could do, my income more than I could spend, and that I would give him so much if he became my clerk for a twelvemonth. I hinted, if he would give up the law and qualify himself for the civil service, or prefer seeking his fortune in India, that I could, perhaps, obtain for him the patronage of Lord H——. To my great joy Willie at once jumped at the bait. This occurred before I took the cottage, and I was somewhat afraid of the *denouement*, but, as the reader has seen, my brother and sister-in-law entirely agreed with me when they heard all my plans.

The economy of life is ruled by mixed motives, as far as it is at all ruled by man. I am not at all free from selfishness. I can safely say that the arrangement which I have described was intended for Willie's good as well as my own. But Willie did for me more work than he was ever paid for. He entered heart and soul into the employment, and, as a proof that he succeeded, I may mention that my second report was the best I ever sent, and that it did not contain a scrap of blotting paper. Lucy herself sometimes laughed at my blunders—I liked to see her laugh, and sometimes committed blunders on purpose—and Tommy, the young scamp, was ever playing tricks with my books and papers, and greeted my consequent perplexities with roars of merriment. Tommy had a large heart of his own, but he never *would* understand that Lucy was dying. She bore his boisterous merriment uncomplainingly, and when she was able, joined in his less noisy sports. Willie understood her nature and condition better. I do not think they often talked of death, but their serious conversations on a Sunday evening, when I composed myself to somnolence in my easy chair and Tommy went away to see his parents, told me plainly that it was in the thoughts of

both. My niece was a teacher for both Willie and me. Her intuition into life, death, and immortality strengthened the man of grey hairs and the lad newly entered upon the responsibilities of life. I think there was a something, I know not what, which made the communion of hearts between Willie and Lucy closer when I listened to them with shut eyes, appearing to be asleep, than when I joined in the conversation. The heart of age gets encrusted with a coating of insensibility—perhaps that was the cause. Lucy was cheerful and uncomplaining through the winter. We thought she was getting better daily, only the doctor shook his head. When the spring came, when birds began to sing, and flowers to blossom, when it was hardest to part with her, when amidst the revivification of life it was saddest to die, she drooped her head and slept. I cannot dwell on the scene. Her mother supported her head, I held one hand and her father the other, and she cast on Willie, who stood at the foot of the bed, a last look when the final summons came. I felt exceedingly glad when the season of my peregrinations called me from home that year. I left Tommy in Willie's care, who had obtained over the young scamp a powerful and salutary influence, gee-gee'd my regulation horse, and drove away from the shadow of a great grief.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE mentioned that Willie had an uncle. I knew nothing about him but that he was rich and did not help in the least his sister and her children. I set him down in my remembrance as a sordid brute, whose acquaintance was not desirable, and never asked his name and whereabouts. Nevertheless, it was destined that I should meet him in the course of my summer travels the year Lucy died.

In the course of my official duty I entered a retired pastoral parish on a Tuesday in August. Considering the

season of the year, and the suitability of the day for hay-making, I was not a little surprised at the Sabbath appearance of the fields. My first impression was that if not the "muckle Sabbath itself," it was at least a fast-day. As communion fasts are usually held on Thursdays, and no other holidays were then common, the solution, on second consideration, did not hold good, so I asked a little boy that was herding cattle by the roadside, why people were not working, and he told me they were a' awa to the Clachan Fair. The yearly lamb fair was a customary holiday, it seemed, in the district. I reached the Clachan Inn in time, and found "mine host" in a perspiration of anxiety. The stables were filled with horses, and every part of the house—not a small one—filled with company. Before the inn were rows of "sweetie" stands, and penny shows, and all the children of the parish—my little ragged informant, the herd boy, excepted. Further away on the hillside were droves of lambs, and crowds of persons who intended to buy or sell. I asked "mine host" for dinner. He told me that deil a dinner I could hae there unless I waited for the public yearly dinner of the farmers, which closed the fair. I agreed to stay, and being informed that two parish authorities whom I wished to see officially were on the hillside, I bent my steps thither, determined, as usual, to take things as they came without annoyance, if I could do so.

I found one of the gentlemen I sought, and in his company navigated my way among the flocks of lambs, amusing myself with observations on the groups of buyers and sellers. Perhaps it is an early prejudice, but I think that there is not under the sun a class of heartier, and, on the whole, honester men than farmers. Yet to watch their bargain-making one would think them as sharp as Jews. There now is a red-faced, loud-voiced buyer, who explains to a young sheepish seller that the price he asks is absurdly high, because the English markets are down and must come down from the bad prospects of the harvest and the

want of winter feed. The honest man's arguments are not according to known facts, and truly it would need a prophet to tell about the winter keep and after-grass so early. He wants to cheat the sheepish seller, but will he manage it? Ah! let him catch him if he can. That innocent-looking man knows the prices obtained for every lot sold, and those asked for every one to be sold. With mingled candour and false simplicity he has wheedled every neighbour out of his secret, and he is making an ass of the red-faced buyer himself. He knows when he is chaffering with the argumentative customer, that another one who has already offered to a fraction what he requires, is looking on, and resolving to give the full price as soon as the red-faced man turns his back. So it goes on, the sharper man making the best bargains, and gaining the most praise.

The honest men, however, left their sharpness and mutual reserve, suspicion and strategy on the hill-side. When they met at dinner the secrets of the afternoon transactions were all divulged, and dealers and buyers rallied each other upon their bargains. I believe real over-reaching was not practicable nor attempted, but farmers pride themselves upon being sharp at bargains, and those that exceed their neighbours in disposing of their farm produce, dead or living, attain respect and honour. We had a plentiful dinner and plenty of toddy. I do not like the native beverage and always drink sparingly, but I am constitutionally inclined to be infected with the spirit of the hour, and without drinking, I became on this occasion as talkative and happy as my neighbours. I had intended to stay at the Clachan, but my friend would not hear of it. So I left my horse there and went home with him in his dog-cart.

My entertainer and myself slided, I do not know how, into the confidential mood of old friends, although this was only the second occasion on which we met. On the former occasion, I met him officially, and found him rather dogmatic

and difficult to convince of the necessity for some new regulations with which he found fault. I thought him anything but an agreeable and well-bred man. He appeared in a different light at the fair and in his own house. There, like Rob Roy, his "foot was on his native heath," and he shone as the open-hearted, frank, and hospitable farmer. In manners and feelings, he entirely assimilated with the farmers around him, and religiously preserved many maxims and prejudices of that class from whom he originally sprung. In fortune, he was, however much higher than his neighbours. By thrift and judicious enterprise his father laid the foundations of wealth that gradually accumulated under the son. The consequence was that my entertainer, William Greaves, bought the land which he and his father had formerly rented. To this he added by subsequent purchases, until he waxed into a considerable landed proprietor. Instead of apeing the manners of the neighbouring lairds, he ridiculed their pride, foppery, and imprudence, and manfully stuck to his farming, declaring that everybody who did not work for his livelihood deserved to be hanged. I discovered that he had numbers of crotchety opinions, and that it was difficult to manage him unless he was attacked on the right, that is, on the weaker side. This weaker side was his system of farming, which he felt bound to explain to every one that would listen, since he made a fortune by it himself.

I am a patient listener, or can appear so—in very truth, when apparently listening, especially to a dull speech or sermon, my thoughts often wander to the uttermost parts of the earth, or take a comet's stroll through empty space. I did, however, listen to Mr Greaves, for I was by birth and training an adept at farming, and his system was so superior in itself and so forcibly explained, that an idea seized me that I could use it as the basis of a paper for the *Agricultural Journal*. I told Mr Greaves that I had intended to do so, and he was captivated. His own literary abilities were of a limited kind, but he longed to see

his system of surface draining—his plan of crossing and weeding flocks, his modes of pasturing, &c., explained to the world in type. Moreover, the *Journal* was one of the few papers he respected, because, he said, it had glimmers of sense, and did not fill its pages with party “flytings,” nor with murders and such stuff.

“I have,” he said, “been trying to make fools listen to me for twenty years. G——, if I had a son, I would have taken their farms at higher rents, and make the land pay too, and turn the stiff-headed asses into beasts of burden. It is all they deserve, since they will not listen to reason.”

He was getting into one of his crotchets, though, from what I afterwards learned, I do not believe he would like to dispossess his neighbours, stiff as they were; for on a farm which he bought years before, he allowed a tenant to remain who put him into periodical fury by refusing to listen to good advice. But at this time I was not so acquainted with his empty threats as I subsequently became, and so, rather than come to a collision respecting the morality of depopulating a parish for the sake of high farming, I asked rather awkwardly why he remained a bachelor?—for, like myself, only older, bachelor he was, and that partly explains our sudden intimacy, for birds of a feather have common sympathies. I repented the moment I put the question. But he replied quite unruffled,

“Because I wanted none of your jaunting, pridefu’ dames to spend my money and scorn me, nor when younger could I think of raising a kitchen-maid to the head of the table to be laughed at by the whole clanjamfray of the country-side. Yet now that I am an old lonely man, I think my pride was foolish.”

“But you will have near relatives to supply the place of dearer connections. My brother’s children are to me as much, or nearly as much, as children of my own could be.”

“No, I have no near kin, if ye must ken, except the children of a sister who thwarted me, and whom I have disowned.”

"Mr Greaves, you and I are no longer young. We are both lonely and in need of the sympathy which friendship and family love bestows. I do not seek to know what was your sister's fault; but you should not keep wrath for ever, and especially if she and her children need your help."

"Let us talk no more of this," he replied gruffly; "look at my horses."

"It must be explained that he induced me to walk over his farm, that I might see his system in practical operation. The horses were worth looking at. There was one bay pony, especially, which I much admired. Willie Gillies was passionately fond of riding. I thought how he would enjoy a gallop on the bay pony's back, and, as I too often speak my thoughts aloud—Tommy, the young scamp, frequently amused himself with observations on this weakness—I said aloud, "Oh! Willie, I wish you were here."

Mr Greaves smiled, and asked me who was Willie, and why I wished his presence.

I told him Willie was my clerk, and impelled by some inexplicable motive (I have now discovered it was a blind wish to say something to make the rich farmer-squire forgive his erring sister), I told him how I became acquainted with Willie, and everything I knew about him and his family.

"He must be a fine lad that Willie. I wish I had an adopted son of that stamp. But what is the chiel's surname."

"Gillies."

A rapid change passed over the face of my entertainer when he asked the next question,

"And where do you say his father was minister?"

I named the parish, and he remained mute; although without obtrusively looking at him I felt that he was labouring in a struggle for mastery between his good and evil angels. My hope was that something similar in my story caused him to reflect on the life of his own sister, and that he was struggling into a reconciliation mood. He

turned the conversation again to his farming. Later in the evening he asked abruptly how long the lad Gillies was to stay with me. I replied, for six months at least, perhaps longer. He said nothing more on the subject until I was bidding him farewell, when he mentioned that he was to pass near me at the harvest tryst and that perhaps he would call on me. I said I would be most glad to see him, and so we parted.

This fishing for an invitation, and the question he put respecting Willie's stay with me, caused me to discard my former guess and entertain a new hope, but I allowed things to take their natural course, though, for reasons obvious to the reader, I was desirous of knowing the maiden name of Mrs Gillies, and the family history of my late entertainer.

BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER VI.

Details of Treasurer Dunbar's Accounts.—Dr Fraser of Chelsea's Mortification —Treasurer J. Dunbar's Charge : Some Interesting Items.—Mortifications by Duff of Drummoore, by Helen Baillie, by William Macphail. —Securities for the two Bonds of £2000 each again mentioned. —Amount of his Charge and of his Discharge.—Some of the Securities for Hospital Stock, which shows considerable increase.—Shiplands Lands, above the Hill, viz., Broadstone and Crottertone, bought, 1715.—Shiplands Lands let by public roup.—Thomas Alves, Treasurer, 1717-21.—His Charge and Discharge.—Hospital Stock made over to his successor : Increase thereof. —Treasurer's disregard to Instructions and Intentions of Mortifier.—Mode of Nominating New Pensioners.—Zeal of Treasurer in securing a Mortification.—Letter to Laird of Diple.—Report of Visit to Laird of Diple, and of delivery of Letter.—Second Letter to Laird of Diple.—Report by Hospital Treasurer, and Diple's reply.—Letter from Laird of Bracko, relative to promise made by his deceased father, Diple.

RETURNING to Treasurer James Dunbar, his accounts contain much interesting information, and mention of further mortifications to the Hospital, as well as of that by Dr James Fraser of Chelsea, to promote the "buying of useful books, for the increase of the Library of said Burgh." His donation amounted to 1000 merks, and he gave the money in November and December, 1712, besides books to the value of about 200 guineas ; but the deed of donation was not granted till 30th April, 1724.

Bailie Dunbar's *Charge* as Hospital Treasurer contains the same items as Bailie Thomson's *Discharge*, as above noted, to the amount of £17,440 11s 2d ; further annual rents ; some further mortifications, viz., in 1716, money

from Alexander Duff of Drummoore, mortified by his father in July, 1714, £333 6s 8d; mortified by Helen Baillie, merchant in town, payable at Martinmas thereafter, £66 13s 4d; by William Macphail, merchant in town, £200 to the Hospital, the annual rent to be paid to the poor of the place, those of the name of Macphail being preferred. Besides these, Mr Fraser of Chelsea's mortification, paid by instalments, amounting to £666 13s 4d, and another by his brother, of £600. "The deceast James Dunbar of Dalcross half coble's salmond fishing for a part of Provost Dunbar's mortification of £2000" is again mentioned; also, "the deceast Bailie Dunbar of Dalcross' lands above the Hill for a part of Provost Dunbar's mortification (above the pryce of said half coble's fishing), £2666 13s 4d;" also, "to the Kingsmills, *redeemed* at Whits., 1717, princ., £4666 13s 4d, and five years' deutie therof, from Whits., 1712, to Whits., 1717, the tyme it was redeemed by Castlehill, as per given in, £1526 6s 8d, and annual rent therof from Whits., 1717, to Marts., 1719, at 5 p.c., £583 6s 8d; also the rent of Shiplands lands, above the Hill, for crops 1715 to 1718, £376 6s 8d."

His whole *Charge* being £21,201 15s 2d of principal sums, and £10,368 4s 2d of annual rents, to which is added an obligation by the Session to Drakies (part of Magistrates and Council of Inverness' bond), £760 14s 6d, leaving a balance *due to James Dunbar, Treasurer*, £47 5s 4d, was in all £32,377 19 2

His *Discharge*—

Bonds and heritable securities	£24,147	1	0
Annual rents, precepts drawn by Session, outstanding debts, disbursements by order of Session...	8,230	18	2

£32,377 19 2

In the list of these securities is included Inshes' half coble, in bond, £2000, as well as James Dunbar of Dalcross do., £2000; also, Robert Robertson of Shiplands, his heritable bond, "bearing infest on his haill lands for princ. soume, £3333 6s 8d;" and also heritable bond and disposition from Shiplands, for lands bought from him above the Hill, that cost principal sum of £1750; by sundrie Session's precepts, £828 3s 2d; to sundry pensioners, £4429 9s 4d.

Then follows a full list of bonds and securities, &c., made over to his successor, the amount of which is—Principal sums, £24,147 1s 0d; annual rents, £2230 9s 2d.

This shows a considerable increase in the amount of the Hospital stock, but it improperly includes the mortifications of Dr Fraser and his brother to the Library.

Reference is also made, in a note or memorandum, to the securities of George Duncan's mortification of the lands of Diriebught, then life-rented by his widow.

"Shiplands' lands, above the Hill," were the lands of "Broadstone and acres, and the acre above the Hill," as we find them described later in Treasurer Hossack's accounts, the acre last mentioned being apparently Crottertone, Treasurer James Dunbar purchased these lands from Robt. Robertson of Shiplands (who was indebted to the Hospital), with the advice and consent of two assessors appointed by the Kirk Session, and took a disposition thereof in favour of himself and his successors in office, "for the use and behoof of the poor of Inverness." The amount of the purchase price is not mentioned in the disposition, but we find in James Dunbar's accounts—"By heritable bond and disposition from Shipland, for lands bought from him above the Hill, ye cost princll. soume of £1750."

At Whitsunday, 1716, the lands of Broadstone, having been advertised by a placard at the Cross, were let by public roup to Doctor George Cuthbert, M.D., at a yearly rent of 120 merks, the "said lands including the two aikers lying beside the above broad, now lea and under grass, for the space of five years, not including this present year

1716, in ye regard and for the encouragement of the taxman, the land being ley, and doe hereby declare the sd. George Cuthbert his entry thereto for payment of the yearly duty befor mentioned to be and begin cropt 1717, the which 120 merks as the yearly duty furth of the said lands to be payed at each Candlemas, dureing the whole time and space of the sd. five years, whereupon act."

Parts of these lands have since been feued, the remainder is still let by the Session.

Thomas Alves was the next Hospital Treasurer, and held office from Martinmas, 1719, to Martinmas, 1721.

His *Charge* includes items as above, to said

amount	£24,147	1	0
Annual rents thereon, including arrears...	4,934	1	2
Balance <i>due to</i> him	156	13	4
	<hr/>		
	£29,237	15	6

His *Discharge* includes—

Bonds and heritable securities	£24,599	2	6
Annual rents, precepts of Session, disbursements	4,477	8	10
Cash for annual rent omitted	4	10	10
Bond, A. Mackintosh, tobacconist, &c.... ..	£133	6	1
Annual rent thereon	23	6	8
	<hr/>		
	156	12	9
	<hr/>		
	£29,237	15	6

Among the items of his outlay are—"Paid to the Hospital Pensioners, £1706 6s 8d;" and "Ane account of disbursements documented, £389 7s 4d."

He hands over to his successor bonds, securities, &c. viz.:—

	Principal.	Annual Rents, &c
Bonds and securities	£24,599	2 6
Annual rents due		£2280 4 4
Do. omitted		4 10 0
		10

Obligation from Wm. Duff, of Diple, dated 19th Jany., 1721, to mortify 500 merks	£333 6 8
Obligation by John Jackson, to pay out of the estate of the deceased Robt. Jack- son to the Hospital 500 merks	333 6 8
A. Mackintosh's bond ...	£133 6 8
Annual rent thereon ...	23 6 8
<hr/>	
	£24,732 9 2 £2974 15 2

It will be observed that the amount of the Hospital property was now steadily increasing, and that the amount of arrears of annual rents due was now comparatively small. The accounts, however, were not kept distinct for the various branches, in accordance with the Treasurer's instructions, nor were the upper stories of the Hospital occupied by poor bedesmen. In Thomas Alves' accounts we find, "To 11 months' rent of the Hospitall Upper Loft, till 7 June, 1721, £33;" and "To the Magistrates' obligation for the Rent of the Upper Storie of the Hospitall, for a Hospitall to the Regmt., pay. 7 June, 1722, £36." This regiment was "a regiment of Fusaleers."—Kirk Session records, 20th June, 1721.

At the commencement, however, of Thomas Alves' Treasurership, the Session had to authorise him to borrow £200 Scots, "for payment of the Hospital pensioners, since there's no money delivered him by the late Hospital Treasurer, and to give annual rent therefor from the term of Marts. last, if he cannot have it other ways." His predecessor had a balance due to him.

At this time the new Hospital pensioners were appointed at meetings of the Kirk Session, and their names, with the amount allotted to each, generally to be paid quarterly, entered in the records. The usual allowance was twenty pounds Scots yearly; in some cases ten, in some as much as forty.

The Session could show zeal and perseverance, combined with flattery, in the interests of the Hospital, when occasion required. Having hopes that William Duff, the laird of Dipple, would do something for the Trust, at a meeting held on 15th March, 1720, on its "being represented that the laird of Dipple is indisposed, the Session appoint that Bailie Dunbar, Mr William Stuart, Mr Robert Baillie, Thomas Alves, William Neilson, and John Fraser may meet as a Committee upon Thursday next, in order to think upon a proper way to pay him a visite." This Committee included the two ministers and the Hospital treasurer.

As this Committee failed to meet immediately, we find that on 5th April following "it was suggested that just now the persons should be chosen who were to goe; accordingly, it being put to the vote, they did all agree unanimously that Bailie James Dunbar and Mr Robert Baillie should goe: also they appoint that there should be a letter written to the Laird of Dipple and signed by the members of the Session, the tenor of which follows:—

"Honble. and Dear Sir,—It cannot but be matter of Joy to all good Burghers of Inverness when they hear how God has been pleased to Bless and prosper you in your affairs and concerns in this world, and in a particular manner the members of the Kirk Session doe earnestly wish that the abundance of Temporal Blessings which Heaven hath bestowed on you may be a sure fore-runner and toaken of the Incorruptable Inheritance and Crown of Glory reserved for you in Heaven. In the meantime, they desire to perswade themselves that it is your inclination to Glorify God with the good things he has given you, the necessity of the pcor of this Burgh hath a cry for your help, and your casting of your bread upon the waters may bring you the Blessing of those who are ready to perish. Wee have sent two of our number, to witt, James Dunbar, one of the present Baillies, and Mr Robert Baillie, one of the ministers of this Burgh, to salute you in our name as a token of that respect wee owe unto you, and we have referred it unto them to Represent our desires more fully unto you, and we doubt not but by them ye will give us an

answer as may refresh ye Bowels of the poor perpetual and enbalm your own name, and while the Burgh continues give ane occasion unto posterity in this place to bless your memory. This wishing that your life may be prolonged for the Glory of God, the comfort of your soul, and the Honour of your Family and relations, with all Respect and sincerity we are, Honble. Sir, your most engaged and very humble servts."

It is not recorded by whom this letter was signed. The deputation lost no time, for on 19th April the minutes of Session run—"Mr Robert Baillie and Baillie Dunbar Reported that they went to Elgin, and payed a visite to the Laird of Diple according to appointment, and that he was confyned to his bed ; that they delivered the letters from the Council and Session, which he caused Read in their presence, and that he was very sensible of the Respect the Council and Session hade put upon him in Remembering of him in that manner, and that as soon as he recovered so as to be able to write he would send ane answer to the Council and Session which he hoped would satisfy them. He ordered to lay up the letters carefully, and desired that any Person the Session pleased should call for the answer. Upon the whole, he seemed well pleased, and behaved most civilly. The Session appointed the Moderator to write up a letter to Diple, thanking him for the civil return he gave by word of mouth to their letter, and to put him in mind of his promise to send up an answer in write."

Some time elapsed without a reply : for we find this entry in the Session Records of 13th December—"The Session appointed the Modr. to write a letter to the Laird of Dipple to mind him of his Promise, the tenor of which letter follows :—

"Honble. and Dear Sir,—The Kirk Session of Inverness, consisting of Magistrates, Heritors, and Honest Burghers, cannot forget your promise to Baillie Dunbar of leaving a toaken of your kindness unto the Hospitall of this Burgh, the whole Inhabitants whereof are most earnest to have a memoriall of your name preserved among them, being Proud of haveing such a considerable person as the

Laird of Dipple for their Burgher. They have therefore Impowered Thomas Alves, your acquaintance, and our present Hospitall Treasurer, to put you in remembrance of the kind promise you mad, and wee perswad ourselves that you will do something effectuell in it, which will ingage the Inhabitants in this place to pray for your prosperity and the prolongation of your life. This, in name and at the appointment of the Session of Inverness, is signified unto you by, Honble. and Dear Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

“ Sic substr. ROBERT BAILLIE.”

The above reminder had the desired effect, for on 24th January, 1721, “ Thomas Alves, Hospitall Treasurer, Reported that in consequence of the applications made to the Laird of Dipple in the name of the Session, he received a letter from him, dated the nineteenth day of January one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, the tenor of which is as follows :—

“ Sir,—I received yours, and am only to mortify five hundred merks of the sume contained in Inches and Mr Macbean's Bond, which I am to assign, and as for the Ballance, which is one thousand merks, I am content to take your Bond in common form, obligeing you and your successors in office to pay the same against Martinmas one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one years, Bearing Interest from Whitsunday last, since what I assign you to does the same, upon your sending whereof I shall return Inches and Mr McBean's Bond with ane assignation thereto as you demand. You need make no great scruple about the term of payment, being I will use no diligence so soon as that unless I be straitened myself. I would have (if the good Town incline) what mortification I make so constitute that any poor friend of myne might have the benefite of it before another at the sight of the Magistrates and Council, which I expect will not be refused, otherwise I am not to urge it.—I remain, Sir, your most humble servant,

“ Sic substr. WILL. DUFF.”

This proposal to assign Inches and Macbean's Bond seems not to have been carried out. At the end of Thomas Alves' accounts occurs—“ Also Deleaved to sd. Thestr.”
[i. e., his successor] “ ane obligator Lre. from Wm. Duff of

Diple, dated at Elgin, the 19th Jany., 1721, wherein he promises to mortifie to the Hospitall five hundred merks, as sd. Lre. more fully bears £333 6s 8d."

The next information we have relative to this mortification is after Dipple's death, when on 22nd February, 1726, "Thomas Alves, Baillie, acquainted the Session that he had a letter from the Laird of Bracko, informing him that the summ of five hundred merks mortified by Dipple, his father, for the poor of this place, was to bear interest from Whitsunday 1723 years, and that the Deed of Mortification in due form would shortly be Delivered in : and that in the meantime it was Bracko's desire that one Marjory Sligo, a widow in this Burgh, might have the a. rent of the said summ commencing from Candlemas last to be pay'd her Quarterly : which desire being considered by the Session, they complied therewith, and therefor did and hereby do Intitle the said Marjory Sligo to the said Quarterly pention as above, whereon Act."

Accordingly we find several years later, in Treasurer Gilbert Gordon's accounts, "The Laird of Dipple's promissory letter and interest thereon from Whits. 1723 to Candlemas 1731, £333 6s 8d and £129 3s 4d," in his *Charge*, and what apparently represents the same item in his *Discharge*—"Bill John McBean and Hugh Robertson, and interest from Whits. 1727 till Candlemas 1731, £333 6s 8d and £62 10s 0d," the interest now appearing at a lower rate. The same Bond, but reduced in amount, owing to part payment, appears twenty years later in Treasurer Hossack's accounts, in 1751, as "Bond Hugh Robertson and John Mackay, mercht., and Interest from Whits. 1729 till Marts. 1751," the principal in pounds sterling being £27 15s 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ d, and the interest £31 5s 0d.

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND
BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

II.

I PROCEED now to deal with the class intended to accomplish certain ends by the exercise of the will, and commence with

LOVE CHARMS.

In the list of amulets above given from Macalpine, we have the *Orra-ghraidh*, or Love Charm. The Highlanders of old, like the ancient Greeks, seem to have believed in the efficacy of charms and philtres, in order, as Erastus has it, to force men and women to love and hate whom they will. "Sagæ omnes sibi arrogant notitiam, et facultatem in amorem alliciendi quos velint; odia inter conjuges serendi." We have the idea of the Love Charm in Duncan Ban Macintyre's *Rainn a ghabhas maighdean d'a leannan* (Verses which a maiden will say to her sweetheart), but as the ceremony prescribed may, on the whole, be regarded as impossible, it is clear that the poet himself did not believe in the efficacy of such incantations. That the idea has, however, survived to recent times is undoubted, and a good instance of it is given by the Kenlochewe bard in the poem already referred to. Describing how the bridegroom was "charmed" by the young woman's mother, he says:—

'S beag a bha dhuil aige 'posadh
An la chaidh Seonaid 'na chainnt—
Rug i da uair air a chrogan
A's chuir i na *h-orrachann* annt;
Thionndaidh a chridhe le solas:
Chaidh dalladh a's sgleo air 's an am,
'S cha 'n fhaiceadh e aon te cho boidheach
Ri Ceit ged a sheoladh e 'n Fhraing.

In the Highlands, a herb called *gradh a's fuath* (love and hate) was believed, when properly applied, to provoke love or hate, according to the wish of the person using the charm. For the following incantation to excite love, I am indebted to Mr Macbain:—

Suil bhath Chrìosd air Peadar,
 Suil chaomh na h-Oigh air Eoin ;
 Gu'n leanadh, gu'n leonadh, gu'n lotadh,
 Gu'n iadhadh gu teann seachd altanach,
 Le seachd snaim cruaidh-shnaim
 Mu chridhe na h-Eala
 'Rinn mise 'lot 's a leon
 Gus an coinnich lot ri lot,
 Leon ri leon, 's a cridhe 'breabadh ie aoibhneas
 Ri faicinn gnuis a ruin :
 An ainm an Athar, &c.

Translated—

The soft eye of Christ upon Peter,
 The mild eye of the Virgin on John ;
 To follow, to wound, and to pierce ;
 May seven moss grasses with seven hard
 Knots wind round the heart of the Swan
 That gave me my wound and piercing,
 Until wound meets wound and gash to gash,
 And her heart jumps with joy
 At seeing the face of her love :
 In the name of the Father, &c.

A herb—evidently the *altanach*, a kind of mountain or moss grass—was manipulated during the saying of the above.

Our Irish cousins also have their Love Charms, or, as they call them, *Ortha na Seirce*. To Professor O'Growney, of Maynooth, I am indebted for the following from the west of Connaught:—

Ortha a chuir Muire in ím,
 Ortha seirce 's síor-ghràdh ;
 Nar stadaidh do cholann, acht d' aire bheith orm
 Go leanfaidh do ghràdh mo ghnaoi
 Mar leanas an bhò an laogh
 O'n là so amach go h-uair mo bháis.

Translated—

A charm Mary (B. Virgin) put in *butter*,
 A charm of affection and lasting love ;
 May thy body not rest, but may'st thou be
 uneasy about me
 Until thy love follows my countenance
 As the cow follows the calf,
 From to-day till death's hour.

As a companion picture, the following Love Charm from England may be appropriately given. The love-sick maiden was one Susan Lebway ; and the precious document containing the charm was found some 30 years ago. The paper on which the formula was written also contains figures of the sun and moon and other heavenly bodies, and the magic square. Along with it were parings of the finger and toe nails and a tiny piece of linen, believed to be a portion of Susan's undergarment. The whole was neatly folded up, and was wrapped in three folds of linen and stitched under a covering of silk. This curious collection was worn in the left armpit. The formula was as follows :—

“Susan Lebway to draw the affections of Theobald Young to herself, so that he shall never have any rest or peace until he do return unto her, *and make* her his lawful wife. Let the spirits of the planets continually torment him until he do fulfil this, my request ; Cossiel Lachiel Samuel Michail Araiel Rhaphail Gabriel, I continually stir up his mind thereto. *Fiat fiat fiat cito cito cito.* Amen.”—
Reliquary, vol. x.

That the Philtre or Love Potion was in use among the ancient Celts there can be no doubt. In support of this statement, I quote the following paragraph from the Irish Life of St Bridget in the “Book of Lismore,” edited by Mr Whitley Stokes :—

“There was a certain man biding in Lassaris Church, and his wife was leaving him, and would not sit nor sleep along with him. So he came to Bridget to ask for a Spell to make his wife love him. Bridget blessed water for him and

said, 'Put that water over the house, and over the food, and over the drink of yourselves, and over the bed in the wife's absence.' When he had done thus the wife gave exceeding great love to him, so that she could not keep apart from him, even on one side of the house, but she was always at one of his hands. He went one day on a journey, and left his wife asleep. When the woman awoke she rose up lightly, and went after the husband, and saw him afar from her, with an arm of the sea between them. She cried out to her husband, and said that she would go into the sea unless he came to her."

In connection with the Love Charm and Philtre, a sentence may be devoted to *Eolas a' Chomuis* already mentioned. I have been unable to obtain this *Eolas*; but it may be stated that it is referred to in Pennant's Tour in Scotland in 1772 (Vol. II., p. 265), where the unsuccessful lover is presented as revenging himself on his rival by charms potent as those of the shepherd Alpheisibæus mentioned by Virgil. "Donald," we are told, "takes three threads of different hues, and ties three knots on each, three times imprecating the most cruel disappointments on the nuptial bed; but the bridegroom, to avert the harm, stands at the altar with an untied shoe, and puts a sixpence beneath his foot." Stories illustrative of *Eolas a' Chomuis* are numerous throughout the Highlands.

A somewhat curious parallel is told in the part of the Apocryphal New Testament called the "The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus." I cannot do better than quote the opening verses of Chapter VII.:—

"They" (*i.e.* the Virgin Mary and Jesus) "came afterwards to another city, and had a mind to lodge there.

"Accordingly they went to a man's house, who was newly married, but by the influence of sorcerers could not enjoy his wife.

"But they lodging at his house that night, the man was freed of his disorder."

I will now give you

EOLAS A' CHEARTUIS,

a charm or incantation which was said when a Highlander went to a Court of Justice. A Gaelic proverb says "*Is can*

's is *direach an lagh*"—crooked and straight is the law—implying great uncertainty. In going to law the litigant presumably believed in the equity of his cause, but being uncertain as to the result, he appealed to the Higher Powers. In the incantation here given, we have the picture of a man starting from his house to measure swords before a judge with a neighbour—the occupant of the *Baile ud thall*, or "Yonder Town." On leaving his house the litigant says—

Falbhaidh mise 'n ainm Dhia
 An riochd iarunn 's an riochd each,
 An riochd nathrach 's an riochd feidh ;
 'S treise mi-fhein na gach neach.
 'S dubh dha 'n bhail' ud thall,
 'S dubh dha'n bheil na bhroinn :—
 An teanga fo m' bhonn
 Gus an till mi 'nall.
 Mise 'n eala bhan
 'Nam bhan-righinn os an cionn.
 Ionnlaididh mi m' aodann,
 Mar naoi gathanan greine,
 Mar dh-ionnlaideas Moire a Mac
 Le bainne bruich.
 Meirc air mo bhial—
 Seirc na m' aodann ;
 Bas Mhoire mu m' amhuich,
 Bas Chriosda mu m' aodainn,
 Teanga Mathair Ios' a' m' cheann ;
 Sùil a chuimirich eatorra, (?)
 'S blas meal air gach aon ni
 Their mi gu'n tig mi.

Translated—

I go forth in the name of God ;
 In the likeness of iron ; in the likeness of the horse ;
 In the likeness of the serpent ; in the likeness of
 the deer ;
 Stronger am I than each one [or "than any one
 else"].
 Black to yonder town ;
 And black to those who reside therein ;
 [May] Their tongues be under my soles [or feet]

Till I again return.
 May I be the white swan,
 As a queen above them.
 I will wash my face
 That it may shine like the nine rays of the sun,
 As the Virgin Mary washes her Son with warm
 milk ;
 May restraint be on my tongue,
 Beauty on my countenance ;
 The palm [or arm] of Mary around my neck,
 The palm [or hand] of Christ on my face,
 The tongue of the Mother of Jesus in my mouth,
 The eye of the *cuinreach* (?) between them ;
 And may the taste of honey be of every word
 I utter till I return.

Here we have a wonderful combination of agencies with the view of attaining a successful end—iron, symbolic of hardness and endurance ; the horse, of strength ; the serpent, of cunning ; and the deer, of swiftness. Then we have the incantator presented to us pure and queenly as the white swan, with beaming countenance, with tongue under restraint but uttering honeyed words. He is under the guardianship of the Virgin and her Son.

On reaching the Court, our litigant, with his right foot on the threshold, repeats the following words :—

“ Gu'm beannaiche 'Dia an tigh
 Bho bhun gu bhragh ;
 M' fhacal-sa os cionn na bhios a stigh,
 'S am facail-se fo m' throidh.”

Translated—

“ May God bless this house
 From floor to ceiling ;
 May my word be above all others within,
 And their words under my feet.”

In a paper on “ Druidism ” by Mr Macbain in the *Celtic Magazine* [vide Vol. VIII., p. 570], we have a reference to the serpent's egg, and to Pliny's account of it. “ A Roman knight was making use of it in Court to gain an unfair verdict, and for this was put to death by Claudius the

Emperor." Our old Highlander in *Eolas a' Cheartuis* or incantation to obtain justice stood somewhat different from the Roman knight who used the serpent's egg. The parallel is, however, an interesting one.

I will now give you *Eolas na Daire*, a charm supposed to be efficacious in the case of farrow cows. It does not need much introduction, as it speaks for itself. It is as follows :—

EOLAS NA DAIRE.

Eolas na daire 'rinn Moire 's a Mac.
'S thubhairt Criosda fhein gu'm bu ro-cheart,
Air a' Chiad Luan
'Chur a chruidh gu luath a dhair,
Gun fharlaogh¹ 'n a dheigh
Ach laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn uile gu leur.

Translated—

The charm for the rutting made by Mary and her Son.
Jesus himself said it was right
On the first Monday [at the beginning of the moon ?]
To send the cattle quickly to the bull ;
And that no extra-uterine conception should follow,
But spotted female calves.

In some districts, instead of the above, the people say *Duan an Domhnuich*, or the Ode of the *Dies Dominica*. That ode (for which I am indebted to Father Allan Macdonald) is as follows :—

DUAN AN DOMHNUICH.

Duan an Domhnuich a Dhia-ghil,
Firinn foirneart gu Criosda 'chomhnadh.
Di-domhnuich rugadh Moire
Mathair Dhe an or-fhuilte bhuicche,
Di-domhnuich rugadh Criosda
Mar onoir dhuinne,
Di-domhnuich an seachdamh latha
A dh'orduich Criosda dha-fhein,
Gu cumail na beatha 'mhain,
'S gu'n leigeadh iad uile 'n anail

¹The word "Far-laogh" is not generally known on the mainland. It signifies extra-uterine conception—a freak of nature which is fortunately uncommon.

Gun fheum a thoirt bho dhamh no dhuine
 No neach a dh' orduich Moire,
 Gun chartadh tighe, gun bhuaibh,
 Gun àthadh, gun mhuillionn,
 Gun iomradh airm, gun iasgaireachd,
 Gun a dhol a mach dha 'n t-seilg
 No shnaigheadh dheilgnean Di-domhnuich.

Ge b' e chumadh an Domhnach
 Bu chomhnard dha-san, 's bu bhuan,
 Bho dhol fodha na greine Di-sathuirn
 Gus an eireadh i Di-luan,
 Gheibheadh e fiach ga chionn
 'S bhiodh toradh an deigh nan crann,
 Iasg air amhuinn fìor-ghlan saile,
 Uisg' an Domhnuich blath mar mhil
 Ge b' e dh' oladh e mar dhibh
 Gheibheadh e slainte gun chron
 As gach galar a bhiodh air.
 Gal an Domhnuich gun robh luath,
 Bean ga dianamh ri an-uair,
 Guileamaid moch Di-luain,
 'S na guileamaid idir Di-domhnuich.
 Aig tra-nona Di-luain
 Eiridh am fiadh gu ro-luath
 'S airson an dile muigh
 Greis a thoirt a sgeula mu chumraidh ¹
 Gun eisdeachd ri gladhraich nan Gall
 No ri sgeilearachd coitchionnach.

Ach gart a ghleidheadh air cnoc ard
 'S lighich 'thoirt gu galar garg,
Is bo a thoirt gu tarbh treun
Fada no fagus gu'n robh cheum,
 'S eathar a ligeadh fo breid-siuil
 Gu tir a duthcha bho h-aineol.
 'S ge b' e mheomhraicheadh mo dhuan
 'S a ghabhadh i gach oidhch' dha shluagh
 Bhiodh rath Mhicheil air a cheann
 'S a chaoidh cha 'n fhaicheadh e Ifrinn.

In this ode we have a rule of conduct as regards the Sabbath—general directions as to what we are not to do, and a list of what may be called “works of necessity and

¹ Redemption (?)

mercy"—and among these there is the permission to bring a cow to a bull (*tarbh treun*), no matter how far the distance.

An old man in the parish of Ardnamurchan, who professes to know much about cattle, informs me that he learned a different method from a north country *Aireach*, who was known as "Murchadh nan Gobhar." He does not believe in *orrachan*, or incantations. I describe his alleged method in his own words, and without any comment of mine. "Na'm bitheadh beathach òg agam," he said, "nach bitheadh a' gabhail an tairbh, so mar a chuirinn a dhàir i, ach cha bu toil leam neach eile 'bhi coimhead orm :—A' chiad bhò a chithinn a' dol a dhair, sheasainn ri 'taobh agus cho luath 's a sguireadh an tarbh dhì bhleothnainn i, a's bheirinn am bainne—blàth às a h-ùgh—do 'n bheathach òg. Chuirinn an sin an cù ris a' bheathach òg, 's an ceann la no dha bhiodh i dhair agam. Is iomadh uair a rinn mi e!"

The foregoing may appropriately be followed by an incantation which was said when a cow calved—

RANN AN UAIR A BHEIREAS MART LAOGH.

The ceremony was after this fashion :—The dairymaid sat beside the cow, and blowing her breath through her hands towards the cow repeated this incantation three times :—

"Mart a sid air breith," ars a Peadar.

"Tha mi 'faicinn gu'm beil," ars a Pàl.

"Mar a thuiteas an duilleach o'n chraoibh
Gu'n tuiteadh a sile gu lar."

Translated—

"A cow newly calved," said St Peter.

"I observe that," said St Paul.

Both—"As the leaves fall from the trees
May her milk freely flow."

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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II.—HERDING DAYS AND HERDING WAYS.

AMID the whirl and turmoil of Revolution with which the last century closed, something in the nature of a Border Raid was made upon the Highlands of Scotland, and before it the ancient pastoral life of the country, incompatible perhaps with the new order of things, was destined to fade away into the realm of legend and song.

Men of enterprise and capital, discovering that the glens and bens of the north were adapted for sheep farming upon a large scale, took, as opportunity offered, extensive holdings upon lease, in the first instances, where, for most part the land was unoccupied. The methods of farming which had been practised for ages upon the Scottish Borders were now reproduced in the Highlands, to which, as to a far distant field of important and undeveloped resources, a tide of emigration had set in from among the shepherds of Ettrick and Teviotdale.

It was interesting to observe how homesteads arose in the north similar to those of the green Border valleys, and how the shepherd race perpetuated in the new country the customs and manners of their homely pastoral fathers. Scarcely any of these voluntary exiles ever returned to the country whence they had come. They intermarried with the daughters of the people among whom they had settled, and Gaelic became the mother tongue of their children. But to this day it is commonly in the dialect of the Borders that the Highland shepherd directs his dog, making the glens and corries to resound with such expressions as—
“Tweed, Tweed! Come in ahint that! Oot bye, oaf!

Wear awa' man ; oot bye, oaf !” Ask the names of a dozen collies on any sheep farm, and you may discover that every one of them is an echo, a reminiscence, of the Borderland.

As may readily be understood, this raid upon the Highlands, and the occupation of the country, by Lowland flockmasters and their herds, aroused considerable opposition on the part of the old Celtic communities, who watched the growing prosperity of the strangers with no friendly eye. They were made the object of scathing bardic sarcasm, and in some instances their flocks were pillaged and dispersed. Nevertheless, I never heard that any of these Border shepherds actually experienced personal violence, which is surely a noteworthy fact, considering the times, and the passions that had been aroused.

Among the first to forsake the green and sunny slopes of his native country for the rugged grazings of the north was young Mark Teviot, who trysted at the Rood Fair of Jedkirk, to undertake the charge of a large flock of black-faced ewes, wherewith the Earl of Duncairn intended to stock what afterwards became the well-known farm of Glenbeltane. So, one morning about Whitsunday, Mark grasped his crook, whistled for his spotted collies, and bade a last farewell to the Borders. He was then scarcely twenty years of age, and set out for his new situation, with little gear and less care. Nevertheless, he could boast a bran-new suit of hodden-grey, and a fringed maud, which no shepherd lad in Fallowdean could toss over his shoulder and carry more gracefully than he. He had, further, a few pounds of capital, which had accumulated out of his wages, in his master's hands, and were now opportunely available for the purchase of a modest hirsel, and he was blessed withal in the possession of a vigorous constitution, and a spirit of buoyant hope.

At Glenbeltane it was ordained that he should spend the rest of his life, and often, when many years had passed away, would the good old man raise his heart in gratitude to God, who had cast his lines in so pleasant a place. Here,

when his position was in some degree confirmed, he married, and had two sons born unto him, and for a time all went well. Nay, better! for his worldly affairs continued to prosper more and more, until he became tenant of the farm. But days of parting and sorrow set in. His sons had not yet reached maturity when they were successively seized with the fell pestilence then devastating the country, and, taking their last sleep even in the morning of life, sank into the grave. Nor did the mother long survive this severe blow to her dearest hopes, for, while still endeavouring to console the sorrows of her partner, she gradually succumbed to her own, and then Mark Teviot, no longer young, was again alone in the land of his adoption.

But let it not be supposed that this good man lost all heart and ceased to take wholesome, genial interest in life and its concerns. True, the withering blast of affliction through which he had passed, brought on prematurely the signs of old age, yet nearly all his former vigour remained, while he bravely fulfilled that ancient pastoral precept:—"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds"

It was some years after this that I, the orphan descendant of a near relative, was brought to Glenbeltane, which thenceforth became my home. Here it was that I emerged into intelligent existence, although I have some faint recollection of the long journey northward, and of crossing Queensferry, where I was met by old Mark Teviot, who had been disposing of his stock at Teithmuir Tryst. He rode a stout white mare, and carried me before him on the saddle, folded in his plaid. General Wade's road brought us to a point within half-a-dozen miles of our destination, and from thence we pursued a bridle track, which I was destined to traverse often since then.

A mere casual visitor might be apt to suppose that life upon a pastoral farm such as that of Glenbeltane, must necessarily be monotonous, but, in reality, it was far indeed from this, being characterised by a constantly varying round of successive duties and amusements.

The manner in which the course of the year was marked and divided among communities like that within which my lot was cast, well illustrates what I have now said. The ancient Gaelic divisions were rarely referred to, and even the usual reckoning according to months and seasons was almost equally ignored. In place of these, a series of periods were observed, each of which was expressive of some pursuit which in its turn claimed attention.

In so far as I remember them, there was, first, the time of potato planting; secondly, there was the time of sowing, when the little patches of arable land received the oats and barley seed. Then came the time of fox hunting, when the dens among the mountains would be visited by a company of shepherds and keepers under the direction of the fox-hunter of the district, and, with the assistance of a promiscuous pack of terriers and hounds, they cleared the sheep-walks to a considerable extent of the despoilers of the flock—and urgent the need of this, for the time of lambing was at hand.

During its course the shepherds had to exercise constant watchfulness and care—going out at the first streak of day, and often not returning home until nightfall. Each carried a bottle of milk, and with its contents, out of their own mouths, they nourished the weaklings, which, but for this, would have succumbed to cold and hunger. The giddy gimmers, or two-year-olds, had to be sharply looked after, for their love of freedom was frequently stronger than their love of offspring.

On the death of a lamb sundry ruses were sometimes employed to impose upon the maternal instinct of the vigilant and knowing old ewe. Indeed, it was often with great difficulty that she could be induced to tolerate the approaches of the unfortunate orphan, or twin, who was made to personate her deceased favourite.

At the end of a few weeks was the time of marking the lambs; and, closely following upon this, the time of shearing, or clipping, the wethers—known in Gaelic by an appro-

priate phrase, signifying the time of fleecing—and, after another short interval, the time of the ewe clipping was duly observed. With Lammas came the time of separating the lambs; when the vales and hills resounded with the plaintive cries of the sundered.

About the autumnal equinox was the time of sending away the wethers. These were occasionally driven to Teithmuir Tryst, to be there disposed of; but they were commonly taken possession of on the farm by some south-country grazier, to whom they had been sold earlier in the season. Last of all was the time of smearing, when tar and various unguents were carefully applied to the skin of the sheep, which, besides answering sundry other purposes, both as regards the animal and the wool, were calculated to protect the former from the cold and storms of winter.

These which I have enumerated were the main divisions of the year at Glenbeltane. There were others of less consequence, as the time of casting peats, the time of cutting the corn, the time of cutting the hay, and so forth. They were all full of interest for me, and I looked for the recurrence of each as a source of new pleasure. Even during the gloom of mid-winter time hangs not heavily in the store-farmer's home.

In the cold, dark mornings how often have I listened for the first cheery sounds of the flail from the barn! The herd would be already up, and bustling hither and thither about the steading, carrying wisps of straw, or hay, for the cattle. Then the huge roots of resinous bog fir, of delightful aroma, had to be split for the evening fire. If the snow had fallen heavily overnight, the way to the burn and well must be cleared. The shepherds had to make their rounds, sometime returning, after the absence of a few hours, with a hare, or perhaps an otter, captured among the ice after an arduous chase. On the opposite side of Lochgoy might be seen a large herd of deer, forced by the storm to seek the lower grounds, and there moving about, fearless of man. During intense frost, the loch would be covered from side to side

with a thick sheet of ice—save those mysterious parts which, perhaps in consequence of hidden springs, rarely or never became congealed.

When a great booming noise arose in Corrie Goblin, Mark Teviot would sometimes look anxious, and say that a storm was at hand ; but apparently similar sounds from the same quarter indicated to his practised ear an approaching thaw.

Would that some passing and propitious muse might aid my feeble pen, as now, after the lapse of many years, I would sing, in no sad tone, the Winter Nights of my first recollection, which seem in the distant perspective all blended into one. Outside the House of Glenbeltane might be darkness and tempest, but within was warmth and light and innocent enjoyment. The sheep are secure under the shelter of the great wood ; the horses and cattle are snugly housed, with recently replenished hack and manger ; and the shepherds, free from every care, are grouped around the wide kitchen hearth, where glow of genial humour animates every heart. The women folk have still their household duties to attend to—baking, peeling potatoes, knitting, attending to the fire, and what not ; while ever keeping a sharp ear to what is being said, and joining in the conversation as they come and go.

There, from time to time, might be heard some plaintive elegy upon the death in battle of one of the Chiefs of Duncairn, or a song of many stanzas celebrating the power and munificence of the same noble line. Now it would be the mournful strains of despairing love, and anon the gay notes of a tender carol, that claimed our attention.

Among the numerous occasional visitants of our circle, one there was, for whose coming we always looked with pleasure. This was Johnnie of Pitstitchie, the tailor from Balmosis, who used to ply his craft upon the spacious table that stood between the wall and the fire. Though his right hand moved rapidly, its utmost speed was slow in comparison with the swiftness of his tongue ; and the quips and

cranks which fell so glibly from this latter member were always accompanied by a certain merry twinkle of the eye, that averted any possibility of offence. In the course of trade, he had occasion to visit every district in the parish. He was thus a great means of communication among the people, and acted the part of a local journal, supplying both news and, to a considerable extent, advertisements as well. Although fond of gossip, that caution which comes by experience prevented him from getting into trouble with his patrons on this account.

Ah! Johnnie, dear Johnnie of Pitsstichie, in what limbo useless lie thy goose, shears, and bodkin, and thy numerous needles? Far away beyond the Atlantic thou didst seek thy fate. Does thy versatile ghost still haunt the glens of Duncairn and the townships that have ceased to be? With thy spectral accoutrements dost thou fondly hover over those roofless ruins, where thy customers aforetime had their home, and welcomed thy presence in their midst? Away, thou sentimental sprite! Thine ancient sighs there are none to hear. The companions of thy youth and the patrons of thy maturer years are even as thyself! Thy voice is as the empty wind. Who is there to interpret thy hoary tales? Away, or those foolish sobs of thine may disturb the deer as they rub their velvet antlers against the gables of Glenbeltane and Letterfern. Meantime, I see thee blithe, and witty, and busy as of old, with thine own irresistible humour, making fun and laughter to abound.

Along with his other accomplishments, Johnnie could so deftly handle the bow that he was far and away the best fiddler in Duncairn, which is saying a great deal, for he had many competitors. At about the same hour every night some one of our company would call for "Duncairn's Rant," and then, waiting for no further importunity, the little man would toss his ironing board aside, grasp his violin, and leap into a chair, which ready hands had placed upon the table, from whence, ere scarcely had we opportunity to range ourselves for the dance, the lively tailor would be

already sweeping triumphantly in a whirlwind of sounds through the racy measures of his masterpiece Strathspey.

Another musician of no mean skill could we boast in the person of Gillespic Macewen, who had been successively herd and shepherd under Mark Teviot, and latterly acted as his right hand man in the management of Glenbeltane. How often have the rafters rang to the strains of his bagpipes, while they gave forth the stirring martial music of "Duncairn's March," or the weird dirge notes of "Duncairn's Farewell." Whenever the first shrill peal from the kitchen announced to Ishbal Macindrui, as she plied her work in the Spinning Garret, that Gillespic was about to begin, the old lady would open the door of her sanctum, and if he happened to play either of the tunes I have named, she always used to remain perfectly motionless until its last note died away.

Now, Ishbal and that dimly-lighted apartment wherein she presided are well worthy of a visit before we bring our Winter Night to a close.

In truth, this spinster was a remarkable woman in many respects, and of no small consequence within her own sphere. As a descendant of the M'Indruis of Inverbeltane, she belonged to one of the most ancient families in Goyshire, and, notwithstanding her indigence, neither she nor those with whom she mingled ever lost sight of this fact. Having been within the counted degrees of kinship with his late wife, who was also a M'Indrui, old Mark Teviot took a kindly charge of Ishbal. When he came to the country, she was living in a wretched hut, which stood upon the moorland between Glenbeltane and Balmosis. In process of time, this hut threatened to fall to the ground, and not till then could Ishbal be induced to take up her residence at Glenbeltane. Regarding this as her headquarters, she made yearly visits of a few months to Letterfern and Stratheonan. The various processes concerned in the preparation of flax and wool engrossed a great deal of time and attention in the houses of the tacksmen. When prudent mistresses met together, their conversation always

turned upon the webs in which they might happen to be interested ; and this subject, along with the management of their children and cattle, formed the main topics of discourse.

Now, Ishbal was profoundly skilled in all matters appertaining to the dressing of flax and wool. The weaver at Duncairn fingered no thread so finely spun as hers. Consequently, she was held in high estimation in those houses where she chose to give her services.

The old creature was deeply grateful to Mark Teviot for having built for her a bit bield which she could call her home, on a little bay where the united streams from Glenbeltane and Corrie Goblin had their issue into Lochgoy.

But Ishbal passed the greater portion of her time in the Spinning Garret of Glenbeltane, and here she blithely turned her wheel day after day and week after week. No one knew when she ceased her toil, or whether she ever really ceased. Long after all the rest of the household had retired to sleep, the flapping and humming whir from the garret told that Ishbal was still sitting, with rowans on lap, plying her busy foot and skilful fingers.

Some of the company, whose amusements in the kitchen I have tried to describe, would be sure by and bye to make for the Spinning Garret. This could be reached by going for a few yards along the Black Passage, and then turning to the left, up a narrow stair, that led to no other apartment than Ishbal's. Here, according to an old legend, a rich hunchback had been murdered and robbed ; and it was said that at midnight sounds indicative of a man going on crutches might be heard on the stair. Ishbal gave no countenance to this tale ; but it used to make me shudder with fear in passing the place of evil repute.

One or two of the women-servants assisted Ishbal for some hours every day. Although always glad to see casual visitors besides, the old lady would have no idler in her presence ; and whoever entered the sphere of her labour was very willing to give a hand at teasing, carding, winding, and so forth, for the sake of her company, which was not a

little entertaining. She had a rich fund of lore, and could quote rhymes and adages appropriate to every occasion. The airs which she sang were all plaintive. Perhaps this was due in part to the nature of her employment ; for, whether speaking or singing, her spinning went on steadily, except when she had to give a touch to the pirn or band ; but it is a noteworthy fact that Highlanders have generally a predilection for mournful music, in so much that they have scarce even a dance tune that is not charged with an exquisite pathos.

Ishbal had numerous legends with reference to the M'Indruis of Inverbeltane and the M'Brides of Duncairn. She had much to say of the Feinne who still slumbered deep in the caves of Corrie Goblin, and who would one day awake in the full vigour and bloom of youth ; and of the fairies who inhabited the green knowes, and danced gaily on the moonlit sward or in the kiln. And darker stories could she tell of witches, and of the awful water-kelpies that haunted every stagnant and reedy lake and the still black pools of the river.

In the course of these gruesome tales of demon power, occasionally a devout ejaculation might be heard from individual listeners, who thus deprecated malign influence from themselves.

Then, who like Ishbal could sing those weird Gaelic hymns, where the terrors of the Last Judgment are pourtrayed in language of great power and vivid colouring, and where the changing face of nature is described in order to impart lessons of eternal truth? Such was Ishbal M'Indrui and the Spinning Garret.

In the midst of the diversions and pastimes of the Winter Night came a period of more frequent occurrence than any which I have yet celebrated. That is to say—The time of going to sleep, when the shepherds called for their dogs and withdrew, and the fires in but and ben were allowed to smoulder into ashes.

STUDENT LIFE AT ABERDEEN TWO CENTURIES AGO.

BY REV. GEORGE MACKENZIE, B.D.

THESE are only random notes. Somewhat loosely strung together as they are, I should not have presumed to claim the attention of the "general reader" on their behalf but for the hope that they may cast a glimmer of welcome light upon a phase and period of Northern Academic life as interesting as it is unfamiliar.

Every student, on entering the "University and King's College of Aberdeen," was expected to profess the Reformed Religion, and to devote no inconsiderable portion of every day thereafter to the reading of Scripture, the singing of Psalms and Paraphrases, public and private prayer, and attendance at various religious meetings and ordinances. Rising at five in the morning, he had to appear at morning prayers at six in spring and seven in winter. In later years the hour was advanced to eight. Evening prayers were held at six o'clock, and absence therefrom was followed by pecuniary or even corporal punishment. On Sundays there was additional drill. Each class met in its own room, under its own master, sometime in the afternoon, and the unfortunate Bursars were utilised in turn to start the singing and to lead in prayer. Those who were unable to "take a dexterous part in public prayer" without the help of books, were permitted to use the appointed forms in the liturgy. At each of these Sunday services alms were collected for the poor.

Then, as now, the Session began late in October or early in November. If a bursar failed to present himself on the opening day, he was fined sixpence per day during the

first week, and one shilling per day during the second week. If still absent by the beginning of the third week, he forfeited his bursary. It seems, however, to have been no uncommon thing for the Magstrand (*ie.*, fourth year student) to set the authorities at defiance and risk the prospects of his admission to the degree by turning up about the middle of January and going home again at the end of March. The vacation proper began in May, but was frequently postponed until the end of June. On his return to College, the student had to produce a certificate of good conduct from the minister or Presbytery in whose district he had spent his holidays.

As to the course of study itself, it may be described as made up of the Greek and Latin classics, with Rhetoric, Logic and Dialectics, Moral Philosophy or Ethics, Physics, and Astronomy. Almost every one of these subjects was dominated by the influence of Aristotle. The teaching was entrusted to so-called Regents, three or four in number, each of whom conducted the studies of a class in all the branches of the curriculum during the whole four years from matriculation to graduation. Progress was tested by *vivâ voce* examinations upon the notes, or comments on the text-book dictated by the teacher. But the stress was laid on disputations and declamations in various forms. Before the Regent, "the classes were divided into companies, who met apart and conferred and debated among themselves daily. The students were occupied, altogether, six hours a day. Then the higher classes were frequently pitched against each other. This was a favourite occupation on Saturdays. The doctrines espoused by the leading students became their nicknames. The pass for graduation consisted in the *propugning* or *impugning* of questions by each candidate in turn. An elaborate Thesis was drawn up by the Regent, giving the heads of his philosophy course; this was accepted by the candidates, signed by them, and printed at their own expense. Then, on the

day of trial, at a long sitting, each candidate stood up and propugned or impugned a portion of the Thesis ; all were heard in turn ; and on the result, the degree was conferred." Many of these Theses are preserved in the University Library. "Some of them are very long—a hundred pages of close type. They are our best clue to the teaching of the period."¹

Very interesting are the glimpses we obtain of the domestic life of the students of two centuries ago. The considerations that led the authorities to insist upon every student living in college are curious reading nowadays. I quote them from an "Abstract of Some Statutes and Orders," drawn up by a former Principal of King's College, of which the only copy known to be extant is now in the Library of Monymusk :—"As it hath been found by experience that the late Practice of students lodging and eating in private houses in different parts of the town, is attended with many inconveniences ; they being by that means less under the Eye and Authority of the Masters, having less access to their assistance and that of their fellow-students in the prosecution of their studies, being exposed to many temptations from low or bad company, being moreover for the most part badly accommodated both in Lodging and Diet, and losing a considerable part of their time in going and returning to their Lodgings, which are often at a distance from College : therefore the Masters have decreed that for the future all the students shall lodge in Rooms within the College and eat at the College Table during the whole Session."

There were three qualities of accommodation in the college buildings. A room and a closet "of the best sort, with a bedstead in each," might be rented for sixteen shillings sterling per session ; a room and a closet of the second sort for about twelve shillings ; while the rent of a room with one bedstead was never allowed to exceed seven

¹Professor Bain's Rectorial Address to the Students of Aberdeen University, 15th November, 1882, reprinted in his *Practical Essays*.

shillings. If the tenants chose to spend the vacation in residence, they had their rooms for that time rent free.

Rising in the morning, as we have seen, about five, *ad tintinnabuli sonitum*, the student's first duty was to "make the bed," sweep the chamber, fetch water, and, generally, be his own housemaid. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that two men-servants were engaged to relieve them of part of such menial work. No student was allowed to have his doors bolted before ten at night, in order that the Masters might have ready access to his rooms and inspect his behaviour. By eleven o'clock all fires and lights had to be extinguished, and everybody in bed. To prevent any possibility of accident in the night-time, a servant was employed to ring one of the great bells at two in the morning, and then go round all the rooms and passages to see that nothing was wrong. What purpose the ringing of a bell at such an hour can have served I cannot conjecture, unless it was to inform the rudely-awakened student that he had still three hours of sleep before him.

A student is nothing unless he is well fed, and the students of the olden days had certainly nothing to complain of in the way of diet. In order that it might be "wholesome and good, at an easy rate, and be regularly and decently served at Table," the Masters each year contracted with an economist to supply a weekly bill of fare for breakfast, dinner, and supper, both for the first and the second table. At the beginning of the session, every student had to intimate to this economist at which table he intended to sit. Those who sat at the first paid for their board £2 15s 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d sterling per quarter; those who sat at the second paid £2 sterling. Both tables were served in the same room, and the economist was head waiter, assisted by "a number of other men-servants of good behaviour and qualified to serve." It was the duty of the bursars to ask a blessing and return thanks. If the College accounts do

not mislead me, the victuals really deserved all the eloquence the bursars could command. For breakfast there were white bread and oat-bread "for saps," eggs, salmon, haddocks, and unlimited quantities of milk and ale; dinner usually consisted of a plentiful supply of broth, fish, flesh, and fowl; while, at supper, even the hungriest of appetites might reasonably be satisfied with bread, lamb, chops, eggs, salmon, milk, ale, and *partans*. Conversation was freely permitted at table on subjects *honestis, jucundis, utilibus*, but never in the "vulgar tongue."

The recreation allowed the students, while varied enough to satisfy even the requirements of to-day, was very much a matter of routine. They had to attend and leave off every game at sound of the bell. Three times a week, weather permitting, one of the masters escorted them to play on the links between dinner-time and four o'clock, and back again to the College. While thus engaged, they wore caps and cloaks instead of the usual gowns and hats. Golf and shinty and football were favourite games. In the latter case, the Bajans, or junior students, enjoyed the doubtful privilege of providing balls for all the other classes. Archery, too, was practised, within the College precincts probably, as we read of "neighbours" complaining from time to time of arrows going over the College walls. Some of my readers may be surprised to learn that among indoor amusements billiards (or, bulliards, as it was called) held a prominent place. It was under the especial patronage of the Senatus, who supplied the necessary appliances in a room of what is now known as Cromwell's Tower!¹ Betting was strictly prohibited, and so were all games—*Indi illiberales*—such as dice, which "feed the lust for money, and give more room to chance than industry."

Punishments were in vogue to an extent that we can scarcely realise nowadays. They differed in severity

¹ Under the name of *biles* or *bylis*, the game of billiards is supposed by many good authorities to have been played in Scotland as early as the fifteenth century.

according to the heinousness of the offence, as well as the "disposition and age" of the offender. Whoever carried swords or daggers on his person had them forfeited. Whoever was absent from the class, from prayers, &c., without valid excuse; whoever was late, inattentive, or unable to repeat the lesson; whoever conversed in any language save Latin, Greek, or Hebrew; whoever frequented bad company, or indulged in swearing, obscenity, or scoffing at religion; whoever fought with feet, fists, or stones; whoever treated his superiors disrespectfully, was punished by reproof, or fine, or the birch, or, as a last resource, by *e collegio exterminatio et exclusio*. A fault in a bursar was doubly heinous, and accordingly he enjoyed a monopoly of two curious modes of punishment. For disobedience, he was compelled to wear a white leather belt over his black or tawny gown; for neglecting to wear his gown and hat in the hall, in class-room, or in church, he was deprived of breakfast, dinner, and supper for the first offence, of two days' food for the second, and for the third offence he was expelled. Even the student of Theology was subject to the penal code. If found guilty of encouraging the growth of a beard, he had to remove the nuisance within three days on pain of excommunication!

My notes would be very incomplete indeed if they included no reference to a curious institution which existed in Aberdeen in the 17th century, and which vividly illustrates the convivial tastes and habits of the students of those days, and the extraordinary length to which they were sometimes carried, in spite of rigid statute and rigorous discipline. The institution in question is described in Watson's *Comic Scots Poems* (pub. 1706-11) as a cozy little tavern, kept by one Peter Butter, and much frequented by students, especially those of Marischal College. They nicknamed it the *Collegium Butterense*, "as affecting to consider it a sort of University, supplementary to, and necessary for, the completion of the daylight one, where their friends understood them to be attending. Here

drinking was study, and proficiency therein gave the title to degrees. Even for admission there was a theme required, which consisted in drinking a particular glass to every friend and acquaintance one had in the world, with one more. Without these thirty-nine or more articles being duly swallowed, the candidate was relentlessly excluded. On being accepted, a wreath was conferred, and Master James Hay, by virtue of the authority resting in him under the rules of the foundation, addressed the neophyte." Here is part of the *Formula Lauream Candidatis Dandi In Collegio Butterensi* :—

“ Postatem do tibi que
 Compotandi, bibendique,
 Ac summa pocula implendi,
 Et haustus exhauriendi,
 Cujusve sint capacitates,
 E rotundis aut quadratis.
 In signum ut manumittaris,
 Adornet caput hic galerus,
 Quod tibi felix sit faustumque,
 Obnix comprecor multumque.”

But no specimen of the wit of this “fluid University,” as Dr Chalmers, calls it,¹ is equal to a *Catalogus Librorum in Bibliothecæ Butterensis*, to all external appearance a dry list of learned books, while in reality comprising the whole paraphernalia of a tavern. Among the works are :—Maximilian Malt-Kist, *De principiis liquidorum* ; Bucket’s *Hydrostatics* ; Findlay Fireside, *De circulari poculorum motu* ; Barnabas Peer-Glass, *De lavando gutture* ; Constantinus Chopinus, *De philosophicis bibendi legibus*, 12 tom. The reputation of this ancient “Collegium” survives in the familiar nickname, “Buttery Willie Collie,” which urchins still fling at the red-gowned student, as he wends his way through the Spittal of Old Aberdeen.

In the preparation of these brief notes, I have, of course, been indebted mainly to the *Fasti Aberdonenses*, edited by the late Cosmo Innes for the Spalding Club. A

¹ Domestic Annals of Scotland, III., pp. 230-33.

still larger mine of information will be opened with the publication of the second and concluding volume of the *Fasti Academicæ Mariscallanæ*, entrusted by the New Spalding Club to the competent editorial hands of its secretary, Mr P. J. Anderson. With material so abundant at command, is it too much to hope that by the time our Northern *Alma Mater* celebrates her quater-centenary in 1894, an historian will be found to do for her (but in a less ponderous sort of way) what the late Sir Alexander Grant has done for her younger sister in the South?

THE SOCIAL LIFE AND LITERATURE
OF THE BORDERS.

BY DR AITKEN.

PART I.

BY the Borders are meant the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Dumfries, and Selkirk, and from their proximity to England they were the scenes of incessant struggles and forays between the peoples of the two countries. Like the Highlanders, also, the Border people were divided into septs and clans, stated (I believe without good authority) by Scott to number 18, and in the rolls made up after the Statute of 1587 classified according to the marches. There were also foraging and riding clans, who attached themselves to some of the great families, to whom they did service, and who became security for them; and in addition a class of men called *vagabonds* or broken men, who had to find security to submit to the law, and whose adventures form the subject of some of the most striking ballads. The real Border man, indeed, belonging to this class "said and imagined that to pyll and to robbe, all things considered, was a good lyfe." With all this, however, he was faithful and true to his superior, ready for any and every adventure. Such a man, in fact, as Scott has represented William of Deloraine in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

But this life of insecurity and lawlessness, brightened into one of adventure and romance by the genius of Scott, had long since passed away, and the audacity and boldness of the moss-trooper had been succeeded by the calm and peace of pastoral life, by the beginnings of those industries, now forming the chief wealth of many of the border towns, whilst the people had passed through periods of trial in relation to their deepest convictions, or devotion to a fallen

race. From the time, however, of the Union of the Crowns, and as they became less dependent upon the chiefs for protection, and the chiefs required their assistance less in personal feuds, raids into the sister country, or in their following in war, a marked distinction arose between the upper and the lower classes. The time of peace, however, had in no way injured the character of the Borderer, and the energy, boldness, and devotion he had displayed in more troublous days had, in throwing him back upon himself, made him more self-reliant, patient in the struggles of his daily life, faithful and elevated in character. The distinct individuality of "the rustic character," Cunningham truly says, "arose, in fact, from the wrecks of feudal jurisdiction."

The social life of the two classes was, therefore, markedly distinct at the period with which the lecture deals. The Scottish gentleman of this period was distinguished for hospitality and kindness. He spent his time in attention to his estate, in golfing, curling, shooting, and fishing in their season, delighting in the more perilous amusement of leistering salmon, so strikingly described by Scott in his "Guy Mannering." During the winter he turned his steps towards Edinburgh with his family to listen to the concerts in St Cecilia's Hall, which Lord Cockburn thought the most beautiful concert room he had ever seen, or he attended the assemblies in Buccleuch Place or George Street, at which "every couple had to be provided with a ticket prescribing their exact place in the dance, at the end of which the lady was presented with an orange by her partner."

Unfortunately, the enjoyments of the gentry were not always so harmless. It was an age of *conviviality*, and it required presence of mind and hardness of head to venture on the enjoyments of the table, to judge from the description given by Lord Cockburn of an entertainment in the Vale of Gala towards the end of the century. "In a wretched ale-house," he says, "at Heriot, I found twelve or

sixteen members of the aristocracy of Mid-Lothian assembled. They were roaring and singing and laughing in a low-roofed room scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. . . . There was plenty of wine, particularly claret, in rapid circulation on the table. . . . a huge bowl of whisky punch, the steam of which was almost dripping from the roof, whilst the odour was enough to perfume the parish. Myself and my friends were called and made to partake, and were kindly used, particularly by my uncle, Henry Dundas. How they did joke and laugh! With songs, and toasts, and disputations, and no want of practical fun. I don't remember anything they said. . . . but the noise and the heat and the uproarious mirth, I think I hear them yet." A companion picture to this will be recalled by all who are familiar with Burns' Works in the song of "The Whistle," when the scene terminated more disastrously. When ladies were of the company matters were more subdued. To family dinner parties, I have been told by one who knew the Border well, the ladies rode over on ponies with their husbands, and dined in their riding habit; the dinner being at two o'clock. Whilst on state occasions they were transported in the family coach, the matron gorgeous in satin, and the daughters in dress and appearance resembling the cluster of beauties represented in Orchardson's well-known pictures, *The Queen of Swords*, and *The Social Eddy*. It may also be mentioned that ladies going to church rode on ponies, carrying their bonnets, silk stockings, and shoes with them, and attired themselves in a room attached to the stable.

Looking more narrowly, however, into the social life of the period, I take for my guide the diaries, and day-books,¹ of one who mixed much with the society we have been dealing with. The entries commence at the Rebellion of '45, and come down to the end of the last century, so that

¹ Day-Book, William Ogilvie of Hartwoodmyres, residing at Branksome Hall, Commissioner for the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord Napier.

they may be accepted as safe guides throughout the period, and contain information regarding the most intimate details of the writer's domestic life from the subscribing of his marriage contract and the presentation of two rings to his wife on that event, to the price of the commonest item of household necessities. A commissioner on two of the largest estates in the south of Scotland, he can be traced in his daily life and work. In regard to his dress he appears to have been particular, and there are frequent references to the prices of the various articles composing it. Thus, a frock-coat and silk vest in 1780 cost £3 16s 6d ; for making a coat and vest the tailor, in 1774, charged 10s 3d ; for a pair of silk stockings he paid 14s ; for cotton stockings, 4s 9d ; for cotton gloves, 2s ; for a hat, £1 ; for a pair of shoes, 5s 6d ; for a wig, 14s. The expense of provisions as recorded in the MS. is much the same as that given by Dr Somerville in his memoirs. Thus, a stone of beef cost 4s 4d in 1764 ; and there seem at this time varieties of tea, for in 1764 it cost 8s per lb., the same as when Dr Russel went to Yarrow in 1791 ; in 1763, 5s, and in 1761 4 lbs. cost 18s. Cheese in 1747 was 9s 4d per stone, and in 1745 3s. Brandy was about the same time 2s 6d per pint. One fact mentioned by Dr Somerville¹ I am, however, inclined to think doubtful. Thus, he states that he does not recollect potatoes, introduced into Yarrow some years before 1745, being planted in a field before 1760 ; whereas I find in the day-book the following entry under 1759:—"3 women 4 days at potatoes, 2s 6d," which at least indicates that the cultivation of this vegetable was more advanced in the neighbourhood of Hawick, where the writer lived, than in the district of Jedburgh, as so much labour could scarcely be required for a mere garden. Even down to the beginning of the century potatoes were rare, and at this time it has been mentioned to me, that in Galloway, as a reward for any message performed, a child was offered a choice of an egg or a potato.

¹ "Life and Times," p. 330.

It is said by Dr Somerville (p. 335 and p. 336), that furnishings were inexpensive; that amongst the lower orders wood platters were mostly used, whilst in those of country gentlemen "pewter was found, with china for the second course, the dinner hour being sometimes twelve, and never later than three. There were china tea cups and saucers. The tables were oak as a rule; but the tea tables were also made of mahogany." The best bed often stood just before the date we are dealing with in the drawing-room; hand bells were exclusively used, and the handmaids answered the bell bare-footed, shoes and stockings not being usually worn until 1700 to 1770,¹ and not unfrequently the servants were called by knockings on the floor with the heel of the shoe, or striking it with the poker. Carpets were then rare, and at one time there were only two in Jedburgh—one at the Manse, and one in the house of the Provost. Clocks were only seen in the best houses. The fire-places of brass stood quite free in the centre of the hearth surrounded by tiles, ornamented as a rule with Scriptural characters in Dutch dresses.² Turf or peat was chiefly burnt, though I find in the Day-Book already quoted,³ that at Branksome (the Border Keep celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"), coals were £1 4s 10d per ton,⁴ and even before this, though entries show that regular supplies were laid in, they were not in general use. I have been informed that at the beginning of this century nothing was burnt in Yarrow but peat, and that when a piece of coal, picked up on the road, was thrown on to the grate, the mother of the Ettrick Shepherd looked amazed when it took fire and blazed up.

But turning now to the condition of the employed, Dr Somerville tells us that in 1814 a man servant's wages was from £16 to £18, that of a maid from £7 to £8 per annum, whereas forty years before maid servants could be hired for from £1 5s to £1 10s the half-year, and a man servant for

¹ Somerville, 336, 337.

² Somerville, 337.

³ Ogilvie's Day-Book.

⁴ Ibid.

£4 yearly.¹ Ten years before that female servants were had for 10s and a pair of shoes for the half-year, and a ploughman for £1 5s. Still earlier, however, than even the last quotation, wages seem to have presented still stranger anomalies, and were scarcely in relation to the work. Thus, from 1739 to 1745, a man servant was to be had for £1, a barnman in 1745 for £3.² In the same year, for 13 days' threshing, 4s 6d was paid; in 1761, haymakers had 6d per day; in 1764, a labourer for 5 days' work had 3s, and a gradsmen (for ploughing was done by oxen until towards the end of century) £1 10s.³ All yearly servants had, along with their wages, one or two pairs of shoes costing 1s 2d to 1s 3d each, and Hogg has told us that when he first went as a herd, he had a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes as a year's wages. These shoes were made of leather tanned from horse hides, and had only single soles, so that the servants and labourers, who were always able, and possessed the tools to do so, often doubled and trebled the soles with their own hands.⁴

The fare of the peasantry was of the simplest kind. Animal food was seen on rare and festive occasions on their table, and only generally used by servants in the house of large stock farmers. Their principal support was porridge and milk, oatcake, bannocks made of barleymeal and pease flour, though the extent to which these were used varied in different districts—peasemeal bannocks being the commonest kind of bread in Roxburghshire and the Valley of the Annan, whilst in Yarrow "oatcakes and bannocks of barleymeal, with an admixture of pease, were the ordinary table fare, wheaten bread being scarcely known." It may also be noted that the pot herbs were few, those in more general use being open kail, cabbages, turnips, and carrots.

The hours of labour of the working men were long, extending from morn to dewy eve; and weary and difficult roads had to be toiled over before their work was reached.

¹ Somerville, 340, and Ogilvie's Day-Book. ² Ogilvie's Day-Book.

³ Russell's Yarrow.

⁴ Somerville, 341.

In the pastoral districts their life was one of solitude amidst the solemn silence of the hills, or exposure in the blinding snow drift, to collect their flocks in safety. Perhaps, however, no better description is to be found of the life of the classes now spoken of than in the striking description given by Mr Carlyle of his father, with his patient sense of duty and high Calvinistic feeling, going through his daily work as if a higher hand was ever over him and guiding him. This life of patient toil was varied by few amusements. The chief of these were Valentine's Eve, Hallowe'en, with its games and mystic rites, so graphically described by Burns; first-footing on New-Year's Day, shinty and football, golf and curling matches between rival glens, and penny weddings, at which a dinner was prepared with a special dish called the bride's pie. After this was partaken of, the party retired to the barn to dance, the expenses being defrayed by the company, and the surplus going to aid the young couple in furnishing.

As a rule, however, a day of labour was closed by the fireside, when the women knitted and spun, perhaps "lilted" some song or recited some of the ballads still to be collected by Scott, or they spoke of the times of persecution, of the traditions lingering in the neighbourhood, or of the great struggle for national independence. The inner life of the Border fed and lived on these, their remembrances were the Borderer's most sacred possessions. They gave him earnestness of purpose, whilst his isolated life, intensified by his love of nature—almost a passion, and prominent in every song and ballad—created around him a world of marvels. Those familiar with the Border Ballads will remember what a prominent part the Fairies play in these. The hawthorn trees under which they met were preserved. The knolls on which they held their revels were known by the ring of greener grass on their summit, and were not allowed to be ploughed up. Men had met them in "the Greenwood Shaw," with their train clothed in green, on their way to hold a Fairy Court. The fairy raid—occurring at

the beginning of summer—has been witnessed by observers standing under the branches of the rowan tree, a safe protection against them. They lived in mysterious caves, but sometimes they seem to have chosen human habitations for their residence, or to have lived in close proximity to them, and a tradition relates that, on one occasion, an old woman returning from a gossiping was accosted by a lovely boy, a fairy, who said, "Cast your dish water farther from your door-step, it puts out our fire; and may plenty abide in your household!" They were indeed courteous to those who favoured them, but bitter enemies to disbelievers in them. Their most grievous fault, however, was the stealing of human souls, and there must be few who have not seen what would formerly have been called a fairy child, startling from its beauty, and shewing intelligence far beyond its years, passing away under that disease, the blight of these islands, but which was supposed in former times to have arisen from the indwelling of a fairy soul. Their most frequent misdeed, however, was the carrying off of children, and those acquainted with ballad literature will recall the Tale of Tamerlane, and how the Queen of the Fairies kept him "in yon green hill to dwell," and will recall a somewhat similar tradition associated with Tomnahurich.

But an equally important part in the superstitious elements of the Borderers' character was played by the belief in witches and witchcraft. Horse shoes, elf-cups, stones perforated by friction at a waterfall, were placed over a stable door; branches of rowan trees hung above the entrances to byres to protect the animals against them, and maidens made use of charms, and wore necklets made of the berries of the mountain ash to guard against their unholy influence. Only the other day in travelling along one of the Border lines of railway I passed a knoll, one of the trysting places of the witches, in which they held their Sabbaths, and some lines yet remain of their gathering hymn, worthy to be placed side by side with the incantation song in "Macbeth." Tradition also tells, according to

Cunningham, that the Moss, extending from the meeting-place just mentioned to the Solway Firth, was once an arm of the sea, but that a proud swell of the Halloween tide having swept away many of the steeds on which the witches rode to the Sabbath, the so-called Gyre Carline, the Mother of Glamour, was so provoked that, baring her withered arm, she stretched over the sea her rod of power, and turned its high waves into a quagmire.

Another class of beings who played an important part in Border superstition were "the Brownies"—beings supposed to live in trees, or old and ruinous castles, and were generally attached to old and virtuous families. They were generous to a degree, sought no reward for their labours, chiefly consisting in thrashing out of the harvest during the night, and were offended if tasks were prescribed for them or presents offered. Of this imaginary existence Hogg, deeply imbued with a love for whatever was marvellous, made a striking use in one of his best tales, "The Brownie of Bodsbeck."

Occupying, however, more fully the inner life of the Borderers were still higher emotions, the result of profoundly devotional feeling, of a religious nature, the stern rigid doctrinal teaching in which their lives were formed, and the memory of the fiery test of faith through which their ancestors had passed. This is not the place, and it would take too long to point out the influence of the Covenanting traditions on the national life, but it is not too much to say that the men who struggled, to use their own bold expression, "for Christ's Crown and Covenant," contributed much to secure to succeeding generations freedom of thought, of speech, and of worship. The remembrance of this struggle still lies, like a fitful shadow, over the Borderland. In every county testimony was borne to the faith of the people. On every lonely moor a spot is still pointed out where some leader preached to his flock at the risk of his life, or where some martyr died. Even

within the memory of the writer the remembrance of this struggle was a reality, and influencing the minds of a generation then passing away, and he can recall with what vividness the sister of one of the best Border singers used to entertain her youthful listeners around the fireside with an account of Dalziel and "Bluidy Claver's" raid into Moffatdale, and her earnest prayers that we would never forget these men.

It was under such influences as these, then, that the Border men grew up, who were to find their highest utterances in song, and there can be no doubt, as already remarked, that their severance from the outer world gave their efforts an intensity and reality which instilled into their ballads and songs that power so strikingly exemplified in "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "The Flowers of the Forest," and "Lucy's Flittin'," and gave them that abiding pathos which so truly touches the heart.

From the list of Border singers, however, I must exclude the greatest name in Scottish song, Robert Burns, though in his poems he has made use to some extent of the elements which make up so much of the life of the Borders; yet still, to him they did not stand in the same relation, and were used for purposes of grotesque effect rather than from conviction. Burns, also, was rather a poet of "the living present," a poet for those in the full flush of life and enjoyment. He was, also, essentially a man of modern thought. He had lived always within the influence of the highways leading to the great centres of population in the country, and he knew every shade and variety of society, and natures like his are touched by the impulse of their time, and the hopes of human advancement. He had been caught, like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, by the "wild pulsations of the social strife," gathering in strength and turbulence in a neighbouring country, and his strongest utterances have, therefore, been in accordance with progressive ideas. He was

in every sense a child of the century, and this, with the tenderness, the passion, and the energy of his verse, have secured to him that powerful hold on his countrymen that he continues to possess. More pathetic, however, than even his most touching poem is his life, but it can not be told here. He died on July 21st, 1796, affectionately tended by his wife, and it is only a few years ago, and within a few hours of each other, that the last two survivors died who had seen the long procession move slowly onwards towards the last resting place of the poet, and one of whom had heard the awkward squad fire over his grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE
DR CAMERON, BRODICK.

BY "FIONN" AND OTHERS.

I N our review last month of Dr Cameron's *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, we quoted two stories which brought out some characteristics of the worthy doctor. We may at once say that we owe these stories to our good friend "Fionn," who knew Dr Cameron well. "Fionn" has sent us some further reminiscences, which we here reproduce, with one or two further anecdotes. And first we may quote the two excellent stories given in our review upon Mr Whyte's ("Fionn's") authority.

Dr Cameron was possessed of a keen and quiet, if at times sarcastic, humour. In a casual conversation one day, "Fionn" said to the doctor: "Your friend, Mr So-and-so, is teaching Gaelic in the So-and-so College this Session." The doctor rejoins: "Teaching Gaelic! Oh, is he? When *did he learn?*" And this, too, about a quondam candidate for the Celtic chair! His sense of accuracy almost amounted to a disease. Of this Mr Whyte relates the following amusing incident:—Some years ago a Glasgow printer had an article from the doctor's pen in type and corrected, when he received in the forenoon a telegram ordering the deletion of an apostrophe after a particular Gaelic word. In the afternoon a telegram again arrived from Brodick, which read: "Stet apostrophe deleted this forenoon."

I met him, writes "Fionn," a day or two after the Committee appointed by the S.P.C.K. to translate the Scriptures into Gaelic had been nominated; and I asked him if he had noticed the names on the Committee. He made me repeat them; and he seemed after each name to take the full measure and capacity of the individual for

the work ; and after I had named them all, his remark was, "Oh yes, it will be the *worst* Bible we ever have had."

On one occasion he went to assist a Communion in —— (I know the place, but it is not necessary to name it). It was arranged that Mr Cameron was to take the Gaelic service, beginning at 11.30. After breakfast, Mr Cameron went out for a short walk before the hour of service. He reached a wood close by, and, sitting down at the root of a shady tree, pulled an old Gaelic MS. out of his pocket. He got so absorbed in the MS. that he forgot the Church service ; and the pastor of the congregation, after waiting and waiting, had to ascend the pulpit himself, and he was half-way through the service when Mr Cameron came in peching and sweating.

When he taught the Gaelic class in the Glasgow University, he was invariably late of arriving, and wonderful were his excuses to the class when he came in, '*na fhuil's 'na fhallus*. "Gentlemen,—I'm so sorry ; I took the wrong car, and was taken past my destination ;" or "I got so absorbed in the lesson for the day, that I quite forgot where I was till the car stopped at Partick."

Dr Cameron had that enthusiasm so necessary to a teacher, but was too anxious to be *absolutely* correct to impart even what he might have given as correct. He would write down a word or phrase on the black-board, then stand back and examine it critically for a few seconds, and then say, "Yes, gentlemen, write that down," and then all of a sudden he would exclaim, "Just wait a minute, gentlemen, till I consider this apostrophe," and then he would give a lecture on this particular apostrophe till the hour was up. *Am bheil* or *a b'fheil* was a favourite theme of his, likewise *gu'n*, "not *gu-n*, as Dr Clerk writes," he would add with a smile. His examples for correction were always taken from the writings of some one—whose name he did not always disguise. How he delighted to have a fling at Drs Clerk and Maclauchlan's Bible, and how he would smile when he would show how ridiculous the

mistakes were! He also liked to have a fling at poor St Clair, who translated (?) the Queen's Book, and saddled it with a grammar.

On one occasion, when teaching his Gaelic class in the University, he made reference to the *Celtic Review*, a number of which was then long overdue, remarking that he hoped it would be out at Christmas, when a voice shouted "*which* Christmas?" The doctor smiled and said—"I am quite as anxious as my young friend to have the *Review* out, but I have to do it all myself."

In the early volumes of the *Gael*, says "Fionn," there is a sharp controversy between Dr Cameron and D. C. Macpherson ("*Abrach*"), and I remember that in his parting shot D. C. M.P. said there was no use continuing the controversy as "A. Cameron never can yield," quoting a line from the song, "The March of the Cameron Men." Mr Cameron happened to see a proof of this letter some time he called on the printer, and he smiled when he came to the quotation, and said, "That's very neat—very good indeed—but I could say a good deal in reply yet." If I recollect well, the cause of the controversy was a translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" by Dr Cameron, which is in the *Gael*:

His criticisms of the performances of other Gaelic scholars were usually severe—justly, though not judiciously, severe, one may say. Hence Dr Cameron was credited with a cantankerous and uncharitable spirit, which was very far from being the real character of the genial, kindly, and abundantly hospitable personage whom one met in the Brodick Manse. He used to tell, with some reproachful wonder, how he was misunderstood. The following is a story he told himself. He had a controversy with Campbell of Islay, the famous folklorist, once about accuracy of M.S. reproduction. Afterwards, when the appointment to the Celtic Chair was under discussion, Campbell was asked his opinion as to who was the most suitable candidate. "Oh," said he, "I suppose it is that censorious cleric at Brodick!"

The technical character of his Gaelic work tried the patience of the victims of his criticisms as well as of his public audiences. Shortly after the Celtic Chair was given to its present possessor, Dr Cameron delivered a lecture to the Edinburgh University Celtic Society, which is one of the largest and most influential of students' societies. His subject was "Eclipsis," an important feature of Irish and, to some extent, of Scotch Gaelic. Professor Mackinnon was in the Chair, and Dr Cameron told his audience that "Professor Mackinnon's appointment was no disappointment to him." The lecture was considerably on its way, and Dr Cameron was for some time out of touch with his audience, which failed to follow the technicalities of his subject, and which, like his ordinary Sunday audience, could not set themselves to sleep. A student audience is no easy matter to handle at the best. The present audience was clearly getting out of hand; the premonitory "ruffing" and shuffling of feet began, and continued until the lecturer reached a crisis in his demonstration, where he triumphantly declared his results. A burst of applause—ironical in reality—followed; and Mr Cameron, mistaking the signs of impatience for signs of approval, said, with beaming and charming simplicity, "If you don't quite understand that point, I will just go over it again." A burst of combined Homeric and Nineteenth Century laughing followed this naive statement; the audience fairly "rolled" with amusement. The lecturer, however, finished midst great good humour.

The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

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Rev. Dr MASSON, Author of "Vestigia Celtica."
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JULY 1892.

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MONTHLY



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WILLIE GILLIES.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the time for Mr Greaves's visit arrived I was from home. It was an oversight of mine not to tell Willie and my housekeeper to entertain the expected guest, if, to use a legal phrase, he put in an appearance. Of course, I forgot it; and a strange forgetfulness it was. Eppie, that is my housekeeper, says it was what might have been expected. I differ from her entirely, but hold my tongue, because she is ready to overwhelm me with other proofs that I cannot gainsay. Eppie can cook a nice dinner and keep a house uncomfortably tidy, but she gives reins to her tongue, and lectures her master, as she thinks, for his good, but, as he feels, to his great annoyance. Her logic is peculiar—such a thing is so, because it must be so, that is the invariable summary of her argument. She never forgets and makes mistakes; never. I wish she would, because it would stop her inuendoes and muttered satire. Why is it thus? The woman is much older than I am, and gossips a great deal; one would, therefore think she would trip occasionally.

But, alas! such is not the case. She annoys me so much sometimes, that were it not for two reasons I would part with her, and try to get a quieter person to keep the house. The first reason is that my sister-in-law thinks much of Eppie, and, indeed, I confess she does her work well, and is strictly honest and faithful. The second cause is a queer one—I think her sharp, critical, puckered phiz is a kind of mentor to keep my memory awake. I do not understand the *rationale* of my forgetfulness. In youth I was noted for sharpness of memory; now I am a laughing-stock to my relations and to my servants, and feel anxious and nervous when out among strangers, as well as in my little study, lest I commit ludicrous blunders. Yet, in spite of all this, I am confident that my powers of recollection are generally as strong, nay stronger, than when I was twenty years of age. My memory never was stronger, I repeat it, but it has become more rebellious—it has mastered my will. Perhaps if I had been immersed in middle life, in any business requiring concentration of mind, my will would have mastered my errancy. Length of days, experience of life, and reading, multiply the photographs laid up in the chambers of the memory. When the store is scanty the presiding deity has no difficulty in getting the proper slide under the stereoscope. The task is made more difficult by the multiplication of stores. Memory must then proceed by a system of classification based on contrasts, resemblances, and associations. When one's will is strong he can make memory deny her nature and proceed on the principle of arbitrary selection, that is of keeping at hand the slides illustrative of a particular calling or business, and banishing the rest to the lumber-garret. When the will is weak, that is when purpose does not master the memory, it works in its natural way, and will not put at once the single slide under the stereoscope, without being followed or preceded by the rest of the series—stretching, as it were from the creation to the crack of doom.

If the preceding paragraph convinces me that I have stumbled on a true explanation of my apparent lapses of memory, I am afraid it gives the reader an illustration of the dawdling forgetfulness of which my friends accuse me. "Let us return to our sheep," as the French say—I believe the absurd proverbial expression was taken from an old comedy, in which a shepherd was one of the interlocutors. I was not far on my journey when I recollected my omitting to tell Willie and Eppie that a stranger might be expected. I made all despatch I could, but did not get home till three days after the tryst. It was Saturday night, and I feared if Greaves called he would have left before my arrival. I was much annoyed by this thought when I drove "Jess"—that's my mare—up to the stable. Willie and Tommy came out with a lantern. I thought to myself, "the boys will tell if he has been here, and, if not, I need not mention anything about him." Will unharassed "Jess" without any remark, but Tommy no sooner placed the pail of water before her, than he broke out like a hurricane—

"Oh! uncle, who do you think we have with us? Come, say quick, like a good uncle."

"Perhaps your mother."

How is it that when people expect to hear something pleasant they wish to postpone the announcement by elaborate trifling?

"Perhaps the wandering Jew" (the scamp mimicked me. "No," (great assumption of importance) "it is Willie's uncle. He is so jolly, and is to give us ponies to ride on and fishing rods—but I am afraid he will take Willie away altogether.")

The boy's face fell; I was glad he showed some sensibility. Willie rubbed the mare's smoking flanks assiduously—I saw by the light of the lantern that his face was flushed. I put my hand on his head, and asked him how he liked his newly discovered relative.

"Very well, he is kind and offers to help me, if I follow advice."

“And you will follow his advice, my boy?”

“Perhaps, after I have seen my mother. It is so strange—I do not understand why he seeks me now. My mother seldom spoke of her family. But he says that you know him and—and—”

I understood perfectly why Willie did not put the question he wished to ask. I sent Tommy away on some errand, and then spoke to Willie seriously.

“My lad, don’t let slip the chance that fortune offers you. I do know your uncle, and can assure you that he is a worthy man, albeit somewhat peculiar in a few things. From him I learned that his sister made a marriage of which he disapproved.”

“There never was a better man than my father,” said Willie, with the blood rushing to his face and his eye kindling.

“I do not question it. Your uncle, as I tell you, is a peculiar man, but you must not turn your back upon him because he and your father were estranged. Worthy men have strong prejudices; if your uncle and father had known each other better, they would have been better friends. Without saying a word derogatory to your deceased parent, I do not affirm that William Greaves had not some cause of complaint against him for running away with his sister.”

“Did my father and mother do such a thing? I can hardly think it.”

“Nonsense, Willie, why, old as I am myself, I do not know what I would do if a bonnie lassie loved me and I loved her, and her friends demurred, although her equal in everything but fortune.”

It was the pressure of the occasion that forced me to use these unguarded words. I certainly spoke what I thought was true and proper; but then it is dangerous to let youths suppose that their seniors approve of irregularities which are not excusable—at least not profitable for society—unless when justified by singular stretches of parental

and family authority. I wished to make Willie see the estrangement between his father and uncle in its proper light, that is as a misunderstanding that might happen between very worthy men without leaving any remnant of feud. Willie remained silent. I continued,

“Supposing your uncle to have been very wrong, he is entitled to a *locus penitentiae*. When I was his guest, and before he knew that you were here, he spoke words which showed that he longed for family affection. He is a prosperous man, but lonely amidst his prosperity. When I accidentally mentioned your name, he questioned me in a manner that left no doubt as to his intentions, provided he liked you on further acquaintance. I guessed that he was your uncle, but left it to him to reveal himself. It was well that I was from home, and that you knew nothing about him when he arrived. The acquaintance formed without restraint and premeditation is the best foundation of friendship. The fact of his having acknowledged the relationship speaks well of what is to come. Did he tell you who he was when he arrived?”

“No; he said you invited him, and that he would stay for your return. We tried to entertain him as best we could. It was yesterday he told me suddenly, up at the Duchray farm, that he was my uncle, and asked many questions about my mother, Kate, and George. Tommy was present. I cannot help it, but I liked him better before I knew he was my uncle. He is so dictatorial, and spoke so slightly of ministers with large families and nothing for them, that I would rather fight alone than be helped by him.”

“There now—don’t ride the high horse of pride. You and your friends have too much love of independence to be sensible or pleasant people. You need not look so defiant. It is a fact. Uncle and nephew are cut much after the same pattern. It is, however, the duty of the young man to be tender towards the faults of the aged. Willie Gillies, my friend, my companion, my younger

brother—for notwithstanding the difference of years, and want of kindred blood—you have been all that to me since Justinian introduced us, this is the tide in your destiny that ‘taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’ Remember how much it imports your mother and her younger children that you should receive in a friendly, even submissive spirit, the well meant advances of your uncle, who has come to search you out, and to see what you are like, and on being satisfied with you, to acknowledge you as his nephew and heir. You imitate the injustice that you condemn in him if you disown him—yes, disown, for at his age it is a greater loss to him than to you if he fails to gather round his lonely hearth a group of loving relatives.”

“If he were not rich, I am sure—”

“You would like him? Now that pride of yours is sinful. If he were poor you would feel obliged to help him—since he is rich and you are poor—don’t wince—I say since you are poor he is bound to help you, and you must accept his help. You will like him better on acquaintance.”

“In many things I do like him much. He is rough, frank, and manly. I would be proud of him if he spoke kindly of my father. It is so sudden. I feel the whole thing strange yet, but I will try to respect my kinsman, and not disoblige him if I can help it.”

“That is a right resolution. But preserve me! is Mr Greaves waiting for us inside, while we stand chattering before the parlour window?”

“Oh, no,” answered Willie, laughing, “as I mentioned, we went with him, Tommy and I, yesterday to Duchray’s farm, and called on the laird, who pointed out, with much boasting, his new improvements. He knew my uncle as a successful breeder, and wished for his favourable opinion. But if the laird is proud of his system, so is my uncle of his own. It was funny to hear how they disputed. Yet they parted very good friends, and my uncle has gone to dine at the house to-day—they’ll fight their battles over again, so one cannot tell when he may return.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM GREAVES came to the cottage rather late, and frustrated with wine and disputation. He slapped Tommy on the back when he opened the door, and asked loudly if his uncle had come home. The affirmative reply was couched in a sulky tone, for Tommy, much as he loved noisy demonstrations, did not exactly reciprocate the vigour of friendship expressed by hearty thumps from others. "I am glad to hear it"—shouted my undaunted guest as he entered the room. Willie received another thump, and I had to endure a grasp like a blacksmith's vice. He seated himself on the chair opposite me, and *suo more*, commenced a rattling conversation on farming.

"Yon was a grand article (I had, according to promise, written for the *Agricultural Journal*). "Odd, it has made hundreds open their eyes a little. Almost every second one at the tryst was speaking of it. I am much obligated to you, and so is posterity for putting it in black and white. Could anybody believe it? The laird up there prides himself upon his farming, and he has never tried on his moors surface draining to this blessed hour. He asked my opinion of his model farm, and I gave him what he little dreamed of. Deil seize on these men of old blood, and all that humbug; since backgoing tenants and beggar creatures too lazy to work, and who, therefore, should be hanged at ae tow's tail, bare their heads to them, and give them blethering thanks, do they think that the whole world is to shut eyes and to groan amen to whatever they take it into their heads to say. We had a dour battle, but I conquered the laird, and crammed your article down his throat, without butter to ease the swallowing. Ha, ha! it was like offering the test to the old Covenanters. But he did swallow it, for all the faces he made over it."

I expressed satisfaction at his making converts.

“Converts!”—he exclaimed, striking the table with a heavy fist—“it is easy to make converts when folk find that conversion will fill their purses. My light was under a bushel till you removed the bushel. It was a lucky day for the farming interest when your shadow darkened my door, and it was lucky for me and some one else besides (he winked at Willie), but of that we’ll talk anon. Come, you young smaiks, off to bed. Early to bed, early to rise—besides, we have more to talk about than is needful for you to hear.”

The lads looked at me, and seeing that I signified approval, bade us good night and retired. I was greatly amused at the surprising coolness with which my friend made my house his own. I was not offended, because I knew he was not doing but as he would be done by. I fell into a contemplative reverie regarding conventional morals, and was reasoning myself to the conclusion that the loss the established code occasions to truth and honesty counterbalances its convenience and decent hypocrisy, but before the question was half self-argued Greaves recalled me to recollection of the breach of hospitality I was committing towards him by absent-mindedness.

“What on earth do you see in the fire that you look at it in that way! You don’t seem to care much for your guest. To be sure I took you a bit by storm, yet I hoped you would not take that amiss. I declare if you do not wake up, and tell me I am not intruding, I’ll away to the inn, and say you are but a summer friend.”

I apologised and was forgiven. He drew his chair nearer and spoke in lower tones, as if imparting a deep secret.

“I am thinking of what is to be done with my nephew. You may guess I have been taking his measure. Truth to tell, I think I dealt over hard with the lad’s father. You see it was this way. George Gillies was a distant relative of ours. His father was a thriftless creature. George, however, was a lad of mettle. He learned fast at school, got a

college bursary—a poor affair, fifteen pounds a year, which he eked out by teaching Edinboro' shopkeeper's bairns at spare hours. Well, by that time, my father was dead, and my brother had run away to be a soldier—he did not live long enough to be bought off. I was the head of the family and was soured because my brother had so mis-carried. But Kate was my pet from the first, and I was prouder of her after my brother's loss than before. In pure charity to Gillies I always invited him to come and live with us in college vacation, which he did, and made himself worth his keep too, for he was too proud to be lazy. A well-to-do farmer cast his eye upon Kate, and, like a fool, spoke to me first instead of to the lassie. Aye, if ever you go a-courting get the good will of the woman before you speak to the friends. You're laughing. Well, don't take it to yourself, I was only putting, what is it you call it?—a general proposition. I thought the farmer a likely offerer, and told Kate, never expecting opposition, to prepare for her bridal. But she put her finger in her eye and made such a face over it that I relented. Thinking what could be the matter, I questioned her a bit, and found out her secret. She had promised herself away to George Gillies, a penniless student without hope of soon getting a kirk. I had reason to be enraged, and I told her plainly that if she did not marry agreeably to my will, she would, under our father's will, forfeit her right to the few hundreds left to her. The upshot was that she gave me the slip one night, and I kept my word. Still her small tocher has been a millstone about my neck. I confess I should not have kept my wrath so long, and will now make atonement to my sister and her bairns."

"Well?"

"My sister and the two younger bairns will live with me. This lad, Willie, must be helped to make his own fortune. It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes—I may change my mind and leave my gatherings to others, at anyrate, I will not call him my heir; it would ruin him;

every one that does not work for his livelihood should be hanged; and deil a ne'er-do-weel, but one who proves himself worthy of it, shall get my lands."

"I think you are quite right, and assure you Willie is so independent—"

"Oh! I ken all about it. He's a right good fellow, or I never would have put myself about for him. I won't speak of his father's runaway doings again if I can help. He did flare up when I tried him on that head. Well, I like the young colt's spirit. Had he been a sneak, he might float or swim for me. However, let's come to the point. He must neither be a lawyer, minister, nor guager, if I am to befriend him. The first are devil's imps, the second are poor as church mice, and the third—why, I would rather break stones on the highway than do the king's dirty jobs. He has no inclination to be a sailor; as for soldiers, they are locusts that eat up honest men's gains—lazy and proud beggars that ought to be hanged, if we could do without them."

"You mean to make him a farmer then?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you how. There is abundance of waste land in that new Australian colony; what do you call it?—Queensland. Were I young I would try my hand there. Let Willie go instead. I ken one of the large squatters who is making a mint of money. We shall put Willie in his hands to train; for, you see, I can't. My system would not do so well in these outlandish places as at home, yet it's not amiss that he should take your famous article with him. If Jock Turner gives him a good character, I'll lend him cash on your security, as I only wish to have a hold over the youngster, and he is set up for life. I leave you to make the proposal to Willie. I'll have nothing to do with him if he refuses."

There was no necessity for the threat. I was quite mortified at the alacrity with which Willie accepted his uncle's proposal. Greaves never lost time in carrying out his resolves. I released Willie from his engagement. He

and his uncle went together to visit Willie's mother. Willie was despatched by the first ship. The widow sold the furniture of her cottage—it cost her a tear to part with portions of it, which acquired sacred value from the association of ideas—and removed, with her two remaining children, to her brother's house. I called on Greaves regularly once a year. He was happier than when I knew him first, and much more lenient to the failings of others. Willie obtained a "run" for himself in the second year of his exile. What was better, he regularly remitted instalments of the money lent him by his uncle. Eighteen months ago the loan was fully repaid, and then the uncle remitted back the entire sum—a couple of thousands—to Willie, with a piece of advice respecting the way of increasing his flocks and herds, and an assurance that he—the uncle—was satisfied the nephew was not one of the gulls that waited for dead men's shoes, and that for their laziness and spendthrift habits ought to be hanged. The sending of this letter to his nephew was nearly the last deed of William Greaves. At the commencement of last winter he caught a coid, which he neglected at first, and which, before a month's end, laid him with his tathers. I was named one of the executors, and was present at the reading of his will. The document itself was drawn up by a lawyer, and gave and bequeathed, in the fullest legal style, the landed estates to Willie, and the bulk of the personal property to the two younger children. Old and faithful servants were liberally remembered, and injunctions laid on the heir—injunctions even under penalty—not to turn some favourite shepherds, who understood "the system," adrift. Two codicils, in the deceased's handwriting, dated after the commencement of his last illness, were appended. The first made a bequest of a sum of money in the Long Annuities, for the free education of poor children in the parish school. They were directed to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the outlines of agricultural science from any book suitable for the

purpose, and specifically from an article that appeared in the *Agricultural Journal*, on blank date. The teacher was enjoined to drill them well in their Bible and Catechism, and to show that all persons, "sound in lungs and limbs," who did not earn their own livelihood, "ought to be hanged."

The second codicil was very short. "Kate to have her money absolutely at disposal when twenty-five years of age. She ought then to have some discretion, and girls are not such great fools when they know that before they are old maids, they may marry whom they will."

Willie is expected home, and it was to while away the time that I wrote this sketch, in the year of the Lord, 1865.

[THE END]

CAUGHT IN A FORD.

“ Oh ! Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee !
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came up and hid the land,
And never home came she.”

THE expressive and pathetic lines quoted above were suggested to me by an experience I had last year in the ford between the Islands of Benbeculæ and North Uist. It was in April, and I was driving from South Uist to Lochmaddy. It was my intention to be at the latter place on a Friday to catch the mail boat that left about noon the same day for Skye. Important business demanded my presence in Portree on Friday evening, and in order to be in Lochmaddy in time for the mail boat, it was necessary that I should drive through the ford at low water on Thursday night. This I determined to do. I left Creagorry Hotel about midnight with a pair of horses, and made for the ford, which was about three miles distant. My driver was a powerful young man of many years' experience in the ford, and in him I had implicit confidence. The night was clear and starry with a stiff breeze of westerly wind, but there was no moon. When about half-way between the hotel and the ford, one of the horses, which was rather restive, took fright at some dark object by the roadside just as we got to the summit of a slight ascent, and in spite of the combined efforts of the driver and myself to check them, the infuriated animals rushed down the hill at a terrific rate for about a quarter of a mile.

It was only when one of them got his hind legs behind the cross-bar that we were able to bring them to a standstill. On alighting, we discovered that the pole of the carriage was broken, and the carriage itself partly damaged. After some difficulty we released the horses, which we found, after examining them as well as the darkness permitted, uninjured. What was to be done now? The carriage had, of course, to be abandoned, and it seemed as if my only alternative was to walk back to Creagorry, which was by no means an agreeable one. The driver, however, told me after a few minutes' consultation with him that about a mile and a-half farther on, and close to the ford, there was a small inn, where I might probably be able to procure a dogcart to drive me across to Carinish in North Uist, where a carriage was awaiting me. So shouldering my luggage, which consisted of a portmanteau, a small hand-bag, and a heavy rug, I walked to the inn, which I reached about one o'clock on Friday morning. The inmates had all retired to rest, but the persistent application of my hazel stick to the door compelled the landlord to appear in a short time. I explained to him my mishap and my eagerness to push on immediately, and to my great delight he promised to have his dogcart at my disposal in about half-an-hour. He invited me inside until his driver was ready, and on my accepting his invitation, he conducted me to a small, but nicely furnished, room, where he told me I might, if I smoked, have a pipe to wile away the half-hour that must elapse before he was ready to drive me across the ford. Acting on his suggestion, I produced my cigar-case, and lighted the *only* cigar remaining. At the time promised, the innkeeper made his appearance, and told me that his driver was now ready, and that I had no time to lose, for now the tide was flowing for nearly an hour. I immediately took my place in the conveyance, and after bidding a hearty good morning—for it was now half-past one o'clock—to my host, I found myself being driven at a rapid rate along a road that was by no means an even one, and in a

few minutes there stretched out before me what seemed to be an interminable stretch of sand. This was the north ford. On a small rock in this ford I was destined to pass that night. But before continuing my story, I must give a description of the ford, which was the scene of the adventure I am about to relate.

The north ford, so called to distinguish it from the south ford, which separates South Uist from Benbecula, is a stretch of sand lying, as I have said already, between Benbecula and North Uist, about four miles broad, and intersected by several deep channels running east and west. These channels are formed by the force of the current during the flowing and ebbing of the tide ; they are seldom, if ever, actually without water, and I have seen at least one of them—the Gramsdale ford—with a depth of three feet even at low water. The depth of water also varies owing to the occasional shifting of sand. The deepest of these channels, and the one to be most dreaded, is this Gramsdale ford, which is near the Benbecula side. A line of stones embedded in the sand indicates the proper, and, indeed, the only safe course across the ford ; for an inexperienced traveller is not only in danger of attempting to cross where there is too much water, but he is also in danger of getting among treacherous quicksands unless he keeps close by the stones. Owing to the constant shifting of sand, the stones are, however, often completely hidden from view, and then only a very experienced person is able to find his way safely across. In the middle of the ford are several small islands, many of them mere rocks wholly covered with water when the tide is in. One of the islands, Grimisay, is inhabited, and has a population of about two hundred. During the flowing tide, and when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea rushes in from the Minch in the east, and from the Atlantic on the west, with great speed, and at high water attains a depth of ten or twelve feet. I should have stated that the stones placed in the sand to guide the traveller are not laid

in a straight line—the track, generally speaking, is a semi-circular one, with the convex side to the east, so that at night the wind or stars afford little or no help; they are, on the contrary, very misleading. I may add that adventures in this ford, similar to that I am about to relate, are not at all uncommon, and they are sometimes, though fortunately rarely, attended with fatal results.

I have said that we—the driver and myself—left the inn at Benbecula about half-past one o'clock. I have also said that the night, or rather the morning, was clear and starry, with a fresh westerly wind blowing. We discovered the guiding stones easily enough, and all went well until we crossed the Gramsdale ford. Soon after doing so, however, we lost sight of the stones, but expecting to find them again before proceeding far we continued our journey for about half-a-mile over an unbroken plain of sand, but without seeing either stones or any other object which would enable us to ascertain whether we were going in the right direction or not. By this time I observed that the night was no longer clear, for the stars were not visible, and a heavy fog was gradually rolling in from the Atlantic. Still we continued our journey at a smart trot, feeling no uneasiness, as we hoped to be able to retrace our steps if necessary to Benbecula, which was still visible through the darkness and fog, though gradually becoming less distinct. In a few minutes more we came to a group of scattered rocks, which the driver carefully examined, but which he failed to recognise. We wandered among these rocks for some time endeavouring in vain to find out our whereabouts. The driver then suggested that we should proceed, and he confidently remarked that we were undoubtedly going in the right direction. So proceed we did. It struck me at this time that we kept too far to the left, or in a westerly direction (for I had often before now crossed the ford by day, though never by night), but assuming that the driver was conversant with all the turns of the ford, I made no remark. Subsequent events, however, proved that my

suspensions were only too well founded. We had not advanced far after this when the driver expressed his inability to proceed farther without the stones to guide him. I hinted that we had better return to Benbecula, to which he consented, adding, as he jumped out of the gig, "that he would have a look round" in the hope of ascertaining where we were. The next moment he had disappeared. I took the reins and patiently awaited his return.

I was now left alone in charge of the horse, and my mind naturally reverted to my peculiar, not to say dangerous, position. I had often read and heard of adventures—many of them tragic enough, that had befallen persons similarly placed as I was, and stories of such adventures now rushed through my mind, causing a peculiar sensation which was not altogether devoid of fear. I looked in all directions for some indication of our locality; but what was my consternation to find that the fog had hidden every object from view, and that nothing was visible but sand on all sides; indeed, the fog and sand seemed so blended together that it was impossible to distinguish the line of demarcation. Not a star was to be seen, nothing but that grey mass that every moment gradually narrowed my range of vision. Our position was critical in the extreme. Here we were somewhere about the middle of the ford, with the tide coming in for the last two hours. Even now to cross the channels would be attended with considerable danger, and in another half hour they would be impassable. I saw that something must be done, and that immediately. The driver had not yet returned. I looked for him, but in vain. I whistled, softly at first; no answer! I shouted, but there was no response!! Oh horrors! had he lost his way on the sands, and wandered so far that he could not hear me? I again shouted at the top of my voice, and my anxiety was soon relieved when I heard a responsive shout in the distance. In a few minutes my man made his appearance, with the

discouraging tidings of his failure to find any mark to indicate where we were. And now another difficulty presented itself. The horse, getting impatient of standing still so long, made several ineffectual attempts to go forward during my driver's absence, but failing in this he commenced to walk round in a circle, and by the time the driver had joined me the horse had completed several revolutions. The result was that we lost our bearings completely, and it was as difficult to go back as to continue our course to Carinish. All around was one dense, impenetrable—at least to the eye—mass of fog. However, something must be done, and it was proposed to retrace our steps if possible.

When we left Benbecula and till we crossed the Gramsdale Ford the wind was on our left, but as we followed as closely as we could the curved course indicated by the stones, we gradually turned round till by the time we had lost our way the wind was in our face. This latter fact we had now forgotten, and, remembering only the direction in which the wind blew when we entered the ford, we commenced our backward journey keeping the wind nearly in our face, but a little to the right. A minute's consideration will enable any one who is acquainted with the ford, or who has closely followed my description of it, to understand that we were now heading nearly due west towards the Atlantic. On we went, however, at a good trot, for the horse was still fresh. The fog was very dense, and though we both strained our eyes looking in every direction, we could distinguish nothing. I asked the driver if he thought we were proceeding in the direction of Benbecula, and he replied he had no idea where we were, or where we were going. From an occasional remark he made in Gaelic, I inferred that he was getting somewhat alarmed. So giving him a few words of encouragement, though my own feelings were by no means to be envied, I advised him to urge the horse on, for on looking at my watch with the aid of a lighted match, I saw it was later than I had expected. It

was half-past two o'clock, and I knew that even then the Gramsdale Ford was too deep. To recross it was, however, our only chance. We continued at a brisk rate for about ten minutes longer, anxiously peering through the fog in every direction in the hope of seeing land, but without success. Another circumstance now increased my uneasiness, and that was the marked disinclination which the horse shewed towards the direction he was compelled to take, for he made several ineffectual attempts to turn to the left. I was on the point of drawing the driver's attention to this when splash! the horse plunged into water. At the same time I saw a large black mass of water, with its white crest easily visible through the fog, rushing towards us; and the driver exclaiming in Gaelic—"A Thighearna! se tha so an cuan" (My God! this is the ocean), turned the horse right round at the same moment that the wave broke over us in a cloud of spray. The driver now lost his presence of mind completely, and for the first time I myself fully realised the extreme gravity of our position. Here we were perhaps miles from a place of safety with the flowing tide rushing in with great velocity. Our only hope of safety lay in immediate action, but what was to be done! We had no idea where we were nor in what direction we were now to go. A bright thought struck me, and one that we should have acted on before now. I asked the driver if the horse had often been through the ford, and if he were likely to find his way home if left to himself. The reply to both questions was in the affirmative, and the horse, prompted by a few lashes of the whip, bounded forward at a smart gallop. But alas! our hope of safety, raised for a moment by our confidence in the instinctive knowledge of the horse, was but short-lived; for I remembered that even should the animal endeavour to return to Benbecula, the Gramsdale Ford was far too deep, for the splash of the horse's feet told us that the tide was rapidly rising even on the higher sands, and that it would in a short time cover the whole expanse. Our only chance was to

get to one of the islets or rocks in the middle of the ford, and for these we kept a sharp look out. Meanwhile we were going at great speed. It was a race for life or—death! We might at any time plunge into one of the deep holes or channels with which the sands abound, or even worse still, we might be swallowed up by quicksands, from which we could never extricate ourselves. Or, avoiding these dangers, were we to wander in the ford feeling the water rise gradually higher and higher until the horse, unable to battle with his invincible enemy any longer, would succumb, and then——? Still on we went through the thick grey fog, and the splash, splash, of the horse's feet warned us that the water was getting deeper and deeper. And in what direction was the horse proceeding? We knew not. And still we urged him on, on, no matter where, only somewhere, for our danger was every minute becoming more imminent. And we could hear the roaring of the rising waters on all sides like the roar of a hungry lion in chase of its prey; and the wild and weird screams of the sea fowls as they, too, kept pace with the dark waters, seemed to me like the laughter of demons rejoicing in our destruction. And in the midst of these discordant sounds, which filled me with a kind of superstitious fear, could be heard the whiz of the driver's lash as it sharply cut the air in its descent to the flanks of the noble animal that, as if conscious of the danger that threatened us, seemed to exert every muscle in his body. How long this race continued I know not. It could not have lasted more than ten minutes, but to me it seemed an age. At last I perceived a dark object away to the left, and directing the driver's attention thereto, I told him to drive towards it. In a few minutes we had reached it, and our joy may be better imagined than described when we found it was a rock evidently high enough above high-water mark to afford us a place of safety. We plunged through a sheet of water that, to the depth of about three feet, surrounded the rock

unyoked the horse, led him up to a place of safety, dragged up the machine, and prepared to pass the night on the lonely islet.

My first act on getting to the rock was to place two stones, one on the top of the other, in the spot where we landed, that when daylight came I might ascertain where we had been wandering for the greater part of the time we passed in the ford. From this mark I afterwards learned what our movements, which I have already partly described, had been. Instead of returning south to Benbecula, as we intended, we had proceeded in a westerly direction towards the Atlantic, and it was into this "ocean," as the driver exclaimed, we had plunged. From information I have since received from men who know the ford well, regarding the extent of sand uncovered by water at different stages of the tide, I conclude that we must have been about a mile and a-half west of the rock on which we ultimately found safety, when we encountered the sea running in ; and as the rock was at least half-a-mile again to the west of the guiding stones, we had wandered away about two miles altogether over the sandy waste from the true direction.

On getting to the rock I wrapped myself up carefully in a heavy rug I had with me, and lay down in the shelter of a large stone. I knew that we were perfectly safe from the encroachment of the rising tide, and I tried to sleep, but in vain. The roaring of the waters, the screaming of the birds, and the sighing of the night wind "murdered sleep." I lay there for a long time listening to these sounds as they mingled together and varied from time to time in pitch and intensity. Worn out by the exciting events of the night, I felt at last dull and sleepy, and I was congratulating myself on having successfully wooed the drowsy goddess when a deep snore near me made me turn round to see the driver, lying a few yards from my lair, sleeping soundly. The faithful fellow had covered the horse with the only rug with which the conveyance was provided, and he now

lay quite uncovered with one end of the rein tied round his arm to prevent the horse, which stood a few feet from him, from running off without, at anyrate, giving warning of his intentions. I could not help envying the youth sleeping so contentedly in such a situation. But his snoring became intolerable, so I got up and walked backwards and forwards, for I felt chilled. I produced my whisky flask and found it empty, and I at the same time remembered that I had the previous evening emptied my tobacco pouch into that of a friend who had travelled a part of the road with me. I awakened the driver, and asked him if he smoked and had any tobacco, and in reply he produced from what was evidently a very deep receptacle in his trousers a long piece of black "twist." I filled my brier pipe, and I am bound to say that, though a great lover of the weed, I never enjoyed a pipe as much as I did that one.

The wind soon increased in force, and the fog was gradually rising. The grey light in the east indicated the approaching dawn. After the lapse of about half-an-hour, there was light enough to enable us to distinguish land on both sides of the ford. This was about five o'clock. It would not be high water till half-past eight, and we could not attempt to leave the rock for four hours more. Sleep was now out of the question, so I wrapped myself once more in my rug, lay down under my former sheltering rock, and watched the tide rising gradually higher and higher, covering one part of the rock, on which we had taken refuge, after another. I perceived several gulls hovering over the sands, and occasionally pouncing down on a sand eel that was rash enough to expose itself. These gulls always follow in the track of conveyances crossing the sands, to pick up sand eels that may be dislodged by the wheels or the horses' feet. Slowly and wearily the hours passed till it was high water, and almost immediately the tide began to ebb. About nine o'clock a small boat, containing three men, sailed past,

going towards North Uist. Owing to the violence of the storm, and the difficulty the boatmen would encounter in effecting a landing on the rock, we showed no signals of distress; but the men had seen us, and a few hours afterwards, while we were still imprisoned in the ford, they reported our safety in Lochmaddy. At length, about noon, the horse was once more yoked, and we slowly wended our way across dry sands and through deep channels, till we set foot once more on *terra firma*. I telegraphed from the first telegraph office we came to for fresh horses to meet me from Lochmaddy, and in an incredibly short time I had the satisfaction of seeing a carriage approaching at full speed. My luggage was soon transferred to the new conveyance, and having paid my former driver—my companion in the ford—and having “tipped” him with an extra coin with which to feed himself and his now jaded horse, I made enquiries of my new man regarding the mail boat, for which I still hoped to be in time at Lochmaddy. He told me that, considering the stormy character of the day, there was a possibility of my being in time. The promise of a handsome “tip” had the desired effect, and we dashed along at the rate of about ten miles an hour. When within a mile from Lochmaddy, we observed the steamer sailing slowly to the pier. A few more cuts of the whip, and in a few minutes we dashed down to the pier in grand style. Yes! there was the mail boat at the pier; but a porter had cast loose one of the ropes, and a second porter was in the act of loosening the other rope. I shouted, but every one seemed as deaf as a door post. The last rope was thrown off, a bell sounded as the captain signalled “Full speed” to the engineer in the lower regions, and the steamer sailed away towards the open sea, leaving me standing on the pier gazing sadly after it.

D. M.

THE SOCIAL LIFE AND LITERATURE
OF THE BORDERS.

BY DR AITKEN.

PART II.

SOME few months after the death of Burns, one of those half-witted lads, who lived by moving from farm to farm, and acted as "the special correspondent" of the period, carrying, as they did, the news from glen to glen, found a shepherd lad lying on the hillside, tending his sheep, with somewhat rude writing materials before him. This was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. In the course of their conversation, the wanderer—like those of his class, never in a hurry—repeated to the shepherd, "Tam O'Shanter;" and the vivacity, the realism, the power of the poem, so struck Hogg that he determined his every effort should be turned to filling the place of the man whose power affected him so much. From that moment appears to have come the ambition, expressed by him in a letter addressed to his great friend and constant adviser, Mr Laidlaw, eleven years afterwards. "I am even persuaded," he wrote, "we will see a monument; may God help me, I'll not see it, but that you will see it—a monument erected to my memory in Ettrick, as high as you or me." Of the struggles Hogg had to overcome before he obtained the position he aspired to, it is impossible to speak in detail; but few have realised more fully than he the truth of the lines, written by another Scottish poet, now almost forgotten—

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has waged with Fortune an eternal war!"

Fortune, indeed, in a worldly sense, never smiled upon Hogg, notwithstanding the care of the kindest and most watchful friends. The money he made by his literary works was lost, from his too optimistic views and rash farming speculations. Even the kindness and consideration of the Duke of Buccleuch, who looked upon the wayward poet, as he expressed it, "as a legacy from the Duchess," one of whose last requests was that something should be done for the *poet*, could not save him from difficulties, and his last efforts were directed to redeem his position by the publication of a new edition of his works, but which, like all his speculations, proved unsuccessful.

With barely six months' education, which he lost running wild among the hills as a herd boy, a very Flibbertigibbet in appearance, at eighteen he again taught himself to read by poring over Sir William Wallace and the Psalms, and by making letters on the large flat stones on the hillsides, he recovered the little knowledge of writing that he formerly possessed. This he ultimately perfected, by carrying a few crumpled sheets of paper, and an ink bottle attached to his buttonhole, copying out his poetic efforts as he lay watching the sheep. Writing, however, at this time—though he afterwards, from letters I have seen, learned to write a fair hand—was evidently an effort, and he has left, with that openness of confession so characteristic of him, confident that everything in connection with himself was interesting, a somewhat ludicrous account of his pursuing the art, "by stripping off his coat and waistcoat, like one preparing for a desperate deed, and squaring his elbows for the feat." Kind and generous friends, however, encouraged him at Blackhouse, where he had now passed to the dignity of a shepherd; and with these sympathetic companions, the shepherd lad was undergoing a still higher education from his surroundings, rich in legend and song, and gifted with a strange melancholy beauty, which those who see it never forget. The poetic instinct was quickening into life. Everything around him

was being transformed. He had become, to quote the great reflective poet of the century—

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth : of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what we half create
And what perceive.

Or, as Hogg has expressed it in his own simple, beautiful language :—

The bard, in Ettrick's mountains green,
In Nature's bosom nursed had been ;
And oft had marked, in forest lone,
Her beauties on her mountain throne ;
Had seen her deck the wild wood tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea,
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain ;
By golden mead and mountain sheer,
Had viewed the Ettrick winding clear,
When shadowing flocks of purest snow
Seemed grazing in the world below.

But it was not the ever-changing face of nature that Hogg was making himself familiar with at this time. He was becoming equally acquainted with each shade of the many-coloured life of the Border people. No one, indeed, can read his tales, rough and unpolished as is their style, but must feel their truthfulness, their vigour, and their realism. The cause, indeed, of the real strength of the best of them, such as those contained in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, he has himself explained. They are, in fact, transcripts of the life he saw around him. "The greater part of these tales were written," he says in his autobiography, "in early life, when I was serving as a shepherd lad among the mountains ; and on looking over them, I saw well enough there was a blunt rusticity about them, but liked them better for it, and altered nothing." The instinct of Hogg in this respect was superior

to the judgment of his critics, and it is the very qualities which he has indicated, which, with all their defects in a literary point of view, has kept them alive.

It is, however, more as a poet than as a prose writer that Hogg is best known, and will continue to be so—though in both species of composition he has been a voluminous author. He has boasted, with his usual frankness, of his rapidity and fertility of production. It is certainly also not a little astonishing to find, as he himself says, one “wholly devoid of education, and in a great degree . . . delivered from every advantage in life, and possessed only of a quick eye in observing nature,” producing in seven years no less than fifteen volumes, many of which were of considerable merit, and one of such poetic quality—the *Queen’s Wake*—as to entitle it to a prominent place in the literature of the country. This fertility, considering his original life and education, makes Hogg indeed a unique character in literature, and in many respects undoubtedly a greater marvel than Burns himself. It was, however, the cause of the chief fault of Hogg’s productions, whether in prose or in verse—their *prolixity*. Not a few of his works are disfigured by this defect, and, notwithstanding all its beauties, it extends even to his best poem—the *Queen’s Wake*—a series of lays supposed to be sung before Queen Mary, on her arrival in this country. But there is this to be said for Hogg—this blemish, as in many writers, is not the defect of weakness, but the result of conscious power and fulness, as is best seen in his ballads. Of all men, Hogg had certainly the gift of song, crude and untutored though its utterance sometimes was. He had a delight in singing, and there is a joyousness in his verses and a freshness which never forsakes him. The very making of them was to him a delight, and though his literary adviser “often remonstrated with him” on the necessity of revisal, and he was often, he says, afraid of losing his countenance altogether, “I still held fast to my integrity.” That Hogg, however, with early training, might have been a highly-

polished poet, is evidenced by four of his really most beautiful poems; but his Tribute to the genius of Shakespeare, his Verses to the comet of 1811, the poem entitled, "The Dweller in Heaven," worthy, as Mr Howitt says, of the noblest bard, and his Ode to the Skylark, by far the most beautiful poem ever written to that bird, of all others dear to the British poets—

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
O'er the cloudlet dim,
O'er the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloamin' comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

With the fault of prolixity, Hogg, as an imaginative writer and poet, possessed other defects, which may be briefly indicated. He had no power of constructing plot, little in depicting character, and his verse is sometimes wanting in dignity. But, throwing aside these defects, those who can appreciate true poetry will find in him real enjoyment. Hogg had a love of country, and of his own Border-land, which always comes home to the heart of

every man of true and earnest thought and feeling. Every place to him in his own district, however insignificant, was dear. Every glen, every stream, every haugh and hill, had its association, and were to him filled with the history of some raid, or connected with some ballad or legend. To this must be added a deep sympathy with whatever was most beautiful in the daily life of the people, and a keen sensitiveness to the ever-varying moods of nature. The blending of these feelings in his mind in perfect, yet unconscious harmony, has given, undoubtedly, with all the faults already indicated, that ease, grace, and surprising simplicity and music to his verse, so characteristic of it. Like most men in his position, his genius first took a lyric form, and to him we are indebted for not a few of the best songs in the language, such as "The kye comes hame;" and this district has an especial interest in Hogg, as he has written not a few of the best Jacobite songs, originally printed in his most interesting work, "The Jacobite relics," such as, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Charlie is my darling," "Flora Macdonald's farewell"—instinct with the enthusiasm and regret of the Prince's most devoted follower. Still more striking, however, than his songs are his ballads. The spirit of the older of these he had been familiar with from his earliest years; his mother had "crooned" them to him as a child, for she held they ought to be sung, and were spoiled by printing. It was in visiting her, under Mr Laidlaw's guidance, in collecting ballads for the Border "Minstrelsy," that Scott first made the acquaintance of the Shepherd, and that friendship was formed which, notwithstanding all the waywardness and the unreasonableness of Hogg, was to continue until the death of the "Last Minstrel." Of the ballads written by Hogg it is impossible to give quotations from their length, but they possess all the strength, directness, weirdness, and tenderness of the originals of which they are imitations; and it has always seemed to me that, though they want the skill in construction, they breathe more of the ancient spirit than Scott's, with all their great

merits. It is, however, in whatever is weird, or, to use his own expression, "gruesome," or associated with fairy lore, that Hogg exercises his most powerful fascination. Scott was always deeply impressed with the opening of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," and "Gilmanscleuch," and there are few things more startling than the commencement of the story of Mary Burnet, or the diablerie associated with the fate of the Bishop in "The gude grey cat." It is curious, also, to note that this love of the marvellous and weird was hereditary, and had existed for two generations before it reached Hogg; for Will O' Phaup, his grandfather, was the last person in Ettrick who saw the fairies. Hogg's daughter, Mrs Garden, also tells us, in the very interesting Life of her father, how fond of hearing stories he was as a child, and how his mother kept her children quiet by tales of knights, fairies, and brownies, and the impression made by these upon his mind shews that they haunted him in his shepherd world, and has been exquisitely described by himself—

All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart :
A wildered and incessant flame,
A something that's without a name.

Will O' Phaup, it is possible, may have been the last person in Ettrick to see the fairies, but it was certainly his spirit that dictated the poems of Hogg, in which these little beings appear, and references exist to them in nearly half of his poems. Of all fairy tales, however, in whatever language, surpassing even the exquisitely ethical story of Undine itself, is the legend of Kilmeny, the tradition of a young girl, who for her purity has been transported into the land of spirits, and bathed in the river of immortal life. It is by far the most beautiful of Hogg's poems, and I do not know that I exaggerate when I say it is one of the most exquisitely musical and beautiful poems in the language.

This reference to Hogg, however, would be incomplete without some account of his personality, and this is all the

more necessary from the misconception of his character contained in the once celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ," though I think the wit of the Noctes now seems vapid, and their fine writing somewhat stilted. In fact, reading these works now one is inclined to wonder they left the impression they did. It is difficult, indeed, to characterise the audacity with which Hogg was treated, and it was unjustifiable in men like Lockhart and Wilson so to treat him, whatever Hogg's conduct may have been, or however his vanity may have shown itself. They were his friends, and he was attached to them with all the warmth of his irregular and impulsive nature, and they repaid him by making him a source of amusement to the public. To Lockhart, with his dandyism and his cynical nature, we can understand how the somewhat untutored manners of Hogg were so objectionable, but he designated him The Hogg, which the Shepherd retaliated by describing him as "a mischievous Oxford Puppy," though at the same time he tells us, with his usual candour, how he dreaded Lockhart's eye, whilst he mystified him about the articles in *Blackwood*, regarding the authorship of which Hogg had been too curious, and, in despair, he adds, "that before I left Edinburgh, when visiting there, I was accounted the greatest liar in it *except one*." The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" were, indeed, a poisoned barb to Hogg, whatever the biographer of the principal authors may say about him enjoying the fun. Writing to Sir Walter Scott, he says—"I have a written promise from ——— dated 19 months back, most solemnly given, that my name should not be mentioned in his Magazine without my own consent. Yet you see how it is kept, and how again I am misrepresented to the world. I am neither a drunkard nor an idiot, nor a monster of nature. Nor am I so imbecile as never to have written a word of grammar in my life. I do not mind so much on my own account, but there are others' feelings now that I am bound to regard above my own, where the wounds

afflicted by such assertions rankle with so keen a smart that I am unable to allay them, and this part of the business I cannot endure"—[To Sir Walter Scott from Hogg, Altrive Lake, Oct. 3, 1821]. To his family they were a source of pain, and it was indeed apparently only when the chief authors saw him thoroughly roused that they expressed their regret, each in his characteristic way, for the liberty they had taken with his name; and a letter written by Sir Walter Scott, in reply to this I have quoted from, with a consideration for all parties, seems to have tended not a little to bring about a friendly reconciliation. The once-famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ" certainly do not convey a correct idea of Hogg. Naturally of a happy disposition, he brought cheerfulness into the houses he visited, for he had tales and farmers' gossip for the older members, and songs and the fiddle—on which he played fairly—for the younger members, who hailed with delight his arrival. Pleased at the notice taken of him, his animal spirits often led him into such gaucheries perhaps as that recorded in the "Life of Scott," though it is possible Lockhart may have made the most of it, for he never liked the Shepherd. That his manners were brusque is undoubted, and in the forgetfulness of his excitement he would start up, and tap a lady on the shoulder familiarly. Or he might express himself as he did when first introduced to L. E. L., who was looking perhaps as described in Lord Beaconsfield's "Home Letters," "the very personification of Brompton—pink satin dress, and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair *a la* Sappho." Looking down upon her, Hogg exclaimed, "I've said mony hard things of you; I'll dae sae nae mair. I never thocht you were so bonnie." Or he would commit such a breach of the proprieties, in his admiration of a man, as he did in asking Professor Wilson to dinner without an introduction—"When no other shift was left, I sat down and wrote a note, telling him I wished much to see him, and, if he wanted to see me, he might

come and dine with me at my lodgings. He did so, and I found him so much of a man after my own heart, that for many years afterwards we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder when I was in town." That he was simple is evident from the story told of his discussing with Wilson his poem of the Isle of Palms, which he had reviewed. The reviewer, however, had experienced a difficulty—the hero and heroine had been sent on their voyage without provisions—and until he had an explanation of this from the author he could not rest. At last he was able to do so, and was satisfied with the reply—"You see, sir," said Wilson, "they may have had bread and cheese in their pockets without my taking the trouble to mention it in my poem!" "Faith," said Hogg, "I daresay you are right; but do you know, the thought never struck me, man." Of his vanity no better illustration can be given than his declaration, which so offended Wordsworth, that the display of Aurora Borealis which he witnessed from the Terrace at Rydal Mount was a triumphal arch in honour of the meeting of the poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and himself. Such anecdotes as these, or the description given of the Shepherd in "high jinks," as described by Lockhart in "Peter's Letter's to his Kinsfolk," or Robert Chamber's Life, were mere effervescences, and did not betray the real character of the man. Thus, Mr Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of English Poets," says:—"After the Prints I had seen of him, I was quite amazed to find him so smooth, well-looking, and gentlemanly a person." Mr S. C. Hall, a shrewd and keen observer of men, was also surprised when he saw him. "He was rustic," he says, "without being coarse, not attempting to ape refinement to which he was unused, but seemingly perfectly aware all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right;" and in a charming work, Dr Russell's "Reminiscences of Yarrow," a highly favourable opinion is expressed of Hogg. Similar to men of his temperament, he was much

like the society he was associated with. It is, at least, true that his character as represented in the *Noctes* should be thrown aside, and that Hogg should stand out as he really deserves, and as Professor Veitch has so aptly said, "as one of the Scotchmen of the truest, finest native genius, filling a place in Scottish poetry which is unique, and as having done certain things which no other has done so well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

By WILLIAM MACKENZIE

III.

I WILL now pass from Incantations taken by themselves to the class of Charms where the aid of Amulets was called in, and commence with the

AIRNE MOIRE, OR VIRGIN MARY NUT.

This nut has been for centuries prized in the Hebrides as an amulet of great value. Martin, in his "Western Islands," mentions several of the virtues it was believed to possess. He calls it a "Molluka Bean." Pennant also refers to it as a native of Jamaica, carried by the rivers to the ocean, and thereafter by winds and the Gulf Stream to the Outer Hebrides.

The name "Airne Moire" has been variously translated "Kidney of Mary," and "Virgin Mary Nut." No doubt, the word *airne* generally means "kidney" now; but in old Gaelic we have *airneag*, "the sloe." The word also occurs in old Irish, and Mr Whitley Stokes translates *arni cumrae*, in the life of St Bridget, in the Book of Lismore, as "sweet sloes."¹

These nuts are of various colours, but the one most prized has the cross indented on its sides. I have in my possession one mounted with a silver cross. It was duly blessed by a cleric—*Pears Eaglais*—and was believed to be possessed of great virtues. It used to be worn about the neck, just as the scapular is worn at the present time; and every one who thus carried it was believed to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary. She guarded him from

¹ *Batir imda ubla 7 arni cumrae isin cill hisin.* (Abundant apples and sweet sloes were in the church).

evil courses, led him on the right path, and saved him from various calamities, such, for instance as a sudden death—*Bas obann*.¹

While it was believed to afford general protection as above described, it was specially useful in the case of women in travail; and the belief in its efficacy is not yet a matter of the past. There is a tradition in Uist that on one occasion the Virgin Mary and Jesus were travelling on a stormy night. They came to a strange house for shelter. The goodwife of the house was kind and gentle, but the husband was churlish. The wife gave them quarters, much against the husband's wishes. During the night the wife was seized with the pains of labour. Her case seemed to be a critical one, and the assistance of the guests was asked for. Jesus, observing that the woman was in great danger, said—

Seall a Mhoire a' bhean
'Si air fòd a' bhais.

(Mary, behold the woman
In the throes of death).

The Virgin replied—

Seall fhein oirre a Mhic,
'Sann orra [air do] chomus a tha.

(Son, succour her thyself,
For thou hast the power).

Whereupon Jesus told the woman in travail to make the sign of the cross three times, and

A' choinneal a lasadh,
An leanabh a bhaisteadh,
'S a' bhean a bhi slan.

(To light the candle,
To baptise the child,
And that she [the wife] might recover).

¹ The above is an account of the virtues of the *Airne Moire* as told me by an Uist crofter. In St Patrick's Hymn, already referred to, we have a similar idea. The hymn, we are told in the prefatory note, is a "Corslet of faith for the protection of body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every one who shall sing it every day, with pious meditation on God, demons shall not stand before his face: it will be a defence to him against every poison and envy: it will be a safeguard to him against sudden death: it will be a corslet to his soul after his death."

The foregoing is the story as told in Uist ; and the birth ceremony as now practised is as follows :—The woman in travail takes the *Airne Moire* in her right hand, and repeats the *Ave Maria* three times. Thereafter the midwife, or other woman in attendance, takes the amulet, and with it makes the sign of the cross on the sick woman (air taobh cearr broinn a' bhoirionnaich fo 'n imleag), at the same time repeating the dialogue above given, or the following version of it :—

“ Faic a' bhean, a Mhoire,
 'Si aig fòd a' bhàis.”
 “ Seall fhein i Mhic,
 'S ann agad a tha” [’n cumhachd].
 “ Cuiribh an gin air an làr,
 'S fàgaibh slàn a' bhean.”

Translated—

Jesus—“ Mary, behold the woman
 In the throes of death.”
 Mary—“ Succour thou her, O Son,
 For thou hast the power.”
 Jesus—“ May the child be born,
 And the woman again be well.”

Lady Wilde, in her “Ancient Cures of Ireland,” tells us that if an Irish woman is in great danger of death during her confinement, and is not wearing the scapular, she must be invested at once ; and the midwife always carries one with her, ready for the purpose (page 71). It would thus appear that the scapular serves much the same purpose in Ireland that the *Airne Moire* does in Uist.

An Incantation somewhat similar to the one above given is used in the West of Ireland. I am indebted to Professor O'Growney for the following version of it :—

Dís a casadh dham, Cabhair agus Críost,
 Mar rug Anna Muire, a's mar rug Muire Críost,
 Mar rug Eilís Eoin Baisde gan díth chois' nó láimh',
 Fóir air an bhean, a Mhic ! O fóir í, a Mháthair.
 O is tú ghein an mac, tabhair gein o 'n chnáimh
 Agus go mba slán a bheidheas an bhean.

Translated—

Two persons I met—Help and Christ :
 As Anna was delivered of Mary, and Mary of Christ ;
 As Elizabeth was delivered of John the Baptist, wanting
 neither foot nor hand ;
 Relieve the woman, O Son ! relieve her, O Mother !
 As it was you who conceived the Son, take the offspring
 from the bone [womb] ;
 Deliver the woman, and let her be well.

In connection with the matter of appeals in childbirth to the Virgin Mary, it is interesting to refer to the case of Roderick Macleod, the St Kilda impostor, described by Martin, Buchan, and others. This man, we are told, taught the women of St Kilda a devout hymn, which he called the Virgin Mary's. It was never delivered in public, but always in a private house or some remote place, where no eye could see but that of Heaven ; and he persuaded the innocent women that it was of such merit and efficacy that any one able to repeat it by heart would not die in child-bearing. By means of this hymn the impostor debauched many of the women ! He was paid a sheep by every wife who learned it. A copy of this hymn would be interesting. Will any reader furnish it ?

Appeals to the Virgin Mary by women in child-bed appear to have been universal in Christian countries ; and we have an interesting instance of it in the Book of Lismore. In "Sgél an da leanabh," given in the introduction to that work, we have the story of two children—one a Jew and the other a Christian—who lived in France. The Christian child induced the Jewish child to go to the temple, and there partake of consecrated bread. The Jewish child afterwards informed his parents what had happened. They were wroth at him, and flung him into the flames [teined ar derglasad] to burn and die. He was left there till burned to ashes. On the morrow his parents found him as if in sleep. In response to their enquiries, the child replied that he was saved by the Virgin Mary ["mathair an aird-rig"], and that he was to be

a fosterling of hers thenceforward. The parents of the child became Christian. "Ocus is mor in mhirbuil do Mhuire, co nach felann bean iudaidi tuismhedh a leinimh intan bis co n-idhnuibh no gu n-aitcheann Muire"—(And [so] great is this miracle of Mary's, that no Jewish woman, when she is in birth pangs, can bring forth her child until she entreats Mary).¹

In connection with the *Airne Moire* as an amulet, I will read a few lines with regard to St Bridget, from which we see that the "Mary of the Gael" was also regarded as a great protectress. The title is "Sloineadh Bhrighde, muime Chrìosd"—"The Genealogy of St Bridget, foster-mother of Christ." The lines, which I received from Father Allan Macdonald, are as follows:—

Brighde nighean Dughail Duinn,
 'Ic Aoidh, 'ic Art, 'ic Cuinn.
 Gach la is gach oidhche
 Ni mi cuimhneachadh air sloineadh Brighde.
 Cha mharbhar mi,
 Cha ghuinnear mi,
 Cha ghonar mi,
 Cha mho dh' fhagus Crìosd an dearmad mi ;
 Cha loisg teine gnìomh Satain mi ;
 'S cha bhath uisge no saile mi ;
 'S mi fo chomraig Naoimh Moire
 'S mo chaomh mhuime, Brighde.

Translated—

St Bridget, the daughter of Dughall Donn,
 Son of Hugh, son of Art, son of Conn.
 Each day and each night
 I will recall the genealogy of St Bridget.
 [Whereby] I will not be killed,

¹In connection with this subject, reference may be made to a strange belief that prevailed in the Highlands till recent times. Pennant mentions it in his *Tour in Scotland* in 1772, and I cannot do better than quote his words. After referring to the burning of witches near Langholm, he proceeds:—"This reminds me of a very singular belief that prevailed not many years ago in these parts: nothing less than that the midwives had power of transferring part of the primæval curse bestowed on our great first mother from the good-wife to her husband. I saw the reputed offspring of such a labour, who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his uncouth and unnatural pains." *Vide* Vol. II., p. 91.

I will not be wounded,
 I will not be bewitched ;
 Neither will Christ forsake me ;
 Satan's fire will not burn me ;
 Neither water nor sea shall drown me ;
 For I am under the protection of the Virgin Mary,
 And my meek and gentle foster-mother, St Bridget.

Some of the phrases in the foregoing have a singular resemblance to certain lines of St Patrick's Hymn, previously mentioned. In the Irish hymn we have the following :—

Crist dommimdegail indfu arneim
 Arloscud arbadud arguin.

Translated—

Christ to protect me to-day against poison,
 Against burning, against drowning, against wound.

The *Airne Moire* in Martin's time (circa 1695) was worn round children's necks, as an amulet against witchcraft, &c. The white one, he tells us was particularly prized. I show you a specimen of the white nut. It is not so common as the brown one. Martin says that if evil was intended the nut turned black. That these nuts did change colour, he says, he found true by his own observation, but he could not be positive as to the cause. He then goes on :—

“Malcolm Campbell, steward of Harris, told me that some weeks before my arrival there, all his cows gave blood instead of milk, for several days together. One of the neighbours told his wife that this must be witchcraft, and it would be easy to remove it, if she would but take the white nut, called the Virgin Mary's Nut, and lay it in the pail into which she was to milk the cows. This advice she presently followed ; and, having milked one cow into the pail with the nut in it, the milk was all blood, and the nut changed its colour into dark brown. She used the nut again, and all the cows gave pure good milk, which they ascribe to the virtue of the nut. This very nut Mr Campbell presented me with, and I keep it still by me.” (*Vide* page 39).

While referring to the *Airne Moire*, I may mention another foreign nut, gathered on the shores of the outer islands. Martin says that the kernel of this nut, beat to powder and drunk in milk or *aqua vitæ*, was reckoned a good remedy for diarrhœa and dysentery; and the Rev. J. Lane Buchanan states that during his sojourn in the Hebrides (1782-1790), after the kernel was removed, the shell was used as a snuff-mull. It is so used still, and I exhibit a specimen. In former times Hebridean ladies got these nuts mounted with silver, and used them as vinaigrettes.

Having described the use of the *Airne Moire* at child birth, a Bathing Charm or Blessing may now be given. It is called

EOLAS AN FHAILCIDH,

or, as Mainlanders would say, *Eolas an Fhairigidh*. The water having been duly blessed, the woman bathing the infant began by sprinkling a palmful (*boiseag*) of water on its head. As the performance went on, and as each palmful was sprinkled on the child, the following Incantation was repeated:—

Boiseag orr h-aois [air t-aois],
 'S boiseag orr fhàs [air t-fhas],
 A's air do chuid a ghabhail ort,
 'S a chuid nach fhàsadh anns an oidhche dhìot
 Gu'm fasadh anns an latha dhìot.
 Tri baslaichean na Trianaid Naoimh,
 Ga d' dhion 's ga d' shabhaladh
 Bho bheum sùl,
 'S bho chraos-fharmad nam peacach.

Translated—

A palmfull of water on your age [years],
 A palmfull of water on your growth,
 And on your taking of your food;
 And may the part of you which grows not during
 the night
 Grow during the day.
 Three palmfuls of water of the Holy Trinity,
 To protect and guard you
 From the effects of the evil eye,
 And from the jealous lust of sinners.

While dealing with amulets I will refer briefly to

ACHLASAN-CHALUM-CHILLE,

or, as it is sometimes called, *Seud-Chalum-Chille*. This plant is described by Lightfoot in his "Flora Scotica" (p 416), where it is given as St John's Wort, *Hypericum Perforatum*. On the Highland mainland the plant is called "Lus-Eoin-Bhaiste." It is also called "Ealabhuidh." This latter word is mentioned in "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda," a poem first published by Ranald Macdonald of Eigg, in 1776. The name "Ealabhuidh," however, is not generally known in the Highlands, as is illustrated by the fact that Mackenzie, in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," considered it necessary to explain it by means of a footnote.¹ The word is given in O'Reilly's Dictionary, from which the inference may be drawn that it is Irish. The plant, according to the same authority, is also called "Allas-Mhuire." It is noteworthy that while it is generally named after St John, we have it in the Highlands named after St Columba, and in Ireland after the Virgin Mary.

We have numerous descriptions, in folklore books, of the ceremonies on St John's Eve, the plucking of St John's Wort, and the foretelling of one's destiny, much in the same way as our Hallowe'en observances. Bassardus Viscontinus, an ancient writer, commends that plant, gathered on a Friday, about the full moon in July, and worn around the neck, as a cure for melancholy, and calculated to drive away all fantastical spirits. (*Vide* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"). A German poet beautifully describes the ceremony in connection with this plant, in lines of which the following are a translation:—

The young maid stole through the cottage door,
 And blushed as she sought the *plant of power*:—
 "Thou silver glow-worm, oh lend me thy light,
 I must gather the mystic St John's Wort to-night—
 The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
 If the coming year shall make me a bride."

¹ *Vide* "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," page 14.

And the glow-worm came,
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Through the night of St John ;
 And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
 With noiseless tread,
 To her chamber she sped,
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—
 “ Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !”
 But it droop'd its head, that plant of power,
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower ;
 And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
 More meet for a burial than a bridal day.
 And when a year was passed away,
 All pale on her bier the young maid lay ;
 And the glow-worm came,
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Through the night of St John ;
 And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

—(Vide Hone's "Every Day Book," Vol I., p. 427).

An Uist lady described *Achlasan-Chalum-Chille* to me as growing in out of the way corners, in little branches, with pretty yellow flowers—“Bithidh e 'fas 'na ghàsan agus dithein bhoidheach bhuidhe air.” To get it growing on the hillside at a time when it was not looked for was considered very lucky, for prosperity and success followed in its train—“Bha buaidh ga ruith.” When it was found unsought for, the following Incantation was said :—

Achlasan-Chalum-Chille
 Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh,
 Mo niarrachd¹ a gheibheadh e.
 Buainidh mise duilleach an aigh,
 Mar a dh'òrduich an t-Ard-Rìgh.
 Cha 'n 'eil aite 'n teid e suas
 Nach buinnigteadh leis buaidh a's cìs.

¹ Foinne mu 'n iadh bròg
 Mo niarrachd bean òg air am bì ;
 Foinne mu 'n iadh glaic,
 Mo niarrachd am mac air am bì.

Translated—

The herb of St Columba [St John's Wort]
 Unsought-for, unasked—
 Fortunate is he who would get it.
 I will cut [or pluck] the Foliage of Prosperity
 As commanded by the High King.
 Wherever it is put up
 It will win victory and command homage.

Another version of the Incantation was thus:—

Achlasan-Chalum-Chille
 Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh,
 Air sliabh chaorach tha mi ga d' spionadh.

Translated—

St Columba's herb,
 Unsought-for and unasked—
 On the sheep hills I pluck thee.

Another version was—

Luibh Chalum-Chille gun sireadh, gun iarraidh ;
 'S a dheoin Dia cha bhàsaich mi nochd.

Translated—

St Columba's herb (or wort) unsought-for and unasked ;
 And please God, I will not die to-night.

The plant, carried about the person, was believed to act as a charm or protection against all manner of evil agencies. Old persons preserved it in the hope that their cattle and sheep would increase, and that prosperity in general would attend them ; while school children carried it in the hope of protecting themselves from the teacher's tawse. The Eigg schoolboy who loitered on the road from school in the evening was satisfied he would escape parental reproof if, in course of his wanderings, he came across this precious herb, unsought-for. On thus finding it, he said—

Achlasan-Chalum-Chille, gun sireadh, gun iarraidh ;
 'S a dheoin Dia cha 'n fhaigh mi achmhasan an nochd.

Translated—

St Columba's herb, unsought-for and unasked ;
 And please God, I will not be reprov'd to-night !

Martin mentions the *Fuga Dæmonum*, a term which I may translate "Sgiùrsadh nan Deamhan." I think there can be no doubt that the plant he refers to is St John's Wort. He says:—

"John Morrison, who lives in Bernera of Harris, wears the plant called *Fuga Dæmonum* sewed in the neck of his coat, to prevent his seeing of visions, and says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about him. He suffered me to feel the plant in the neck of his coat, but would by no means let me open the seam, though I offered him a reward to let me do it."—(*Vide* page 334).

Like St John's Wort, the four-leaved Shamrock was believed to be possessed of many virtues, not only in Ireland, but also in the Isle of Man and the Scottish Highlands. When found without seeking, it was considered fortunate, and concerning it the following lines were said:—

Seamrag nan duillean 's nam buadh,
Bu chaomh leam thu bhi fo m' chluasaig
'Nam dhomh cadal na'm shuain.

Translated—

Shamrock of leaves and virtues,
I would wish you to be under my pillow
On my falling asleep.

Every Highlander is acquainted with the belief that a witch can take the substance out of her neighbour's milk. The idea is not peculiar to the Highlands, however; and as illustrating the power attributed to witches, I quote two counts from the indictment charging Marion Pardown, Hillswick, Shetland, in 1644, with witchcraft. (*Vide* "Hibbert's Shetland's, p. 282). They are as follows:—

"Item,—Ye the sd. Marion Pardown ar indyttit and accusit for that zeers syne, James Halcro, in Hilldiswick, having a cow that ye alledged had pushed a cow of yours, ye in revenge thereof, by yr. said devilish art of witchcraft, made the sd. James his cow, milk nothing but blood, whereas your awin cow had no harm in her milk; whereupon they suspecting you, shewit the sd. bloody milk to Marion Kilti your servant, quha desyrit of you the same bloody milk for Goddis caus to shew you, and said she houplit the cow sould be weil; quhilk having gotten, and coming therewith to

your hous, and shawing it to you, thereafter the cow grew weil, thairby shewing and proving your sd. devilish practyce of the art of witchcraft.

“Item,—Ye, the said Marion, are indyttit and accusit for that you having, a’no 1642 zeirs, hyrit ane cow from Androw Smith, younger in Hildiswick, which ye keepit frae the bull, when she wald have taken bull, and the sd. Andro getting knowledge thereof, causit the same to be brought to the bull and bullit against your will. The next year when she calved, ye by your sd. devilish art of witchcraft, took away her proffeit and milk, sa that she milked nothing but water, quhilk stinked and tasted of sharn a long tyme, till that you comming by the sd Andro his hous, he suspecting you, caused you to milk her and look to her, after which doing, immediately the sd. cow’s milk cam to its own nature,—thairby indicating and shewing your sd. devilish, and wicked, and abominable airt and practice of witchcraft,—and quhilk ye cannot deny.”

Poor Marion was found guilty, and sentenced to be burned to death.

In the Highlands, similar beliefs as to the powers of witches prevailed; and our Transactions contain an interesting paper by our friend Mr William Mackay, describing the burning of witches in Strathglass. I am not aware that this mode of treatment existed in the Western Islands. There the people, by means of herbs and appeals to the Trinity and the Church, hoped to ward off the powers of witchcraft. For this purpose a favourite plant was

MOTHAN, OR MOAN.

I do not find the name of this herb in any of our Gaelic dictionaries; but in Lightfoot’s “Flora Scotica,” page 1131 under the heading “Addition of Erse and Scotch names and plants,” he has the following:—“*Pinguicula vulgaris*, Mòan, *Gaulis*. Steep-grass, Earning-grass, *Scotis-austral*.”

In Uist this plant was believed to be a sure protection against the powers of witches. It should be pulled on a Sunday in this manner:—On finding a place where it grew in abundance, the person going to use it would mark out three small tufts, and calling one by the name of the Father,

another by the name of the Son, and the third by the name of the Holy Ghost, would commence pulling the tufts, at the same time saying—

Buainidh mise a' Mòthan,
 An luibh a bheannaich an Domhnach ;
 Fhad 'sa ghleidheas mise a' Mòthan
 Cha 'n 'eil e beo air thalamh
 Gin a bheir bainne mo bhò bhuam.

Translated—

I will pull the Mòän,
 The herb blessed by the Domhnach ;¹
 So long as I preserve the Mòän
 There lives not on earth
 One who will take my cow's milk from me.

The three tufts having thus been pulled, they were carefully taken home, rolled up in a small piece of cloth, and concealed in some corner of the dairy or milk-kist—"ciste-a'-bhainne." I have here a specimen of the Mòän which was in actual use as an amulet.

As an illustration of the virtues of the Mòän as a *Fuga Dæmonum*, my informant narrated a story, which may be briefly given here:—A certain woman in the Western Islands was delivered of a son. As usual on such occasions, there was a group of admiring females round the fire attending to the wants of the new arrival. While thus employed, they saw a shaggy little creature—"creutar beag loireach"—traddling in at the door. He stood bewildered ; and in an instant they heard a voice without, "Nach toir thu mach e?"—(Will you not bring it out?) The "creutar loireach" responded, "Cha toir ; cha 'n urrainn mi, 's bainne na bà a dh'ith a' Mòthan 'na bhroinn"—(No, I cannot ; for the milk of the cow that ate the Mòän is in his stomach). The stranger, who was believed to be a Fairy anxious to "lift" the child before it was baptised, then vanished.²

¹ *i.e.*, the Church.

² It was the custom at one time in the Island of Colonsay to put an old shoe to burn at the fireside when a woman was in travail, in order to keep away the fairies that were always ready to "lift" an infant.

A plant called "Caoibhreachan" was also used as an amulet to protect milk from witches. It was believed that the substance, or "Toradh," could not be taken out of milk in any house where the "Caoibhreachan" was kept under an upturned dish. I do not find this plant mentioned in our Gaelic dictionaries, and I have not been able to get a specimen of it.

In this connection, I may give *Eolas nan Torranan*. I quote it from Dr Stewart's "Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe." Dr Stewart got it from Mr A. A. Carmichael :—

Buaineams' 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.

Buaineams' thu, thorrain,
 Le 'd thoradh mara 's tìr,
 Rì lionadh gun traghadh
 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.

Translated—

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 Torannan ;
 The hand of St Bride with me,

I am now to pluck thee.

Let me pluck thee, Torannan !
 With thine increase as to sea and land ;
 With the flowing tide that shall know no ebbing,
 By the assistance of the 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 !

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER VII.

William Macleane, Treasurer, 1721 to 1725.—His Charge and Discharge.—Mention of Bailie David Fraser of Fairfield's Mortification of 1000 Merks.—James Fraser of Chelsea's Mortification for the Library.—Terms of his Deed.—Purchase of Books by Mr Fraser for Library during his life.—Mr Fraser's Picture.—Old Register of Gifts to the Library, containing several interesting Catalogues.—Gilbert Gordon, Treasurer, 1725-1731.—His Charge and Discharge.—Bond for David Fraser of Fairfield's Mortification.—Details of Gilbert Gordon's Accounts.—His Charge for Management.—Delay in finally passing Bailie Macleane's Accounts.—Difficulty of getting payment of Interest due upon Bonds.

THE next Treasurer, William Macleane, held office from Martinmas, 1721, to Candlemas, 1725.

His *Charge* includes all that he received during his term of office, including Dipple's letter and Jackson's obligation, and

amounts to, principal	£25,399	2	6
And annual rents	6,617	3	0
	<hr/>		
	£32,016	5	6

His *Discharge*—Heritable securities, bonds, and bills

... ..	£25,435	9	2
Interests, pensions, drafts, &c.	6,364	9	5
Expenses and trouble, 3½ years, at £60	210	0	0
Balance to be paid to insuing Treasurer...	5	6	11

£32,016 5 6

This discharge includes the balance due to his predecessor, paid; also, a debt due by the Hospital to Drummure, £950 14s 6d, and Dipple's letter, £333 6s 8d; also, outstanding debts, £678 18s 0d; cesses, stipends, feu-duties, &c., £119 10s 0d; and advances by order of Session, £198 4s 6d; also, a new item, mentioned above—a payment to the Treasurer for his trouble. Considering the great improvement in the management of the fund, as well as in the mode of keeping the accounts, as compared with what was done, and omitted to be done, in Treasurer James Maclean's time, some thirty years before, the money was well earned.

There follows a list of bonds and securities made over to his successor, not added up in the account book. In a memorandum at the end of his accounts occurs, "Baillie David Fraser's Mortification of a thousand merks, with interest from Whits., 1724, is to be a part of his Charge [*i.e.*, the new Treasurer's], as also the iron chest delivered him, with the Communion cups and cloaths for the tables."

It was during Bailie William Maclean's treasurership that an extract of the deed of mortification made by Mr James Fraser, Secretary and Register [? Registrar] of the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Chelsea, was presented by him to the Session, and recorded in their minutes on 14th July, 1724. This mortification was made over, and the money paid to the Session, twelve years before, not for ordinary charitable purposes, but for the improvement and maintenance of the library. The fund ought to have been kept in a distinct account, but for a good many years it was kept as part of the Hospital account. The deed bears that the donor, Mr Fraser, had, in the year 1712, "already committed and payed to the Reverend the Minister, Magistrates, and remanent members of the Church Session of Inverness, the sume of one thousand merks money of Scotland, as is clear from the Hospitall books of the said Burgh." The mode of investment is then prescribed, *viz.*, "to lend out and employ the said mortified sume on sufficient security,

heritable or moveable, for yearly interest, as realy and effectually as they are bound to secure the other sums of money which belong to the Hospitall of Inverness." The annual rent was to be laid out in purchasing and buying "usefull books for the benefite and encrease of the Library of the said burgh," at the donor's own sight, and as he should direct during his own life, but reserving to himself to exercise the option of devoting half the income to pay a salary to the master of the Grammar School of Inverness, in case he should be the Keeper of the Library. But after his decease, the trustees were to lay out half the income in the purchase of books, and half in payment of a salary to the schoolmaster as librarian, unless one of the ministers should be willing to act as librarian, in which case the whole of the money was to be bestowed in buying books. The books were to be bought as the ministers of Inverness, or any one of them, should direct, and a schoolmaster could only be appointed librarian under various conditions named in the deed. His principal duties were to be "keeping the Library, and teaching some boys of the name of Fraser, of good capacity and genius for learning, whose parents are not in condition to pay the schoolmaster's fees." The deed further bears that, as trustee of his deceased brother William Fraser, late Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, under whose will he was empowered to allocate legacies for public charitable uses, he had paid over to the above-mentioned ministers, magistrates, and elders, the sum of nine hundred merks money of Scotland, upon the 2nd of July, 1718; and he directs that this money "shall be secured, improven, and bestowed in all respects as the above-mentioned thousand merks."

Mr Fraser exercised his right of selecting books during his life, as the following report of a Committee of the Kirk Session, given in on 23rd August, 1720, shows:—"The Committee appointed to receive the books bought by Mr James Fraser, and to consider the ballance that was due to him, did report that they viewed all the books, which were

set up in a press by themselves in the south end of the Library; that they were all in good condition, and cheap bought, as they judged, and that there was non wanting save 'Camdene Epistole,' in 4to, and 'The Divil on Two Sticks,' and the 'Vanity of Philosophizing,' and Captain Parish's 'State of Russia,' in 8vo, of which Mr Robert Baillie acquainted him by a letter of the 12th instant. And they considered the Ballance due to Mr Fraser, and found it to be sixteen pound six and eightpence sterling, including his picture, which cost four pounds four shillings sterling; and they further report that Mr Fraser complimented the Library with a new Donation of books, to the value of four pound sterling, the said picture being bought and sent down by order of Session formerly;" which "report being considered, the Session did appoint Thomas Alves, Hospitall Theasurer, to borrow the said ballance of sixteen pound six and eightpence sterling, and remit a bill to London of the value with the first post; and that in respect the interest of the sumes of money mortified by Mr Fraser is not at present in the Theasurer's hand, and although it were does not amount but to ten pound thirteen and nine pence sterling."

The above mentioned picture is in good preservation. The Session Library still contains an old MS. volume stamped on the back "Register Gifts of the Library of Inverness;" on the front page of which is written, "This book is gifted to the Librarie of Inverness by Robert Baillie, minister there." The binding, unfortunately, is in bad condition. It is evident from this volume that a considerable number of books had been collected before Mr Fraser of Chelsea gave his donation, and that to Mr Baillie belongs the main credit of founding the present Library and bestowing much care upon it in its infancy. It embraces several catalogues which it is worth while to enumerate here. The first is "A catalogue of the books sent by piously disposed persons in London to the town of Inverness as the beginning of a Presbyterial Library in that

bounds, with an account of the value put upon the said books by Mr Henderson, stationer in Edinburgh." This valuation was £775 os 8d Scots. Next follows a list of donations and books gifted to the Library, the value of each in most cases being stated and the names of the donors, also of books purchased from 1706 to 1714. This list includes books gifted by Mr Baillie himself to value of £69 2s od Scots, and "books bought by Mr Robert Baillie in conjunction with a Committee of the Presbytrie:" the value of the whole was about £1250 Scots and £15 sterling.

Then follows "A Catalogue of the Presbyterial Library of Inverness digested into an alphabetical order as follows," dated 1709, and showing their value in sterling money. The extent of the Library at this date may be judged from a summary showing 259 volumes folio, which, added to the number of quarto and octavo volumes, made a total of about 502 volumes.

The next catalogue is headed "A Catalogue of the Books which were preserved when Skipper Bell's ship was cast away upon the rocks at Cairnbulg Head, in two large cases and a cask of 32 Scots gallons full of books; the cases from Mr Stretton" [a minister in London] "and cask from Mr Fraser at Chelsea, with an account of the ordinary value of the Library, as if none of the books were damnified, yet where the letter D is prefixed signifieth that the book is damnified." Although the books were "preserved," there are but few that were not "damnified."

The next entry is one of considerable interest, viz., "The names of benefactors to the Library of Inverness, with an account of their donations since the time the said Library was erected, being January 1706 to January 1717." The names are arranged alphabetically. Under letter "F" we find "Mr James Fraser" [with "Chelsea" added in margin] "in books £160, by him in cash £55 11s 1½d."

The next list is "A Catalogue of Books sent to the Library of Inverness by Mr James Fraser, Secretary and

Register of the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Chelsea, and recommended to the care of Mr Robert Baillie, 26 Oct., 1708." The value of these books is noted at £116 19s od sterling.

The last catalogue is headed "The Collection of Books on the two following leaves were bought by Mr Fraser of Chelsea Colledge at London, at the prices subjoined unto each book taken from the Catalogue, written by his own hand the 26 of April, 1720, which were paid by order of Session in manner following." The value of these was £26 11s 8d, and they may be the books on which, as above mentioned, a balance of £16 6s 8d was paid to him.

The next treasurer was Bailie Gilbert Gordon, who held office from Candlemas, 1725, to Candlemas, 1731. His account is stated with special precision. In his charge he shows in separate columns—

1. Principal sums transmitted to him and mortified in the space	£25,251	18	0
2. Annual rents or interest transmitted till Candlemas, 1725, and charges...	2,852	3	2
3. Interest from Candlemas, 1725, to Candlemas, 1731	7,730	8	8
	<hr/>		
	£35,834	9	10

His discharge shows—

1. Principal sums to be transmitted ...	£24,759	5	4
2. Interests due, £4960 3s 1d, and payments, £5449 11s 10d	10,409	14	11
3. Allowance claimed as Treasurer 6 years	360	0	0
4. Balance due to his successor	305	9	7
	<hr/>		
	£35,834	9	10

Among the items of his accounts we find the following—

Bond, Baillie James Roy Dunbar upon a half-coble's fishing	£2,000	0	0
Wadset of half-coble fishing from Insches...	2,000	0	0

The interest of £2000, the redemption of half-coble, at Martinmas, 1726, and bond, Baillie James Dunbar, on land security	2,666 13 4
Also a balance of annual rents due by him	507 2 8

Two mortifications apparently belong to his period of office, viz., one by William Mackintosh, senior, treasurer, of £25 sterling, seemingly of date 1726, and one by the Laird of Mackintosh and Lady Mackintosh, of £2000 Scots, for educational purposes, but neither of these appear in Gilbert Gordon's accounts, so particulars will be given under those of his successor, Provost Hossack.

The committee appointed to examine these accounts, besides appending a docquet at the end of the charge side and another at the end of the discharge side, presented a report, which is entered in the account book, and is dated 3rd and 6th days of April, 1731. They find, *inter alia*, that the treasurer has added to the hospital stock "a house and office houses taken off by comprising from Malcolm Mackenzie, a tenant upon _____, valued at £100 Scots, and which is rentalled to the possessor at £5 Scots yearly." The blank should have been filled up with "Gallowsmuir." The Committee also "find that he charges himself with £666 13s 4d Scots, the mortification of the deceased David Fraser, merchant and baillie of the said burgh, for which he received bond from Alex. Fraser of Fairfield, his son, dated the 16th day of February, 1731, bearing interest from Martinmas, 1730, the preceding interest of that mortification having been applied by the said Fairfield to charitable objects by order of the Session, and for distinct stating thereupon, the said Fairfield has granted a separat obligation." The principal £55 11s 1½d sterling seems to have been paid up long afterwards, on 4th February, 1752, to Treasurer Hossack.—*Vide* Kirk Session minutes, 14th May, 1776.

With regard to the Treasurer's disbursements they find "that the said Baillie Gordon has paid out the sum of £5449 11s 10d, as is particularly set down in the accompts

referred:—To the pensioners upon the Hospital rents, to charitable objects by particular orders of Session, for the payment of feu duties, cesses, ministers' stipends, reparation of the fabrick of the Hospital, and for buying books for the Library, out of the a. rents of money mortified for that end and cn., £5449 11s 10d. The said Committee observe that the said Baillie Gordon takes credit to himself for the sum of Sixty Pounds Scots per annum, on account of his expenses and trouble in managing the affairs of the Hospital Stock, which as the same was not precedent, except upon the accounts of his immediat predecessor, whose accounts, tho' they were received and extended in the treasury book after revising by a Committee, are not yet discharged, and therefore the said article is referred to the Session, and for 6 years £360; and, lastly, they find that upon the whole accompt so stated, charge and discharge, there is a balance of money in the hands of the said Baillie Gilbert Gordon ready to be paid to his successor in the office, and which is to be a part of the charge against him, the sum of £305 9s 7d." An allowance to the Treasurer from the time of Baillie Maclean has been acquiesced in, and very reasonably.

The details of Bailie Gordon's disbursements are given in his discharge accounts, and are of some interest, viz., "An acct. of feu duties paid to the town out of lands and fishings, from Whits., 1722, to Whits., 1730, £96 5s 4d; an acct. of Cess for ditto from June, 1725, till 25 March, 1731, £65 12s 4d; an acct. of minister's stipend paid for the crops 1725 and 1730 inclusive, £124 7s 6d; an acct. of payments made to charitable objects by orders from the Session, £347 8s 0d; an acct. of debursements for reparations on the fabrick of the Hospital, and writer's fees on the subjects, £110 12s 0d; an acct. of money advanced for books for the Library, on acct. of Mr James Fraser's mortification thereto, £45; and paid the pensioners by termly payments, inclusive of Whitsunday Quarter, 1725, and Candlemas Quarter, 1731, £4652 6s 0d."

These accounts, like those of most of the other treasurers, fail to keep the different branches distinct; the rent of the Weyhouse and yard, the cost of the reparation of the Hospital, and the purchase of books, being all included in one account.

It will be observed that the Committee last mentioned referred to the fact of Bailie Maclean's accounts never having been discharged. The fault evidently did not lie with Bailie Maclean himself. His accounts were well kept. A large committee of the Session was appointed at his request on 26th January, 1725, to meet for the purpose of auditing them, when he should advertise them by the kirk officer. This committee was continued on 13th April and again on 18th May. His successor Gilbert Gordon, was appointed out of a leet of four on 20th May, and the same committee ordered to meet on the following Monday to see all bonds and papers belonging to the Hospital delivered over to the new treasurer. The committee reported on 8th June that they had met and delivered to the new treasurer "all the papers belonging to the Hospital, but they had not their report as yet ready."

On 31st August in same year Bailie Maclean represented that it was necessary the Committee should meet in order unto their drawing up a full report concerning his intromissions, and also that all papers belonging to the Hospital might be delivered to Bailie Gilbert Gordon. The Session appointed the said Committee to meet that night at six o'clock, and appoints all the members of the committee to be acquainted herewith. It appears from the minutes of 14th September that the Committee accordingly met, and delivered all the papers to Bailie Gordon, "but had not their report as yet ready," in exactly the same terms as they reported three months' previously. After this the matter seems to have been allowed to drop, for it is stated, as we have seen, in 1731, that "Bailie Maclean never got a proper discharge."

An entry in the Session records in 1725 refers to the difficulty of getting payment of the interest upon bonds, viz.:—"The Session, considering the clamant condition of the Hospitall Pensioners, did appoint a commission be drawn up to John M'Bean, Messenger, to pursue for the a. rents due preceding and until Whitsunday last, and that he set about this with all expedition. As also, to prevent the prescribing of Cationrie, that the several Debtors to the Hospitall shall renew their Bonds, and that the Cationers hereafter shall be Quo-principals [? Co-principals], and appoints the Moderator to write a letter to the several Debtors, making intimation hereof."

The Session Records also confirm the statement of the Committee's report upon Gilbert Gordon's accounts relative to the interest of Bailie David Fraser's mortification having been applied by his son to charitable objects by order of the Session; for on 15th December, 1724, a letter from Alex. Fraser of Fairfield was presented, and read to the Session, in which he stated that his father's mortification was granted "on the condition that he and his heirs should have the sole power of presenting to the Kirk Session of this Burgh proper objects [of relief], one or more, who should enjoy the a. rent of the above thousand merks." He "accordingly presented two persons of the name of Fraser, one for a year's enjoyment, another for life." This request was granted for a year in the following April, provided Fairfield produced receipts under the beneficiaries' own hands. A similar claim was made and granted on 18th May, 1725, and in June, 1728; but on the former of these two occasions the Session resolved "that Alex. Baillie, Town-Clerk, be applied to, with whom the mortification is lodged, that he draw up and bring in a Bond, conform to the tenor of the said Mortification, obliging the said Fairfield to pay the said summ of a thousand merks to the Hospitall Treasurer, and that the said Fairfield bring in his representation of the said persons in write."

RENFREWSHIRE KELTIC PLACE NAMES.

SIR,—In the article by Mr Hector Maclean, in your May number, on “Renfrewshire Keltic Place Names,” it seems to me there are a few errors, owing to the learned author’s having been misled by a faulty map and a wrong pronunciation. This is excusable in one not on the ground; and it is not in a fault-finding spirit I mention the fact, but in the interest of correctness. The instances I refer to are the following, and I take them as they occur in the article in question :—

BARSHEEGRAY—This is oftener found Barshagray. There is a Barshagrie—sometimes Balshagrie—across the Clyde, almost in Renfrewshire. In this case it will be necessary to seek another etymology than that given.

COMMONMORE—I cannot find this name. But there is a Commore in Nielston Parish, which may be explained as Cum-mòr—the large dell

CALLHART—This now should be Cathcart. Cath appears also in Cathkin Hills in Lanarkshire, on which are the remains of an ancient camp; it is probably Brythonic.

BARROCHAN CROSS—It must be borne in mind that the district in which this cross stands is called Barrochan; and it is more likely the cross is named after the district than after the saint. It is not Barrochan’s Cross, but Barrochan Cross.

CLOTHODERICK—This is generally Clochoderick, or Clochodrick, and is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Some have sought to explain the word by Clochodruid = Druid’s Stone—in fact, a map of the county, dated 1826, calls it Druid’s Stone. There is nothing druidical about the stone. It is a boulder—speaking from memory—of about 20 by 15 by 10 feet, lying midway between Kilbarchan and Lochwinnoch. I venture to suggest that the latter part of the word is a personal name, on

the following grounds. In Eastwood parish there is Carnwatherick; in Houston parish there is Bodrick—Boderick or Botherwickfield. As *Bh* becomes *w*, it is easy to fancy Carnwatherick as the outcome of Carn-Bhoderick. A step further, and the *w* drops out; and thus we have Cloch-Bhoderick—woderick—oderick, finally Clochodrick. The stone is not called *The* Clochodrick, showing that the article did not precede the name in former times. The Cloch (lighthouse) shows the article preserved; and it is proper, I think, to assume that when Gaelic prevailed the name was A' Chloch=The Stone.

RENFREW—I should like to point out that the etymology given by Mr Maclean and others is wonderfully borne out by the local name which Paisley bodies (*bodach*) give the confluence of the rivers Cart and Clyde—the water-*neb*. The mansion hard by, now called Blythwood, was formerly called Renfield. Old Paisley people called Renfrew “Arranthru.” There is a place near Bridge of Weir called Ramphurlie, or Ranfurlie—said to be the birth-place of John Knox—in which the same root may be found.

I hope Mr Maclean will return again to the subject, and, with your permission, I will submit some matter for speculation on his part, or that of any one else who may have the inclination.

The principal Keltic prefixes which enter into the composition of the place-names of Renfrewshire are:—Barr, Kil, Inver, Bal, Strath, Auch, Drum, Dun, Alt, Glen, Cairn, Car, Knock, Inch, Gart, Dar, Loch, Craig, Brae, Ard, Pol, Cross. Of these, Barr, Glen, Cairn, Inch, and Knock have been taken into the English speech, and used as descriptive names. Some names carry their meaning on their face; others are rather puzzling. I append a list, with such observations as occur to me:—

BARR = Top.—Barrfillan = Barr-fhaolain, Fillan's Top; Bar-cloch = Barr-na-cloiche, The stone top; Bargarran = Barr-a'-gharrain, The shrubby top; Barskiven (sometimes Barscaven); Barfod, Barmufflock, Barwhirty, Barscube (there is a Drumscube in Renfrewshire, near Langbank, and a Garscube in Dumbartonshire). Barr is used as an English word in the following names:—Barrhead, Barshaw (shaw = wood), Barfoot, Northbar, Southbar, Braidbar, Oldbar, Dikebar, Foxbar, Riccartbar, Corsebar (corse = cross).

KIL = Cill, Church.—Kilbarchan; Kilmalcolm = Cill-Mhaol-Choluim, St Colin's Church. The old residents pronounced

this name Kil-ma-come, with the emphasis on the last syllable. The new denizens would have it Kil-Malcolm, with the emphasis on the second syllable. They are being educated out of this pronunciation, and the old name is in process of being re-instated. Kilellan = Cill-fhaolain, Fillan's Church. This is sometimes found as Kilallan, Allan being a better known name, and ignorance of the Gaelic laws of pronunciation, no doubt, induced this spelling. Knowledge is rescuing this name also. The sound of *a* in the south-west = *eu* Gaelic, or *ai* English, hence the *e* in Kilellan. Hence also the Lowland familiar way of saying Malcolm, namely, Maecom, which is made to rhyme with "Put him in a poke and shake 'im." Kilbride = Cill-Brigid, Bridget's Church. This name is common over the whole country.

INVER = Ionbhar, Mouth of a stream. I can discover only one Inver, namely, Inverkip.

BAL = Baile, Town, farmstead. -- Balgrey, Balgreen, Ballagoch—Goch is, possibly, a personal name, for there is a surname Macgeoch; Beltrees, sometimes Baltrees (it is possible it means the belt-trees).

STRATH = Low land on the margins of a stream.—Strathclyde, Strathgryffe. Clyde is said to be a Cymric name, and Gryffe is probably the same.

AUCH = Achadh, Field. — Auchindoor = Achadh-an-doruis, The door field; Auchmugton, Auchenfoil, Auchengrioch, Auchen-torlie (there is another in Dumbartonshire), Auchenlodmont. There is an Auchingrammont and a Dechmont in Lanarkshire.

DRUM = Drum, Ridge.—Drumduff = Druim-dhubh, Black ridge; Drumoye, Drumgrain, Drumillan = Druim-a'-mhuilinn, The mill ridge; Drums—the *s* here, I believe stands for house. In one map is found The Hollows, in another The Holehouse; Holehouse is an exact description. The Sclates is surely The Sclatehouse; Mains = Mainhouse; Cockles = Cocklehouse; Faulds = Fauldhouse; Clippens = Clipping-house; Torrs = The Torr House; Barrs = The Barr House; Drums = The Drum House. There is another *s* which may be accounted for differently, as, Scobies = Scobie's, analogous to Tib Stirling's.

DUN = Fort.—Dunwan, Dundunter. There is a Dunterlee also.

ALT = Alt, A rivulet or burn.—I can find only one Alt, and it is of considerable interest on account of the lesson to be learned from it—Altpatrick, called also Patrick Burn (an exact translation). The meaning of *alt* being unknown, it is also called Altpatrick Burn. Alt, again, has been mistaken for auld — ald = old, and

the Ordnance maps have it Old Patrick Burn. The stream flows through Glenpatrick.

GLEN = Gleann, Valley.—Gleniffer = Gleann-an-iubhar = Yew tree glen? Glenfeoch (sometimes called Dusky Glen), near Craigenfeoch; Glentyan = Gleann an t-Sithein, Fairy Knoll Glen. Glen has been treated as an English word in the following:—Glenfield, Glenhead, Cowglen, Calderglen, &c.

CAIRN = Carn, Heap of stones, often made as memorials of the dead.—Cairncurran = Carn-a'-Chaorainn, The rowan tree cairn; Carnwadrick (already referred to), Carnegie, Carnapoch = Carn-cnapach, The knobby cairn?

CAR = Cathair = Caer (Welsh), an enclosed fortification.—Cardonald = Cathair-Dhomhnuill, Donald's fortress; Carlimpan, Carruth, Carlibar. It is probable the second parts of these words are proper names.

KNOCK = Cnoc, Knoll.—Knockminwood = Cnoc-min + wood, The smooth knoll wood; Knocknanshill = Cnoc-nan-sgithil, The sheiling knoll; Knockmade = Cnoc-a'-mhadaidh, The dog knoll; Knockdalring, Knockenal, Artnocks (*s* = house?). That Knock has been used as an English word is evident from The Knock; and it is probably as an English word it appears in Giffnock, Mathernock, &c.

GART = Enclosed piece of ground.—This word is not common in Renfrewshire, although exceedingly plentiful eastwards from Glasgow. Gartshanging = Gart-nan-seangan, Ant field; Fingart = Fionn-ghart, White field; Garpel, Garthland (?)

DAR = Dair, Oak.—Dargavel = Dair-a'-ghobhail (anciently ghabhail), The forked oak; Darndaff = Dair-an-daimh, Ox oak. Darshanging = Dair-nan-seangan, Ant oak; Darnems.

LOCH.—Lochwinnoch = St Winnoch's Loch; Lochlibo, Lochthom, Lochgoin, The Brabloch. In this last, loch is used as an English word, as in many other instances.

CRAIG = Creag, Rock.—Craiglunscheoch = Creag-luinneach, The tall overhanging rock; Craigmarloch = Creag a' mheirleach, Robber's rock; Craigbait. Craig has been adopted as an English word, as in the words Craighall, Craigneuk, Craigends (Craigend House), Craigielee, Craighead, Langcraig, Thrushcraigs, &c. In this last connection, it may be interestidg to note what has taken place in reference to the name Heichcraig. The new generation, being mostly incomers, are used to call it Heichcraig Rock. It is coming to be known that craig and rock are synonymous, and the name Heichcraig is being re-instated.

BRAE = Braigh, Acclivity.—This word is always used as an English word, as, Burnbrae, Braehead, Finnybraes, Stancybrae, Westbrae, Waterbrae, &c.

ARD = Height.—This word is uncommon. Besides Ardgowan, I know of no other name in which it appears, unless it be Artnocks, which is doubtful.

POL = Pool. — Polmadie = Pol-a'-mhadaidh, Dog's pool ; Polnoon = Pol-an-uain, Lamb's pool (?) ; Polmillan = Pol-a' mhuilinn, Mill pool.

CROSS = Crois.—Crossmyloof = Crois-math-Lubh(?), St Lubh's Cross ; Drumcross = Druim-na-croise, Cross ridge. Cross is used in its English form in the following—Crossflats, Corseford, Corsebar. Crossflats is a district of Paisley, pronounced by the older inhabitants "Corslats." This transposition of the *r* is not uncommon.

INCH = Innis, Meadow near stream, and island.—This word has been used as an English word, as seen in the name The Inches = The Inch House ; Abbot's Inch.

CASTLE = Castellum (Lat.) = Caisteal (Gael.), is most likely, founding on the order of the words, used as a Gaelic word in the names Castlewat = Wat's Castle ; Castlesemple = Semple's Castle. Semple is a local surname.

Other names which suggest Gaelic and Brythonic etymologies are :—Garvoch = Garbh-achadh, Rough field ; Rempoch, Cummoch, Gleddoch, Rivoch, Tarnoch, Fannoch, Driffenbeg, Fereneze, Duncanbur, Cummullin = Cum-a'-mhuilinn, Mill dell ; Moniabroch = Moine-eabarach, Miry moss (the accent is on the *a*, which is sounded *ai*) ; Amochrie (accent on the first syllable), Garvel, Branchal, Duchal, Nebany, Dippony, Mansvary, Humby, Lochar (stream), Espedair (stream), accent on last syllable ; Bladda, Sneddon, Candren (stream), Flender, Arrs (*s* = house?), Braco, Gogo, Spango (streams) ; Lethem, Dunsmore, Milliken, Finnic (Fenwick is thus pronounced) ; Millowther Cross (sometimes Melowther : Mel = Maol ?) ; Creuch Hill = Cruach, Round conical hill ; Crolick. There is also a Motehill—Mote = Mòid, Court of justice.

Unlike the Anglicised names of Ireland, those of Renfrewshire show no traces of eclipsis and little of aspiration. This may be accounted for thus. Eclipsis is not an established habit of Scotch Gaelic ; and a Gaelic-speaking people Anglicising Gaelic names, and knowing the unaspirated forms of words, would drop the

aspiration, if it existed, in the new names. On the other hand, an invading race, not knowing the language, would imitate the names as they found them, with all the eclipses and aspirations belonging to them. It is quite probable many Gaelic names were translated into English, and this may account for the scarcity of Gart, and the fewness of Gaelic names for streams.—I am, yours, &c.,

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scoto-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

The following, among others, are to be Contributors:—

- Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Author of "Records of Argyll."
Sir HENRY COCKBURN MACANDREW, Provost of Inverness.
CHAS. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, Esq., M.P., Author of "Antiquarian Notes," "Dunachton Past and Present," "Invernessiana," &c.
Rev HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D., D.D., Author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," "Foot-Notes from the Page of Nature," &c.
REV. JAMES CAMERON LEES, D.D., Minister of St Giles, Edinburgh, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal.
Rev. Dr MASSON, Author of "Vestigia Celtica."
Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions, Manitoba and N.W.T.
JOSEPH ANDERSON, Esq., LL.D., Keeper of the Museum of Antiquities, Royal Institution, Edinburgh.
A. C. CAMERON, LL.D., Fettercairn.
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No. 41.

AUGUST 1892.

VOL. IV.

THE

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VOL. IV.

A TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

BY BEINN-NA-CAILLICH, EDINBURGH.

EDWARD DILLON and Arthur Bothwell were Lieutenants in one of our Scottish regiments, and were boon companions. Dillon belonged to Dublin, while Bothwell's ancestral home was in Forfarshire, Scotland—it being situated in one of these pleasant glens, or valleys, stretching along the eastern borders of Perthshire. Shortly before the outbreak of the Soudan war, Arthur Bothwell invited his friend Dillon to his house in Scotland, where they remained together for a couple of months. At times they wandered among the Grampian hills, enjoying the sport of chasing the moorfowl and the deer; on other occasions visiting among the neighbouring families. One of the first families into which Arthur introduced his friend was that of which his affianced bride, Mary Murray, was a member. Miss Murray was an heiress, she being an only child; but she had far greater attractions in the eyes of her lover, being not only beautiful and accomplished, but faithful and affectionate—possessed, in fact, of most of those qualities which adorn the mind of a noble woman.

Dillon, almost from the first moment of being introduced to her, felt a mad passion in his breast, whispering, as it were, that, by fair means or by foul, he should make her his own. He was, as a rule, upright and honourable, and would scorn, under ordinary circumstances, to do a mean or an unworthy action; but he was also one of those persons in whose minds certain passions lie dormant, and which, when once aroused, will take full possession of the soul, to the exclusion of every just and noble sentiment. It mattered not to him, now that his passions were aroused within him, that Mary had plighted her faith to his friend; it mattered not to him that that friend had made him his confidant—he vowed that Mary Murray should be his, were it necessary to slay his friend to gain his purpose. Though thus blinded by his passions, yet he had control sufficient over himself to exercise that tact and judgment necessary to conceal the state of his mind from the object of his passion, and also from Arthur Bothwell. The time came, however, when they had to quit Scotland to join their regiment. Arthur, ere departing, had the happiness of succeeding in extracting from his sweetheart the promise that she would be united to him in the following summer; and, with a heart full of joy, amounting almost to ecstasy, he imparted to Dillon the delightful prospect before him. Dillon, of course, congratulated him with all apparent sincerity, though in reality he felt such pangs of jealous rage burning within him that, to conceal the true nature of his feelings towards him, he found it necessary to avoid his company as much as possible.

A week or two after their arrival at headquarters the Soudan war broke out, and Dillon received, with something akin to savage joy, orders to accompany Arthur and a detachment of soldiers to the seat of war. The cause of Dillon's joy was not the prospect of seeing and engaging in some hard fighting, but because his black heart whispered to him that there was a possibility of Arthur falling in battle, and thus leaving the way clear for himself to win

the prize he so earnestly longed for—the hand, if not the heart, of Mary Murray. Arthur received his orders with mingled feelings. Like a true soldier, he gloried in the chance of facing the foe; but his ardour was somewhat cooled and clouded when he thought of the lengthy period which might possibly elapse ere he could again meet his intended bride. Yet, with the buoyancy and hope of youth, he cast vain regrets to the wind, and with a cheerful, almost gay demeanour, he went to Egypt, trusting he would win honour in the path of duty. Fame or glory in that miserable undertaking in the Soudan he did not expect to win, for, ere starting, he discovered that ignorant officialdom had so circumscribed the sphere of action of those sent forth on the expedition that failure, if not disaster, must inevitably accompany it.

The various incidents of the campaign are too well known to most readers to need recapitulation here. Arthur and Edward went through the various actions which were fought unscathed, and were returning with the rest of the British troops northwards towards the Delta. Upon these two officers devolved the duty of bringing up the rear, and preventing the enemy, which was following them, from making an attack upon the main body. One day, ere reaching the spot where it was intended to pitch the camp for the night, Arthur commenced to tell Dillon of a very tender communication which had reached him the day before from his betrothed, and in which his own name (Dillon's) was specially mentioned in a friendly way; but Dillon suddenly changed the subject; then, growing silent and gloomy, cast repeated glances in the direction of the enemy. At length, after a longer silence than usual, he suggested to Arthur the advisability of both making a short reconnoissance in order to ascertain the movements of the advancing foe, and to determine the possibility of a night attack being made. Arthur was nothing loth, especially as the men were now entering upon their camping ground, and both being mounted on good thorough-bred arab

horses, they had soon retired two or three miles towards the enemy. The ground for several miles was comparatively flat, though much broken with mounds and hollows, but no Arab was to be seen within a radius of seven or eight miles. The Arabs had numbers of camels and horses, and these could be distinctly seen moving about against the horizon. Arthur and Edward halted for a minute or two upon the summit of a sandhill and gazed around them. Suddenly to their left front, and about five hundred yards away, they beheld four mounted Arabs emerging from a hollow, but who stood still the moment they observed the officers. The latter were conversing freely about the probability of others of the enemy being in the vicinity, and Arthur was in the act of turning to address some remarks to his companion, when that officer, without uttering a word, suddenly drew his revolver and fired point blank at Arthur. The bullet took effect behind the left temple, and Arthur fell to the ground without a struggle or groan; his horse galloping off towards camp. Dillon leant over in his saddle, and glanced for a moment at the fallen man, whose face was deadly pale, save where the crimson blood flowing from the wound stained it, forming a ghastly contrast to the pallor which overspread the rest of his countenance. After gazing upon him for a few seconds, Dillon turned away and cantered leisurely towards the camp, muttering between his clenched teeth, in hoarse whispers—"Ha, my hopes' horizon is clear and cloudless now, and I shall win the prize." On reaching the camp, he went at once to the General in command, to whom he reported that while he and Bothwell were reconnoitering in the direction of the enemy, they were suddenly attacked by a party of mounted Arabs, and that his companion was slain. The General at once ordered out a strong detachment to check the enemy's advance, and to recover, if possible, the body of the fallen officer.

Dillon led them about half a mile to the right of the spot where he had shot his comrade, with the result that no

sign of the fallen man could be seen. A strong breeze was blowing, and the sand was being constantly shifted thereby. They were not, therefore, surprised that on the spot where Dillon said his friend had fallen, no traces of blood or of a struggle could be seen. A few of the enemy's horsemen were observed in the distance galloping back towards their main body, and Dillon suggested the possibility of the Arabs having carried the body away, in order to despoil it the more securely of arms, accoutrements, and uniform. That was accepted as the true solution of the mystery, and the men returned to camp.

The greater part of the troops stood to their arms during the night, expecting an attack, but none was made, and in the morning they resumed their march northwards. Arthur Bothwell's death was duly reported to the home authorities, and the manner of it. He had been promoted to a captaincy while in Egypt, and Dillon was, soon after his death, raised to that rank, he being next in seniority. On arriving at Alexandria, Dillon, with his own detachment, returned to England. He very soon afterwards obtained leave of absence, and set out for Scotland, where he arrived in due course. His object in going to Scotland was to seek out Mary Murray, and having secured apartments in the neighbouring village, he took an early opportunity of calling upon her. As Miss Murray had read the official account of Arthur's death in the newspapers, it gave her a mournful satisfaction to meet Dillon, whose name was necessarily mixed up with the report of her lover's death. Mary had much to ask concerning the sad affair, and Dillon had much to tell, for he took special care not only to speak of Arthur's death, but also of his gallant bearing whenever they got into action, and particularly of the friendship which existed between them. Altogether, he spoke of Arthur in such glowing terms that Mary henceforward welcomed him to her home as a valued friend whenever he chose to make a call.

Three years passed on, and one day Mary Murray and Edward Dillon stood side by side on the path which led from the high road, through the grounds surrounding her father's mansion. He appeared to be earnestly pleading, while the lady stood thinking in silence, with a half averted face. At length he appeared to have gained his point, for he exclaimed in joyful tones, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, "A month to-day and Mary Murray shall be my bride." He had scarcely uttered these words when a loud and scornful laugh burst upon his ear, and, glancing to where the sound issued from, he beheld a tall man with a long, flowing, white beard, standing in the centre of the road gazing fixedly upon them. He hastily drew Mary away, telling her, as he did so, that he must return at once and find out the cause of the old man's rudeness. Having led Mary into the house, he immediately issued forth again, and with hasty strides came towards the spot where the old man stood. The latter, on observing his approach, began to step slowly away, as if making for the village. Dillon soon came up with him, and grasping him rudely by the shoulder, demanded in angry tones why he had conducted himself so insolently in the hearing of a lady. "That," replied the old man, shaking him off and facing him, "is no business of yours." "By heaven," cried Dillon, "you do not proceed another step until you explain to me the reason of your conduct, and also tender an ample apology for so gross and unwarranted an outrage." "To explain my conduct to you and to apologise," replied the old man in a firm though passionate voice, "is what I shall never do, and which you, though possessed of all the fire and energy of youth, cannot force me to do, though I am, as you perceive, but an old greyheaded man. I will, however, tell you one thing which will not bring you much comfort or consolation. You said yonder at the archway which spans the path on which you stood a short while ago, in my hearing, 'a month to-day and Mary Murray shall be my bride.' Now, hear me—A month to-day and Mary Murray shall be a bride, but not

the bride of Edward Dillon." A fierce gleam of anger shot into Dillon's face, as he made a step towards him and hissed:—"Thank the Saints that thy age protects thee, old man, else I would severely chastise thee." "Let not my age," cried the old man, with a dry contemptuous laugh, "prevent thee having satisfaction if thou canst obtain it. Edward Dillon, thou hast done meaner things in thy day than strike a greyheaded old man." "Wretch," exclaimed Dillon, raising a cane he held in his hand with the intent to strike, but, ere he could swing it round his head, the stranger, with a well-directed blow from his right arm, sent him staggering half-stunned to the ground, and then coolly walked away.

A month passed away, and one morning, as Dillon was aroused from his sleep, he leaped gaily from his couch, and the first words he uttered were, "This is my marriage day!" He soon dressed himself, and by and by he was joined by a couple of his brother officers, who had come from London to be present at the marriage. The village was gay with flags that morning, for Mary Murray was a favourite with young and old, and many of them crowded into the church long ere the hour appointed for the ceremony. The marriage party entered the church soon after ten o'clock; and, the clergyman being already there, the service proceeded. The church was the Scotch Episcopal, and when the clergyman had repeated the words, "Who giveth this woman away?" a voice, clear and distinct, sounded through the building, "No man shall give this woman away to Edward Dillon." Everyone turned with a startled and wondering look to where the voice proceeded from; and Dillon, with undefined terror, beheld the old man whom, a month before, he had encountered on the high road in front of Miss Murray's dwelling, advancing towards them from an obscure corner in the church. Everyone waited in breathless silence the result of this unlooked-for and unwonted incident. The old man continued his advance until he stood before the clergyman, to whom he bowed, then faced the company,

and spoke as follows:—"You will pardon this strange interruption at such a moment when you have learnt the cause; but before I proceed to speak of the matter which has brought me here to-day, I would ask you all, especially the lady who was to have been a bride in one short hour, to be calm and collected, for I speak the truth when I say that my communication shall prove a joyful one to you all, except the individual whom it concerns." He then turned to Dillon, and, taking a step towards him, said in loud and measured tones, at the same time raising his right hand and pointing to him, "I accuse that man of murder!" Everyone within sound of his voice turned and looked upon Dillon, who stood pale, but perfectly cool, and who, after a moment or two, calmly replied, "The man is mad." "Yes," exclaimed several gentlemen, "the man must be mad, and should be at once removed." "I am not mad," replied the stranger, "nor shall I be removed until I have spoken. I again repeat my accusation against this man: he is a murderer, and, to confirm my charge, I have brought with me a competent witness." "Ha, ha!" laughed Dillon, confidently and scornfully, "produce your witness by all means, and put an end to this piece of masquerading." The stranger's only reply was to raise his hand and tear away the long flowing white beard and the snowy locks which had hitherto partially concealed his countenance, and the well known features of Arthur Bothwell met their wondering gaze. Most of those present knew him in the years that were gone; yet none seemed to possess the power of speech; all stood gazing upon him as if petrified. Not a word was spoken, and not a movement made, until they were startled by observing Miss Murray rushing with a half sob, half cry, to where he stood. She clasped her arms around his neck, and, sinking her head upon his breast, remained motionless. Some exclaimed that she had fainted, but, speedily recovering her self-possession, she looked up in Arthur's face long and earnestly, then, with flashing eyes, she turned to Dillon, exclaiming, "Is this accusation true?" Dillon, who had been standing

like a statue, from the moment that Arthur had made himself known, now attempted to raise his eyes to where Miss Murray stood, but suddenly turned his face away, and stood for a moment irresolute; then, with trembling limbs and downcast eyes, he made an attempt to pass through the crowd towards the church door. Arthur turned to the two officers, and shouted in a tone of command, "Detain that man for the present." They immediately obeyed, and, seizing him, each by an arm, brought him back face to face with Arthur. "I have," resumed Arthur, "a few minutes ago accused this man of murder. I repeat the charge. His cowardly hand fired the shot which was intended to put me out of existence, and though I escaped death by a miracle, he is as much a murderer as if my bones lay bleaching upon the sands of Egypt." He then told them what the reader already knows up to the moment the shot was fired, and then continued, "I will now briefly relate how I escaped. The helmets worn by us in Egypt were fastened by a strap composed of a strip of leather, overlaid with metal links, closely interwoven. When he fired his revolver, which was only a small pocket one, the bullet struck this strap, driving it into the flesh, but the strap prevented the bullet lodging in or fracturing the bone, and, though stunned at the time, I escaped with a severe flesh wound. The four mounted Arabs, as soon as they saw my companion had gone off, came forward, as is their usual custom, to rob me; but, finding that I was not dead, for by this time I had recovered consciousness, and fearing the return of the British, they threw me across a horse, in front of one of their number, and conveyed me away to their Commander, who happened to be a Lieutenant of the Mhadi, and a Chief of one of the tribes. He questioned me closely about the strength and intentions of the British. I gave evasive answers to most of his questions, but in the end he gave orders that I was to be permitted to live amongst them as a prisoner at large. The party into whose hands I had fallen, instead of going on to Khartoum, as I anticipated, took their abode in Berber, and

I lived amongst them there nearly three years. Willing to gain their confidence, in order some day thereby to obtain my freedom, so that I might seek out, confront, and punish the man who had attempted to destroy me, I made myself useful to them in many ways. I often accompanied them in their expeditions against the hostile tribes in the province between Berber and Suakim. Towards the end of my third year of captivity, a rumour, apparently well founded, reached us that the British had completely evacuated Suakim, and it was at once decided to march on Suakim and capture it. I accompanied the expedition as usual, and we went forward until within two days' march of that town ; our scouts brought in the intelligence that evening that the friendlies, that is those tribes friendly to Britain, were encamped there that night, and in the morning we pushed forward, deploying, as we went, in battle order. By noon we discovered the enemy, and to all appearance they were prepared to withstand our further progress. I was, as usual, on foot, but I took particular care to keep as near as I could to one of the chiefs who rode on a beautiful Arab. I had a plan made up, which, if carried out successfully, would, I know, make me a free man. Fortunately for my purpose, I was on one of the flanks of the main body. The chief, who led our section, kept well to the front until we were about to close with our opponents. He then halted a short distance ahead, and waving his sword, ordered his men to charge the enemy, both armies being already engaged on our right. They advanced at a rapid pace, though in very loose order ; the chief, for the time being, reining in his horse so that some of his men were soon well in advance. I was carried on with the rush of the yelling crowd, but I deftly managed to make my way to where the chief rode. Once near enough to get an opportunity to place my hand upon his horse's crupper, which was my chief aim, I felt as if the energies of a thousand men were centered in me. With one spring I vaulted up behind him, and while with my left hand I grasped him by the throat, with my right

I seized the sword he carried, then dashing him to the ground, I picked up the reins he had just relinquished, and making the animal with a mighty bound leap forward, I soon found myself galloping on towards the friendlies. The small number of my company who had witnessed my act were so non-plussed by its suddenness and its daring that they could only stand open-mouthed to gaze after me. I made a detour round the right wing of the army of the friendlies, coming up in rear of their centre. I dashed forward cheering them as I went. They replied with a half cheer, half yell, for they at once recognised me as a Briton, and in one short hour my late comrades were in full flight." Arthur paused in his recital, and, as he did so, a cheer, long and loud, ascended through the sacred building, in which even the clergyman joined with a heartiness which showed that he also could appreciate the actions of a brave man, though they spoke of bloodshed and death. The two officers rushed forward and grasped him warmly by the hand, while Miss Murray, with the tears rushing down her cheeks, gazed lovingly into his eyes, though she uttered not a word. "I was wounded in the engagement," continued Arthur, pointing to a scar upon his neck which had before escaped notice, "but I paid little attention to it at the time. Many prisoners were taken, among whom, to my surprise, I discovered two of the men who had first captured me. I discovered that one of the chiefs could speak English, and to him I related my adventures, desiring him to accompany me to Suakim, taking with him the two prisoners already mentioned, to which he readily consented. On arriving there I sought out the Governor, to whom I told my story, the prisoners referred to supporting my statement in a very explicit and straightforward manner. The Governor readily agreed with me it would be better, in order to baffle and bring to justice the traitor who did me this great and cruel wrong, that I should for a time keep my re-appearance a secret. He supplied me with funds and other necessaries,

and I started for home. I arrived in England four months ago, and from secret enquiries discovered Dillon to be in Scotland. I then understood the object he had in seeking to deprive me of life, and I determined to remain unknown, even to my dearest friends, until I had a fitting opportunity of unmasking his treachery and denouncing him to the world. A month ago I stood face to face with him though he knew me not, and when he exultingly said in my hearing, 'a month to-day and Mary Murray shall be my bride,' I told him that a month to-day Mary Murray would be a bride, but not the bride of Edward Dillon. Mary Murray was my promised bride, and would have been mine long ago had not his black heart sought my destruction. Her heart is mine now as much as it was in the days that have gone; and though the circumstances under which we meet to-day are strange, yet there is nothing in them which should prevent our union being consummated. That man who, to all intents and purposes, was a murderer, shall witness the ceremony; it is the only punishment I wish to inflict upon him. Revenge I do not seek; for, when a man revenges himself upon his enemy, he makes him his equal." A murmur of approbation ran through the company, and all awaited Mary Murray's decision. She stood silent and absorbed for a short space, then, drawing an engagement ring from her finger, she cast it on the ground saying:—"It is the only present I ever accepted from him." She then intimated her willingness that the ceremony should proceed. When the service was over, Arthur turned to Dillon and said:—"Edward Dillon, go from this place. In the interests of justice my duty would be to hand thee over to the public prosecutor, but knowing that thy crime will forbid thee again entering society, I know that the anguish and remorse which will sear thy soul will be greater than if thou wert confined to the deepest dungeon." Dillon, being released, staggered away without uttering a word, and they saw him no more.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER VIII.

Raining's School.—Provost John Hossack, Treasurer, 1731-1751.—Change from Scots Money to Sterling in Hospital Accounts.—Increase in the Hospital Stock.—His Charge and Discharge.—How the Hospital Stock was invested at this time.—William Mackintosh, Senior's, Mortification.—The Laird and Lady Mackintosh's Mortification.—Mrs Anne Duff, Lady Mackintosh's Mortification.—Elspe Fowler's Mortification.—Provost Hossack's Accounts.—Report of Committee upon them approved.—Resolution of Kirk Session to grant a discount to Tenant of Fishings.—Delay and difficulty in getting payment of Laird and Lady Mackintosh's Mortification.—Principal Sum paid and Presentation of Beneficiaries by Anne, Lady Mackintosh.—A separate or particular Treasurer appointed for Geo. Duncan's Mortification.—Provost Hossack's wish to resign office of Treasurer in 1749, and Thomas Alves appointed, but Provost Hossack continued till 1752.—Anecdote about him.

TOWARDS the close of the Treasurership of Gilbert Gordon, part of the Hospital began to be used for that useful institution, Raining's School. A merchant in Norwich, named John Raining, a Scotsman, left by will in 1722 £1000 to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, "to plant a school in any part of North Britain where they think it is most wanted." The General Assembly, however, shortly afterwards, in 1724, handed over the bequest and its administration, with consent of Mr Raining's executors, to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Scotland, which had then been in existence about twenty years, and took much interest in the Highlands and Islands.

The records of the Kirk Session show that on 20th September, 1725, a letter from a Dr Alex. Dundas to the above-mentioned Society, relative to the granting of the

sum of £200, part of Mr Raining's bequest, for a school in the Highlands, was laid before the Session, and referred to the Committee on the Hospital accounts. Negotiations between the Society and the Kirk Session and Town Council followed; and an endeavour was made by the people of Easter Ross to get the school planted at Tain. Very soon afterwards, on 30th November, in same year, the Session had before them a letter from the Secretary of the S.P.C.K., showing that it was proposed to settle Mr Raining's School at Inverness upon the terms offered by the town and Session in their correspondence with that Society for that effect, and recorded that "they were well satisfied." Further, "the Session delivered the said letter to the Magistrates, in order to prepare what is proper for them on the part of the town in order to the settlement of the said school."

The Session minutes show further negotiations, and on 8th March, 1726, a letter from the Secretary S.P.C.K. was read, enclosing extract from minutes of that Society showing *inter alia* that they had written to the Magistrates acquainting them that the £200 referred to had not yet been paid, and the new school could not be proceeded with, but that they "accepted of the offer made of an house in the interim for accommodation of the schoolmaster and scholars, and were content upon the other encouragements proposed to take a trial how the said school will prosper in their towns, and when the mortified money for building of a school comes in, they will then consider of the purchase either of the ground for building, or house already built." The same extract showed that the Society had received a reply from the Rev. Mr Macbean, minister at Inverness, bearing that the resolution of the Society had been intimated to the Town Council and Kirk Session, and gave them much satisfaction; and, further, that the Society remitted to their Committee to consider the scroll sent from the Kirk Session of Inverness, and to give their opinion thereanent

to the said Session, and to adjust all matters both with town and Kirk Session of Inverness concerning the settlement of Raining's School there.

It appears from the burgh records that in October, 1726, four rooms above the Grammar School, the whole of the third story of Dunbar's Hospital, was allocated for a school and a master's house without rent, and to enter at Whitsunday following.

The Session records of 11th April, 1727, contain the statutes and regulations for Raining's School agreed to in Edinburgh on 16th March preceding, by the S.P.C.K., and an extract from that Society's minutes of same date, showing that Mr H. Moncrieff, whom they had appointed as master, would enter on his duties at Whitsunday following; and the Session, on hearing this read, recorded "that they were well satisfied, and, the Magistrates being present, expressed their resolution without loss of time to set about what was incumbent on them, and on all the members of the Session to lay out themselves in all proper ways for the encouragement of the said school."

The school was accordingly opened in the upper part of Dunbar's Hospital, the Grammar School being continued below it. It was carried on there until a site on the Barnhill was purchased and a new school built there, under an arrangement between the S.P.C.K. and the Town Council, and opened in 1757.

Bailie Gilbert Gordon was succeeded by Provost John Hossack in the office of hospital treasurer, which he held from Candlemas, 1731, to Martinmas, 1751. An important change took place in his time in the keeping of the Hospital accounts in sterling money—the effect being to make each item stand at one-twelfth of what it did before. His accounts are framed on the same clear model as those of his predecessors, and as some of the mortifications, already referred to as granted, now actually appear in the accounts, in addition to a new one, the amount of the Hospital stock at the time he resigned office shows a substantial increase.

He *Charges* himself with—

Principal sum in bonds, &c., transmitted to himself	£2063	5	5 $\frac{1}{3}$
Annual rents, deficiencies, &c., do. ...	442	2	8 $\frac{7}{12}$
Annual rents, land rents, rent of half-coble, &c., for 20 years	2221	16	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mortifn. of the Laird and Lady Mackintosh Annl. rents thereof fr. Whits., 1742, to Marts., 1751	166	13	4
Mortifn. of Wm. Mackintosh, senr., principal sum	79	3	4
Annual rents thereof fr. Marts., 1726, till Marts., 1751	25	0	0
Mortifn. of deceast Mrs Ann Duff, Lady Dowager of Mackintosh, under the patronage of her nearest relatives, paid into the Kirk Session	31	5	0
	55	11	1 $\frac{1}{3}$
	<hr/>		
	£5084	17	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

Among the bonds are, “Bond, Baillie James Roy Dunbar, for half-coble river fishing, £166 13s 4d,” and “Bond, Baillie James Roy Dunbar, on the lands of Gallowmuir or Millfield, £222 4s 5 $\frac{1}{3}$ d,” both previously entered in Scots money.

His *Discharge* was as follows—

Principl. sums in bonds, bills, securities on lands and fishings, &c.	£2712	19	11 $\frac{5}{12}$
Interests resting, debts outstanding, &c. ...	840	10	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Payments, viz. :—Feu-duties, ministers’ stipends, cesses, reparation of Hospital, books bought for library, salary of librarian, bursars on Laird of Mackintosh’s Mortification, charities to particular objects, pensioners upon Hospital funds by quarterly paymts, allowce. to Hosp. treasurer	1445	9	3

To Hospital pensrs, exclus. of above, to			
Candlems., 1752	£14	2	6
Bond of the bearers for the money mortified			
by the Lady Dowager of Mackintosh ...	55	11	1½
Cesses for the half-coble's fishing	9	4	9
Balce. remaining in cash	6	19	0½
	<hr/>		
	£5084	17	5½

It will be interesting to some to know how the capital stock was invested at this time. Besides the securities on lands and fishings, there were bonds by Inches, £109 8s 10d; bond, Hugh Robertson and John Mackay, £27 15s 6½d; bond, David and Robert Ross, £128; bond, David Grant, Wright, £33 6s 8d; bond, Jon. Thomson, £114 15s 1½d; bond, John Shaw and Kellachie, £58 6s 8d; bond, John Baillie of Torbreak, £100; other bonds, £69 15s 10d, £28 11s 10d, £72 4s 5½d, £32 11s 7d; the Magistrates of Inverness, £232 15s 7½d; Duncan Forbes of Culloden, £255 5s, and also for the Mortification of Laird and Lady Mackintosh, £166 13s 4d.

The Mortification of Wm. Mackintosh, senr., late bailie and treasurer [evidently of the burgh] dates from 1726; its destination was that the interest should be paid to the poor of the burgh, but the sole right of presenting beneficiaries was to rest with his heirs whatsoever. The money did not come in till 1751.

The bequest of the Laird and Lady Mackintosh was one of 3000 merks, equal to £2000 Scots; it dates from 1728, and is recorded in the Kirk Session Register, 11th March, 1740. It was in favour of the Kirk Session and Hospital Treasurer thereof for the time being, for the support and education of two poor boys, one of the name of Mackintosh or of the Clan Chattan, the other of the name of Duff. The donors were Lachlan Mackintosh and his wife, Anne Duff. He was a minor at the time of the rising of 1715, and appears to have died in 1731, without issue. This bequest, under the recent Educational Endowments Act, has

passed out of the hands of the Kirk Session, and is now administered by the trustees of the Inverness Royal Academy.

Mrs Anne Duff, who is described as "Lady Mackintosh, relict of Lachlan Mackintosh of that ilk, Captain of Clan Chattan," also left the handsome sum of 1000 merks (paid in 1751) "for pious uses—the money to be settled by the ministers and Kirk Session, and assistance of the Magistrates of Inverness, on good security, that the annual rent thereof may be duly paid yearly to each person, as re-presented, as, first, I do by these presents during her life to Katharine Campbell, spouse to Dalshangie, to her person, and then to be presented by my brother, Wm Duff, or my nephew, Alexr. Duff, to any old necessitous persons, either man or woman, and, failing of any of the name of Duff to be presented, then to the name of Mackintosh or Clan Chattan, or relation of either of these my executors."

Nothing can be clearer than the donor's intention that the right of presentation was reserved, and its exercise restricted to persons of the name of Duff, or belonging to the Clan Chattan. There was another Mortification, dated 1747, by Elspet Fowler, spouse to William Mackay, merchant, of 500 merks, destined "to the Hospital and poor of Inverness."

During Provost Hossack's term of office as treasurer, some attention was certainly paid to disposing of the annual rents in accordance with the intentions of respective donors, but all the funds are mixed together in one account, instead of being arranged under different branches agreeably to repeated instructions. We shall find an improvement in his successor's accounts in respect to the Library Fund.

Provost Hossack's accounts were duly examined by a committee of Kirk Session in 1752, who reported that they "unanimously agree that the said John Hossack deserves the thanks of the Kirk Session for his care and fidelitie in the management of the Hospital funds for the space of 20

years, and that he be discharged in ample form of all his intrusions by the said Kirk Session of Inverness." The date of the above is 30th April, 1752, and is extracted by Robt. Edwards, session clerk. This report further mentions that "the said John Hossack having formed a book for keeping the accounts of the Mortification of the Laird and Lady Mackintosh distinct in favour of bursars, and another book in which he has stated the debtors to the funds, for the more distinct forming a charge against the treasurers of the Hospital, the succeeding treasurer is ordered to keep the said books for the Session." These books do not appear to be forthcoming now. The Session considered and approved the report on 26th May, 1752, and resolved to choose a new treasurer.

The following resolution, passed at the same meeting, is of interest, viz. :—"That a discount be made to the farmer of the Hospital's half-coble's fishing of the cesses or stents wherewith the said half-coble has been charged from June, 1731, to Sept., 1751 years, both inclusive." The amount of these was £9 4s 9½d sterling. On the other hand, the Committee agreed "that the farmer of the fishing is and should be obliged to uphold the waterworks at his own expenses in as good condition as when he entered upon them." No information is given as to the nature of "the waterworks."

The Kirk Session did not obtain possession of the 3000 merks mortified by the Laird and Lady of Mackintosh without both delay and difficulty. A committee had been appointed by the Kirk Session to meet and take under consideration the affair of any mortifications made to the Session, and, accordingly, reported on 15th February, 1737. The greater part of the report is taken up with Duncan's Mortification; his widow, Mrs Duncan, who had the life-rent of the lands of Diriebught, having died about a year before, and an abstract of its purposes is given; but the committee also report that "they were informed that the Honorable Lachlan M'Intosh of that ilk, deceased, and his

lady had made a conjunct Deed of Mortification some years before his death of the sum of 3000 merks, 2000 of which were appointed for the University at Aberdeen." This information proved incorrect so far as the amount was concerned, as the donors left 5000 merks, of which 2000 went to the University above named. After some correspondence with William, the then Laird of Mackintosh, in 1738, the Session, through a committee, got a decret of exhibition and horning against Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass for exhibition of the Deed of Mortification, and on 11th March, 1740, having obtained possession of the Deed, and granted a receipt to Dunmaglass, it was submitted to the Session, and a copy of it engrossed in the minutes, the Deed itself being delivered to the Moderator to hand to the Hospital Treasurer, as the money fell to be lodged in his hands. The money was to have been paid within a year and a day of Lachlan Mackintosh's decease.

William, Laird of Mackintosh, appears to have died in 1741, and was succeeded by his brother Angus, who married Anne, daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, the heroine of the '45, and in particular of the rout of Moy. Angus Mackintosh attended a meeting of the Session on 16th March, 1742, and made a representation to the effect that it had been unknown to him that no part of the money had been paid, nor any presentees offered to enjoy the benefit of the fund, and that he was only second lineal successor to the donor; he expressed his readiness to pay the principal sum, but asked the Session to pass from extracting bygone annual rents, and stated that he was informed that the authorities of King's College, Aberdeen, would agree to the same arrangement.

The Session, after communicating with Principal Chalmers, who assented to the proposals, and after receipt of a letter from Anne Duff, the Dowager Lady Mackintosh in which, for her right and interest, she not only consented to the request of the present Mackintosh being agreed to

by the Session, but concurred in his request, resolved on the 27th May, 1742, to pass from all claim to all annual rents then due on the principal sum of 3000 merks, and empower the Hospital Treasurer to receive now from the Laird of Mackintosh the said principal sum, or sufficient security for the same, to bear interest from the term of Whitsunday last past, and to grant to the Laird of Mackintosh a discharge of the said principal sum, and annual rents thereon, preceding the term of Whitsunday last past. This explains why Provost Hossack in his *Charge* charges himself with annual rents only from Whitsunday, 1742.

The Dowager Lady Mackintosh availed herself of her right by presenting William Macgillivray, brother german to Dunmaglass, as of the Clan Chattan, and Hugh Duff, lawful son to William Duff, late Regent at Aberdeen, and grandson to the deceast Mr Hugh Duff, late minister of the Gospel at Fearn, to the Kirk Session and Hospital Treasurer of Inverness, and to be at their sight settled at Mr Raining's Free Charity School there, and for the maintenance equally to the benefice of the yearly annual rent of the principal sum of 3000 merks Scots. The Session agreed to the above presentation.

She again presented two boys on 8th March, 1748, viz., Lachlan Mackintosh, lawful son of the deceast Lachlan Mackintosh of Strone, and William Mackintosh, lawful son to the deceast Angus Mackintosh of Far.

The Session Records show that on 28th February, 1749, it was resolved to have a separate treasurer for George Duncan's Mortification, in order to keep the said Mortification distinct, and that, accordingly, James Cuthbert was appointed treasurer therefor. His successor, William Macpherson, is frequently designated "Reparation Treasurer."

Provost Hossack wished to resign in 1749, for we find it recorded in the Session minutes of 21st December of that year, that he desired to be relieved of the office of Hospital treasurer, and to have a new one appointed; and that at the next meeting, 26th December, Thomas Alves was chosen to

succeed him, and a committee appointed to examine Provost Hossack's accounts; but as these extended over many years, they were not ready by 23rd January following, and the Provost was continued in the management of the Hospital funds. Again, a year later, on 31st January, 1751, he was "appointed to continue as Treasurer, until the affairs of the Hospital under his management be transacted and expedite, so as to enable him to render the accounts thereof distinct and vouched. He was treasurer during very troublous times, and finally got his discharge 26th May, 1752.

The following story is told of him on the authority of a letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Bath, dated 1751, and reprinted in "Jacobite Memoirs":—"A Mr Hossack, who had filled the situation of Provost of Inverness, and who had, under the direction of President Forbes, performed important services to the Government, having gone to pay his respects to the Duke of Cumberland" (immediately after the battle of Culloden) "found Generals Hawley and Huske deliberating on the inhuman design" of dispatching any of the wounded of Prince Charlie's army that might be found still surviving on or near the field. "Observing them intent upon their object, and actually proceeding to make out orders for killing the wounded Highlanders, he ventured to remonstrate against such a barbarous step. 'As His Majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope' (observed Hossack) 'your Excellencies will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment.' Hawley, in a rage, cried out—'D—n the puppy! Does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away!' Another officer ordered Hossack to be kicked out, and the order was obeyed with such instantaneous precision, that the ex-Provost found himself at the bottom of two flights of steps almost in a twinkling."

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE

IV.

THE EVIL EYE.

THE belief in the Evil Eye is of great antiquity. Virgil says—

“Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.”

“I know not what eye has bewitched my tender lambs.”

For centuries this belief has prevailed in the Highlands. We are often told that the Highlanders are superstitious, and in that respect far behind their Lowland neighbours. It may not be amiss to point out here that the belief in the Evil Eye has prevailed in all countries, and prevails even in civilised Greece to the present time. Mr Rennall Rodd, in his interesting volume on the “Customs and Lore of Modern Greece,” mentions that all grades of Grecian society believe in it. So much is this the case, that it is acknowledged by the Greek Church, which has prayers against its potency.

The Evil Eye was believed to be the outcome of envy. Admiration implied envy and covetousness, and hence when one praised or admired another, whether man or beast, the object praised was believed to be liable to the effects of the Evil Eye.¹ Thus when a woman admires a child, she frequently says—“Gu’m beannaich an sealbh thu; cha *ghabh mo shuil* ort;” which may be translated—“God bless you, and may my eye ‘not take on’ you”—that is to say that the child should not become a victim to the Evil Eye.

¹ In the song of the Kenlochewe Bard already referred to, we have the line—
Buidseachd, a’s draoidheachd a’s *farmad*.
(Witchcraft, sorcery, and *envy*.)

This idea also prevails in Orkney and Shetland, where praise of the description above indicated receives the name "Forespoken." If one says to a child "He is a bonnie bairn;" or "Thoo are looking well the day," it is regarded as coming from an "ill tongue," unless the expression "God save the bairn," or some such blessing is also used. For the cure of being "Forespoken," the following charm was repeated over water, which the patient had to drink off, or be washed with:—

Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
Bitten sall they be
Wha have bitten thee!
Care to their near vein,
Until thou get'st thy health again,
Mend thou in God's name!

The Evil Eye might be described as of a two-fold character. It was (first) believed to be the outcome of an evil disposition on the part of the one who possessed it; and (secondly) many were believed to be possessed of this unhappy faculty, though at the same time they were void of any ill design. I have recently met on the West Coast a man who believed that he himself had the Evil Eye, and that he could not look even on his own cattle and admire them without the animals suffering from the baneful influence! In Greece the most popular amulet against fascination, and the consequent Evil Eye, is garlic. A mother or nurse walking out with her children, who may be admired, will at once exclaim "Skordon" (garlic). The ancients seem to have held that a power which grew out of envy was best thwarted by anything which provoked laughter. Accordingly, amulets of an indelicate character were worn as charms, and spitting was an universal remedy.

In the Highlands there were amulets worn, such as coins and beads, about children's necks; and the possessor of the Evil Eye was given something as an antidote to his envy. If a neighbour entered when a woman was churning, the envious eye of the visitor might affect the performance,

and prevent the butter from coming! To avert such a calamity, the visitor got a drink out of the churn. In order to avoid such interruptions, the churning was usually made after bedtime, when the dangers of interruption from without were few.

A certain preparation of water was one of the prevailing remedies when either man or beast was supposed to be suffering from the Evil Eye. At page 126 of Vol. VIII. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions, I gave a short account of the ceremony. According to the description then given, coins of gold, silver, and copper were put into a basin of water. The person performing the *Eolas* repeated the undernoted words over the dish, at the same time blowing the water with his or her breath. The water was then sprinkled on the person supposed to be suffering from the malady. The words given on that occasion were:—

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

Translated—

'Tis the eye that sees,
'Tis the heart that thinks,
'Tis the tongue that speaks ;
I am the three to turn this off you.¹
In the name of the Father; of the Son, and of the
Holy Ghost.

So much by way of introduction. I will now proceed with the mode of curing the sufferer from the supposed effects of the Evil Eye, as the same is practised in Uist. In the first place, the performer goes for water, and, if possible, it is taken out of a burn across which the living pass, and over which the bodies of the dead are from time to time carried. Having brought the water into the house, he

¹ Here the name of the afflicted person is to be said.

repeats the *paidir* (*pater*), and the *creud* (*credo*). He then takes a coin, or coins. My informant was not very precise as to the use of the three metals, as stated in the former description, but she significantly added, "Mar is treise 'n t-airgiod 's ann is fhearr e," meaning that the more valuable the coin, the more powerful it is! The coin, or coins, are then, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, put into the water. Thereafter three palmfuls (*tri boiseagan*) are sprinkled, in the name of the Trinity, on the person or animal suffering. The performer then goes with the dish of water to the fireside, and sprinkles three palmfuls of the water on the fire, repeating these words:—

"An till teine farmad ?

Tillidh teine farmad."

("Will fire turn envy ?

Fire will turn envy").

The remainder of the water is then taken outside, and spilled on a flag, or rock—on what my informant called "air lic dhilinn," that is, a flag or rock *in situ*.

At the present day, in Perthshire, a similar performance is gone through when a tenant finds that a ram of his flock is sick. The practice, doubtless, had its origin in the belief that such sickness was due to the Evil Eye. The ceremony is somewhat similar to that described in the first charm; and it was considered a good sign if the coin adhered to the bottom of the vessel containing the water.

A version I received from Skye a few years ago seems simple. Three coins—half a sovereign, half a crown, and half a penny—were put into the water; the performer knelt on his right knee, and sprinkled the water on the sufferer, at the same time repeating the following Incantation:—

Chi suil thu :

Labhraidh bial thu ;

Smuanichidh cridhe thu—

An Triuir ga do dhion—

An t-Athair, am Mac, 'san Spiorad Naomh.

(name here)

A thoil-san gun robh deant. Amen.

Translated—

Eye will see you,
Tongue will speak of you ;
Heart will think of you—
The Three are protecting you—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A. B.

His will be done. Amen.

Another supposed cure for the Evil Eye was “Eolas a’ chronachaidh.” An account of it is given in Mackenzie’s “Beauties,” page 268, where it is stated that as the incantation was sung a bottle of water was being filled, and the performer so modulated his voice as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it was poured into the vessel. The incantation, as given in the “Beauties,” is as follows:—

Deanamsa dhutsa eolas air suil,
A uhd’ Ille Phadruig Naoimb,
Air at amhaich is stad earbuill,
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 mnath’ i, i bhì dh’ easbhuidh a cich
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da ’fuil,
Air a ni, ’s air a caoine,
Air a crodh ’s air a caoraich fein.

Translated—

Let me perform for you a charm for the evil eye,
From the breast of the holy Gil-Patrick [St 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 resin,
If a woman’s eye may she want her breast,
A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,
And to her stock, to her men,
To her cattle and her sheep.

Mr Leland, in his “Gypsy Sorcery,” makes several references to the Evil Eye. At page 51 he describes the

Gypsy ceremony against the influence of the Evil Eye, and as it is somewhat akin to our Highland method, I may briefly repeat it here. A jar is filled with water from a stream, and it must be taken *with*, not *against* the current. In it are placed seven coals, seven handfuls of meal, and seven cloves of garlic, all of which are put on the fire. When the water begins to boil, it is stirred with a three-forked twig, while the gypsy repeats a rhyme of which the following is a translation :—

Evil eyes look on thee,
 May they here extinguished be,
 And then seven ravens
 Pluck out the evil eyes.
 Evil eyes (now) look on thee,
 May they soon extinguished be.
 Much dust in the eyes,
 Thence may they become blind.
 Evil eyes now look on thee ;
 May they soon extinguished be ;
 May they burn, may they burn
 In the fire of God !

It is pointed out that the seven ravens in the rhyme are probably represented by the seven coals ; while the three-pointed twig, the meal, and the garlic, symbolise lightning.

From the Evil Eye one naturally turns to what is called in the Outer Islands,

EOLAS AN T-SNAITHLEAN, OR THE TRIPLE THREADS.

I have previously pointed out that Pennant, in his *Tour*, refers to Virgil's description of the charms used by the shepherd Alpheus, and the use of triple threads in connection with these :—

“ *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores.*”
 (“ Tie three colours in three knots, O Amaryllus.”)

Eolas an t-Snaithelean is simply the Charm or Incantation of the threads, that is, the triple threads ; and it is worthy of note that the triple threads of Virgil were white, rose

colour, and black. In Virgil's Eclogue VIII., line 73, we have a clear reference to the *Eolas* of the triple thread:—

“*Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore licia circumdo*”

(“First I surround thee with three different threads and threefold colours),”

thus proving the great antiquity of this charm. It is still very popular in the Western Islands, and is used as a Charm against the effects of the Evil Eye, and also against Witchcraft. The rite observed is as follows:—

First, the *Paidir* or *Pater* is said. Then the following Incantation:—

Chi suil thu,
Labhraidh bial thu;
Smuainichidh cridhe thu.
Tha fear a ruigheadh (?)
Gad' choisreagadh,

An t-Athair, 's am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

Ceathrar a rinn do chron—
Fear agus bean,
Gille agus nighean.
Co tha gu sin a thilleadh?

Tri Pearsannan na Trianaid ro-naomh,
An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

Tha mi 'cur fianuis gu Moire, agus gu Brighde,
Ma 's e duine rinn do chron,

Le droch ruin,
No le droch shuil,
No le droch chridhe,

Gu'm bi thusa, (¹) gu math
Ri linn so a chur mu 'n cuairt ort.

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

Translated—

An eye will see you,
Tongue will speak of you,
Heart will think of you,
. (?)

Blesses you
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

¹ Here say the name of person or beast to be cured.

Four caused you hurt—
 Man and wife,
 Young man and maiden.
 Who is to turn that ?

The three Persons of the most Holy Trinity,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I send my prayer to the Virgin Mary and to St Bridget.
 That if your hurt was caused by man,
 Through ill-will,
 Or the evil eye,
 Or a wicked heart,
 That you [A. B.] may be whole,
 While I entwine this about you.

In nomine Patris, &c.

The whole of the foregoing Incantation is recited three times, and, during the recital, the *Snaithlean*, or tri-coloured triple thread, is entwined about the beast's tail (*an bun an earbuill*) with triple knots. If the beast is to recover, the person applying the *Snaithlean* feels himself or herself becoming ill. If the first recital does not prove efficacious, the rite may be performed two or three times.

Another *Eolas*, which appears to be an abbreviation of the *Snaithlean*, is

EOLAS FOIREIGNIDH.

It may be used for man or beast, with or without the *Snaithle*, in all sorts of illnesses of a sudden nature, and is much in request. It is as follows :—

Ceathrar a laidheas an suil,
 Fear a's bean,
 Gille agus nighean,
 Triuir ga shobhadh (?) sin,
 An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

From the Evil Eye and the *Snaithlean* one naturally turns to

THE SIAN, OR SEUN.

Macalpine defines *Seun* as "an amulet to render a warrior invulnerable." The word is also used in an ecclesiastical sense as meaning blessed, or sacred. We

have the expression "Am biadh gun *sianadh* air do shiubhal," signifying that a person had partaken of food without blessing it or saying grace. In the song of the Kenlochewe Bard previously referred to, we have the mother-in-law presented to us at the bed of the young couple as "Ga'n *sianadh* 's ga'n teagasg;" that is, blessing them and teaching them. The *Sian*, as explained by Macalpine, and also in a more elaborate form by the learned authors of the Highland Society's Dictionary, is simply a protective charm; and it is of interest to note that the belief in it is by no means confined to the Highlands. In the work by Mr Rennall Rodd, previously referred to, we have an account of a certain Cretan warrior who, in our own time, pretended to be invulnerable in virtue of a medal of St Constantine which he wore suspended round his neck. Twice this warrior was hit without being wounded, but a third time he received a serious wound in the neck. This, however, did not shake his confidence, and he attributed his mischance to the fact that in pursuance of a vendetta he had determined in his own mind to take the life of a fellow-Christian, whereupon the saint had withdrawn his protection. This reminds one of the legend that the Highland warriors who were under a *sian* at Culloden had only to remove their plaids and shake off the bullets! The Clanranald chief, who was killed at Sheriffmuir was believed to be "charmed" or under a protective spell; and an Uist tradition has it that he was treacherously killed by a man from his own estates who had encountered his ire for some misconduct, and who joined his opponents. This man knew that his chief was protected by a *sian*, and putting a silver coin into his gun shot him.

The *sian* of the Clanranalds was, according to tradition, a piece of the club moss (*Garbhag-an-t-sleibhe*), and a piece of the caul or *currachd-rath* (Fortunatus's cap). These were put into the pocket of the warrior when departing for battle, either by a virgin or an unmarried man. At the

same time an incantation of some kind was gone through. With regard to the club moss, the following lines were said :—

Fhir a shiubhlas gu h-eutrom
 Cha'n eagal dhuit beud mo pudhar,
 'S garbhag-an-t-sleibhe bhi air do shiubhal.

I was not able to find the incantation of the *Sian* in Uist, but I give here a set which Mr Macbain obtained from one of his mainland friends. The "charmer" and his *protege* go to a retired spot. The recipient of the charm there goes on his knees; the "charmer" lays his hand on the other's head; and, with eyes shut, utters the incantation. Going round him sunwise, or *Deisiul*, he repeats these words twice :—

Sian a chuir Moire air a Mac ort,
 Sian ro mharbhadh, 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 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 deisiul
 ri deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho
 bheud 's bho mhi-thapadh.

Translated—

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.

Going anti-sunwise, or *tuaitheal*, he repeats the following one :—

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-Oighe 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 deisiul, deisiul is tuaitheal,
 Gu d' ghleidheadh bho d' chul
 Bho luaidhe 's bho chladheamh,
 Bho lot 's bho mharbhadh,
 Gu uair as a'm do bhais.

Translated—

The helmet of salvation about your head,
 The ring of the Covenant about your neck,
 The priest's breastplate 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, sun-wise 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 *Caul*—*Currachd-rath*, or, as it is frequently called, *Cochull*—is a membraneous cap in which the head of a child is sometimes enveloped when born. Such children are believed to be the special favourites of fortune. In addition to the caul being regarded as a protective charm in

battle, it is also believed to afford protection from drowning, and is looked upon as an article of considerable marketable value among sailors. The belief in its efficacy is by no means confined to the Highlands or even to Scotland. The French in Mauritius attach special virtue to it, and offer it for sale at fancy prices. In 1835, an advertisement in the following terms appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—“A child’s caul to be disposed of, a well-known preservative against drowning, &c. Price 10 guineas.” Mr Moore refers to this superstition in the Isle of Man, and states that a caul has been advertised for sale in a Liverpool newspaper in 1891.

In connection with this matter, it may be mentioned that the cowl of the monk—Gaelic, *cochull*; Latin, *cucullus*—was also used as an amulet in battle. In the life of St Columba, in the Book of Lismore, we are told that Columcille sained, or consecrated, a cowl for the warrior Aed Slaine, and said that he (the warrior) would not be slain so long as that cowl should be on him. Aed Slaine went upon a raid. He forgot his cowl. He was slain on that day. Again, in Adamnan’s Life of Columba (Book II., ch. 25), mention is made of Findlugan donning the Saint’s cowl to protect him from the spear-thrusts of Manus Dexterā!

AN OLD PERTSHIRE SONG.

SOME years ago I spent a pleasant holiday in Glen-quaich, Perthshire, with my friend, Mr P. C. Macfarlane, a student of much promise, whose early death was a decided loss to Gaelic literature. There was then living in the glen a nice old body—a real *bean choir*—who possessed quite a store of old Gaelic songs and sayings, and my friend was anxious that I should make her acquaintance, and hear her croon some of her favourite *luinneags*. I was warned that if she was not in trim (“mar a bi a gean-math oirre”), we might expect nothing. When we entered her tidy cot, we found her busy baking. She gave us a cordial welcome, and we talked of various matters for a time. When we informed her that we were most anxious to hear her sing some of her old Gaelic songs, she positively refused. We tried to coax her, my friend even suggesting some songs that he had heard her sing; but to his oft-repeated request of “Abair e, 'Sheonaid,” her only reply was, “Cha 'n abair.” We were much disappointed, and my friend even went the length of pressing her for her reasons for being so obdurate. Her reply was—“Nach cuala sibh riamh an sean-fhacal: ‘Chà do rinn fuinneadh ri ceòl nach do rinn itheadh ri bròn’”—(“Have you never heard the proverb, ‘They never kneaded to music that did not eat in sorrow?’”). We were quite satisfied with her reasons, and having sat and chatted for a while, we took our leave, and were promised a song if we would return the following day. We called on the morrow, and found Seonaid quite hearty and tuneful. She sang us a peculiar lilt, the air being most catching, but she could only recollect the chorus, which was—

“ Dh' eireadh, o dh' eireadh,
 'S gu'n eireadh i leam,
Cailleach an da bhreidean,
 Gu'n eireadh i leam ;

Dh' eireadh 's gu'n eirinn rithe,
 Dh' eireadh i leam,
 Cailleach an da bhreidean,
 Gu'n eireadh i leam."

Perhaps some of your readers can supply the rest of the song. She also sang the following verses, which seems to be very old, and, as a special favour, she allowed us to write them down from her dictation. There is one line in the song which I do not understand, and which even Seonaid could not explain. I refer to

"Seachd seanrach gu d' bhanais."

Can any one throw light on this phrase?

FIIR BHIG NA GRUAIGE RUAIDH.

Fhir bhig na gruaige ruaidh
 Mheall thu uam mo cheud leannan,
 Nior dheanadh i bonn stath dhuit,
 No ma dh' araicheadh i dhuit leanabh.

Nior a dheanadh i bonn stath dhuit,
 No ma dh' araicheadh i dhuit leanabh ;
 Na robh an t-im air do bhlathaich,
 Na robh an caise air do bhainne.

Na robh an t-im air do bhlathaich,
 Na robh an caise air do bhainne,
 Na robh an crodh 'breith nan laogh dhuit,
 No na caoirich uain gheala.

Na robh an crodh 'breith nan laogh dhuit,
 No na caoirich uain gheala,
 No na caoirich le 'n uanaibh,
 'Dol suas ris a' bhealach.

No na caoirich le 'n uanaibh,
 'Dol suas ris a' bhealach,
 Na robh cruach ann do lainn-se,¹
 Ri oidhch' a' chur-chathaidh.

Na robh cruach ann do lainnse,
 Ri oidhch' a' chur-chathaidh,
 Na robh gearran a'd' stabull,
 La Fheill Paruig is t-Earrach.

¹ *Lann*, a piece of land. In Glenquaiach there is a farm called "An Lainn Mhoir."

Na robh gearran a'd' stabull,
La Fheill Paruig is t-Earrach ;
Ach mar faigh mi dhìot tuilleadh
Dean mo chuireadh gu d' bhanais.

Ach mar faigh mi dhìot tuilleadh
Dean mo chuireadh gu d' bhanais,
Gu t-fhaireadh gu t-aiteach',
Seachd seanrach gu d' bhanais.

Gu t-fhaireadh gu t-aiteach',
Seachd seanrach gu d' bhanais,
Ged tha mise 'n so 'm aonar
Tha mo ghaol-sa 'm Braigh-Rainneach.

Ged tha mise 'n so 'm aonar
Tha mo ghaol-sa 'm Braigh-Rainneach,
Tha gruagach 's an aonach
'S i gaola nam feara.

Tha gruagach 's an aonach
'S i gaola nam feara,
'S gur trom a luidh an aois orm,
O'n nach d' fhaod mi 'bhi ma' riut.

Gur trom a luidh an aois orm,
O'n nach d' fhaod mi 'bhi ma' riut,
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghradh geal
Anns an airidh 'tha thall ud.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghradh geal
Anns an airidh 'tha thall ud,
Ann am bothan an t-sugraidh,
Gun dun' oirnn' ach barraich.

Ann am bothan an t-sugraidh,
Gun dun' oirnn' ach barraich,
Far am biodh coileach an tuchain,
'G ar dusgadh 's a' mhadainn.

Far am biodh coileach an tuchain,
'G ar dusgadh 's a' mhadainn,
Fhir bhig na gruaige ruaidh,
Mheall thu uam mo cheud leannan.

FIONN.

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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III.—GLENBELTANE.

THE house of Glenbeltane stood upon a height between the converging streams of the Beltane and the Goblin, and looked towards Lochgoy. On the banks of these streams, about their confluence, were visible some narrow patches of cultivation, while along the shore of the lake extended a pleasant meadow land. Dense was the copsewood of alder that fringed the burns, concealing many a pool and rapid of their bright waters under its curtain of living green, that shot forth at frequent intervals into trees of commanding size. Near the long winding shore, where the soil was richer, there were many fine specimens of the birch, the rowan, the wild gean, and the willow, underneath whose boughs the deep green grass grew luxuriantly, interspersed with wild flowers. I remember in particular a beautiful species of the hyacinth that every year appeared in one sheltered nook, and shed around a rare and exquisite perfume. Here, for hours at a time, have I herded cattle during the long days of summer and autumn. Well I knew where the rasp bushes and the brambles in vain veiled their delicious fruit among thorns, and leaves, and nettles, which were, however, a formidable defence against bare feet. And well I knew the alder bank where the sweet nodules of the *prionan* did most abound. That delightful region was a favourite haunt of the honey gatherers. Chief among these was the humble bee, who built her waxen mansion under the turf, and, being of a placable disposition, never liked to use her sting unless hard pressed; and the moss bee, whose fiery orange coat, typical of her temper and furious attack, warned the wary, though longing, meddler,

from her nest. Along the margin of those low-lying and leafy dells, the loch rested upon a wide bed of white sand and gravel, that sloped gently downwards into the black profound, from whence glided numerous trout of every size, to feed and disport themselves in the shallows, penetrated in some degree by the light of day. Where the united streams issued into Lochgoy, the waters, which before had dashed over many a wild precipice, were now quite still, and so transparent that the bottom of the pool, which was of considerable depth, seemed close to the surface. This was the Bathing Pool. It must be confessed that those pure waters were always gelid, even after the hottest day in mid-summer. And no wonder, for they were the offspring of melting snow in the high corries, and of the deep mountain wells, whose temperature never changed.

The Goblin burn flowed, or rather poured, out of Corrie Goblin, and, descending rapidly, made its course at right angles with the lake. The loud noise of its cascades could be heard within the house of Glenbeltane. Thus it was usually the last sound that fell upon my ear at night, and how often has it mingled with my dreams !

The Beltane was a much less turbulent stream. The little valley through which it took its way was formed by a low range of hills, which lay between Lochgoy and the lofty mountains that enclosed Corrie Goblin. Singularly well adapted for all pastoral purposes, it was especially valuable during the lambing season, on account of the hazel wood that clothed its slopes aloft, affording shelter to the younglings of the flock from the sleety storms which then prevail, and encouraging an early vegetation that swelled the udders of the ewes. In olden times the people of Inverbeltane had their shealings near the head of this gentle glen. There, where the rivulet flows smoothly, with many a sudden bend, through that sweet upland glade, whose surrounding bosage invites the frequent stay of mavis and wood-pigeon, may be traced the remains of the

folds and booths, where tuneful voices once poured forth strains of melody, that arose in after years in lands far away. Often, when alone in this most beautiful and peaceful scene, have I well-nigh melted into tears of tender regret, while no sound could be heard save the shepherd's whistle, or the barking of his dog, or the bleating of the ewes and lambs. The rest and quietness of an eternal Sabbath surely would most harmonise with the prevailing spirit of that scene. No one could listen to the songs and tales of Ishbal Macindruì without feeling their influence here. While her father lived at Inverbeltane, she had spent the greater part of every grazing season at those shealings, and many old memories remained to her of loves, and joys, and sorrows, that filled the hearts of their occupants, now mouldering in the dust. The shealings had all passed away; so had all the homes at Inverbeltane; and the little cot which she occasionally occupied there, was now the only dwelling within the bounds of a township where she remembered twenty families to have been reared. Close to it was a clump of rowan trees, which her brothers had planted before they took their departure for the New World. And within view from that spot, on a rising ground at the head of Lochgoy, was the graveyard of St Eonan, where the Macindruìs of Inverbeltane had buried their dead for countless generations, and she knew that no grave would evermore be opened there, except for herself and her aged brother at Balmosses, when the last of the Macindruìs would have passed away.

But now it is full time that, without further ado, I withdrew from those sweet scenes, which memory depicts bathed in the brightness of a perpetual summer morning, and introduce the reader to that abode which was to me as the life and centre of the whole; from whence, ere yet my thinking personality fairly took form, I looked abroad upon the world of moor, and hill, and stream, and wood, watching the changing face of nature, the constant altera-

tion of sky, the rising and falling of the mist, and, in the near foreground, those images of quiet pastoral life, which cast a spell on my mind that time has neither broken nor weakened.

The house of Glenbeltane in the main consisted of a long low building, with two cross wings. It had been built before the property merged in that of Duncairn, and, having been intended to form the seat of a landed proprietor, who was also the head of a sept, it bore evidence of an ambitious and aristocratic design. The long chimneys, the gables of unequal proportion, darkly stained with the weather, and the windows, numberless and narrow, must have had a picturesque effect even to the casual eye. The roof of the central block was covered with slates, or, to speak more accurately, heavy slabs, which had been carried from Corrie Goblin; while the flanking wings aforesaid were lower, and thatched with heather. The gables of these latter, which faced Lochgoy, were joined by a wall having a gateway in line with the front door. Within this yard or enclosure were a few fruit trees and flowering shrubs of various kinds. On each of the two grass plots divided by the paved way that led from the white gate to the door, grew a plum tree of some hardy species, the tardy ripening of whose fruit I used to note with an impatient satisfaction. The gateway opened upon a level green of considerable extent, which, in front of the house, terminated abruptly on the edge of a steep bank that overlooked the burn. The effects of many a winter spate were visible in the vast quantity of debris spread over the ground below, but the kindly alder had taken root among the boulders and the bleached shingle, and, aided by the wild thyme, and the thistle, and the fox-glove, threw softening touches over the rude scene of devastation.

From within the house, however, nothing of this was visible. From there we could see but the banks of Lochgoy, and the great hills that arose on the further side. Glens and corries and lochs lay among the mountain

fastnesses of that wild and inaccessible region, but abode of human being there was none. Nevertheless, portions of that wilderness afforded excellent pasturage, and more than one of the townships of Duncairn had their shealings there. From the windows of the western wing, of which I hope yet to speak more particularly, a different view extended. Through them the eye might survey the pleasant valley of the Beltane, and low down on the right, beneath the wooded brow that sheltered it from the north wind, part even of Inverbeltane was visible. This, then, was the early home to which memory so fondly returns.

My education was conducted according to the custom of the time, sometimes under the superintendence of a divinity student, and sometimes at the distant parish school, when I resided with good Mr Munro. But, inasmuch as these my lucubrations have respect to persons and things rather than to my own history, which is of no moment, I shall say no more upon the subject, save only to remark that I had been accustomed to hear book-learning more or less disparaged by those whose good opinion I did most desire—I mean the shepherds of Glenbeltane and the neighbouring holdings, who had no respect for anybody that could not tell a hogg from a gimmer, no matter what his other accomplishments might be.

There was one individual, however, who spent a few weeks every year at Glenbeltane, who, having seen the world and known its ways, had what may be called more enlarged views than those of its ordinary inhabitants. This was no other than Finlay Don, whom I wish to introduce to the ingenious reader, partly on account of the interest that attached to his character in my eyes, and partly on account of the remarkable service he was able to render to Mark Teviot, under circumstances which will hereafter be set forth. Finlay, who was a native of the south, had served his time in the army. He had gone through the wars, had sojourned in several of the West Indian islands,

and had done barrack duty in England. His scanty pension being inadequate for the support of his wife and family, he eked it out by doing odd jobs for the tacksmen of Duncairn, and by making an annual round of the great fairs of the south with a puppet show which he possessed. When with us, his usual employment was to repair the ravages occasioned by the winter storms, to which the house of Glenbeltane, with its adjoining homestead, were greatly exposed. Except those covered with the heavy grey slabs, that defied the blast, all the roofs on the farm came in for a share, more or less, of Finlay's attention. Before slates were generally employed as a covering for the roofs of houses, thatching formed a very important industry, and in this, perhaps, soon to be forgotten art, the light-hearted rambler had attained no mean skill. Whether plying his trade on the ladder and the roof, among bundles of black-rooted brackens, or sitting at night by the kitchen fire, doing coopering and rough wood-carving for the women, and shaping crooks for the herds, Finlay was a most entertaining companion. His vein of humour was quite different from that of Johnnie of Pitstitchie. That facetious tradesman dearly loved to retail the current gossip of the country ; but in this Finlay took no great interest. Rather would he discourse learnedly of foreign States and well-fought fields ; of the marvellous fertility of St Christopher and Jamaica, and of the fortunes that were made there ; of the wealth and magnificence of London and certain European towns which he had visited. Often would this kindly, genial man continue far into the night to pour forth his tales of wonder to a circle of willing listeners. That circle usually included one or more of those half-witted vagrants, who lived by making a constant round of certain families, whom they regarded as their patrons. There was, for instance, the Pigeon Man, Fearnan Calman. This poor fellow rarely uttered a single word, but, sitting in the peat nook by the fireside, altogether engrossed with his own

thoughts, would he feed his beloved pets, removing each in its turn from his bosom, and regarding it with a piteous expression of tender benevolence. Then there was Ceit Mhor and Ceit Bheag—that is to say, Big Kate and Little Kate. Ceit Mhor believed herself to be a literary person. She always carried a bottle of ink, and nothing gave her half so much gratification as seeing this vessel replenished by some considerate friend. Wherever she went in her wanderings, she kept a sharp lookout for feathers of uncommon size, of which, when she had obtained a sufficient number, she would cross the county, that they might undergo the penknife of a certain trusted minister. On entering any house, she would ask eagerly for pieces of paper, and occupy every available moment in writing; but what she meant to put down no man could say, for she was altogether unlettered. As for Ceit Bheag, she occupied her time and energies as though her mission in life had been to carry a heavy burden. She went about picking up all the old pieces of iron that came in her way, until she could boast a great sackful of the same, besides a considerable quantity which she carried distributed over her person. Thus weighted, she crept slowly along, altogether happy. Like many of her class, she possessed a peculiar vein of sly humour, as may be shown by one out of many anecdotes which were related of her:—

Once upon a time, in the course of her peregrinations, she found a package lying on the road, where it had been dropped by some one; and, opening it with much glee, she immediately appropriated its contents. But feeling some twinges of conscience, as she afterwards explained, she attended church on the following Sunday, and, as the congregation was dispersing, she proclaimed that she had found a package containing a little bit of white pudding and certain other odds and ends, which she did not care further to particularise in public. The result of this announcement was that no one in the parish would own to

having lost anything for a great while, and poor Kate's scruples were relieved.

The two Kates could not endure each other's company, and would on no account put up for a night in the same house. So intense was this mutual dislike or professional jealousy, that if one of them arrived at Glenbeltane near supper time, and found her rival already in possession, she would turn from the door, and tramp all the way to Balmosses.

Nor can I forbear to mention the pilgrim who assumed the style and manners of an ecclesiastical personage. Claiming to be of the quality himself, his craze was to treat everyone with an exaggerated courtliness of etiquette, as though also of genteel rank. It need scarcely be said that this notion led to very ludicrous scenes. It was generally understood that he had attended a University, but no one had any certain knowledge of his antecedents. His mode of existence now was similar to that of other gangrel bodies. He, too, lived by making a perpetual round of the country. His features were habitually drawn into what Goldsmith calls, "That sententious look which nothing means." He wore a tall hat of antique shape, a tattered dress coat, and the semblance of a white tie. His only baggage consisted of a very large Bible, and a book in Latin. Perhaps it was due to this latter volume that he was popularly supposed to be a man of vast learning. Indeed, many maintained that his wits had been confused by profound study, while others alleged that, having been badly used in a love affair, disappointment had permanently unsettled his reason. He spoke with a strong nasal intonation, superinduced by snuff probably, and had an odd way of prefacing his remarks by taking off his hat, and slowly shaking out of it, with much dignity, a coloured handkerchief of ample proportions. He came by a tragic end, which cast a gloom of sadness over the district. While journeying across the hills from Abergoy in mid winter, the unfortunate man was overtaken by

a severe snowstorm, and it was not until some weeks afterwards that his body was discovered under a drift. In either hand he clutched one of his precious volumes.

I set out in this paper with the intention of giving a particular account of Glenbeltane, but I fear that the impressions which I wished to convey have mainly been lost amidst the discursive meanderings into which I was somehow beguiled.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCHYARD WATCHING.

WITH reference to what Mr Macbain says in his essay on Superstition relative to Churchyard Watching, there are many wonderful stories connected with the watching huts (or "*bothain chaithris*," as they were called in Gaelic), which are still to be found in our old burying-grounds. At the time of the scare regarding resurrectionists, it was the duty of the friends of the last person buried in a Churchyard to hold watch till the next burial took place, when, of course, the friends of the last deceased relieved the watchers. In districts where the population was sparse, and funerals seldom, the spell of watching was frequently prolonged, and became rather irksome. Accordingly when two deaths occurred in a parish, something like indecent haste was exercised to have the funerals carried out, in order, if possible, to have the better of the other *corpse*, and get off with but a short vigil. On one occasion two funerals were approaching a *cill* in Cowal from opposite directions, and, knowing the "use and wont," that the watching fell on the friends of the last corpse to get inside the churchyard, both funerals increased their pace, in order, if possible, to get inside the churchyard first. When nearing the *cill*, it was evident that the party from the north end of the parish would be inside first, as the gate was on the side to which they were approaching, while the other party had to go round the end wall to get to the gate. When passing the wall, and fearing they would be beaten in the race, a wag in the latter party shouts "*Thar a gharaidh i*" (over the dyke with her), and the *old cailleach* was unceremoniously pitched over. A little boy, a grandson of the

deceased, who was present, and evidently enjoying the fun, shouts out, "*Nach i 'm balach mo sheana-mhathair cha robh i riamh air dheireadh*" (Isn't my granny the boy, she was never behind). By this stratagem the watching was thrown on the friends of the other funeral, as their corpse was last inside the walls of the churchyard

"FIONN."

THE SOCIAL LIFE AND LITERATURE
OF THE BORDERS.

BY DR AITKEN.

PART III.

ONE of the most striking figures in Border literature is John Leyden, the son of a small farmer, born at the picturesque valley of Denholm on the Teviot. Gaining his preliminary education with difficulty, he was sent to Edinburgh to qualify for the ministry. There the lad was at first distinguished by his ungainly manner, and his love of learning, and when he first stood up to read his Greek exercise, his dress, harsh voice, and broad provincial Teviot-dale accent fairly overcame both Professor and students. But, underneath this uncouth exterior there were genuine qualities, and a consuming desire for knowledge. Intensely interested in philology, he made himself, in addition to the learned languages, familiar with French, Spanish, Italian, German, Icelandic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. In science also and mathematics he was equally devoted, and to those who objected to a want of concentration in his studies he used to answer, "Man! when you have the scaffolding ready you can run up the masonry when you please!" and the advantage of his following this maxim bore good fruit afterwards. At last, he qualified for the ministry, but in this, the first object of his ambition, he was not satisfied. As a child he had read the "Arabian Nights," and the impression made upon his mind was never removed. His imagination, fired also by the travels of Mungo Park, who came from the same district, awoke again the slumbering desire to visit the East. The only possible way of doing this was by becoming an assistant surgeon, and in

less than six months, by the aid of his scaffolding of science and superhuman application, he obtained his degree, and at once left for India. But, even here, the man remained the same. There was the same uncouthness, the same love of disputation, the same want of consideration in argument. When, dreading the impression he would make in Indian society, Sir John Malcolm, knowing his pride in his Teviot origin, hinted at the adoption of a more English accent, and only to talk on literature with literary men. Leyden replied, "Learn English! No, never! It was trying to learn that language that spoiled my Scotch!" There, also, was the same desire for study, pursued under the most trying circumstances. Even when his life was in danger he never relaxed working *ten* hours a day, and when expostulated with by the medical men who attended him, and who told him if he worked he must die, he returned the characteristic reply, "I cannot be idle, and whether I die or live the wheel must go round to the last." To Oriental literature, the love of which had impelled him to the East, his contributions were not only wonderful in extent, but surprising, considering the period at which they were made. It was in pursuance of these studies that Leyden met his death in Java. Leyden, in whatever way we look at him, was a remarkable man, and was undoubtedly one of those who first detected the value of philology in its application to the history and development of our race. But, to whatever studies he may have devoted himself, he was in every way a Border man. His heart, wherever he was, never turned from his native Teviot, and his largest poem, published just before leaving for India, is devoted to descriptions and memories of his native vale. When lying sick and ill, his first word always when Sir John Malcolm entered the room was, "Is there any news?" meaning from home. Into the scheme of Scott, the publication of the *Border Minstrelsy*, he entered with all the fiery energy of his nature, walking on one occasion fifty miles to secure a ballad his friend required, and contributing two of the best

in the collection—"Lord Soulis," and the "Cout of Keeldar." In all his poetry there is the same under-current of home feeling, and in his fine ode to an Indian coin he tells us:—

"Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child ;
Of castled rocks, stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave
When loves of youth and friendship smiled."

To all Borderers Leyden's memory is especially dear from the circumstances of his early life, and his early death ; and Scott who, with his instinctive knowledge of human nature and kindly judgment of it, saw behind the rough exterior, the generous qualities of the man and took him to his heart, has expressed the feeling prevalent in the district regarding him, in referring to Corrievreckan in the Lord of the Isles, the scene of one of Leyden's beautiful ballads:—

"His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That lov'd the light of song to pour.
A distant and a deadly shore
Here Leyden cold remains !"

Just about the time Leyden was closing his brief career in a distant land, another man equally distinguished in border literature was coming into notice. This was Allan Cunningham, who derived from his father, an eager collector of every tale, ballad and legend connected with his native country, his antiquarian tastes, and from his mother his poetical temperament. Born at Blackwood in 1785, at two years of age his family removed to Dalswinton, a village only a few miles from Dumfries, where there was much to encourage the development of the lad's poetical talent. In his youth the memory of Burns was still fresh, and the echo of his songs had not died away. From his father's house he could almost see the farm on which the poet had laboured, the walk by the riverside under the shadows of whose trees he meditated some of his sweetest verses,

the dyke on which Mrs Burns found him astride with Tam O'Shanter in spirit, and in the very fervor of composition, and he must have visited Friars Carse in which The Whistle was drank for. In pursuing his occupation as a stone-mason in different parts of the country he added to his stores of songs and legends ; and a visit paid to Hogg, then tending his flocks upon the slopes of Queensberry, no doubt encouraged him still farther, whilst his poetic enthusiasm is evidenced by his having walked to Edinburgh that he might have the pleasure of looking on the author of Marmion. Impressed by the songs and traditions of Nithsdale, he early began to write verses, and was already so well known when Cromek and Stothard, the celebrated painter, visited Dumfries in 1809 that Cunningham was thought to be the best person to aid him in forming a collection of border ballads and Jacobite songs. Further intercourse only increased the favorable impression he had made, and it was his visitor's exaggerated enthusiasm for Burns, and his urgency to discover some of the older poetic remnants in the district, that first suggested to Cunningham the design of imposing upon the too credulous engraver. It was in this way that "The Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" originated, which did for Nithsdale what the Border Minstrelsy did for Esk, Ettrick, and Yarrow ; and the dissertations, scattered through the volume, all by Cunningham, contain the most valuable information regarding the inner life of the peasantry of the district. From the time of the publication of this work he spent the most of his time in London as the friend, assistant, and adviser of Chantrey, having little personal connection with his native place. His last visit to it was paid in 1831, when he was entertained by his friends in Dumfries. The dinner is remarkable as being, I believe, the first public appearance of Carlyle. For the occasion he had left Craigenputtock in the very throes of the composition of Sartor Resartus to do honour to the poet, and his speech was earnest, appreciative, and for once, to use his own expression, to

all men knowable. But though away from his native place, Cunningham's poems show he was never forgetful of it; and though many of his best works, such as the *Lives of British Painters*, one of the most delightful of books, has no connection with it, still it is as a poet, and as an illustrator of Scottish life and character, and as a preserver of Border Tradition, that Cunningham will be remembered. Like all the border poets his genius was essentially lyrical, and his larger imaginative works, such as *The Maid of Elvai*, *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, *Paul Jones*, and *Sir Michael Scott* are now entirely forgotten. There are few poems of the kind, from the stern covenanting spirit breathing through them, finer than the *Cameronian Ballads*, the *Ballad of The Lord's Marie*, and the *Mermaid of Galloway*, founded on a tradition akin to that of the *Lorelie*. His *Jacobite Songs* have the feelings of the most earnest follower of the Prince, whilst, after Burns and Hogg, there is no song writer to equal Cunningham, and those who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott* will remember with what pleasure Sir Walter used to sit and listen to Mr Lockhart singing "It's hame, hame, hame," and indeed he wrote it, I think, finer than anything in Burns.

The last, from amongst many others, of the distinguished men of the period who seems to claim attention, is Thomas Aird, a poet whose works are far too little known. An original contributor to *Blackwood*, when the second edition of his poems appeared, the *Saturday Review* spoke highly of them, and though then a man of fifty-four the reviewer described them as the effort of a young man. His *Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck*, conceived, I have heard, when walking from his native Bowden across the hills on a pilgrimage to Burns' Tomb, De Quincey thought one of the most remarkable poems of the century, filled as it is with wild imaginative grandeur; and Carlyle, who might occasionally be seen walking with him in his yearly visit to his brother in Dumfries, wrote of his poetry, "there

is everywhere in it a healthy breath as of mountain breezes, a native manliness, veracity and geniality which is withal so rare just now as to be *doubly, trebly* precious." Striking, however, as are the poems just mentioned, with those of *The Holy Cottage, My Mother's Grave, Frank Sylvan's Walk*, to fully understand how true a poet Aird was, he required to be known. A keen observer and a passionate lover of nature, a walk with him was like a poem, and his conversation on books and authors was deeply interesting and instructive. As a talker he was deeply suggestive, and his words vividly recalled the scene he wished to bring to remembrance. I remember a friend telling me that on one occasion, in walking into Dumfries with Aird, they saw Carlyle standing with his brother before the house in which Burns died, and considering it with attention. "Let us leave them alone," he said, strikingly, "they are looking upon the shell of the Tragedy." The last time I saw him was in his own house. He had asked me to come over and see his birds, for his garden was one vast aviary. Leaving me in his room he went out, and from all the trees around they came down and settled around, and some of them were so familiar that they came close to his side. On joining him, for he had been speaking of Burns, he said, turning to the river flowing almost beneath our feet and coming towards us rippling in streams of silver in the full light of a July day, "Let us never forget, however they may disfigure it, that it is Burns' river." Then, directing my attention to the churchyard opposite, he said, "Many people wonder that I selected this for the position of my house, for the sight opposite must often be dull and depressing; but I never find it so. For thinking of the men lying opposite only brings me the consciousness of a great peace." Mr Aird died on April 25th, 1876.

From the poets who flourished within the period I have had to deal with I have selected the four men who stand out most prominently in the literature of the Border Land, after throwing aside the greater name of Scott. And no

part of this country, or of any other country, can, I think, shew so proud a poetic record. There are few things, indeed, more marvellous than the flood of song which has poured over it, and its unbroken continuity. Looking, indeed, at the long list of singers who crowd every vale, it reminds us of the companies of those birds, "blythesome and cumberless," so often their delight and inspiration, hanging and fluttering in joyful crowds over the meadows in the brightness of the rising day, and rivally echoing each other.

Throughout the country, and it is, perhaps, one of the most striking and hopeless signs of the times, no new poets have appeared to replace the great names which filled our literature during the period I have been dealing with. The one great living poet must be looked upon as of the past generation, and of the other two who bulk so largely before the public, the one requires societies for his interpretation, and substitutes mere craft of words for power, whilst the other, founding upon foreign models, has substituted rhetoric for the natural flow of English verse, and pruriency for passion. For a time, also, the voice of the Forest is silent, but when the new poetic awakening occurs, one will leave the mere artifices and affectations of sentiment and language and turn again for inspiration to nature, and to those gentler feelings, and that abiding pathos, the expression of which not only constitutes their chief beauty and attraction, but in which resides the permanency of the poetry of the Border Land.

SOME FURTHER CURIOSITIES OF GAELIC PROOF-READING.

MOST readers of Gaelic must at one time or other have been surprised, and perhaps also not a little annoyed, at the numerous and often unaccountable blunders to be met with in our Gaelic Psalters. Some later reprints of the Ross-shire Psalms, originally prepared for the press by the learned and accomplished Dr Thomas Ross, of Lochbroom, are peculiarly objectionable in this respect. At first sight one is naturally disposed to say that these typographical blunders are all to be accounted for in one way: the printer knew nothing of Gaelic and no one was at hand to correct him. But a little consideration, and some knowledge of Gaelic bibliography, will shew that it is not so. In the faulty reprints of Ross's Psalter, the printer must have worked from printed "copy;" for no publisher would be at the expense of transcribing into MS. a book, of which an old copy could simply be handed to the printer. And everyone knows that an ordinary Edinburgh printer will, in such a case, turn out a fairly correct reprint of the "copy" put in his hands. It matters not what the language is; if only he works from "copy" in Roman print, he may be trusted to reproduce it correctly. You may send to your printer, as the late Dr Small of the University Library did some years before his death, the unique copy of *The Indian Primer*, printed at the Cambridge press in 1669, a work in a language now wholly unknown, but the printer will reproduce it, if he is not hurried, with an accuracy well nigh unerring. Nay, you may, at your own private press, or with the typewriter, make up a piece of typographic

bamboozlement, without rhyme or reason, and send it to the printer, with the confident assurance that he will turn out work which, on the whole, will be "conform to sample." If the printer of our faulty Gaelic Psalters then worked from printed "copy" of a book at one time known to have been fairly faultless, it is not reasonable to lay on his ignorance of Gaelic the blame of faults which in the new work are palpable and undeniable. How, then, are these blunders to be explained? I think I can tell. But I shall do so, or at least I shall try to do it, as we say in the pulpit, by means of an illustration.

Some weeks ago, in course of conversation with the manager of one of our great religious societies, he asked me to glance over the proofs of a little work in Gaelic which his directors were reprinting for distribution in the Highlands. Of course, I was only too glad to help, if even so little, in their good work. When the proof reached me the booklet—none else than our old friend the Mother's Catechism—was already divided into pages, and to all appearance was just ready to be printed off. The printer's work had evidently been done with a care and intelligence which surprised me, for I knew that no one in the establishment, though it is one of the best in town, knew anything of Gaelic. Still there were blunders here and there, and some of them were so curious that the attempt to get at their genesis puzzled me greatly. In a large number of instances the letters *r* or *i* had taken the place of *n*. Not once or twice, but over and over again the same blunder turned up with perplexing, ominous uniformity. It was altogether a strange enigma, till I turned to the "copy," one glance at which, however, readily solved the curious riddle. Through one of their agents in Lewis the Society had procured an old copy of the Catechism, which was sent to the printer with orders to have it reprinted. Now, this old copy had obviously in its day been printed from stereo-plates, which,

if not much worn in the way of legitimate using, had sorely suffered from rough and careless handling. The n that became r or i was always at the edge of the plate. It was, so to speak, an outsider. Here then was a clue to the key that solved the mystery. The unhappy letter had obviously lost its exposed limb much in the same way as our morning paper is too often maimed in its foot-line. Where the amputation was at the hip-joint the n looked like an i; a knee-joint amputation made it in the printer's eye an r. It is well known that, in the olden times, stereo-plates were not carefully stored by the master printer, while also they were peculiarly obnoxious to his men, who never missed the chance of giving them a kick or a buffet. In those days stereo-plates were not only roughly used, but they sometimes disappeared altogether, like the plates of a reprint of Alexander Macdonald's poems, in a way that suggested foul play. It is otherwise nowadays. The plate-room at Neill & Co.'s establishment is a sight worth seeing. It is the strong-room of the place—a prison-like, fireproof apartment, arched in with solid masonry, where the stereo-plates are all carefully arranged and indexed, like the books in a great library. The n group of blunders are not, therefore, very likely to occur in future reprints.

But there is another group of misprints, the origin of which the proof before me very aptly explains. It may be called the hyphen group. Daoine, dealachadh, deisciobuil, Trionaid, and the like, are hyphenated out as da-oine, de-alachadh, de-isciobuil, Tri-onaid. The aspirated consonant is the special sport of this hyphen game of ducks and drakes, *e.g.*, dealac-hadh, coim-head, gleid-headh, &c. For this blundered use of the hyphen the old stereo-printed "copy" is nowise responsible. But its *fons et origo* can easily be traced in the proof before me. In stature and general "get up" our young Mother's Catechism closely resembles the grandmother. There are, however, differences; and these differences, though so minute as not

readily to catch the eye, are material and significant in this inquiry. The modern way of folding the printer's sheet will not, I am told, admit of an exact equivalence of size in the page of the old print and the new. The type also is slightly lighter. Hence all the trouble of this hyphen group of blunders. The lines in the "copy" and the new print are not of a length exactly equal in both. Broken words at the end of the line in the new print must, therefore, be divided otherwise than in the "copy." The printer was thus at sea, sailing by the guidance of his own unaided lights. He did his best, but had he done worse from the point of view of English orthography, the result in Gaelic would probably have been better. At any-rate it would have been less ridiculous to the Gaelic eye, and less glaringly offensive to the Gael's ideals, cultured or only instinctive, of natural linguistic. The skilled English printer quite naturally takes *d a o i n e* to be at the least a dissyllable. How could he know that we make it one syllable? As often then as this or a similar word came to be divided at the end of his line, he hyphenated the divided word in the English way. Nor could he know that with us *dh*, *bh*, *mh*, and the like are really each one letter aspirated. And so once more he stumbled into the bay of Gaelic absurdity. It is not his fault, but his misfortune. If instead of the oldest living language of our country, he had to set up this booklet in Latin, or in French, or in German the like blunder could never occur. The work he had to do was "only a bit of Gaelic;" and in this old Capital of Scotland, whose name, and all whose noblest associations are fragrant of the tongue and brave deeds of the Gael, it is not worth while having such a thing as a Gaelic press.

The advanced stage of distributed pages, at which the proof came under my eye, necessarily makes this booklet come short of what otherwise it might easily have been made. But none the less is it a truly good and useful tractate. Its Gaelic will be easily understood. It is not

the Gaelic of the schoolmasters, but the Gaelic of the people. In this new form, as in the old, may it bring the light and peace of Christian edification into many of our people's homes.

DONALD MASSON.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS CAMPBELL
OF DUNSTAFFNAGE.

GIVE me no diadem for earthly bliss
Save my wean's arms about my neck,—his kiss!
His eyes are bluer than the deep blue sea!
And at his call my heart beats loud in me.
He is my world! and am I not his Queen?
He is my Knight! my King! my Paladin!

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

July 30, 1892.

NEW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.

THE LITERATURE OF THE HIGHLANDS: A HISTORY OF GAELIC LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By NIGEL MACNEILL. Inverness: John Noble, Castle Street. 1892.

THE minister of Bedford Church, London, is evidently one of those Highlanders whose love for the Highland hills and the Highland tongue grows more intense than ever in the fogs of London, and amidst the cares of a laborious life. This book is the result of many years of recreative Celtic studies. Much of what has now been gathered together in a volume of 350 pages, appeared as separate articles in the *Glasgow Herald* and other publications. Mr Macneill has availed himself fully of the many new and even cross lights which have within this generation fallen, and are still falling, upon Celtic questions. He is too cautious to take up the Scoto-Pictish question, and is even undecided as to Macpherson's "Ossian," whether it is to be classified as a literary fraud, or a much-altered version from an older and ruder original. He believes (1) that the English is a translation from Gaelic, probably from a ruder version than that published in 1807; (2) that Macpherson is neither absolutely the author, nor merely the translator of the poems connected with his name; and (3) that he formed his original Gaelic by joining and recasting old ballads. We take these to be the principal propositions embodying Mr Macneill's views on the Ossianic controversy as it stands now. The book contains the names of about one hundred and eighty composers of Gaelic poetry, while not more than a third of that number is to be found in any previous work on the subject. The translations, in verse, of Gaelic ballads, songs, and Latin hymns of the early Celtic Church, will to English readers prove the great charm of the volume. Some of the translations have, of course, appeared before, and are by different hands. Mr Macneill's own contributions are good and numerous. The well known "Ballad of the Banners" is to be found, with many variations, in almost all collections of old Gaelic poetry concerning the Feinn period. Mr Macneill, having taken verses from the different versions, and fused them all, has thrown into his English version the very ring of the original.

THE BANNERS.

The Norland King stood on the height
 And scanned the rolling sea;
 He proudly eyed his gallant ships
 That rode triumphantly.

And then he looked where lay his camp,
Along the rocky coast,
And where were seen the heroes brave
Of Lochlin's famous host.

Then to the land he turn'd, and there
A fierce-like hero came ;
Above him was a flag of gold,
That waved and shone like flame.

"Sweet Bard," thus spoke the Norland King,
"What banner comes in sight?
The valiant chief that leads the host,
Who is that man of might?"

"That," said the bard, "is young MacDoon
His is that banner bright ;
When forth the Féinn to battle go,
He's foremost in the fight."

"Sweet bard, another comes ; I see
A blood-red banner toss'd
Above a mighty hero's head
Who waves it o'er a host?"

"That banner," quoth the bard, "belongs
To good and valiant Rayne ;
Beneath it feet are bathed in blood
And heads are cleft in twain."

"Sweet bard, what banner now I see
A leader fierce and strong
Behind it moves with heroes brave
Who furious round him throng?"

"That is the banner of Great Gaul :
That silken shred of gold
Is first to march and last to turn,
And flight ne'er stained its fold."

"Sweet bard, another now I see,
High o'er a host it glows,
Tell whether it has ever shone
O'er fields of slaughtered foes?"

"That gory flag is Cait's," quoth he,
"It proudly peers in sight ;
It won its fame on many a field
In fierce and bloody fight."

“Sweet bard, another still I see ;
 A host it flutters o'er ;
 Like bird above the roaring surge
 That laves the storm-swept shore.”

“The Broom of Peril,” quoth the bard,
 “Young Oscar’s banner, see :
 Amidst the conflict of dread chiefs
 The proudest name has he.”

The banner of great Finn we raised ;
 The Sunbeam gleaming far,
 With golden spangles of renown
 From many a field of war.

The flag was fastened to its staff
 With nine strong chains of gold,
 With nine times nine chiefs for each chain ;
 Before it foes oft rolled.

“Redeem your pledge to me,” said Finn ;
 “And show your deeds of might
 To Lochlin as you did before
 In many a gory fight.”

Like torrents from the mountain heights
 That roll resistless on ;
 So down upon the foe we rushed,
 And brilliant victory won.

A pioneer work of wide scope is never free from a good many more or less trivial errors. As we think it likely that this book will go into a second edition, it is as well to point out some errors which struck us on the first hasty reading. At page 161, two poems from the Dean of Lismore’s collection, which have nothing in common, have been strangely run into one another. Down to the line,

“Than want the wealth of Cræsus,”

Finlay Roy Bovaine, or Finlay MacNab, sings the praises of Macgregor, after that a nameless bastard, in vaunting his own descent, obligingly gives almost a complete list of the fifteenth century Highland Clans. Isabel, Countess of Argyll, was not the wife of Colin, the first Earl of Argyll, but of his descendant, who died at Flodden. She was a daughter of that Earl of Athole who was the son of the Black Knight of Lorne, and of the widowed Queen of James the First. At page 165, Turner’s and Pattison’s mistake in regard to the authoress of the fiercely and pathetically unique, “Ochan, ochan uiri,” Macgregor Lullaby,

is repeated. Gregor Macgregor's wife, and the singer of the Lullaby, was not a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, but of his cousin, Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon. Her husband, Gregor, was beheaded after trial, for various capital crimes, before the Earl of Athole, Lord Justice-Clerk, in 1570, and not, as stated here, in 1552. We daresay the printer is responsible for the following error at page 145 :—"Sir James Macdonald of Antrim, who had no English, came with a magnificent retinue to visit James IV. of Scotland, previous to his ascending the throne of England"—then the question is asked, could the King speak Gaelic? Of course it is James the Sixth who is meant, and, according to Highland forest tradition, he did speak Gaelic. The Venetian Ambassador certified to his masters, that one of the accomplishments of James the Fourth was a thorough knowledge of Gaelic. James the Fifth was not so well instructed as his father, but, if we rightly remember, Pitscottie, or one of his contemporaries, states that he could converse with his Highland subjects in their own brogue. Queen Mary, to her loss, could not do so.

The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

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SIR HENRY COCKBURN MACANDREW, Provost of Inverness
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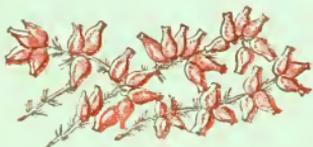
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VOL. IV.



THE
HIGHLAND *Magazine*
MONTHLY



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VOL. IV.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE LAIRD FOUGHT HIS DUEL.

"CAUGHT napping at ten o'clock in the morning, exactly two hours after breakfast; weather beautiful; sport good, and this our tenants' day among the grouse. Prodigious! Why, father, I thought you were on the hills, busy keeping yourself beyond range of old Macpherson's gun."

"Ah, I'm afraid age has begun to grip," replied the laird, throwing himself into a conversational attitude, and evidently not displeased at being interrupted. "I felt quite unequal to keeping my appointment this morning."

"They will be awfully disappointed, with weather so glorious as this."

"Not a bit of it; in fact, it struck me Macpherson was rather pleased when I sent them off with the keeper and a well filled hamper on the pony's back. But are you not ridiculously ashamed, a young man of twenty-three, to remain within doors, poring over dry books—of course they are dry—when outdoor exercise would be the life of

you? My dear sir, your conduct is very inconsistent. You have chosen the profession of making your fellow-men healthy, and here you are—what?—a semi-recluse, pale as a ghost—by the way, my grandfather once saw one, and it was black—ignoring the very wisdom which it will be your duty to instil into others. In truth, David, I purposed speaking to you seriously in this matter. As has been more than once observed to me lately, and, mark, I don't half like it, you look positively ill."

"Nonsense, father; you know I wish to finish with honours, and that study does not tend to improve the complexion. I am, however, quite well. Yes, I assure you of that. In a few weeks I will take a complete holiday, so as to reach Edinburgh fresh and vigorous and fit for any amount of hard work. What," he exclaimed with affected surprise, evidently desirous of changing the topic, "are you actually putting your papers in order—surely a sign that age has indeed gripped, as you put it, when the mind begins to revel in the past, particularly in the documental past."

"This is my 65th birthday—five years more, sonny, and the allotted span will have been reached and passed."

"It does not follow that you are old; nor do you look it, father. You are hale, hearty, and vigorous."

"Go on and complete the colloquialism, 'for your age.' Ha, ha, my boy."

"Allow me to remark, as a student, if not from experience, that age is a relative term, relative to physical conditions. Subjectively age should never be admitted. It is an enfeebling admission. Spinsters are wise in their little conceit of pretending to be young, and living up to the notion—that's it. They become convinced that the registrar may be wrong, and so prolong their lives by this innocent imposition of youth. Age is a disease; cure, ignore it."

"You mean that some people become afraid of age, and succumb to its imaginary effects."

"Precisely."

"Perhaps there is a modicum of truth in your theory ; but I was not thinking of my age, my dear son, nor of the infirmities it threatens to bring, but of an incident in my early life which is curiously interesting, though I have never told it to you or any one else. I don't know what has recalled it so frequently of late, but with strange suddenness I have found myself repeatedly dwelling upon this incident in detail, as if I had received or was receiving a warning that my life is yet to be affected by it. That, however, is impossible, as the other party concerned has been lost to my knowledge for 35 years, and may be in the kingdom come for all I know. It's pure nonsense ; but I raked up the thing for curiosity's sake. Here it is. What sort of ink is that document written in, think you?"

He handed a yellow looking sheet of paper, large in size, and bearing faint traces of writing in prominent letters. Before answering, David produced a small microscope and examined the document with growing interest.

"Good gracious," he at last exclaimed, "there are blood corpuscles here, and they have, apparently, been mixed in some reddish fluid which has preserved them wonderfully."

"You are right, the ink used was the writer's own blood, chemicalised, so to speak, in a mysterious way—the fellow, d——n him, was always dabbling in the dark arts."

"Really blood, father?"

"Yes. Try if you can make out, at least, the tenor of the document. After that I will tell you the story, which may interest you, seeing it concerns your late mother."

"Ah, that indeed gives it interest, dear father."

It was not easy to decipher the writing, owing to its faded condition, but ultimately it was found to read, as near as might be, thus :

"In the blood which you have spilt, I warn you that I will have REVENGE for this morning's work. I will wait a lifetime for it, but it shall come, aye sure, and when you least expect it—a terrible revenge. Curse you in all but life. You must live for my REVENGE ; after that you may

die. By my blood and the grave, I swear to have
REVENGE! "CHRISTOPHER WALSH."

"That is terrible, father. Who was this Walsh, and what was the cause of the quarrel?"

"Ah, that is the story, the story of my first and only duel."

"A duel!"

"It surprises you, sonny; and I don't wonder, for I really think nobody would believe that the quiet going laird of Stuart was such a hot-headed scapegrace in his young days."

"I think I can guess the cause—this Walsh was a rival, will I say, for my mother's affections."

"Well guessed—and the most inveterate and disagreeable wooer that was ever invented, to use a colloquialism. But I had better tell you the story from the beginning."

"Pray do, though I feel as if I had read the conclusion and the moral of it already."

"As you may see from that picture above your head, your mother was a beautiful woman."

"And even more beautiful in character," added David, rising and contemplating the picture with some display of feeling. "Poor, dear mother."

"There was not a lass to approach her in all Moray when first I knew Miss Jessie Macleod—second eldest in a family of four; all daughters. She had many admirers and would-be husbands, foremost among them this Christopher Walsh, who had been sent over from Ireland to learn farming, for which he was ill-fitted and less disposed. In a worldly way, there was not much to choose between us. He came of an Irish family, old and impecunious. I was then the second son, with little expectation of being called as my father's successor. But Richard, poor fellow, met a sudden death in an English hunting field. I was then in Moray on the same business as Walsh—farming, for which I have what may be termed an hereditary fancy. His death was a terrible shock—but never mind that.

“ He was first in the field, this Walsh, and I had not the remotest intention of ousting him ; but he appeared to regard me with suspicion from the outset. A more jealous, cunning, and disagreeable man than Walsh I never met before nor since. Importunate in his attentions to Miss Macleod, and extremely disagreeable to me, we made the rummiest trio it is possible to have brought together, and circumstances (or was it fate), threw us together oftener than any of us desired. I admired Miss Macleod ; few could see her without doing that ; but I had no matrimonial intentions at the time, and having none, I did not bother myself even to ascertain in what relationship the pair stood towards each other. One day, however, an incident occurred which revealed that to me, and something more besides.

“ One evening I was strolling in the wood, pondering over some domestic news from home, when I heard voices coming from a glade near by. There are circumstances in which one is compelled to act the eavesdropper, and this was one. The speakers were Walsh and Miss Macleod—the former pleading, the latter defiant. It was evident that a crisis was happening, and slip away I could not, for the mention of my name riveted me to the spot.

“ ‘ For God’s sake,’ he was saying, ‘ give me at least a show of hope that I may yet win you. I cannot bear the thought of another coming before me in your estimation ; I have known you so long, Jessie, and loved you so deeply,’ or something like that, you know.

“ ‘ There is no hope for you,’ was the quiet, determined answer ; for Jessie had great decision about her when put on her mettle.

“ ‘ Then, you do love someone else—this cur, Stuart, perhaps, without a penny in the world, and no brains to earn one,’ was Walsh’s hoarse, passionate response. Regardless of consequences, I was about to bound forward and punch the fellow’s head, when Jessie’s passionate words arrested me :

“If you mean Ronald Stuart, who is a thousand times a better man than you—I would even cast maidenly modesty to the winds and tell you, for I know it will cut you to the depth of your black heart—that I love him and not you!”

“Following these hot and hasty words—I had never taken a thought of love, but they were strangely soothing—there was a flutter of white among the trees, and I knew Jessie had fled. It would not have been fair to Walsh to have met him at that particular instant. He was a passionate fellow, and both of us might have been unhappily rash; so I walked home, somewhat perturbed by the scene, no less than by the confession a fit of passion had wrung from Jessie, poor, honest-hearted girl.

“The remainder of the night I passed in serious reflection; and the longer I thought, the more convinced was I that Jessie required my protection. Her father was living, but fathers are no use in these matters. Unscrupulous and defeated, Walsh would rejoice in blazing it over the country-side that Jessie had confessed her love for a man who was not courting her, or had any intention of making her his wife. Even now she would be paying the penalty of her weakness in tears and sorrow; I knew that. There was only one course open to me—I must at once woo and win her! The position was unique, was it not?”

“Very—but your decision was singularly noble and wise. I am proud of you, father, for that decision.”

“Well, well; many days had not passed ere the country-side was ringing with the unexpected news that Ronald Stuart and not Christopher Walsh was Jessie’s accepted suitor. I did not keep it a secret, you may depend upon that. Poor Walsh, left without a single foothold for retaliation—always, I knew, his first thought when defeated—had a hard time of it, for he was not popular among the people, either rich or poor, I can say that much. He was too sour and full of petty spites. But enough

to say, that then and afterwards I blessed the fate that gave me Jessie Macleod—the bonniest and most popular girl in the county. To love her was so natural, that it has always been a problem to me why I did not fall prone at her feet before duty, as I then considered it, called me to her side. You may say what you choose about your philosophy of life, your coincidences and accidents, but I am a thorough believer in the matrimonial creed that marriages are arranged, for good or for evil, by the operation of a law or an intervention, whatever you may call it, which is infinitely higher than mere physical predilection or chance acquaintance.”

“That time-worn theory, dear father, is beset with many difficulties. Were it true, why should it be decreed that a man or a woman is endowed with a love which is desperately hopeless, and plucks all heart out of existence for ever?”

“That exceptions prove the rule must be my answer in the meantime, as my story is approaching its most exciting chapter.”

“I was wondering where the duel could possibly come in, now that your rival is effectually disposed of, and you have carried off the fair lady.”

“It was a sudden affair, to be sure. We had gathered in the village one market day, half a dozen of us, all sons of farmers, and gay over the discussion of a social function on the *tapis*. Just as Walsh turned the corner of the Inn, we burst into laughter, caused not by Walsh’s appearance, but by one of the innumerable jokes a rattling good fellow, named Tom Saunders, had made. Whether Walsh thought we were laughing at him or not I do not know—I have never found out to this day—but, at all events, he came straight on, face aflame, and struck me a skelp on the cheek with his open hand.”

“‘I wish to insult you,’ said he.

“Before I could recover from my astonishment, Jamie Reid—a prompt and singularly commonsense youth was Jamie—had grasped the situation.

“‘There must not be a public scandal here,’ he said firmly, ‘you two must fight it out on the quiet.’

“‘A duel—agreed,’ was the unanimous response, and with ill grace I acquiesced.

“And so it was arranged that we should have an encounter a week hence. You see, none of the fellows would forego the pleasure of seeing the quarrel out, and Friday was the only day upon which they could all muster.

“Of course I had the choice of weapons; and as I had been assaulted as well as insulted without any apparent rhyme or reason, I insisted upon the condition that the weapons I selected should not be named till the principals met. Walsh’s second—who lived near by our farm—conceded this with a grudge; but he knew that Walsh was a good revolver shot, and I took pains not to upset his calculations. From his residence, this fellow, called Smithson if I remember correctly, could hear the crack of my pistol as I practised each day, and the fact was duly conveyed to Walsh. What he did not ascertain was that I also took very private lessons in the art of boxing, a manly form of self-defence and chastisement for which I had rather a hankering.

“Well, the eventful morning arrived—how well I remember it; a bright October day, with the night frosts rapidly disappearing under the rising sun. There we were, in the very glade which witnessed Walsh’s ignominious love-making—a spot to which, by the bye, he vigorously objected, but to which I stuck inexorably. I was determined, you see, that it should witness his second humiliation. Not a soul more were present than those who were cognisant of the quarrel as it happened, except my antagonist’s second, and a young doctor he had thoughtfully provided for his client. On our side, we had it all arranged beautifully.

“‘The principals will take up their positions,’ Jamie said with much gravity.

“‘What distance apart?’ asked the other.

“ ‘One yard,’ responded Jamie, undoing the straps of a case of dimensions sufficient to harbour a dozen horse pistols. ‘My principal, being the aggrieved party, has choice of distance as well as of weapons,’ he added.

“ ‘Good heavens, that will be sheer murder,’ exclaimed the opposing second, and he exchanged a frightened glance with Walsh, who was observed to turn a shade paler at the announcement.

“ ‘Do you refuse to fight?’ was Jamie’s nonchalant and insulting retort.

“ ‘Certainly not—nose to nose if you like,’ said Walsh, advancing in great style, with arms akimbo.

“ At this stage I divested myself of my upper garments, and rolled up my shirt sleeves; all with a coolness and deliberation which had a marvellous effect upon Mr Walsh, I assure you. Then, selecting my ground, I asked—

“ ‘Are you ready?’

“ ‘Not without the weapons,’ said he.

“ ‘Advance to within one yard,’ commanded Jamie, so peremptorily that Walsh at once advanced to within a single pace of where I was standing.

“ ‘Now,’ said I, ‘the insult was inflicted by the hand, and the hand shall wipe it out.’

“ I never saw a human being so flabbergasted in all my life as Walsh was at that moment, when I began to dance round him, displaying all the latest tips in fist warfare. At first I really thought he would positively refuse to fight.

“ ‘Come on, you coward,’ I cried.

“ That made his blood boil, for he had spunk, the fellow, and he came on, in amateur fashion, to receive as neat and effectual a chastisement as a man ever deserved in his life. At the fifth round he collapsed, beaten to sticks, and was tenderly removed between his second and the doctor. We stayed to drink his better health, the ‘weapons’ Jamie had unstrapped consisting of a couple of champagne. So ended what became known in the county as ‘Stuart’s duel!’

I never saw Walsh again. It was, I believe, some weeks ere he recovered his good looks, and then he departed by the night coach for his native Ireland, leaving this interesting document behind him as my legacy."

"Quite a romantic scrape, father, though the wind up is rather prosaic. If this Walsh would now turn up, and insist upon his revenge, the story would be more complete, and enhanced fifty per cent. in interest."

"That would, indeed, be a strange eventuality. But I believe more in human nature, even should he be alive, than that it should be capable of harbouring a youthful grudge for 35 long years."

"It is possible—revenge is a feature in human character more enduring than love, and less forgiving."

"Well, well, my boy, he is welcome to have his revenge upon an old man, if he can take it. In the meantime we will burn this unique document, as an emblem of the fate its author deserves, should he again cross my path with revengeful motives.

"Where is Richard this morning?" asked the laird, sauntering to the window, which looked down upon a beautifully gardenered lawn, "I see Flora pottering among the flowers all alone."

"At the Hall, I doubt not; he seems to have taken a strong fancy to its new tenant—the Professor they call him, though what he is Professor of beats me to find out."

"He is a strange creature, quite unlike his daughter. She appears to be rather amiable, and besides, she has good looks to recommend her."

"Both in appearance and manner the Professor is a mystery. He is evidently determined to make friends with no one of our family but Richard. I hear that he is wealthy, even as Americans go. I cannot think what earthly object he could have in view to take such a fine place as the Hall, seeing he keeps no company and rarely handles a gun."

"An eccentricity of wealth, no doubt."

After a short pause, the laird wheeled suddenly round and faced his son.

“David, answer me one question—are you and Flora as friendly as you used to be?”

“Why, father, what a strange question?”

“I ask it, my son, because your manner towards each other has struck me lately as being more strained than usual, and neither of you look in your customary health. Pardon me for introducing the subject. She is engaged to Richard, as you know, according to her late father’s request and with my cordial consent. I hope, my son, no vital mistake has been committed in that matter.”

“None—it is a most proper engagement.”

But the laird might probably have seen cause to suspect the honesty of this statement, had a groom not entered at the moment and summoned his master with all haste to a consultation over the illness of his favourite horse. When he was gone, David approached the window and watched in a sort of melancholy reverie the movements of Flora among the flower beds.

“I must be exceedingly careful, I see,” he muttered. “Who would have guessed the pater had suspicions of that kind?”

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY SITUATION.

“WHAT a fool I have been; what an unmitigated ass I have made of myself!”

The words were addressed by David Stuart to a book on clinical surgery which lay open before him. He had returned to the library, determined more than ever to shut his mind entirely upon the cares and troubles that had arisen within his little world, and bury himself in those abstruse studies and problems of physical life and philosophy, without mastering which it would be impossible to attain eminence in the professional career which

lay before him. He was ambitious, but not ambitious beyond the brain-power he was confident in possessing, and which had already displayed itself in academical distinctions of a high order. But love will deflect and beguile, distract and tyrannise, in the greatest brain ever enclosed in a human skull, and, albeit good, David Stuart's brain was neither a Shakespeare's, a Scott's, a Burns' nor anybody else's in that category. And he was in love—madly, it might be said, with the slight exaggeration to which people in that way are proverbially supposed to be by rights subjected. As a rule, to be in love is a healthy sign of young manhood; but, as the laird would ask, is there a truer saying than that exceptions qualify every rule? A greater curse can no man have than to be the victim of a hopeless passion. Pope wrote good sense:—"Man is alike the glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

He closed the book with a snap which cleansed its edges of positively the last particle of dust that remained. For a whole page, his eyes had dutifully followed the words, line after line, technical or simple, while the mind was busy digesting the charms of Flora Macgruther. David had been doing that, more or less, for weeks. His features bore traces of the pale cast of thought in greater ratio than the progress of his studies, the consumption of midnight oil, and his half-slept condition at all justified. This could not go on; and he knew it—hence the emphatic verdict of the opening sentence, brought in by a full jury of his senses, unanimously.

What had he done? It was with his full knowledge consent, and approval that Flora Macgruther, the orphan child of one of his father's distant relations, and his dearest friend—the representative of a family fully more ancient than the Stuarts, and heiress of the Macgruther patrimony—had been betrothed to his elder brother, Richard. This was in accordance with the cherished wish of the two heads of families, solemnised by two death-beds, that Flora and Richard should wed; and both seemed very happy that

Providence as well as family policy had decreed the prospect. True, this had been formally arranged, and Flora had taken up her residence at the Castle, in the absence of David, though with his cognisance. That, however, did not excuse his weakness in giving way to a passionate love for his brother's betrothed. In loyalty to him he should have striven against that domestic treason, at all hazards, if necessary even by fleeing his own home. Instead, he had courted temptation by living under the same roof, courting her company, and conspiring in the insane act of tearing his own heart to pieces. Old Carew never wrote truer couplet—

“Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away,”

as David had found, and was fated still to learn, in his bitter experience.

It occurred one day as he, book in hand, wandered through the more secluded walks in the grounds. As he passed the ivy-grown, flower-scented retreat, known domestically as the hermitage, the sound of violent sobbing arrested his attention. Entering the place silently, he found Flora convulsed in tears. Then it was that the fierce love of this calm-nerved, outwardly composed, budding doctor, overwhelmed his reason; and he stayed when he should have flown, spoke when it had been better had his lips been stitched together like a horrible gaping wound.

“You may not tell me.” he had said, in the irresponsible frenzy of his love passion, “but I know well the cause of your grief. I will tell you! It is because Richard's heart is not true, because he prefers too often the professor's daughter to your company! Speak I not correctly? But oh, darling, there are truer hearts around you. From the first hour I saw you, dear Flora, I have loved——”

With a cry, a deep agonised cry, she leapt to her feet at the words, and the condemning flash of her eyes cemented him to the oaken flooring, as he knelt there, the cruel helpless picture of love's shame.

“Are you my Richard’s brother?” was all she slowly, wonderingly asked; but the rebuke was eloquent enough, in all conscience.

When the merciful darkness came on, he manœuvred to his apartment like a haunted shadow. Since then David Stuart’s cheeks had faded under the grinding thought of tainted honour, ignoble weakness, and a sense of the hopelessness of his passion. And the poor, innocent much-handled but ill-digested books got the blame of it; wisdom was saddled with the bleaching folly of love.

Why stayed he there to encourage further catastrophe? For the hundredth time he asked the question, as he wearily gazed out of the small four-lozened window which pierced through the thick, weather beaten walls of the old castle. The reply was there, in the form of Flora. He would leave next week and the next; and still that calamitous magnetism operated.

At this moment he saw her walking arm-in-arm with the laird, laughing and chatting as every young lady in the country side could not resist doing in the company of such a merry and tricky old man.

Flora Macgruther was not what an impartial observer would have called an exquisitely beautiful girl, either in form or feature. Her face was somewhat too pronounced; and she might with advantage have been taller and fuller developed at 22; but taking all there was of her collectively, and adding grace and charm of manner, with a decidedly clever, vivacious and well informed mind, she was a woman no man, however endowed by nature or estate, would have disgraced himself by wedding. Flora’s eyes were decidedly her strong point — large hazel, vivacious orbs, intensely womanly in their expression, flashing with every mood of the soul; fascinating by their brilliancy, their revelations, their honest daring. Canopying a broad, white, and strongly formed brow, was a great wealth of auburn hair, which she daily wove into the most unconventional but becoming constructions. Thoughtful, warm-hearted Flora,

she was queen of the Castle, and the controller of every heart that beat within its ancient grey walls.

The home of the Stuarts was not much to look at in this, what misfortune and fate had decreed to be, the last generation of the family who had continued its occupancy for centuries. It is more picturesque to-day as a ruin, crumbled and ivy-grown. Antiquarians of architectural bias note down its few quaint features as they pass on; but the romance of its decay has remained buried as surely as the successive lairds, who were wont make its halls ring with their hospitality. A three-storied, square, quaint structure, divested of its court-yard, moat, and draw-bridge, it had been made—with wretched incongruity—to accommodate itself to the new-fangled idea of an English mansion, while every stone and turret it possessed protested its association with the days of Scottish chivalry, the national independence—and vicissitudes. The majority of the Stuart acres were treated according to the rude agriculture of the 18th century; a few were devoted to the growing fashion of tree-raising; and the remainder, in the unpaying form of heathery slopes, retreated inland, until the sea-flowing mountain torrent demarcated the southern limits of the property. To the north, the tide ebbed and flowed with lazy monotony; eastwards ships appeared and disappeared on the mysterious ocean—views beautiful and comprehensive, no doubt, but the æsthetic age had yet scarcely dawned; scenery had not yet begun to pay; and each laird *pro tem* was alone concerned with eking from his limited revenues the precarious existence of a moderate-going country gentleman.

“He is in good heart to-day; he must have got that bond arranged,” David murmured, as the laird persisted in placing Flora on a swing, hung between two pines, which formed the sole remnants of the once sylvan glories of the place, and began to swing her vigorously, laughter and merry jest accompanying the performance.

The laird was indeed a gay old man, boyish, even mis-

chievous, in his pranks. Short, thick set, with shiny pale and grey close-cut whiskers, he would have passed—affecting, as he invariably did, a sort of seafaring costume—as a retired officer in His Majesty's navy, and as jolly a one to boot as ever roved the seas. He had likewise, if less pronounced, his serious and sensible characteristics—a dualism in his character which gave rise to the district saying about the laird's being resolved into his "elements" in the form of his progeny, Mr Merryman and Mr Melancholy, as they were respectively, and popularly, dubbed.

In the meantime Mr Melancholy had resumed his clinical studies, annoyed at the scene of gaiety below, when the sound of horses' hoofs caught his ear.

"Mr Richard," he exclaimed; and once more he was concealed behind the window curtain.

He was right. The young man who leapt from a steaming Highland pony, as if he had rode twenty instead of one poor mile, was greeted as Richard by Flora and the laird—the former eager and blushing, the latter evidently well pleased at sight of the handsome youth nature had provided for him. Richard was quite the antipathy of his brother. Short, clean shaven, with a careless, man of the world look about him, and a frank, almost rollicking manner and address, it required no philosopher to discern the reason of his being a favourite in the little social whirl of the county. Yet the more thoughtful pronounced that David, with his quiet intellectual way, would have made a better landlord than this easy-minded, impressionable fellow, who won hearts much too easy to value their worth.

"You bad boy, not even to tell me you were going to spend the day at the Hall," Flora pouted.

"Nor that I could not depend upon you to take my place at the tenants' grouse drive," added the laird.

"Thought you knew, Flo; upon my honour."

"How was I to know, Richard, when you did not tell me, dear?"

“Don't put a fellow in a corner, there's a good girl,” was the only response the soft appealing tone of the remark elicited from Richard, who departed with his pony for the stables, bestowing caresses upon the dumb brute for which a human heart was yearning.

Away up in the window, behind the curtain, a face grew paler as it watched this brief but significant episode.

“What love ; and, my God, he does not love her !”

David pitched the sage Fabricus of Hilden's clinical notes into the far corner of the room with a bang that rent the mouldy tapestry ; and, throwing himself into a chair by the table, he buried his head in his hands with a groan of despair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER IX.

Bailie Andrew Murray appointed Treasurer, 1751.—Thanks to Provost Hossack.—Instructions to new Treasurer.—Entry at end of old Account Book.—Andrew Murray's Charge and Discharge.—Entry relative to Provost Dunbar's Mortifications.—His Accounts passed and his re-appointment.—Committee on bad Debts and lists thereof.—List of good Debts.—Items not belonging to Hospital Stock proper noted.—Overpayment of Pensioners.—Further instructions to Treasurer.—Debts of Kirk Session to Hospital.—Action raised by Geo. Baillie of Mid-Leys to recover certain Lands and Fishing.—Increase in value of Salmon Fishing.—The matter compromised by Mr Baillie getting said Lands and Fishing on payment of £475 sterling.—Bailie A. Murray's second period of office up to 1769: his Charge and Discharge.—Committee's Report.—Necessity for reduced expenditure on Pensions.—Attention paid by Session to affairs of the Hospital.—Bequest of books to Library.—Mortification by Donald Calder of 300 merks.

A NEW Treasurer was appointed as Provost Hossack's successor at a meeting of Session on 27th May, 1752. Their choice fell on Bailie Andrew Murray, who was elected for only two years, and as he was at the time Treasurer for the Collections, or Kirk Treasurer, he was relieved of that duty, and George Scheviz appointed in his place. The office of Penalty Treasurer was distinct, and held by David Geddes. Bailie Murray received the whole bonds, bills, securities, receipts, and accounts belonging to the Hospital Fund from Provost Hossack on 2nd June, 1752, and the Session not only granted their late Treasurer a full discharge but they accorded him due thanks for his care

and fidelity in reducing the affairs of that Fund into so regular an order.

At the same meeting "the Committee appointed to separate the doubtful debts from the others in order to make the present Treasurer's task easy reported that they did so accordingly, and recommended to recover the money from, or get Cautioners bound with such as have given the Session only simple Bonds, and that these Cautioners be Co-principals."

The accounts of Provost Hossack are the last entered in the old account book : on the last page of which is written "Inverness, 22nd April, 1766. As this book is tatter'd and not large enough in the paper, the Treasurer thought proper to lay it by as a Record, and not to insert any more Hospital accounts in it, but to begin a new book well bound and of larger paper as a second volume of the Hospital Records." (Signed) "ANDREW MURRAY."

It has been already mentioned that nearly half of the earlier portion of the old volume is left blank.

Bailie Andrew Murray's *Charge* in his first account up to Candlemas, 1766, as per abstract, shows :—

Principal sums in bonds, bills, securities, &c., transmitted to him	£3322	12	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Interests and rents paid	1265	9	2 $\frac{1}{6}$
Balance due to the Treasurer	355	9	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
	<hr/>		
	£4943	10	10 $\frac{1}{4}$

The Library Fund account is only entered as a memorandum at the end of the account, and not included therein, viz., 1000 merks mortified by Dr Fraser for

Librarian's salary	£55	11	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mortified by Dr Fraser for purchase of books	50	0	0
Interest thereof, £128 os 8d, of which £68 os 8d expended on books : the balance, £60, for purchasing books added, making the latter fund £110	60	0	0

This note is added, "The sums that make up the Library Fund is engrossed in the Hospital Stock."

The above statement as to 1000 merks having been mortified by Dr Fraser for a librarian's salary, and £50 for the purchase of books, is incorrect. Dr Fraser's instructions were that "the Trustees were to lay out half the income' [of the 1000 merks] "in the purchase of books and half in payment of a salary to the Schoolmaster as Librarian, unless one of the Ministers should be willing to act as Librarian, in which case the whole of the money was to be bestowed in buying books, and with regard to the other legacy out of his brother's estate, he directs that this money "shall be secured, improven, and bestowed in all respects as the above mentioned one thousand merks."

His *Discharge* shows—

Principal sums in bonds, bills, securities, and debts	£3086	2	7¼
Money paid out in a long list of items, which, however, includes books bought for the library, salary to library keeper, and to bursars on the Laird of Mac- kintosh's mortification	1857	8	3
	<hr/>		
	£4943	19	10¼

Note.—The amount entered in the discharge as paid for books per receipts is £111 6s 5⅔d, and the Librarian's salary £36 15s 8⅓d.

We find the following interesting entry on the charge side of his accounts relative to Provost Dunbar's two mortifications of 2000 merks each, and the security obtained for them from James Roy Dunbar in or about 1704:—"Bond Baillie James Roy Dunbar for a half coble River fishing, £166 13s 4d; ditto's Bond on the lands of Gallow Muir, £222 4s 5⅓d, the fishing and lands being redeemed by George Baillie af Leys for £475, to which sum, by appointment of Session, the Treasurer added £25 to make the principal sum amount to £500, which was paid into the

Bank of Scotland, the 20th April, 1762, a £5 per cent. Interest to Whitsunday, 1763, is £26 15s 7d, but afterwards would only give 4 per cent. The 10th October, 1763, Jas. Houstoune, merchant, received £100 on his Heritable Bond at interest from the said date. The interest paid by the Bank to 20th March, 1764, £14 18s, when Robert Munro, merchant, received by the Session's appointment £400 on his heritable bond to bear interest from the said 20th March, 1764, and the said Robert Munro paid a year's interest, £20 to 20th March, 1765."

The amount of principal entered in first column is £500, and of interest entered in second column, is £61 13s 7d. Further particulars of this transaction will be found further on.

After this the only lands left to the Hospital Fund proper were those of Broadstone and Crotterton.

Among the items entered in his discharge we find, paid to the pensioners on Hospital Fund and to particular objects p. receipts, £1121 7s 3½d. The Agent's account, in defending the process raised by George Baillie of Leys £56 10s 6d: and paid the Agent in the process against Arthur Robertson of Inches, for the debt due to the Hospital, £117 0s 2d; and paid bursars on the Laird of Mackintosh's mortification p. receipts, £94 15s 10d.

His first accounts were then examined by a Committee, passed by the Session, and he was duly thanked. The Session re-appointed him as Hospital Treasurer, 22nd April, 1766, after granting him a discharge for his former accounts, and "recommended him to be diligent in recovering interest due, in order to repay him the balance of cash he has laid out on the necessary affairs of the Hospital."

The Session at the same time considered a second report of the same Committee, relative to bad debts: which stated that there were "in their judgement a vast number of bad debts, amounting to £546 10s 4½d stg., and that by continuing them in their books, every member of any other, that looks at the total will be ready to

flatter themselves that the Capital Stock is very high, therefore, that we may not impose on ourselves or others, the Committee have in a separate sheet drawn out a list of those debts which may be reckon'd irrecoverable, with which the Kirk Session may do as they in their wisdom shall think fit."

The Session approved of the Report, judged these debts to be irrecoverable, and decided that they should not be included in the Treasurer's Charge, and that the list of bad debts should be recorded in the Kirk Session Register, and in the particular Register of the Hospital, "that at one view it may appear what losses were instained on Provost Dunbar's Mortification and others, though the Pensioners on Provost Dunbar's Mortification were duely and regularly paid from the commencement of it."

The bad debts include a balance due by James Roy Dunbar for annual rents and expenses, £42 5s 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ d; a debt by tenants of the river fishings, £50 16s 10d; a debt by tenants on Gallow Muir, £23 6s 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, £45 10s 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, £20 15s 5 $\frac{2}{3}$ d, and £1 15s 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ d, making in all £184 9s 1 d. Also an Act and Bond of the Kirk Session of Inverness being a burden upon the weekly collections, £64 8s 0d; receipt for cash given to Thomas Alves (Hospital Treasurer) to defend a Hospital process, £10; debts transmitted by Provost Maclean (Hospital Treasurer) to Bailie Gilbert Gordon, £56 11s 6d; rents of weyhouse £14, and various Bonds from different persons (varying in amount from £9 3s 4d to £128), £203 9d 0 $\frac{5}{8}$ d, and a balance of rent due on Broadstone and expenses £13 12s 8 $\frac{1}{3}$ d. This gives a total of £546 10s 4d.

In addition to this there is mentioned, "the expense of a process raised by George Baillie of Leyes against the Hospital, though this article is not a debt properly, yet it is added here to show the losses on Provost Dunbar's Mortification £56 10s 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ d, which, added to £184 9s 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ d, makes the total loses on the latter £240 19s 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Besides the bad debts the Committee added a list of dubious debts, which were "incurred by Tacksmen who suffered by the encampments of General Cope and the Duke of Cumberland their armies," amounting to £19 18s 0 $\frac{2}{3}$ d. The Treasurer had discretion to make allowance for their losses. Then follows an account of the Hospital Funds as at 22 April 1766, which is mainly a list of Bonds, &c., considered good debts, the amount of Principal being £2544 18s 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, and of Interest £822 14 8d as a charge against Bailie Andrew Murray on entering his second period of office. One of these items is another Act of the Kirk Session, which is dated 12 November 1751, and interest thereon, amounting in all to £54 17 4 $\frac{2}{3}$ d.

Instead of keeping this capital account under different branches, the Session draw up and append a list of items amounting to £548 17s 9 $\frac{1}{3}$ d, "which cannot be said to belong properly to the poor; so that after excluding this sum from the Capital Stock of good debts there remains for the benefit of the poor the interest yearly of £1996 0s 11 $\frac{1}{6}$ d."

These items as as follows :—

The Weyhouse and Hospital Yard being allotted for repairing the Hospital fabrick, the principal sum of both	£66 13 4
The Laird of Mackintosh's Mortification for Bursars	166 13 4
The money mortified for the Librarian and buying books for the Library	165 11 1 $\frac{1}{3}$
To Five Pounds allowed to Treasurer for prompt payment to Pensioners, when the payment of interest may fail	100 0 0
To two Kirk officers sallaries at 50s per ann., being the interest of	50 0 0
	<hr/>
	£548 17 9 $\frac{1}{3}$

The Session goes on to point out that as some of the debtors pay no interest, and that there are various public burdens to be paid, besides expenses of processes now

existing or which may hereafter arise, and "as the amount now paid to the Pensioners, £102 13s 4, is far above the yearly return of interest, the Capital Stock must greatly suffer, and at last be much impaired and reduced if the Kirk Session does not advert to lessen the number of Pensioners. This remark bears heavy on the poor, the Committee is sorry for it, but better to turn half water than drown, and to add the greater weight to what is in this article remarked the Committee find that during the administration of the predecessor of the present Treasurer the amount of cash to yearly Pensioners was no more than £44, but it amounts now to nearly three times that sum, by which means the Fund is at this time indebted to the present Treasurer £355 9 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d."

The Kirk Session resolved accordingly.

As to the Act of Kirk Session, dated 12th November 1751, and interest due from Martinmas of that year, for the principal sum of £54 17s 4 $\frac{2}{3}$ d, the Committee were of opinion that as this debt was contracted for repairing the Churches of Inverness, the Reparation Fund should make payment of said sum to the Hospital Treasurer, in which the Session had on the date above mentioned declared themselves and their successors in office to be indebted to Provost Hossack, then Hospital Treasurer. This sum seems to have been the balance of a larger sum, principal and interest, advanced for repairs by a former Kirk Treasurer in or about 1723.

The Session appointed the Treasurer on Diribught to pay the above sum to the Hospital Treasurer out of the hundred pounds Scots yearly fund for repairing the Churches; but apparently it was not done for a long time. It continued to appear in the accounts, and was finally paid up with interest, 12th February, 1770.—*Vide*, Particular Report of a Committee, 21st December, 1779.

The Session unanimously thanked the Committee for their care and attention given to the Hospital affairs: lastly, they recommended the present Treasurer and his

successors to keep separate and distinct accounts of the Poores' Fund, Mackintosh's Mortification, the Library Fund, and the cash drawn from the Weyhouse and Hospital yard, allotted for keeping the Hospital fabrick in repair, and not to exceed the interest of each Fund.

The other Act of Session for the sum of £64 8s od, was for debt contracted in this way. On the translation of the Rev. Wm. Stuart in 1720, from the Signature or Third Charge to the First, there was a strong desire to have the latter filled by the Rev. Alex. Macbean, minister of Douglas, and Commissioners were appointed to prosecute the call. The Session voted a credit to meet part of their expenses, upon the strength of which £25 was borrowed by the Commissioners and others, from Wm. Mackintosh, sen. on a bond in 1720. In course of time this Wm. Mackintosh mortified £25 to the Hospital Treasurer, and this bond was assigned to him in satisfaction thereof. The Commissioners, or some of them, and of their fellow borrowers, were pressed for payment of principal and interest, which by 1752, being still unpaid, amounted to £64 8s od, and, on the report of the Committee, the Session acknowledged their obligation to pay it to the Hospital Treasurer, and thus relieved the representatives of the Commissioners. This was agreed to on 28th January, 1752, and in 1766 it was struck off as a bad debt of the Hospital's.

Before proceeding to the second period of Bailie Andrew Murray's Treasurership, some accounts may be given of the action raised by George Baillie of Leys.

By the year 1756 the Hospital had for a good many years had some benefit from the half coble's fishing in the Ness, and from the lands granted by James Roy Dunbar as security for Provost Dunbar's mortification, though the rents of both were by no means regularly paid.

The value of salmon fishings, however, had now begun to increase, and Provost Hossack reported to a meeting of Session on 7th September, 1756, that "A gentleman from Aberdeen and two English gentlemen had come to town

and treated with the Heritors of the river for a lease of the salmond fishings of the River of Ness : that the Heritors had concerted advantageous terms, and had gone into a contract with John Burnet, merchant in Aberdeen, and with and for him as Cautioner, — Turner, Sheriff-Clerk of Aberdeen, for the space of fifteen years, to which the Heritors are bound, but in favour of leases” [evidently meant for lessees] “that they may give it up at the end of the first five years, and at three years, and years following, for which they are obliged to pay at the Candlemas following each year’s fishing forty pounds sterling for each coble’s fishing, and, likewise, to pay feu-duties, cesses and ministers’ stipends ; and he likewise reported that care was taken of the town’s interest. That the inhabitants and neighbourhood be served with salmond for family uses at one shilling Scots per pound for the whole fishing season, except that in the months of December, January, and February they pay eighteen pennies Scots per pound. And the said report having been duly considered by the Session as having a half coble of the river fishing, and the advantageous terms made for the Heritors, they approve thereof, and appoint the Provost, in name of the ministers and elders of the Kirk-Session, and in name of the Administrators for the Hospital Funds, to subscribe the said contract in their name.”

This very soon led to the Session’s title to the fishing and lands being disputed, for it is recorded in the Session Minutes of 21st December, 1756, as follows:—“The Hospital Treasurer reported that upon the day of , a summons of Reduction and Declarator at the instance of George Baillie, surgeon, the eldest son and heir of the deceast John Baillie, W.S., as representing Baillie James Roy Dunbar, for finding the Rights and Securities, given by the said deceast Baillie James Roy Dunbar for payment and satisfaction of the Mortification made by Provost Alex. Dunbar to the Hospital for the poor of the Burgh, to be satisfied and extinct by the possession of the

lands and fishing. That the ministers and several members of the Kirk-Session had been cited for their interest to compear before the Lords of Council and Session upon the day of .”

He further reported that he had advised with John Fraser, W.S., who had revised the Conveyances, &c., and drawn up a Memorial, and had also written a letter stating that George Baillie insisted in his process of Reduction, and desired that the Dispositions made to the Managers of the Hospital Funds, hail vouchers and Adjudications should be sent up to Edinburgh, and advised in order to support the claim of the Hospital: that accordingly he had sent the Adjudications to him. A Committee was then appointed to correspond with Mr John Fraser.

After very considerable expense had been incurred in further proceedings, the matter was compromised, and the Session and Mr George Baillie came to an amicable agreement.

The Minute of Kirk Session, dated 16th March, 1762, runs thus:—“ The Session having met extraordinary upon the affairs of Provost Alex. Dunbar's mortification, and in regard there has been a very tedious Process of Reduction, etc., at the instance of George Baillie of Midleys, heir and representative of the said Alex. Dunbar, and Bailie James Dunbar of Dalcross, for recovering possession of the lands and fishing presently in the hands of the said Session, for payment of the annual rent of the said mortification, and as the Kirk Session and said George Baillie have come to an amicable agreement, that upon the said Mr Baillie paying them four hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling, they the said Session, shall renounce, discharge, up-give, and deliver, the said lands and fishings in their hands, to the said George Baillie, and to that effect and purpose the said Session have at this dyet, nominated and appointed Messrs Alex. Macbean, and Murdoch Mackenzie, minrs; Provost William Mackintosh, Bailie James Fraser, William Macpherson, George Scheviz, and Hector Scott, elders to subscribe a

Discharge and Renunciation in their name to that purpose, and they hereby enact and hold their subscription to be as valid as if the whole elders of the Kirk Session were signers to the said deed."

At the next meeting, 23rd March, the Discharge, duly subscribed, was laid before the Session, as also a letter from Mr Baillie, agreeing that, as his entry to the fishing was to be from Whitsunday first, he gives up one half of the rent of the fishing, viz., from Martinmas last to Whitsunday, but draws the whole land rent at Martinmas next. The Treasurer was directed to transmit the papers to Mr Fraser, W.S., to be filled up and delivered to Mr Baillie's agent on receipt of payment of the £475 : and further, to transmit £25 additional, so that £500 might be lodged with the Magistrates of Edinburgh, on their security of principal and interest, at 4 per cent. The money, however, was lodged with the Bank of Scotland, at 5 per cent., for 12 months, on 20th April, 1762

Mr Baillie then claimed to have the right of presentation, and being a *sine qua non* administrator of [*Qy.*, one of] Provost Dunbar's mortifications : which was admitted, and an extract of Session Minute to that effect granted to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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IV.—THE TRYST OF TEITH MUIR.

ON the short and mirky afternoon of a day so late in harvest that the rigours of winter already began to prevail, Mark Teviot rode homewards from the Churchyard of Duncairn accompanied by his friend and neighbour, the tacksman of Dell.

They had been attending a funeral ; and, as their way lay for five or six miles in the same direction, they mounted and rode off together, leaving the greater part of the company still toasting the memory of the deceased over his newly closed grave. Macbride, of Dell, would, I believe, willingly have remained much longer to assist in those exhilarating obsequies, for he was a man of an easy disposition, and fond of all good fellowship ; but Teviot, who exercised considerable influence over him, insisted upon an instant departure.

As the country over which they passed consisted of hard, flat moorland, covered with scrubby heather, they were enabled conveniently to bring their horses alongside of each other, and to engage in conversation ; albeit, Glenbeltane seemed to his friend more silent and absent-minded than usual. Times were bad, but it was not only the state of the markets that involved the good old man in worry and concern, causing him to lower his eyebrows and to compress his lips. Before the long ride to Glenbeltane comes to an end in these pages we shall know the whole matter and occasion of his anxieties. Meantime, however, we shall leave the two to pursue their journey for some miles or two alone ; forasmuch as the moorland is monotonous, and their

talk at first was intermittent, and had reference only to the events of the day.

About the time of which I write a very extensive, and sometimes lucrative, trade in black cattle was prosecuted by Highland tacksmen, and, in many cases, to a much greater extent by those middle men or dealers who were known as drovers. A series of local markets were held throughout the North, between Beltane and Whitsunday, at which black cattle were brought and sold, either singly or in lots of various size, according to the holding on which they were reared.

Tacksmen, who engaged in this trade, generally summered on their own land the cattle thus purchased, and thereafter exposed them for sale at one or other of the great Southern trysts held in the back end—unless, indeed, as frequently happened, they were sold at home to some drover who would buy them purely as a speculation, with the intention of reselling them immediately. If the drover could not pay for his herd in full, the cautious tacksman would most likely accompany him to the tryst, and the two would lay their heads together to promote an advantageous sale. Should the tryst be a good one, the tacksman got the balance due him willingly; but should it turn out otherwise, as too often happened, the drover would be sure to expect a heavy luckpenny to help to cover his loss. I have known of several score pounds sterling to have been returned in this fashion. I believe it is a fact that very few of those who engaged in the cattle trade as drovers, buying at one market in order to sell at another, were gainers in the end. Nay, it must be allowed that, sooner or later, as a general rule, they became bankrupts. Theirs was a trade that partook of much of the excitement and risk of gambling. Fortunes were made one year only to be lost the following. Thus, notwithstanding the large number who used to be engaged in the cattle trade, and the magnitude of the transactions which sometimes took place, the drovers who died rich were few and far between.

The operations of the tacksmen were usually conducted on safer principles. They had capital, which most of the drovers sadly lacked. In seasons when prices fell off towards autumn, their loss would probably be represented by the value of the summer grazing, and so it was not felt acutely.

This traffic gave employment to many, and circulated a considerable amount of money throughout the country. Along the great routes traversed by the drovers on their way South, there were stances at stated intervals, appointed by the authorities, where cattle and sheep could get food and rest for a night at fixed prices, and hostelries in connection with these stances where the drivers in charge got lodging and bread and cheese. The stance was an extensive tract of unenclosed moor, and the hostelry, a low-roofed establishment, consisting of two rooms and a closet below, and two rooms and a closet above, with a farm steading attached. The lower of the two smaller apartments was known as the cellar. It was always kept locked until a gill or mutchkin was called for by one or other of the noisy groups that filled the house.

Tacksmen and extensive drovers delegated to trusted subordinates, called topsmen, the sole superintendence of their herds on the road to the tryst. These topsmen gave directions to the drivers whom they engaged and paid, and, riding hither and thither during the march with eident eye upon the straggling multitude, maintained a sharp and wary look-out in the interest of their master. They had, of course, to provide suitable quarters each night of the journey for the men and beasts temporarily under their charge. So great was the trust reposed in them that should an extraordinary opportunity occur, some topsmen, though without any special authority, might summarily dispose of the whole drove, and in lieu thereof meet their employers with a bundle of bank notes and a canvass bag filled with coin of various colour.

When the droves at length drew near the place where the tryst would hold, the duties of the topsmen and drivers became very difficult. The roads within a radius of many miles of the scene of action being occupied by cattle, it often happened that a field of grass could scarcely be obtained for love or money. Loud and angry altercations between rival officials were the order of the day everywhere. And at this stage the owners of droves generally took the command in person.

In writing of the cattle trade, I must not omit to mention what may be called the alliances of the road, for they form a very pleasing feature in the social life of the period. In their practical bearing they closely resemble those leagues of hospitium that belonged to classic times. I refer to that unwritten treaty, that instinctive bond of friendship which used to subsist among certain tacksmen, nay, sects of tacksmen, along the great drove roads, in consequence of which they mutually furthered each other's interests. These alliances were recognised as a matter of course by their servants, and loyally observed even among them. However they might be entered into by parties originally, they frequently descended for several generations.

Two anecdotes may be set down here as bearing upon this point, and then, without further parley, we must hasten to rejoin Mark Teviot and his companion lest they may reach the Gallows Knowe, and part ere we have any opportunity of listening to their discourse, with which I intend to raise the curtain upon my story.

A lowland farmer made extensive purchases of cattle at a fair in the far north, with the intention of sending them forward immediately to a certain tryst, but unfortunately he had indulged, in the course of the day's bargaining, so freely in John Barleycorn that he became quite incapable of making the necessary arrangements for his herd. While in this plight, a tacksmen from whom he had bought some beasts came to the rescue of the inebriated stranger. He got his cattle collected and sent some of his own shepherds

in charge of them for the first stage of their journey. Although the southerner had on this occasion been rendered *hors de combat*, perhaps owing to the combined result of fasting and bad drink, he was a man of excellent qualities, and occupied a good position in his own country. One of his farms was situated in the vicinity of Teith Muir, and so long as he lived he insisted that the droves of the Highland tacksman who had thus befriended him should occupy a field on the night previous to the tryst, free of expense.

The other anecdote which I have in view also describes an act of friendship which fructified into an alliance of the road.

The servants and drivers of the tacksmen already mentioned having disposed of their drove at the tryst were returning home. For many miles their way lay through high mountain passes, and occasionally over ridges which made the journey difficult and tiresome. Late in the afternoon of a day on which they had travelled from early morning without seeing any human habitation, they descended the long southern declivity of a valley, and, at length, passed near a solitary farm house. Suddenly they were hailed by a stentorian voice, which proved to be that of the tacksman himself, who had been watching their approach. He at once took the fatigued and famishing band of travellers into the kitchen, where an abundant repast had just been prepared for harvesters who were at work on an adjoining field. After enjoying the good man's hospitality, and were about to resume their journey, they requested to know his name, that they might report to their master the unexpected kindness which they had received at his hands.

Whereupon the tacksman replied—"Tell your master, then, that it was James Dubh Macandrew Macwilliam More of Dalruaran, which you visited, and who now wishes you a good journey."

When they had taken their departure the mistress of the house, returning from a visit to the field, beheld with dismay the disappearance of her provision for the harvesters who

would soon be in. Especially was she vexed to find that a quantity of veal which happened to be the only cooked meat in the house had been consumed by the hungry strangers. And, in the circumstances, can we blame her though she reproved the really provoking hospitality of her husband.

A year passed away, and one day Dalfuaran, while occupied in his stackyard, saw a large drove approach. As they came nearer the owner rode forward in advance and called out—"Are not you James Dubh Macandrew Macwilliam More of Dalfuaran?"

"Yes, that is my name," shouted the tacksman in return, "but I know not who it is that so addresses me."

"No matter," replied the other, "this is my drove which is now about to cross the hill, and, as I hear that you are an excellent judge of black cattle, I would esteem it a great favour if you would look through these and point out the best stot among them."

James Dubh, nothing loth, did as he was requested. Whereupon the stranger told his drivers to put the beast into the Dalfuaran fold, and, turning to the wondering tacksman, explained to him that it had been his servants who had been so handsomely entertained by him the preceding harvest, and he now begged of him to accept that acknowledgment of his kindness. The rider then, after some expressions of mutual goodwill were enterchanged, rode hurriedly away, and the old tacksman went into the house, and calling for his wife, said, "Come, Bell, and see the calf you lost last year. Never after this cast a grudging eye after food given to strangers."

The friendship between the tacksmen of Glenbeltane and Dell, whose houses were separated by only one range of hills, was an alliance of a more intimate sort, for at all the great handlings of stock on their respective farms their shepherds assisted each other, and scarcely a week passed without an interchange of hospitality between the two

households. At fairs, Mark Teviot and James Macbride might usually be seen together—an arrangement which was greatly to the benefit of the latter, inasmuch as the tacksmen of Dell was by nature and habit ill adapted for buying and selling to advantage after the manner in which business was then transacted. He was, as we have already hinted, of an easy-going disposition, prone to procrastination, and always good humoured. When in his cups, as sometimes happened, he became very sentimental and confidential. But it is right to add that, notwithstanding these characteristics, he possessed a temper which, when fairly roused, was impatient of contradiction and liable to flame forth into fiery bursts of short-lived passion.

When young, he had never occupied himself in any pursuit which might have called his energies into activity. He had been brought up at Drumblankit, as heir of entail to that property, by his uncle, who was understood to be a confirmed old bachelor. Macbride of Drumblankit was unspeakably proud of his connection with the Macbrides of Duncairn, who had been raised to the peerage of Scotland after the Restoration. Nor was this connection only an empty boast, for his family were next in succession to the line of Duncairn, in respect of both blood and land, minus the titles.

Drumblankit was an exceedingly small estate, and it was only with difficulty that the proud old man could maintain an establishment corresponding to those of the neighbouring tacksmen. It was not in his nature to have much affection for anyone except Macbride of Drumblankit, but, whatever of this could be shared, he lavished upon James Macbride—not, however, so much as the person and his nephew as the heir to his property and prospects, which embraced the length and breadth of the parish of Keilangus. And if James received few tokens of attachment from the laird, it must be admitted that he made no great profession of any in return. From the first year of his residence at Drumblankit, although falling easily into the ways of the house,

he was at no pains to conceal his dislike of the stiff, aristocratic notions of his uncle, some of which appeared to be especially ridiculous in his eyes. He had, indeed, received an education by no means in keeping with the expectations which were entertained for him by his relative. In his own mind what pleased him most was to consider that he would not be compelled to work for a living like others less fortunate, inasmuch as the yearly proceeds of Drumblankit, besides paying interest on the mortgage, would be amply sufficient to gratify all his single tastes. Living in a remote glen, he could mingle only on rare occasions with the families of the tacksmen, so that he was thrown for society almost entirely upon his uncle's servants and the community of Millbeg, a crofting township that adjoined his home. Here, being heir to the property, he was received as a person of great consequence, each household vying with the others in paying court to this rising sun. Whatever might be his position elsewhere, there was no question as to his importance in Millbeg. He felt this, and loved the place and people accordingly. When, on one or two occasions, he had accompanied his uncle to a gathering of the country notables, and on account of his untutored manners, had been subjected to petty insult of one kind or another, he solaced himself with the consideration that the like would never be experienced among the good folks of Millbeg, and, on his return to Drumblankit after such rebuffs, he felt more than once inclined to leave it. Thus, his years ran on until he was on the wrong side of forty, when an event of an extraordinary nature broke the even tenor of his life. This was no other than his engagement with pretty Jessie Davidson. Her father had amassed considerable wealth as a dealer in black cattle. But poor James, head over ears in love with her good looks, gave her fortune scarcely a thought. Nevertheless, theirs was a case in which money might smooth the path to matrimony. Drumblankit, of itself, could by no means support the laird in possession, and also a married heir.

Now, Jessie Davidson's tocher might have enabled them all to live in sufficient comfort. After she had said the word which made her lover happy, he immediately broached the subject to his uncle. Alas for his consent ! No sooner did Drumblankit learn how matters stood than he flew into a violent passion. Blaming his nephew for abusing his generosity extended towards him since he was in his teens, the old man would listen to no extenuating circumstances. Whatever apology James ventured to offer only seemed to add fuel to his wrath. "Had the House of Drumblankit, indeed, sunk so low that it must form an alliance with one whose ancestors were former henchmen in its hall?" cried the incensed laird. James here thought it prudent to remind his relative that Jessie Davidson was not without means. Nay, he pointed out, that her fortune might be sufficient to redeem the property from its hereditary burden. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this hint ; for Drumblankit had frequently urged his nephew to seek the hand of a wealthy heiress, in the person of Miss Lucy Bisset of Castle Skillet, in Keilchrist. Her family were of even greater contiguity than that of Duncairn, while certain adventures of her uncle's on the Spanish Main or upon the High Seas, as others hinted, had abundantly filled the family purse of Castle Skillet. Considering the prospects of the Drumblankits, there was no doubt but that the heir of their hopes would be favourably received at Castle Skillet. I cannot restrain a certain feeling of sympathy for poor old Macbride who saw his fond plans of family aggrandisement dashed to the ground, or, shall I say thrown to utter confusion by the pretty daughter of a drover, whose father held the smallest croft in Millbeg.

It is quite needless to describe the scene that took place at Drumblankit any further. The like domestic commotions have often been described before. Drumblankit gave his nephew a whole month to think the matter over. In the event of James then persisting in his ill-starred

resolution, his uncle told him that he would from that day cease to recognise him as his relation ; that he would hold no manner of intercourse with him ; and that he would, in so far as it was in his power, disinherit him, so that he would succeed to none of his moveable effects. Before the interview terminated, the old man even condescended to plead with the infatuated lover. He reminded him of what he owed to himself and to his family. He told, with a touch of pathos, how it was now the sole aim of his life to see one who might yet, perhaps, represent the main line of the house of Macbride matched with a partner of at least equal family. He begged James not to subject to contempt the position which he was already entitled to hold in the county, and, finally, he said that if he would, before the time specified, break off his ignominious engagement with the Davidsons, he would go with him to Castle Skillet and conclude negotiations which had been already entered into there with the view of securing for him Miss Lucy Bisset.

James went out from his uncle with a mind unshaken from its purpose, either by threats or persuasion. As to threats, James felt comparatively safe. Drumblankit was strictly entailed, and the moveables referred to by the old man were really of small value. Then, had not he and Jessie Davidson solemnly covenanted to become man and wife, and James Macbride felt no desire to go back upon his word.

After the interview with the laird, which I have so briefly described, he visited Jessie, and wished to have the matter over without delay. He fixed upon that day four weeks for the consummation of their espousals.

James still cherished the hope that, once actually married, his uncle would relax the rigour of his indignation. In this he was vastly mistaken. No sooner did Drumblankit learn that the banns had actually been proclaimed in the Church at Keilangus than he ordered his nephew to quit the house, and never to cross that threshold more.

The marriage having been duly celebrated, the young couple took up their residence with the bride's father and mother until something should turn up. What did happen; who could have anticipated? The very next Sunday who should be proclaimed but Macbride of Drumblankit, as having a purpose of marriage with Miss Lucy Bisset of Castle Skillet, in the parish of Kilchrist. To be sure, no one could have anticipated this, far less the event which happened within a year of that time, when the mistress of Drumblankit was brought to bed with a son and heir. Most people laughed, and James among them as heartily as any. He had by this time been established as tacksman of Dell, and was entirely satisfied with his lot. His wife was thoroughly versed in the management of a pastoral farm, and her dairy was famed among the mistresses of Keilangus. Their family consisted of an only daughter, who had been christened Euphemia, a name which frequently occurred in the genealogical tree of Drumblankit. In after years Femie used to declare that this was the only heirloom of her ancestral descent.

This, then, was the companion who now rode across the moor with Mark Teviot.

"Did you observe," said he, after a long pause, "how very attentive the Bailie has become to my uncle of Drumblankit. I heard several remarking upon it to-day, and hinting that the illness of Duncairn has something to do with this friendship. Have you secured the new tack of Glenbeltane yet?"

"No," replied Teviot "but I am negotiating for it with his Lordship's Edinburgh agents."

"Take my advice, good friend," returned the tacksman of Dell, "and hasten to have it signed, lest that might happen to throw the business into the hands of Bailie Drummond, who wants to have the place himself. You know that he expected it when his Lordship chose to give it to you."

In those days, be it remembered, important holdings fell vacant only on rare occasions, for the son of the family in possession always succeeded to the tack as a matter of course, while, according to the ideas then prevalent, no one without land in freehold or leasehold could carry his head respectably high in a countryside. Many, therefore, were the longing thoughts cherished for any farm which might be expected to come into the market, and proportionally great the disappointment of those who were unsuccessful in their application for it.

"Well do I know," said Teviot, "that the Bailie bears me no good will, but Duncan, who proposed that I should take the place at first, will see that I am not disturbed in its possession. He still holds a bond over the stock for part of the price. But while God spares him in life, and I can pay the interest, that will never trouble me. Indeed, should the coming tryst hold up, the profits of this year would enable me to begin the new lease with a clear balance-sheet. The other day I sent forward a drove of over three hundred black cattle—stots and queys, all told and paid for, too. But my own mind tells me that you are right in what you say and advise; should that evil day, which is not unexpected, come sudden, I might bid good-bye to Glenbeltane."

Perhaps so," said Dell, "but I would not give much for the Bailie's chances after all. The estates here are so overburdened with debt that they are likely soon to slip through the fingers of old Drumblankit and his spendthrift son. It is lucky for Lady Duncairn that she has Berrybush Hall in her own right, and lucky for you, Mark Teviot, to have been born under that hill."

"Berrybush Hall," repeated Glenbeltane, thoughtfully, dwelling with evident satisfaction upon the name, "Berrybush Hall, nae wonder though Duncairn likes to live there best. Whiles I wish that I never left it. Were the stock of Glenbeltane there I were a richer and happier man to-day, or were Duncairn and his lady in their castle here I

would be safe from this loss and vexation to which I am exposed from these thieving M'Ilvaines of Anard."

"The M'Ilvaines of Anard," cried James Macbride, angrily, "there is scarcely a holding in the county that does not suffer damage at their hands. The scoundrels have robbed me of many a fat wether, and glad am I, and every honest man in Keilangus, to hear that one of them is likely to be brought to the gallows for his misdeeds. Nothing short of this would check them, for they are fearless alike of God and man."

"Yes," said Teviot, "Torquil M'Ilvaine was caught by my shepherds in Corrie Goblin in the very act of sheep-stealing. On his house being searched there were found proofs of extensive robberies, not only from my stock, but also from half a dozen others. He is now in prison in Goyburgh awaiting his trial at the next Circuit Court. For a single act of sheep-stealing I would not have reported him to the Fiscal, but he and his brothers have made a regular practice of this thieving, and they have a special liking for the Glenbeltane stock, or rather, I should say, a special ill-will. Yet they have no just cause for enmity against me or mine. As you are aware, their family were removed from Corrie Goblin by Lord Duncairn long before I came to the country, on account of their evil courses. Then your uncle of Drumblankit, in order to show his power and independence, must needs give them a footing on the opposite side of the hill, at the shealings of Anard. The foxes will not interfere with any man or beast on the estate of their patron, but they have declared war to the knife against the property of Duncairn, and, as I have said, especially against Glenbeltane. Nae doot they'll hae a kind o' spite against me, as holding the land where they once had their hame. To be sure, in the auld cattle-lifting days they were Macindrui's close followers in many a foray. Since Torquil has been put in jail their conduct has been so disgraceful and intolerable that I intend lodging a formal complaint against Drumblankit for harbouring a nest of vagabonds upon his estate.

Whiles I think that I must leave the country a'thegither on account of the loss and trouble to which I am subjected. I have repeatedly spoken to Drumblankit about the matter, but without effect ; and Bailie Drummond would like ower weel to see me harried to interfere."

"Just as I said," exclaimed Macbride of Dell, "the Bailie is making a tool of the old laird, who, as I have good reason to know, is stubborn, and stupid, and proud, and the wily Drummond well knows how to turn his mistress' ambition to his own advantage. But, as you say that sheep-stealing can be proved against Torquil, I do not think that they can afterwards continue to protect a family who, by habit and repute, are as bad as he. It would be a public scandal, and Drummond dare not face that. Were Duncairn to know that he had been backing up Drumblankit in sheltering these thieves, it would go hard with his bailieship."

"It is time and far more than time," continued Teviot, "that the doings of these M'Ilvaines were properly looked into. Since Lammas, alone, I must have lost about a score of wethers. You have suffered to some extent, and one or two others told me to-day that they had not been scaithless. Of course the M'Ilvaine tribe could not of themselves consume so much mutton, so it is supposed that they contrive to take part of the stock they steal to the Southern markets along with droves which they have in charge. For some months the men are pretty constantly upon the road as drivers. I suppose that topsmen hire them on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief; and the fellows have never been suspected of laying a finger on a beast entrusted to them in this way. Since Torquil's apprehension Farquhar and Gillies are supposed to be in the South in connection with the trysts, but I have some reason to know that they have been at home part of the time. That happened three nights ago, which convinced me that the dastards, my mortal foes, were at hand. Six pure-bred tups which I had bought at a high price in the South, were

shot down in the Well Park. What further mischief might have been done, who knows, had not the miscreants been interrupted in their work. It had been arranged that before daylight the men were to set out for Brig o' Teith with the cattle. Gillespie Macewen, my shepherd, rose before the others and went to the Well Park to fetch some queys which were grazing there along with the tups. On his way he was surprised to hear four shots fired in rapid succession. Creeping along close to the dike in order to get near the scene of action unobserved—for his heart misgave him that something was far wrong—he had not proceeded many steps when two other shots were fired, and he now distinctly heard the flock of sheep scampering from that direction. At the moment his dog came up with him, and rushed forward barking furiously, and then he could see two men running at full speed towards Corrie Goblin. The moon shone out full upon them, and he could swear that they were Farquhar and Gillies M'Ilvaine, and no other. Next day the constables under the direction of my good friend Mr Deputy Fraser, searched every house and every nook in the neighbourhood of Anard, but to no purpose. The M'Ilvaine women stoutly maintained that they had not seen their husbands since Michaelmas, and that they would not return until after the Brig o' Teith Fair, and so the matter stands. One trace of the spoilers was discovered near the carcasses of the poor sheep. This was the ramrod of a horse-pistol; and, besides, we plainly discerned a footprint turned inwards, which without any doubt connects Gillies M'Ilvaine with the deed. The Deputy, however, hesitated not to issue a warrant for apprehension, inasmuch as the M'Ilvaines were never known to possess pistols, and Gillespie did not actually see the features of the retreating marauders, while, argues he, the mud being soft and deep, was liable to give a shape to other than their own, to such footprints as might be stamped on its surface. On my return, I hope to get the Deputy to move. Otherwise, the stock of Glenbeltane,

upon which I have spent so much care and money, will by and bye not take long to clip."

"Grieved would I be to hear that news, and not I only, but every true man in the parish of Keilangus, for since the day that you set your foot among us, you have given a lift to many, and injured none. But here we are, come to the Gallows Knowe." Having halted on this summit for a few moments, the two riders parted, James Macbride heartily wished his friend a good market and a safe return home. The farm of Dell lay some miles up a glen that opened on the right, from whence issued the stream that made its way under the Gallows Knowe. It was said that the bodies of malefactors after hanging in chains for a certain time, used to be flung down into the gorge far below. The locality had, as might be supposed, an evil reputation. Strange sights and stranger sounds had here frequently terrified the lonely wayfarer. Mark Teviot lived in an age and in a land where none doubted the reality of such visitation. But he had crossed the Gallows Ford for many a year by night and by day and had never encountered any object of terror; nor had he ever heard sounds more disagreeable than issued from a colony of owls that haunted the crevices of the rocks on either side of the deep ravine, or fluttered among the branches and overarched the water. Teviot saw his companion ride along the edge of this ravine until he was near the crofting township of Balmoris, which extended on both sides towards the opening of the Glen to which I have referred. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the frosty skye, and the twinkling lights of Balmoris seemed too like stars set in the dark hillside.

Glenbeltane slowly turned his horse to the left and descended the rough pass which led to the water, that here flowed over a broad bed of brown shingle. When he had reached about the middle of the ford, he became aware that a form was moving among the bushes on the opposite side, which were partially concealed by a light milky vapour. Teviot's first idea was that some individual had been

spearling char, for at this season of the year great shoals of this beautiful scarlet-bellied fish came up the streams to spawn, so that men and boys, concealing themselves among the dense foliage, could readily snare them with nooses of horse hair by day, and spear them of clear nights still more readily. A second glance convinced the Borderer that the being, whatever it was, stood of purpose in the track which his horse must take, and, as he afterwards confessed, he felt reassured by observing that the faithful animal showed no signs of fear.

When, with a slight bound, his horse stood on the dry ground, a voice called, "Stop, Mark Teviot, and beware! It is no spirit of the dead, but a living friend who is here for your good!"

"Alister Macindrui! Who could have looked to meet you here at this hour, and what danger would you warn me of?" exclaimed the tacksman.

"My fathers, who lived in days passed away on the pleasant holms of Inverbeltane, would say that I, their desendant, had small cause to befriend you who, although a stranger and having no position by right in the land of my people, occupy their inheritance and mine."

"Yes, Macindrui! but who is to blame for your expatriation. Not I, and not His Lordship of Duncairn. You are well aware that it was while the Duncairn estates were managed by a government factor, that Inverbeltane was cleared of its old inhabitants, and did not his Lordship, as soon as he had the power, give you a croft at Balmoses?"

"A croft at Balmoses!" exclaimed Black Alister, his voice weird and trembling with old age and the scorn which he tried to express. "A croft at Balmoses! do you suppose that a croft even in the fertile Lothians, or, what's more likely, within the Home farm of Duncairn, could even make up to me for the banks of the Baltane, where I spent my boyhood days, or, for the loss of every kindred, who on the shores of the distant Savannah will nevermore hear the sweet rippling waters that made music to their young ear?"

Do not the very breakers of Inverbeltane wail a coronach for them who will return no more? Has not my heart been wrung to see the wells where the maidens of the township warbled lightly the songs of love and sorrow, now choked up with rushes and water cress, and the meadow where the young men tossed the ball, over-run by southern sheep? The hare feeds fearlessly, and the rabbit burrows where the walls of what was once the house of my—— But, enough of this, I came not here to blame either you or Lord Duncairn. And why should I bewail what has gone forever? I came to warn you of intended evil, and do so at great risk, not only to my stock, but even to my person." The Borderer had gazed with compassion upon the aged individual beside him, while in language of wild pathos he gave utterance to the sorrows of his heart. But now, perceiving that Macindrui desired to impart information of serious moment, he leaned towards him over the saddle, in an attitude of patient attention. "Mark Teviot," proceeded Allister Macindrui, "she whom you brought to Glenbeltane as your wedded wife, was of my people. Did not our blood flow in your dead children's veins? Though the Macbrides of Duncairn got Glenbeltane, by Charter from the King, ours it surely was by the right and tribal law. Even the M'Ilvaines of Corrie Antler, whose hand was always against every man." The name seemed to bring the old man, as it were to himself, and in an altered and lower tone—so low indeed, that it sometimes sank to a hoarse whisper, he added, "but it was of them that I came to speak to you, I regret that you and such as you are destined to drive the children of the Gael out of the country, I wish to see you go back to your own land and to your own people. Yet, I cannot forget the tie of kinship which binds us, nor can I forget that oftentimes under your roof is the home of my one sister."

"Nay! nay! Alister, speak not of any kindness I and mine have show your sister, Janet Ishbal. She has rather laid us under much obligation. She works for us, and yet

will take neither fee nor reward for her labour, unless it be a fleece or the like at clipping time.”

“And why should Ishbal Macindruì work for hire like a common servant in the house of her kin. Besides, have not you, Mark Teviot, built her a home of her own near the green alder bushes on the Beltane? I saw Ishbal to-day and thought to have told her my tale that she might bear it to you, but I again resolved to keep it for your own ear alone, and between us alone let it be. Mark Teviot, you have sent forward to Brig o’ Teith Fair the largest drove of cattle which you ever had upon the road at one time. You have without doubt invested in them a great sum of money which you intend to bring back with you and afterwards invest in the bank at Abergoy. You are to set out early to-morrow morning alone, and you are to return very likely alone.”

“All you say, my good friend, is true, but what has your tale, as you call it, to do with my movements? I hope to overtake the beasts in a day or two; and, as for returning alone, I sometimes travel with the drovers and cattle dealers, and sometimes have no other company than brown Bessie that I am now riding and the good dog, Fellow, that I left to-day at home sorely against his will.”

“My tale may have a very serious bearing upon your movements, Mark Teviot. I have got sure information, from one who wishes well to you and yours, that the brothers Farquhar and Gillies M’Ilvaine intend, ere you return, to rob you of the price of these cattle in revenge for your having caused their brother to be arrested for sheep-stealing. Look to yourself, therefore. In their rage the M’Ilvaines may even go beyond robbery. You have heard that terrible and mysterious story of the pedlar who was last seen going in the direction of their haunts and never reappeared in the country since then. There are those who affirm that the Anard women have been wearing articles of clothing which he had been exposing for sale in Balmoses. Remember the M’Ilvaines are now desperate

men, and have little hope of being left longer at Anard to be a constant source of danger and loss to their neighbours."

"I would hope, Alister, that your informant may have exaggerated my danger; but no less am I deeply sensible of the kind interest you have shown in my welfare. Forewarned is to be forearmed, they say, and I'll not forget your advice."

"Leave not home alone. Have at least one companion of stout arm with you as you journey through the wild and solitary passes that lie between Keilangus and Brig o' Teith. Above all, see that you carry not the price of your cattle about your person. And now farewell, and as you value the life of him who may have saved you from spolia-tion, and, perhaps, from death, let no one know that Black Alister Macindrui spoke with you this night by the Gallows Ford."

Having said this, without listening to any reply which Mark Teviot might desire to make, the old man turned away, ascending a rough track which led through the bottom of the gorge, and would enable him to reach his house in Balmoses unobserved.

The tacksman of Glenbeltane, although uncertain what amount of importance should be attached to the wild story of Macindrui, resolved to take wise precautions against whatever danger might be impending from his cunning and malicious enemies. So on reaching home, he arranged that Gillespie should accompany him to the tryst of Teithmuir, and occupy the same room with him at every hostelry where they would have to pass a night.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE MUIRLAND BURN.

FULL meekly in the morning light—
The smiling blue of day—
The Muirland Burn, with many's a turn,
Goes purling on its way.

Benign Aurora, peeping down,
Delights to greet thy tide,
And the lambs at play are never so gay
As dancing by thy side.

The daisy and the heather-bell,
Neglectful of the dew,
Have breathed a vow, tho' I can't tell how,
To live and die for you.

But none could help observing them,
Bedecked in colours new,
As, over the sod, they beckon and nod,
And set their cap at you.

The heather-bell bespoke the lark
To sing a song above,
And hired the bee with a little fee
To whisper of her love.

But the daisy heard thy rippling voice,
And bowed her pearly crest,
And, perfectly still, she listened her fill
To the tune that pleased her best.

That rhyme of silver melody,
I heard a milkmaid say,
Was the fairies' croon of an afternoon
In ages passed away.

I think it was a strain of love
The angel powers did send,
To brighten the mood of my solitude,
Like the accent of a friend.

It mingled with the words of home—
With home's simplicity—
And thrilled its part in the feeling heart,
That laughed and wept in me.

It mingled in the evening hymn,
And lulled me into sleep,
With the breeze's sigh thro' the greenwood nigh,
And the bleating of the sheep.

So, sometimes in a dreaming hour,
Though long we bade adieu,
The Muirland Burn, with many's a turn,
Comes purling on my view.

T. S.

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND
BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE

v.

I WILL next briefly refer to the charm called
FATH FITHE.

In Vol. VIII., p. 127, there is a brief description of the *Fath Fithe*. As the text will show, this charm is somewhat comprehensive in its character :—

Fa' fithè cuiream ort
Bho chu, bho chat,
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
'S bho leanabh beag,
Gus an tig mise rithisd .

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

Translated—

A magic cloud I put on thee,
From dog, from cat,
From cow, from horse,
From man, from woman,
From young man, from maiden,
And from little child,
Till I again return.

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The *Fath Fithe*, according to tradition, was a favourite charm with hunters, for it enabled them to make physical objects invisible to the ordinary eye. They could come from the forest laden with the spoils of the chase, but their enemies would see them not. In more recent times it was believed that the smugglers protected themselves in this way from the most vigilant of Excise officers. It is to be feared, however, that the art has been lost! The expres-

sion *Fath Fithe* is now seldom heard ; but there can be no doubt that in former times it was considered a protective charm of some kind. In the verses from the Kenlochewe Bard, already referred to, the word is used, but there obviously in the sense of *rosad* as previously described. The power to bring about darkness is an old belief among the Celts, and an interesting instance of a charm used in this connection is given in the Book of Lismore.

In the life of Senan (Book of Lismore) we are told of a wizard (Druidh) who went to the King (Mac Tail) saying he would make a charm (*sén*) to Senan the Saint, and that thereby he would either die or leave the land. The King was glad with this ; and the wizard went to Senan and "sang incantations against him and said 'leave the land with this spell.'" The saint replied, "I will resist thy spell ;" and he prevailed. Then the wizard "brought darkness over the sun, so that no one in the island could see his comrade's face. Senan however charmed the darkness.

In that case we have the wizard using his charm or *Sen*, and the superior powers of the Church getting the better of the powers of darkness. Similarly in the same work we are told of a cloud of darkness enveloping the mother of St Findchua from her pursuers, and thus saving herself and the saint, who was not then born, from the rapacity of an enemy.

Again, the Tuath de Dannan were credited with the power of raising storms and causing darkness. When the invading Milesians reached Ireland, the Tuath de Dannan, by means of sorcery, enveloped the Island in mist, and hid it from their view. A sorcerer among the Milesians directed them how to act, and they eventually landed.

The *Fath Fithe* is believed to be equivalent to the modern Irish *Feth Fia* or the *Faeth Fiada* of old Irish. The Hymn of St Patrick previously referred to is called "Faeth Fiada," or, to use the language of the original text, "7 Faeth Fiada ahainm" (and Faeth Fiada is its name). In modern Irish it is called "Luireach Phadruig," or, St

Patrick's Corslet ; but anciently it was called by this name and the name *Fiada* or *Feth-fiada*, as we gather from the following passage in the Tripartite Life of the Saint :—

“Tunc vir sanctus composuit illum Hymnum patrio idiomate conscriptum, qui vulgo *Feth-Fiadha*, et ab aliis *Lorica* Patricii appellatur ; et in summo abinde inter Hibernos habetur prætio ; quia creditur, et multa experi-entiâ probatur, piè recitantes ab imminentibus animæ et corporis præservare periculis.”

Translated—

“Then the Holy Man composed that Hymn in his native speech, which is commonly called *Feth-fiadha*, and by others the Breast-plate or *Lorica* of Patrick ; and it is held from thenceforward among the Irish in the highest regard ; because it is believed—and proved by much experience—to preserve those that piously recite it from dangers that threaten them in soul and body.

We have already seen, when dealing with the *Airne Moire*, how the hymn was regarded as a protective charm ; and we are told that Patrick, when ambuscades were set against him by Loegaire, sang it in order to shield and guard himself and his clerics. Patrick and his followers on singing this hymn seemed to the ambuscaders to be wild deer with a fawn after them.

I have already stated that the *Fath Fithe* charm is extensive in its scope. I subjoin another, equally extensive, from the Sister Isle, kindly sent me by Professor O'Growney :—

Ortha a chuir Colum Cille, le toil Rìgh Neimhe,
Air bheim suil, air urchoid ¹ chnoic, air sealg agus ae ;
Leigheas o neamh air an m-ball dubh ta in aice an chleibh,
Air an leac le a m-bogthar na h-easbaidh ;
Le grasa Mhic Mhuire, a's le miorbhuille Mhic De
Leigheas na colainne, 's an anal a bheith reidh.

¹ This word, although not in common use in Gaelic, is used by Mac-Mhaighstir Alastair. He has a song entitled “*Tinneas na h-urchaid*,” commencing

“Gu bheil tinneas na h-urchaid
Air feadh Airdramurchann.”

Translated—

A prayer which Columcille gave, by the will of the King of Heaven,

Against the Evil Eye, against hurt from the Fairies, against spleen and liver;

A cure from Heaven for the black spot near the breast,
For the flag (?) by which the *Evil* (King's Evil) is softened,
Through the favour of the Son of Mary, and the miracle of the Son of God

A cure for the body and for smoothness of breathing.

THE FAIRIES.

"Who were the Fairies" is a question which I need not discuss, but the following genealogy of them is interesting:

Fairies loq.—

Cha 'n ann do Shiol Adhamh sinn,
'S cha 'n e Abraham ar n-athair ;
Ach tha sinn de mhuintir an Athar Uaibhrich,
Chaidh fhudach a mach a Flaitheas.

Translated—

We are not of the seed of Adam,
And Abraham is not our Progenitor ;
But we are the offspring of the Haughty Father,
Who out of Paradise was driven.

I need not here dilate on the wondrous feats attributed to the Fairies. People blessed themselves, and prayed the Almighty to protect them from Fairies, but I have not come across any Anti-Fairy charms in the Highlands. Here is one from the West of Ireland:—

Against Fairy Influence.

Gabhamuid lé n-a g-coimirce,
A's diultamuid da n-imirte,
A g-cul linn 's a n-aghaidh uainn,
As ucht phaise 's bais ar Slanuightheora.

Translated—

We accept their protection,
We repudiate their (evil) tricks,
(May) their back (be) to us, their face from us
Through merit of the passion and death of our
Saviour.

Mr Moore in his Folklore of the Isle of Man gives the following Manx Charm against the Fairies :—

A Charm against the Fairies.

Shee Yee as shee ghooinney,
 Shee Yee er Columb-Killey
 Er dagh uinnag, er dagh ghorrys,
 Er dagh howl joaill stiagh yn Re-hollys.
 Er kiare corneillyn y thie
 Er y voayl ta mee my lhie
 As shee Yee orrym-pene.

Translated—

Peace of God and peace of man,
 Peace of God on Columb-Cille,
 On each window and each door,
 On every hole admitting moonlight,
 On the four corners of the house,
 On the place of my rest,
 And peace of God on myself.

I now pass to the class of charms intended to effect cures, and commence with

EOLAS NA RUAIDHE, OR RASH.

The *Ruaidhe* or *Rash* was a swelling of the breast of a woman or the udder of an animal, causing retention of the milk, and consequent pain. There are various charms for the cure of this ailment. I will begin with a version given by an Uist crofter. The formula was thus :—The performer, in the first place, got a small round stone and rubbed the swelling with the side of it which was next the ground. At the same time he repeated the following incantation—

Seall Thusa Chriosd
 A' chio ch so 's i air at ;
 Innis sin do Mhoire,
 O'n 's i rug am Mac.
 Ruaidhe eadar atan,
 Fag an leabaidh so ;
 Thoir leabaidh eile ort ;
 Cuir am bainne as a' chich,
 Cuir an Ruaidhe anns a' chloich,
 'S cuir a' chloich anns an lar,

Translated—

Behold Thou, O Christ,
 This breast and it [so] swollen ;
 Tell that to Mary --
 'Twas she who bore the Son.
 Rash between swellings,
 Leave this bed ;
 Betake thyself to another bed ;
 Send the milk from the breast ;
 Transmit the Rash to the stone,
 And (through) the stone to the ground.

The idea here intended to be conveyed was that by means of the incantation the disease was transmitted from the breast to the stone, and from the stone to the ground. In gypsy sorcery similar examples may be found where pain is sent into its medical affinity, and so on, back to the source from which it came.

One of the modes of curing the *Ruaidhe* in cattle was thus :—Get a stone from a March-burn—*allt crich*—rub the swollen teat with the same, and say these words :—

A Chriosda leigheis am mart.
 Leigheis fhein i Mhoire—
 'S tu rug am Mac.
 Gu'm a slan an t-ùgh ;
 'S gu'm a crion an t-at ;
 'S a Ruaidhe mhor atar iotar,
 Fag an t-aite so 's tair as !

Translated—

O Christ, heal the cow.
 Heal thou it, O Mary—
 Thou broughtst forth the Son.
 May the udder be healed ;
 May the swelling cease ;
 And thou great swollen dry Rash,
 Leave this place, and be off.

Another method for curing the *Ruaidhe* in a cow, was thus :—

A burning peat was taken and held under the udder ; the teats were squeezed in succession, and the milk allowed to drop until the peat was partially extinguished. The smoke caused by the milk and the burning peat was con-

sidered medicinal. As the cow was being thus milked, the following incantation was said :—

Fhaic thu, Chrìosd, a' chioch
 Gur a h-i tha goirt ;
 Innis sin do Mhoire mhin,
 Bho'n 'si-fhein a rug am Mac.
 Gu'm bu slan a' chioch,
 Gu'm bu crìon an t-at.
 Teich ! teich ! a Ruaidhe !

Translated—

Christ behold the teat—
 In which there is [great] pain—
 Tell that to gentle Mary,
 For she brought forth the Son
 Whole may the teat be,
 Let the Rash depart—
 Rash ! away ! away !!

The following is an Irish charm for the cure of the *Rash*, given me by Professor O'Growney :—

Ruadh ramhar cùl connáideach.
 D' iarr Colm Cille de Chathach :
 Cia'rd a leisfas an Ruadh ?
 Nìmh a chuir air g-cùl agus an t-at a chur air lár,
 Gan de bhrìgh 's an Ruadh, an oiread a bheith slán.

THE TOOTHACHE.

I will now briefly deal with the toothache charm. The formula seems to be the same, or substantially the same in all Christian countries, and has reference to St Peter sitting on a marble stone suffering from toothache, and the Lord passing by and healing him. The words of this charm are met with all over the Highlands, but strange to say they are rarely met with in Gaelic. This is probably owing to the fact that few old Highlanders can write Gaelic. Even in the districts where English is practically unknown to the old people, one gets this charm in English. In Badenoch it is called *Toisgeal*, and formerly it was only known to a few who professed to cure toothache. The words were written on a small piece of paper, the paper folded up and handed to the sufferer, who was not

on any account to open it up or see what was written thereon. It was then sewn up in a part of one's undergarments, and worn till it crumbled away. So long as the paper lasted the person enjoyed immunity from toothache! If the sufferer had the curiosity to read the formula contrary to the direction of the learned "Charmer," then the *Toisgeal* lost its virtue and the toothache might at any moment return!

As already stated, the formula is generally met with in English. Here is a Gaelic version from the Island of Barra:—

Shuidh Peadar air Cloich Mharbail. Thainig Criosda ga ionnsaidh 's dh'fhoighnich e dheth "de 'tha 'cur ort a Pheadair?" Labhair Peadar "Mo Thighearna 's mo Dhia, tha 'n Deideadh." Fhreagair Iosa 's thuirt e, "Eirich suas a Pheadair 's bithidh tu slan; 's cha tusa sin a mhain ach duine sam bith a labhras na briathraibh so na m' ainmsa cha'n fhairich e ciod e 'n Deideadh."

The following is a copy of the English version of the *eolas* copied in South Uist. It may be taken as a rough translation of the above, or *vice versa*:—

Peter sat upon a marble stone weeping. Christ came by and asked, "What ails thee." Peter answered and said, "My Lord and my God, my tooth, *toothache*;"¹ and the Lord said unto him, "Rise up, Peter—not for you alone, but all who will carry these lines in my name shall never have the toothache. In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

A Latin version of the above, from the Maclagan MS., was published by Mr Macbain in the *Highland Monthly* (Vol. III., 292). As it is substantially the same as the above I annex it here:—

"Petrus sedit ex marmorum lapis Dominus Noster venit et Dixit petrus quid te gravit, petrus respondit dominus Meus Coput et Dentes meos vexant me Dominus Noster Dicat surge petras salva tu non solum tu sed etiam omnia qui teneant haec mea dicta per virtutem De haec verbis Dominus Noster et in ejus Nomine Dice tuus pestis non moleste te Detri Minius Pratus."

¹ *i.e.*, My tooth is aching.

Here is an Irish version of the toothache charm, or, as it is called, *Ortha an diaidh-fhiacal* :—

Chuidh Peadar go sruth for-lan.
Thainic Chríost os a chionn,
“Cia’rd sin ort, a Pheadair?”
“O! m’ fhiacail ata tinn.”
“Eirigh, a Pheadair, a’s bi slan,
Ni tusa acht feara Fail.”

Aon duine a gheillfeas no a deanfadh an ortha,
Ni beidheadh i n-diaigh na h-ortha diaidh in aon deud
amhain.

An ainm an Athar agus an Mhic agus an Spioraid
Naoimh. Amen.

Translated—

St Peter went to a full running stream ;
Christ went to meet him and said,
“What ails thee, Peter?”
“O! my tooth doth ache.”
“Arise, Peter, and be well—
Not you alone, but also the men of Innisfail.”

Any believing in or saying this incantation
Will not have toothache thereafter in even one tooth.
In nomine patris, &c. Amen.

I lately noted, from the recitation of an Eigg crofter, a toothache charm, which has a certain resemblance to the Irish one. It is as follows :—

Labhair Calum-Cille nan Orth’
Ann an ordag dheas mo Rìgh—
Air chnuimh, air dheigh, air dheideadh—
Air dheideadh a’ ghalar-chinn.
Labhair Peadair ri Seumas—
“Cha choisich, cha mharcaich,
Cha teid mi
Leis an deideadh a tha m’ cheann.”
Labhair Criosda ris na h-Ostail—
“Cha bhi ’n deideadh is an Rann-s’
'S an aona cheann.”

Translated—

Columba of the Incantations
Spoke in the right thumb of my King—
On worm, on ache, on toothache—

On toothache, the head-disease.
 Peter spoke unto James—
 “ I’ll walk not, I’ll ride not,
 I’ll move not
 Through the toothache in my head.”
 Jesus said to the Apostles—
 “ Toothache and this Incantation
 Together won’t exist in the same head.”

Mr Moore does not give a Manx version of the charm. He, however, gives the following formula, which was to be used in the same manner as the *Toisgeal* :—

Saint Peter was ordained a saint
 Standing on a marble stone,
 Jesus came to him alone—

And saith unto him, “ Peter, what makes thee shake ? ”

Peter replied, “ My Lord and Master, it is the toothache.” Jesus said, “ Rise up and be healed, and keep these words for my sake, and thou shall never more be troubled with toothache.”

At the base of Ben Marival, in North Uist, there is a well, locally known by the name of Tobar-Chuithairidh, which is believed to cure toothache. Sufferers from this ailment still frequent the lonely well, and, according to ancient custom, leave offerings. On bended knees they drink the water, repeating the following words :—

“ Tha mise a’ cromadh sios, an ainm an Athar, a’ Mhic,
 ’s an Spioraid Naoimh ; ’s a dol a dh’fhàgail cradh mo
 chinn anns an tobar, nach traogh a chaoidh. Amen.”

Translated—

I bend down, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; and I am to leave the torments of my head in the well, which never will run dry.”

Certain wells in Knoydart are believed to possess toothache cures. Pilgrimages are made to them, and offerings left at them, as in the case of Tobar-Chuithairidh.

I conclude with a Shetlandic toothache charm. In its style it bears a striking resemblance to one of the rash charms above given. The charm in the Shetlandic dialect is as follows :—

A Finn came ow'r from Norraway
 Fir ta pit toot'ache away—
 Oot o' da flesh an' oot o' da bane,
 Oot o' da sinew an' oot o' da skane,
 Oot o' da skane an' into da stane,
 An' dere may du remain!
 An' dere may du remain!!
 An' dere may du remain!!!

At page 124 of Vol. VIII. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, I gave an account of

EOLAS NA SEILG, OR THE SPLEEN,

as I wrote it down from the recital of a Lochbroom woman some 25 years ago. I will now lay before you the story of this *Eolas*, as I recently heard it in the Outer Hebrides:—“One night,” said my informant, “Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary came to a house among the hills to escape persecution. The good-wife gave them food. Darkness was coming on, and the Virgin Mary proposed that they should stay there all night. The good-wife (*Bean-an-tighe*) replied that she could not give them shelter as her husband was inhospitable, and would be angry if he found any strangers under his roof. The Blessed Virgin asked to be favoured with any quiet corner till morning, and the good-wife consented. Jesus and the Virgin (*Iosa's Moire 'Mhathair*) were permitted to lie on some chaff which was in a corner, and the good-wife put some covering over them. The good-man came home at night-fall, partook of food, and went to bed. During the night he was seized with a violent pain in his side. His life being despaired of by his wife, she called in the assistance of the visitors (and as my informant pathetically added “*bu mhath iad a bhi ann*”), Christ then came to the assistance of the sick man, saying “*Leighisidh mise thu — 's e greim na seilge 'th' ort.*” (“I will heal you—you suffer from the stitch or spleen or ‘bowel seizure’”). Jesus then said:—

Bean shoirbh,
 'S fear doirbh;
 Criosd 'na laidhe air a' chalg,
 Caisgidh e dhiot an t-sealg.

Translated—

A gentle wife,
A churlish husband ;
Christ lying on the awns [of corn],
That will stop the *sealg* [colic or spleen].

Another Uist version is—

Bean fhial, 's duine borb,
Criosd 'na laidhe air a' chalg—
Eirich a's leighis an t-séalg.

Translated—

A hospitable wife, a churlish man ;
Christ lying on the awns—
Arise and cure the spleen.

The version of the story given in Vol. VIII. is substantially the same as the one now narrated. It is noteworthy, however, that in Protestant Lochbroom there is no mention of the Virgin Mary ; whilst the version obtained in Catholic Uist assigns to her a prominent place. The Lochbroom version of the formula was as follows :—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh !
Duine fiat a muigh,
Bean fhial a stigh,
Criosd 'na laidhe air calg a' lin—
'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.

Translated—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
A fierce, churlish man without,
A hospitable wife within,
Christ a-lying on the beard of flax—
That is a good cure for the spleen.

It will be noted that one of the Irish charms above given deals with the *sealg*. There is also a charm for the "Stitch" in a MS. of the 11th century, given in Cockaynes Leechdam and wort-cunning of early England :-

With gestice.

"Writh Cristes mæl and sing, thriwe thaer on this and pater noster Longinus miles lancea ponxit dominum et restitit sanguis et recessit dolor. For a stitch. Write a cross of Christ and sing over the place this thrice."

CASGADH FOLA, OR STAUNCHING BLOOD.

The belief prevailed that some of the old Highlanders could staunch blood. Horse gelders were supposed to be

particularly skilled in this art; but I failed to get any specimen of the Incantations in Uist.

Here is an Irish charm to staunch blood, received from Professor O'Growney. It is called *Ortha Coisgthe Fola*. I have not previously found a Gaelic incantation with Latin words:—

Is beannuighthe ainm an fhir a sgoilt croidhe an laoigh
ghil;

Is maith an nídh thainic as, fuil, fion, agus fíoruise.

An ainm a n-Athar, stop an fhuil; *Sancti*, taraidh dá
chobhair.

Spiritus Sancte, stop an fuil ta ag teacht gu treun.

Translated—

Blessed is the name of him who split the heart of the
White Lamb;

Precious is that which came therefrom—blood, wine, and
pure water.

In the name of the Father, stop the blood; Saints, lend
thine aid;

Holy Spirit, stop the blood that is spurting so strongly.

Our Manx cousins had several such incantations, and one of them may as a specimen be quoted here from Mr Moore's book:—

Pishag dy Sthappal Roie Foalley.

Three deiney chranee haink voish y Raue—Chreest, Peddyr, as Paul. Va Creest y Chrosh, yn uill echey shilley, as Moirrey er ny gloonyn yn ec liorish. Ghow for jeu yn er-obbee ayns e lau yesh, as hayrn Creest crosh¹ harrish eh. Three mraane aegey haink harrish yn ushtey, dooyrt unnane jeu, "seose"; dooyrt nane elley, "fuirree"; dooyrt yn trass-unnane sthappymys fuill dooinney ny ben. Mish dy ghra eh, as Chreest dy yannoo eh, ayns ennym yn Ayr, as y Vac as y spyrzyd Noo."

Translated—

Charm to Stop Blood.

"Three godly men came from Rome—Christ, Peter, and Paul. Christ was on the cross, his blood flowing, and Mary on her knees close by. One took the enchanted one in his right hand, and Christ drew a cross over him. Three young women came over the water, one of them

¹ On repeating "crosh" you are to draw a cross with the thumb of the right hand over the bleeding part.

said 'up,' another one said 'stay,' and the third one said, 'I will stop the blood of man or woman.' Me to say it, and Christ to do it, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Another charm to staunch blood among the Manx was in Latin, and was as follows:—

A Charm to Stop Bleeding.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus in se;
Sanguis mane in tua vena,
Sicut Christus in sua pœna;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut erat Christus,
Quando fuit crucifixus.

Our toothache *Toisgeal* was on no account to be seen by the sufferer. Similarly, the above was not to be translated, as translation deprived it of its efficacy.

BIIE OF A MAD DOG.

The bite of a mad dog was naturally much dreaded. Indeed the bite of any dog was. The mad dog was invariably destroyed. In the case of another dog, it sometimes sufficed if water was put on the animal's teeth, and the wound washed with this water, or *Ioc-shlainte* (Health-Restorer) as it was called. Our Irish cousins dealt with the case of the mad dog in their ancient laws. In the Book of Aicill we are told "There is no benefit in proclaiming it (the mad dog—*cu confaid*) unless it be killed; nor though it be killed unless it be burned; nor though it be burned unless its ashes have been cast into a stream."

The matter was also dealt with in the Irish charms. Here is a specimen used in West Connaught:—

Coisgim cu air mire,
Cuirim nimh air neimb-bhrigh,
'Se dubhairt Patraic uair no tri,
In nomine Patris, et filii, &c.

Translated—

I check a mad dog,
I make the poison of no effect,
Saith St Patrick twice or thrice,
In nomine, &c.

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The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

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OCTOBER, 1892.

VOL. IV.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER III.

FLORA SAVES THE WITCH'S LIFE.

IT was one of those floods from which the local chronology of the next half century was to be dated ; a flood which swept the straths and glens of five Highland counties, and struck with awe those rural communities who best represented the religico-superstitious characteristics of the period. In its ravages they saw only the hand of God and the frailty of human concerns. In that devout spirit they bore ruin meekly and disaster humbly, with thanksgiving that their lives had been spared whilst others had been taken away. Compelled by the rising waters to seek safety for his wife and family in flight, a peasant-farmer would return and dare the perils of the torrent to rescue his Bible ! That spirit has passed away with the growth of the century ; Bibles, we are told, have become cheaper ; civilisation is advancing, says the scientist, and the cry is echoed by the Social reformer, who relegates the Ten Commandments to the ever-extending domain of

ancient history. Still, in the obliteration of that beautiful reverence for the Unseen, which discovered the Almighty in every crisis, and mercy in the greatest of earthly disasters, has there not passed away a glory from this Northern Land?

The wind screamed and the rain fell. Shipwrecks strewed the eastern coasts, and death pulled down the blinds in many a Scottish home. Other gales have been equally dire in their results. Rain was the fascinating peculiarity of the storm. It was no ordinary downpour of big, splashing drops, or sheeting onsets.

A cloud of watery vapour seemed to settle over the country, to be condensed by the superincumbent pressure of a hundred atmospheres. It defied exclusion by the common methods of doors, windows, and roofs; in the most secure of households it rained within only in lesser degree than it did without. Driven by the force of the gale, the mass of saturation was suffocating. Exposed to it on the bleak hillsides, shepherds were beaten down, gasped, and died.

All was wet, sadness, disaster and melancholy for two long weary days in those mountain-girt glens upon which the brunt of the storm descended.

They fared worst whose dwellings were away down in the valleys; where nature was fairest; beside brook and river that for countless summers had lent charm to the countryside and added tenfold to its fertility. In a few hours, brooks became raging torrents, the rivers rushing, devastating seas. In gentle Strathnairn, in the romantic Findhorn Valley, in classic Strathspey, there was but the surging and roaring of angry waters on that disastrous August morning—waters twenty, aye, forty feet high, as they crashed through the rocky defiles and spread ruin and death in the plains below. Crops in acres, trees in plantations, cottages in hamlets, whole homesteads vanished under the avalanche.

When at last wind and rain ceased, and the rivers retreated sullenly to their natural channels, the scenes revealed were pitiful. The carcase of a horse here, of a cow there, those of sheep by the dozens ; domestic utensils—including that pathetic thing, a cradle—mixed up with the produce of the farm ; the whole roof of a house stranded ; a cart with one wheel ; the machinery of a meal mill ; great bridges rent in twain—saddest of all, the finding of bleached, sanded human corpses, innocent sacrifices to the glut of the storm demon. The damage to property was estimated at hundreds of thousands ; but no one attempted to cypher the ledger of human misery.

The laird of Stuart suffered from the flood like his neighbours, and to a much greater extent, it turned out, than he dreamt of, as he had sat in the Castle listening to the eerie pranks of the wind in the turrets and other uncanny recesses and secret places of the building.

“Two farms completely ruined,” he announced at the breakfast table, having by eight o’clock made an inspection of the more exposed portion of his property, near the river. “Macgillivray, poor fellow, has been camping in the wood all night with his family. Of his steading all that remains is a gable, of his crops half an acre of turnips may be fit for use—all the rest, including twelve acres of the finest oats I have ever seen, washed clean away from the face of the earth. Macbean, his neighbour, has fared scarcely better. His houses stood on a higher level, and in a more protected situation, but the water reached the eaves of his dwelling, and carried away the roofs of the others. Crops, or what is left of them, under at least a foot deep of debris, and at least an acre of the best land has been eaten up. Upon my word, lads, the valley looks as if the devil himself had been holding high jinks in it.”

“That is more serious for you than the tenants, father,” said David, pausing in his eating.

“£300 of rent lost in the first place !”

“The tenants can get other farms, you see.”

“Not if, as I understand is the case, they have lost everything but what they wear upon their backs !”

“They don’t wear their bank deposit, there, I bet,” drawled Richard, with a laugh.

“Which reminds me, sir,” answered the laird with a frown, “that your private expenditure will have to be restricted within due bounds in future. To renew these buildings, clear the land, and repair other damages done to the property will not, I have been calculating, cost me a penny less than £2000, besides the loss of two years’ rent.”

“With pleasure, father ; but always recollect that young horses should not be held too tight.”

“Now gentlemen,” broke in Flora with ostentatiously assumed dignity, “please have the extreme goodness not to discuss those money affairs at the breakfast table before ladies. We are all very sorry, papa (her privileged style of address), but the losses and sufferings of others have been very much greater.”

“How do you know that, lassie ?”

“Because I met the Inverness mail coach this morning with a letter, and the guard told me that at the mouth of the Findhorn, and on the Spey lives had been lost and hundreds of people rendered homeless.”

“Those guards have always some terrible gossip to tell—I don’t believe its half so bad,” Richard remarked.

“Anyhow, Ric, we’ll see what has been done by the flood in our own valley. It will be quite interesting, and I would like to call upon those poor tenants. You promised, you know, to ride out with me to-day,” she added, as a look of annoyance showed itself in Richard’s face.

“Really, Flo, put off till to-morrow—do like a dear. Met Christie this morning and promised to ride in to Inverness and hear the news. If things are so bad down the way, I will call at the *Courier* Office and bring quite a budget of news home.”

“Perhaps that would be better,” Flora said simply. Presently she rose and went to the window, out of which, for a minute or two, she gazed with an expression of disappointment that presently moistened the eyes. Evidently apprehensive lest her feelings might betray her, she left the room, followed by a careless, unanswered “Where now, Flo,” from Richard, and the keen, inquisitive glance of David. The latter only too plainly saw that Flora’s heart had again been stung to the quick by the indifference of the man who should have made her every whim his study, his promises a law unto himself. If only he could have said, “Permit me to take Richard’s place to-day,” what happiness could have been his; but from that opportunity his own folly had debarred him.

“Selfish brute!”

The words escaped David involuntarily; and, as the awkwardness of his error flashed upon him (what explanation could he make?) he abruptly left the table, with face aflame.

“What’s the matter?” asked the laird, looking up from his plate; but David was already on the other side of the door.

“David studies too hard,” Richard remarked, with a self-complaisant smile.

“That’s just what I was telling him the other day; he’s not looking well, poor fellow.”

“Studies *one* subject too much,” added Richard, with a sarcastic turn of the lips, which escaped the laird’s observation; “he’s getting wonderfully eccentric.”

“An indication of genius—everything has its consolations.”

“I say, Dad, there’s one specimen of humanity who will not condole with you in this calamity Providence has sent.”

“Well?”

“Elsbeth.”

“What, the witch?”

"I met her the other day, and, by George, she verily made my hair rise on end, her curses were so Satanic and deep. I suppose her *corp criadh* can hold no more pins, and she has taken herself to the Devil and Gaelic incantations. The doom of the house of Stuart is at hand, said she ——"

"Poor creature, she was born out of her time, I fear; she should have lived a century ago, and been burned in a tar barrel."

"Then, you believe in the second sight of witches," pursued Richard.

"In this case I believe in the spite of an old crone whom I cleared off my estate as a nuisance, and a thief to boot. However, we'll not discuss the subject. I'm off to saddle Peter; there's lots of things to do this morning."

"The old man is superstitious," Richard muttered to himself, as he finished his breakfast, "but the old hag will find me better metal. Why, I cursed her rather more than she cursed me."

Half an hour later the hoofs of Flora's pony clattered out of the courtyard, as she departed alone to see the effects of the storm down in the valley. Perhaps the flood-evicted tenants stood in need of her sympathy and help; at all events any occupation was better than brooding alone in the Castle over the neglect of a man whom she loved, but whose heart was apparently not so sensitive as her own to love's exacting demands. As the animal cantered along, she drew off her glove and gazed at the glittering gem on her finger. There it was, *his* ring, placed there with loving words and kisses. Was that not enough? In one short year she would be his wife—a short year! Ah! the last had been so dreadfully long. And now? Well, Richard was young and had his companions; he could not be expected to tie himself to her apron string *yet* (with what feminine cunning she smiled at the adverb!) and here she was fretting over trifles! An end to it!

The weather and health is a familiar topic, but the finer gradations of the subject still require elucidation.

Weak chested individuals used to bask in the sunny plains of Italy, or start in a forlorn hope to the more equitable temperatures of Australia ; now they swarm to the frost-bitten, germ-slaughtering altitudes of the Alps. The whim of climate, in such cases, is endless. But wherever they go, death relentlessly follows the tainted ones ; only the process of dying is prolonged and mayhaps rendered a little pleasanter, according to the circumstances selected. And so it is with our griefs.

The weather cannot wash them out, but it does certainly assuage. A small sorrow which sours heart and life under the depressing patter of rain is often mysteriously softened by a sudden blink of sunshine. We are more the victims of flimsy circumstances than at all enters into our common philosophy.

Nature had, after the sad wreckage of the storm, assumed its gayest and most exhilarating mood, and under the influence of the keen, exquisitely purified air, Flora's spirits rose to the point of song, while her love troubles dwindled until, fairy like, they wholly disappeared into the golden love tube that girdled her finger.

The Laird was right ; boulder strewn, excavated, littered with wreckage, the valley presented a melancholy spectacle. While she gazed upon it, Flora's attention was arrested by the movement of a woman's figure about a hundred and fifty yards up the river. At that point, the current was divided into two, in the centre being a small island, the creation of the flood, upon which various domestic utensils had been deposited, mixed up with straw, trees, and other relics of disaster from the upper reaches of the water. She was an aged woman ; but the ford did not appear to be deep, and she had evidently made up her mind to wade to the island in search of plunder, or perchance to recover some belongings of her own. Flora watched her manœuvrings with smiling interest ; saw her reach the island bedraggled, but vigorous in her quest, and make a collection of articles that reflected in a high degree upon her cupidity

and feminine instincts. Respectably laden, she faced the stream for the return journey ; but apparently drew a comparison between the current and her burden, to the advantage of the latter, for she retreated and annexed a frying pan, which she hung upon her left arm. Even then the old beldame hesitated. Lying near was a light wicker work chair of inviting shape and proportions. With one hand she swung it upon her head, feet upwards, and thrusting her head partially through an oval aperture in the back, prepared to buffet the stream.

It was another illustration of the miser and the jar of gold.

How it happened Flora could not say, but simultaneously with an extra puff of wind there was a splash and a shrill scream ; then a tumbling bundle of rags, legs and arms came down the river. In a moment Flora had thrown the bridle over the stunted branch of a fir tree, and gathering her skirts, rushed down the slope to the water's edge. A huge, travelled boulder breasted the stream about twenty yards higher up, and upon the direction the drowning woman took depended her life. On the off side, the current would sweep her into mid stream, where human aid could not avail her, on the other, she must pass within arm's length of the bank upon which Flora, quivering and speechless with excitement, stood ready to render help. For a moment the silent sprawling mass hovered, as it were, between life and death ; then rested against the stone ; finally swung round, and with a rush came in Flora's direction. Pale but resolute, she bent down, and grasped with one hand the whins on the bank, extending the other over the peaty current. There was but time for one clutch ; were it missed, a life must go ! Help ! Help !!

In the agony of her excitement Flora had uttered the appeal for aid, but it was not now needed, for her left hand grasped firmly the clothes of the drowning woman, and in a second more, the unconscious form of a pale, uninviting piece of humanity lay stretched on the grass.

With staring eyes Flora gazed upon the human being she had rescued, then started back with a cry of surprise.

It was Elspeth the Witch; she who had pronounced doom on the house of Stuart!

Like other young people of the day, Flora entertained an awesome respect for even the name of witch. Elspeth was the only specimen that had come within her knowledge outside of story books, and being aware, in an indefinite way, of the curse that the old woman had bequeathed to the Stuart family, she had hitherto taken particular pains to give her a wide berth. To have been the means of saving from death the weird enemy of those with whom she was to be united by the holiest of ties produced an uneasy feeling. Perhaps it would have been better, she impulsively reasoned, had she allowed the witch to pass quietly into that other world with which she had struck up so close a connection. Had she known a moment sooner who the victim of the flood was, would she have withheld the helping hand? Something whispered that she might have been tempted to do so; and the next thought resolved itself, in clear brain letters, into "murder." Flora shuddered; and the shock recalled the feelings of her common humanity. Witch or not, she must render what aid she could in the preservation of a human life. Already Elspeth was shewing signs of returning consciousness, and in a few minutes she opened a pair of evil eyes, set far ben in her head, their small dimensions appearing still smaller under abnormally shaggy, grey eyebrows. Presently she began to shake; then made an ineffectual effort to rise; at which point Flora volunteered her assistance. Leaning heavily on Flora, and spoiling her dress with her dripping garments, the witch pointed silently in the direction of a wood near by, and thither their footsteps were slowly bent.

When they reached a rough but substantially built turf hut, in the thickest part of the wood, Elspeth sank exhausted upon the bed. So far, not a word had been exchanged, and the old woman now submitted to the offices necessary to secure her comfort with a manner of sullen resignation that

greatly increased Flora's nervousness. A peat fire was soon blazing, and, observing a vessel of meal in a corner, Flora, without asking permission, made a mess of hot gruel, which the witch accepted greedily, but without a word or look of thanks.

"Do you feel better now?" Flora at last ventured to ask, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

Elsbeth was not a typical witch; chin and nose did not fraternise in the conventional way over the chasm of a toothless mouth; she was not withered; she did not stretch forth bony, clawlike fingers, and mutter to herself—she was simply an ugly Scotch woman, with a facility for contorting her features into an expression of positive wickedness. The latter element seemed to have an affinity for gruel; anyhow, as the last sup disappeared, the devil began to work. Raising her blanket-encased carcase upon an elbow, she glared at Flora with a ferocity which prompted that lady to place herself within easy reach of the door. Visions of witches taking the form of scratching cats passed before her excited brain, and her knees began to knock together.

"Yer no a Stuart," said the witch, in a loud-sounding voice, disregarding Flora's inquiry, and evidently enjoying the discomfiture of her deliverer.

"I was asking whether you felt better now," stammered Flora.

"An never shall ye be ane.."

She added, in a louder voice, "The house is cursed and never again will have a mistress. Hear ye that, my fine leddy! It was an ill day for him when the laird druve me awa' frae his fine braid acres. I have cursed him; trouble brew; trouble brew; nae butter noo frae milk of coo. I cursed farmer Dawson when he scattered his corn an' he didna live to see the heuck put in. Listen, you wi' yer braw claes:—

Death, death, death!
 Work, work, work!
 Hearts, hearts, hearts
 Break, break, break!"

“Stop!” pleaded Flora, throwing herself on her knees by the bedside; for my sake retract these fearful words—remember that I saved your life, that you would have been drowned but for my help.”

“The witch canna droon; the witch canna droon,” was the hissing response; “It wasna you that did it, but the deevil, the deevil that made ye dae’t—my freend, Auld Nicky. Ha, ha, ha! I see him sittin’ aside ye the noo; hech, d’ye want to ken what he says about ye?”

“No, no,” screamed Flora, trying to grasp the old beldame’s hand; but she was pushed angrily away.

“Then run for the life o’ ye; oot o’ my sicht an’ tak’ yer sad heart wi’ ye.”

Flora needed no second bidding. She flew out of the hut with a shriek—as if a dozen ghosts gibbered at her heels—followed by hysteric laughter from the witch, which sounded in her ears as not of this world. The shriek was renewed at the doorway when she rushed upon and nearly knocked the breath out of the new tenant of the Hall. She recognised him at once, and the presence of this mysterious individual in the vicinity of the witch’s abode increased rather than abated her terror. Without word or apology, she raced through the wood, sprang upon the back of her impatient pony, and rode castlewards with Tam o’ Shanter-like speed.

The gentleman she had encountered watched her retreating form, and recovered his breath at the same time; then, with a cynical smile, he entered the witch’s hut.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAIRD’S MAN GATHERS GOSSIP AND GETS A WIFE.

JOHN MAXWELL was to Stuart Castle what a beadle is to a kirk, though to John himself the analogy would have looked ridiculously far fetched and unnecessarily humiliating. On one occasion the beadle, at a juncture when he was rather

unsteady on the legs, touched his bonnet to John, a self confession of inferiority which had led the latter to seriously reconsider his social position. The result was highly satisfactory. That was fifteen years ago, when John proudly succeeded his father, and the beadle, who hobnobbed with Maxwell senior, had never, to his astonishment, succeeded in getting on familiar terms with Maxwell junior. It would have been difficult to say whether John looked more a butler, or a groom, or something else; which was to his credit, for he was all three. His distinguishing personal characteristic could only be summoned up in the word "red;" red hair (of obstinate fibre); red side whiskers; red face; red hands—a uniformity of colour that found ample expansion in a stoutish gentleman of 43 years of age, with a kindly eye and an honest smirk.

This particular morning, John was shaved and done up for the day at an unusually early hour. He naturally had grumbled, as an hereditary official, at any member of the family daring to interrupt his daily routine; then he acceded to Richard's request, which was that he should deliver a letter personally, and as secretly as possible, at the Hall; and, finally, he displayed more genuine interest in his toilet, and wore a happier expression on his homely face, than he had done for the preceding forty years. There was something up, and that out of the common.

When he got beyond eyeshot of the Castle, John plucked Richard's missive from his pocket, felt it, smelt it (he distinctly detected scent), and finally read the address: "Miss Somerton, The Hall." Holding the packet at arm's length, he appeared to be studying the caligraphy for a moment, but John's thoughts had actually taken a moralising turn.

"Weel, Maister Richard, is this richt?" he solemnly asked. As the envelope, to which the query was addressed, did not respond, John proceeded: "There ye are, engaged tae marry Miss Flora, the best lassie in the hale countryside, an' here ye are wrichtin' scented epistles tae this American

limmer at the Ha'. I dinna ken what's inside, nor dae I care ; but I say it's a doonricht shame. There?" And suiting the action to the word, John banged the letter at his feet, and, with arms akimbo, and an expression which would have become the parish minister at a cutty stool sederunt, stood towering over it.

"I'm forty-three years auld yesterday—I rocked ye in yer cradle (presumably the writer of the letter), an' I have never ta'en a thocht o' but a'e wuman, and that's Kirsty the cook at the Ha', an if she doesna hae me, I'll never think o' anither. Man, tak' an example frae me in these important maitters."

The mention of Kirsty had a strangely mollifying effect upon John's perturbed mental condition. His features relaxed, the faintest trace of a smile played upon his clean shaven and rather capacious mouth, and he picked up the letter with the solemn protest that "if nae guid come o't, the blame's no John Maxwell's."

As John entered the policies of the Hall he discovered Miss Somerton flitting about among the flower plots, engrossed with the construction of a dainty table bouquet. It would have taxed her bitterest enemy to find reasonable fault with the lady either in form or feature. With colour heightened by the crisp morning air, and her lithe form attired in the prettiest of morning gowns, she seemed the very ideal of female grace and charm—the latter enhanced by the sweetest of smiles, as she caressed and touched up with the delicacy of a floral enthusiast the coloured petals she darted hither and thither to pluck. John popped behind a tree and watched her with lowering brow and critical eye. His verdict was reluctantly favourable.

"Certies, but she's a guid lookin' limmer," he soliloquised, "beats Miss Flora to sticks, ootwardly at anyrate ; but she cannot be guid ; ower bonny folk are never guid."

Having thus briefly dogmatized on the situation, John proceeded to give his toilet a few final touches ; placed a dash of heather in his bonnet, and pondered over the effect

of wearing the latter a little more jauntily ; buttoned his jacket at the neck and unbuttoned it ; and ultimately resolved himself into his ordinary character.

“ No,” he concluded, with a snap of the lips, “ unless Kirsty is a wuman o’ plain tastes I’ll no fash her to tak me me ava’. I wudna be flash and topsieteerie for the best leddy the sun blinked on, an’ Kirsty, faith, is no the worst.”

“ There yet,” he exclaimed, peering ronnd the trunk of the oak, “ what are ye daein’ dancin’ about there like a butterflee ? I canna gie ye the letter there, ye gowk ; gang awa’ tae the hoose wi yer floors ; an besides, if I deelevered the letter outside I wudna get inside, which is what I want this morning, if ye only kent.”

A few minutes later, John was standing at the foot of the great staircase of the Hall asking for a personal interview with Miss Somerton. “ If she gets red i’ the face when I gie her the letter,” he assured himself, “ there’s some joukerripawkery goin’ on.” The lady tripped out of the dining-room with such a merry little laugh that John found himself, to his own consternation, smiling in return, and making a more profound obeisance than he had ever given Miss Flora or the laird.

“ A letter, mem, frae Maister Richard, tae be deelevered until yer very ain hands.”

“ Thank you, John ; it’s so very kind of you to bring it,” said Miss Somerton, carelessly glancing at the address, and throwing the missive down on the lobby table.

Here there was an awkward pause, filled silently in by John’s reflection : “ She hasna blushed ava’—I’m wrang.”

John expected that Miss Somerton would retire with her letter, and thus give him an opportunity of making his way, as he was desirous of doing, to Chirsty’s domain ; but she stood regarding him with a look of amused interest—John was too excellent a type of the conventional Scotchman to escape the scrutiny of strangers—and the result was that he lingered, awkwardly twirling his broad, red-tasseled bonnet, furtively glancing at the door and the

kitchen lobby by turns, too "blate" either to speak his mind or act upon his desire, but fully determined not to vanish by the front door. Ultimately an idea crossed Miss Somerton's mind, which broadened her smile, and made John a greater curiosity than ever; for, now that she recollected, there certainly had been forthcoming slight evidences of a courting relationship between the cook at the Hall and "the man" at the Castle.

"Perhaps you would like to see your friend Chirsty," she ventured to suggest.

"That's just it, mem," blurted out John with such a conspicuous sigh of relief that his fair interrogator could not resist laughing outright.

"Faith, she's bonnie," he muttered to himself as he disappeared, "an' mighty clever tae read a body's verry thochts."

Chirsty M'Taggart was a comely-looking damsel, ten years the junior of John, and possessing a physical development that had led to her baptismal name being dropped for the more descriptive, if objectionable, title of "the fat cook." John was not devoid of imagination. He had often pictured to himself the laugh that would spread over the entire parish if he married the colossal Chirsty, and an insufficiency of courage had tarried his wooing to such an extent that the object of his hidden affection had long ago come to the conclusion that John was never going to "speak."

The day was young; and so John was not surprised to find Chirsty busy among pots and pans, while an assistant burnished the household cutlery in the kitchen proper.

"John Maxwell, you here at this time o' day, an' lookin' fu' spruce in yer best claithes tae; what in a' the world's up wi' ye?"

"I was on a beesness veesit tae the Ha', Kirsty, an' thocht I wud jist look in tae see hoo ye are."

"I'm brawley; but it's no fair tae stap in wi' yer best on an' catch a body in the middle o' scrapin' pats an' pans I'm a sair sicht wi' dirt."

"Toots, never mind that; as the meenister said on Sawbath, there's a deegnity in wark that's no to be dispeezed."

"There's wark an' wark," rejoined Chirsty, making the soot fly from the bottom of a kettle, "the meenister wudna see much dignity in scrapin' his ain parritch pat. But what are ye daein' at the Ha', if I may ask ye a ceevil question."

"That's a great secret," said John, cautiously closing the door of the apartment, "Maister Richard telt me no tae let a livin' soul ken that he had sent me wi' a letter tae Miss Somerton."

At this announcement, Chirsty dropped her scraping knife, and addressed John very impressively.

"It strikes me, John, that Mr Richard is havin' fine ongauns at the Ha', while he should gie mair attention to the bit lassie he's gaun to maary an' mak' mistress o' the Castle. It's no for me tae say't, for oor Miss is a rael guid young leddy; but I've a notion somehoo that things are no a' richt."

"Jist what I was sayin tae mysel' comin' along the road, Kirsty. This keepin' o' company an' wrichtin' tae ither women is no richt ava, says I."

"Dinna sit doon on that big pat, John, ye'll fa' in. There's mair than a'e chair i' the kitchen, if ye'd gang an' get ane."

"Never fear—I'll put on the lid. Aye, it's no richt, as we were sayin'."

"It's no' that I would pry intil ither folks' affairs, but I heard the Maister and the Miss speakin' the ither day in a gey queer way."

"Aye," ejaculated John, "he's a queer crectur himsel'."

"Dorothy," said he, 'the fish has ta'en the flee, d'ye think ye cud land him?' 'Anyday,' said she, laughin' like—she's bonnie, but I wudna gie much for the saftness o' her heart. I didna like her laugh. 'Weel,' said the Maister, 'as the sport lies in wurkin' a fish, gie him line for a wee. You'll find it amusin' in this dull country.' Think o' that!"

"The fishin'?"

"No, ye doieted mongrel, the coortin'."

"Wha's coortin'?"

"Did I no tell ye they were speakin' o' yer Maister Richard?"

"No, ye didna."

"Then I was sure they did sae; for I was just thinkin' o' Richard at the time, an' he had newly left the Ha'."

"It's rideeklus—Maister Richard's no a fish."

"But dinna ye see they were talkin' in allickgorry, as the Rev. Mr M'Glashan wauld say."

"Man, Kirsty, I admire yer learnin'—its a grand word allickgorry!" said John, with the evident intention of giving the conversation a still more personal turn, "I've aye said that ta mysel'. Ye were a grand Sawbath Schule scholar, I mind."

"Nell, ye lazy limmer, mind the puddin'," shouted Christy to her assistant.

"Kirsty—Miss Mactaggart," resumed John, in a tone of voice that made Christy look sharply round, "talkin' o' puddin's, d'ye no ken that I've always looked upon ye as a sort o' my ain puddin'?"

"If ye've cam' here tae insult a body," was the unexpectedly hot reply, "it's high time ye were gaun yer gait."

"I dinna mean yer fat," pleaded John in alarm, "puddin's are sweet an' so are you."

"Yer an' auld fule," pouted Christy, scraping with great energy, and making the soot fly over her brawny arms.

"Kirsty, I've thocht o' ye for fifteen years."

"It's a long thocht," was the response, the scraping getting milder.

"When a man gets tae my time o' life he begins tae think o' settlin' doon."

"Aye, yer gettin' gey auld."

"Am I ower auld for you, Kirsty?—yer the only wuman I've clappit my e'e on since I had they kind o' e'en."

"Ye'll better spier an' see," was the laconic reply ; but Chirsty was now blushing terribly.

"Then, wull ye tak' me or wull ye no?" blurted out John, twirling his thumbs, and looking the very picture of nervousness.

"Nell," shouted Chirsty.

"Yes."

"Get the tawties peeled."

"A' richt."

"Ye nicht stop scrapin' pats, an' gie me an answer," John pleaded.

"Ye nicht get up off the pat," said she, the unromantic aspect of the wooing occurring to her womanly sense.

"D' ye think ye culd marry me, Kirsty?"

"Ye've been a long time in makin' up yer mind, John—I culd hae marrit a dizzen in the time."

"Oor family are a blate kind, Kirsty ; but no efter they're marrit. My faather was the auldest o' foorteen. Whomsumever, that's no the question—Are ye gaun tae be Mistress Maxwell?"

"I'm no sayin' no."

"Then say yes or no."

"Imphum."

"Thank ye, Kirsty lass ; that's rael satisfecin'. An' noo that yer my ain, I may as weel tell ye that I hae always regarded ye wi' deep affection."

"Its no very like it."

"Hoo?"

"I never got a kiss frae ye in my life."

"Then ye'll get a richt ane noo," and John suited the action to the word, to the consternation of Nell outside, who heard the smack, and knew the sound well.

"Ye maun gang awa noo ; my work's ahint," counselled Chirsty.

"Kiss me an' I'll bolt," said John.

In reply Chirsty caught John's face in her two plump, sooty hands, and imprinted an endearment which quite

eclipsed the other in resonance, and wheeled round to her pots and pans, without observing that she printed something else on John's sonsy face, to wit, five distinct finger marks on each cheek. Wholly unconscious of what had happened, John emerged into the kitchen. At the sight of him Nell went into convulsions. Misapprehending the cause of her mirth, John gave Nell a withering look of contempt and disappeared outside, the happiest man in the whole parish, and not the least honest.

As John walked along, cherishing the memory of Chirsty's "Imphum" and his first kiss, he straightened himself up, and began to feel that his importance in the world was increased thereby. Then he began to wonder whether Chirsty had really entertained doubts as to his being too old for a husband; at which point he reached a dyke he remembered often to have jumped in his young days. In the buoyancy of his spirits, he wondered whether he could still perform the feat. He felt as if he walked upon air, and that he could jump to the moon. In a trice he had cleared the wall with two hands; he tried with one and again succeeded; and was soon so much absorbed in and pleased with this proof of his latent agility that he became oblivious to his surroundings, and panted and whooped as he cleared and recleared the dyke with boyish glee. At the last leap he landed at the feet of the laird, who had been regarding John's behaviour and blackened face first with amazement, and then with grave apprehension. John picked up his bonnet and stood grinning at the laird, breathless.

"Clean daft," pronounced the laird.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER X.

Bailie A. Murray's second period of office up to 1769.—His Charge and Discharge.—Committee's Report.—Necessity for reduced expenditure on Pensions.—Attention paid by Session to affairs of the Hospital.—Bequest of Books to Library.—Mortification by Donald Calder of 300 Merks.—William Murray, Treasurer, 1769-1778.—His Death.—Report of Committee on his Accounts.—His Charge and Discharge.—Committee's particular Report.—Diminution in the Capital Stock.—Annual Audit of Accounts recommended.—Remarks on the Session's Strictures: their Authority had been granted for Intromissions.—Losses by Compositions on Castlehill's and Drakie's Bonds.—Reason for diminution of Capital Stock.—Mode of keeping Accounts faulty: effects of this.—Trouble and expense in connection with Inches' Bonds.—Albert Munro's Mortification.—Difficulty of tracing how any particular Mortification had been Invested.—Discharge found for David Fraser of Fairfield's 1000 Merks.—Dipple's letter again.—Uses to which the Hospital was put: and divergent views as to this.—Rent to be charged for rooms in it.—Proposal to use it as a Poor-House.—Proposal allowed to lapse.

IT has been already mentioned that Bailie Andrew Murray was reappointed Treasurer in 1766: he held that office till January, 1769.

His *Charge*, which shows the amount of stock at the latter date, is of principal

sums transmitted... ..	£2613	7	3½
Interest upon principal and land rents ...	1071	5	1½
Balance due to Treasurer	3	4	6⅓
	<hr/>		
	£3687	16	11

His *Discharge*—

Principal sums in bonds, bills, securities,

&c.... ..	£2161	12	2½
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Payments of ministers' stipends, cesses, reparation of the Hospital, books bought for library, salaries to library-keeper, law processes, bursars on Laird of Mackin- tosh's Mortification, charities to particular objects, payments to pensioners, allow- ance to Treasurer, balance on previous account paid to Treasurer	1526	4	8½
					£3687 16 11

Among the details of the money applied are "paid for reparations to the Hospital, £2 5s 7d; for books to the library and librarian's salary, £30 4s 9d; to kirk officers £6 17s 6d; to pensioners on Hospital funds, £196 9s 4⅓d; for a book for inserting the Hospital accounts, 7s 3d; balance due to Treasurer paid, £355 9d 5¾d; interest due to him on do., £48 7s 8d; and interest on £100 allowed in the Treasurer's hands for prompt payment to pensioners from Rood Quarter, 1766, to Candlemas, 1769, £13 15s od."

His accounts were duly examined by a Committee, and passed with the usual recommendation, that the thanks of the Session should be accorded to him, and that he should get a full discharge. This was granted. The Committee also gave in their remarks upon his accounts. They recommended that the "dubious debts" referred to above, amounting to £19 18s 0⅓d, should be struck off: they pointed out that after deducting that portion of the capital, "which cannot be said to belong properly to the poor," amounting to £548 17s 9⅓d, "and the debts due by Castlehill, Inches, and Bailie Gordon's heir, amounting to £392 5s 11⅔d, from which no interest can be expected for some time," "the balance remaining from which interest can be expected to be paid regularly is £1220 8s 5½d." They again point out that the payments to pensioners must be reduced, by lessening their number when any of them are removed by death, and that for the present only £50 per annum would be available to pay them, and that the annual payments must by degrees be reduced to this sum.

Strange to say, they make no remarks on the Treasurer's disregard of his instructions to keep the account of the Hospital fund for the poor distinct.

The Session approved of their report and remarks, granted Bailie Andrew Murray his discharge, and appointed Mr W. Murray as his successor. During Andrew Murray's time the Session paid considerable attention to the affairs of the Hospital: they appointed a committee to enquire into the interest due on Dr Fraser's mortification, which reported on 12th and 19th December, 1752: another committee to revise George Duncan's mortification, and considered both reports: also appointed a committee to enquire into the debts due to the Hospital in 1753, besides minutely examining and considering reports on the Treasurer's accounts, and giving him precise directions: but in spite of all their care the Hospital Stock was decreasing.

They authorise the purchase of books for the Library to amount of £20 in 1753: payment of 8s 11d for a door to the Writing School in the Hospital in 1756: payment of £6 6s to David Taylor on account of the spire of the Hospital in 1758: they grant the petition of Alex. Munro, schoolmaster, "that the flat above the Library may be allowed him for the instruction of such children as would attend him," although this flat was intended for poor to be placed therein by the Session: they authorise the reparation of the loft above the Writing School, as the principal beam supporting it was broken, at an estimated cost of £7 or £8 in 1763; and the raising of the lofts above the Library and Writing School two feet higher, and direct that good sufficient timber be used in the reparation, also in 1763: and payment of 16s to two masons for raising the joist above the Writing School.

They record that the Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, son of the Rev. Hector Mackenzie, sometime minister at Inverness, and himself Episcopal minister at Edinburgh, had bequeathed all his Greek and Latin books to the Library

in 1764: and, at the request of members of Session, the Session direct that information as to the Hospital funds, and the securities granted for the same, and also the names of such persons as were upon the funds should be laid before them in 1765: they also enquired into the non-payment of Bailie David Fraser's mortification in 1769: and found in 1776 that it had been paid up in 1752.—*Vide* K.S. minutes, February, 1769, and May 14th, 1776. This mortification dates from 1724.

One mortification was intimated in his time, viz., of 300 merks in 1752 by Donald Calder, Baxter, and his wife "for the use of the Poor of Inverness," the interest to be disposed at her discretion during her life, and after decease at the discretion of the Kirk Session: the money not payable until a year and a day after her decease—which did not take place for many years—until 1797, when it amounted with interest to £47 3s 3d.

William Murray succeeded Bailie Andrew Murray, and was Hospital Treasurer from Candlemas, 1769, till his death, about October, 1778. His accounts were made up and a committee appointed to examine and report on them on 30th March following, and this committee gave in a general and a particular report upon them on 22nd December, 1779, consideration of which was deferred. He had been Reparation Treasurer also since 20th December, 1768. They consequently deferred too the handing over of the bonds and securities to his successor till their next meeting.

This successor, George Scheviz, was appointed 10th November 1778, and John Grant appointed Reparation Treasurer, both being elders.

On William Murray's accounts being made up, his *Charge* showed per abstract—

Principal sums in bonds, bills, securities					
of lands, &c.	£2580	4 8½
Annual rents, land rents, &c.	1154	14 11⅝
A small item of house rent not sustained...				4	10 0

Repairs done to a house not sustained ...	1	8	3
Balance due to Treasurer	123	13	10 ⁵ / ₈
	<hr/>		
	£3864	11	10 ¹ / ₈

His *Discharge* showed—

Principal sums given up in bonds, bills, securities, &c.	£2548	18	11 ¹ / ₂
Money applied or expended on public burdens, repairs on Highland kirk, Hospital, &c., books bought, salary to Librarian, law processes, bursars, salaries to kirk officers, charities to particular objects, pensions on Hospital funds, allowance to Treasurer	1315	12	10 ³ / ₄
	<hr/>		
	£3864	11	10 ¹ / ₈

The Committee's report is of the usual character, except that they find fault with the late Treasurer's having executed some repairs on part of the property without authority; but, in addition, they gave in a particular report of excessive length, passing strictures on the two last Treasurers for their management of the funds, and deploring the diminution of the capital stock to the extent of £591 18s 10d in the time of the former, and £155 10s 5d in the time of the latter, besides £546 10s 4¹/₄d of bad debts struck off, in all £1293 19s 7¹/₄d.

They ascribe this to the Session's ignorance of the state of their funds, and to a consequent over-payment to the pensioners; and point out, as the last Committee did, that a large proportion of the capital was not applicable to the payment of pensioners; they give a list of such items partly capital, partly capitalised value, of various payments falling to be made out of the Hospital funds, making a total of £944 14s 4¹/₄d, leaving only about £1600, the interest of which could go to the poor. They also advert to many, matters of detail.

They make one very proper recommendation, viz., that the Session should appoint some day in the month of March for settling every year with the Hospital Treasurer.

There does not appear to have been any just ground for blaming either of the Treasurers for the diminution; they might well have blamed them for not keeping the various funds distinct, and not making up yearly accounts.

The bad debts were struck off by the Session; they from time to time constantly filled up the vacancies in the list of Hospital pensioners, and hardly any item of expenditure was incurred without their sanction; if they did not know the state of the funds they had had the opportunity, as Committees had been appointed to enquire into them and report, as already mentioned. If the interest upon bonds could not be obtained, and accumulated *unpaid*, while the Treasurer found money himself to pay the pensioners, &c., as directed by the Session, there was inevitably a balance due to the Treasurer when the account was made up. Again we find in the Session's records, and also in the Treasurer's accounts, that bonds of Castlehill and Drakies, amounting to £200 9s 2⁵/₈d, and interest thereon, £285 13s 0²/₃d, with expenses, £6 17s 11²/₃d, amounting in all to £493 0s 3d, were compounded with the Kirk Session by Alex. Cuthbert, Esq., for the principal sum of £200, paid by bill on 28 November, 1774. The offer was made on 20 September in that year, to pay £1600 Scots in payment of £2405 Scots due by the Estate of Castlehill; it was met by a counter offer to accept £2405 Scots on condition of immediate payment or a bill payable at Martinmas.

It appears from minutes of the Kirk-Session of 21 September, 4 October, and 16 November, that the latter proposal was agreed to, though a petition by Dr Alves, on behalf of Castlehill, is recorded, narrating the other competing claims against the estate, and urging the immediate acceptance of £1600 Scots. The sequel was the payment, in a bill, by Messrs Mansfield, Ramsay, & Co., of £200

sterling on 28 November, 1774, and interest from that date to 19 March, 1778, is included in William Murray's charge.

In addition we have the Kirk Session's own obligation for £54 17s 4d to the Hospital Treasurer, which, however, is stated in this report to have been paid up on 12th February, 1770, by William Macpherson's widow.

The fact is that the Session from time to time authorised sundry payments which should not have been held chargeable to the Hospital Fund: these, added to losses of principal and interest through failure of their debtors to pay, losses of rents on property, law expenses in trying to recover what was due, and payments to pensioners in excess of free income, caused a serious diminution of capital.

The mode of keeping the Hospital accounts too tended to prevent the members of Session from seeing clearly the true state of matters: but they did not insist on a remedy. Instead of the Treasurer keeping a distinct capital and a distinct revenue account, and making up at any rate the latter yearly, the usual practice was only to make up an account of all intromissions at the end of his stewardship. For some years previously a list of bonds and securities transmitted to the successor had also been made up, showing capital in one column and interest due in another: but it is no easy matter to trace some of the items of capital, owing to bonds being paid up or assigned, and the money relent: and capital belonging to one trust is mixed up with capital belonging to another. The effect of this is seen in its being necessary to appoint committees in 1752 to enquire into the interest due to Dr Fraser's mortification, and to revise George Duncan's mortification, as also in the elaborate report of the committee on the Treasurer's accounts in 1779.

The following entries in the accounts show the trouble and expense incurred in connection with Inches' bonds:—In Bailie Andrew Murray's Charge account on entering

office mention is made of "4 of Inches' bonds amounting to £109 8s 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ d" transmitted to him as Treasurer, and in his Discharge occurs, "Paid the agent in the process against Arthur Robertson of Inches for the debt due to the Hospital, £117 os 2d."

In the list of the Hospital assets is entered "Bonds, Mr William Robertson of Inches, being 4 in number, with the accumulation is £167 5s 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ d: Interest thereon from 1st December, 1714, the date of the adjudication, to 1st December, 1765, 51 years, is £420 11s 6d. Rebate, £42 18s 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d, being the interest on the last granted bond paid up from the date of the adjudication till Whitsunday, 1730: Balance of interest is £377 12s 8d, showing in the Column of Principal £167 5s 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ d, in that of Interest, £377 12s 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ d." In his Discharge account in 1769 the latter sum had increased to £402 14s 6d, making the indebtedness £569 os 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ d.

Again in Wm. Murray's *Charge* accounts (1779) we find "Bonds, Mr Wm. Robertson of Inches, finally decided by the Court of Session in favour of the Hospital against Arthur Robertson of Inches, and to which he adheres by his obligatory letter to the said Wm. Murray, Treasurer, dated 6th June, 1778, for the accumulated sum of £463 8s 4d sterling, on which a year's interest became due at Whitsunday, 1778, is, with expenses of law, principal, £463 8s 4d, interest, £24 13s 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d"—and in his *Discharge* we find "Paid the agents accounts in the process against Arthur Robertson of Inches for the debt due to the Hosbital, £174 15s 3d."

The committee that reported on these accounts comment on this debt and the security for it, and for the interest upon it, especially in case of Mr Robertsons' decease, remarking that "if the security is not judged equally good for the principal sum and for all the interest from Whitsunday, 1745, he cannot be speedy enough in recovering payment of the interest discerned in his favour."

The whole of the Inches debt, principal and interest,

appears to have been £569 os 2½d, for which they got an obligation for £463 8s 4d, regarded as capital, and decree for the interest : and they seem to have expended in legal proceedings no less than £291 15s 5d. Interest on the £463 8s 4d began henceforth to be paid.

There was one mortification during William Murray's time, viz., that by Albert Munro of Coul, taking effect from July, 1772, of £100 left to the ministers and Kirk-Session of Inverness for the use and behoof of the poor of the parish.

This was part of a sum of £300 made over to trustees, the interest of which was to be paid in 3 equal parts to the ministers and Kirk-Sessions of Inverness, Kiltearn, and Alness respectively for the use of the poor of the said 3 parishes. The first payment of interest was made to the Kirk-Session of Inverness in November, 1776, for 4 years preceding. One-third of the capital sum was, subsequently, made over to each of the 3 parishes.

The records of the Kirk-Session show how difficult the members and their Treasurer found it to trace how the amount of any particular mortification was invested. In 1769 they were in great doubt whether Bailie David Fraser's mortification had been paid up, and in similar doubt as to Dipple's mortification : and apparently they had recourse to the Session minute book, not to the hospital account book for information. Fully 7 years afterwards, in 1776, Mr Simon Fraser, merchant in Inverness, presented to the Session a caption and horning, at the instance of Provost John Hossack, as Hospital Treasurer, against Alexander Fraser of Fairfield for the sum of 1000 merks Scots as principal, &c., together with a Discharge signed by the said Provost Hossack of the above debt being paid, which Discharge is by way of a letter directed to said Alexander Fraser of Fairfield, dated 4th February, 1752. The date of the obligation by Fairfield is registrate in the Sheriff Court books of this Burgh, viz., October 1746. Alexander Fraser of Fairfield's bond and interest from Martinmas, 1730, to

Martinmas, 1751, amount of principal £55 11s 1½d, and interest £58 6s 8d, is entered in Bailie Hossack's Charge accounts: it does not occur in the Discharge accounts, and the capital probably formed part of a sum contained in a bill accepted to John Hossack's order by Mr Wm. Forbes, W.S., for £320.

The Laird of Dipple's promissory note, which appears in Gilbert Gordon's Charge, 1731, seems to be represented in his Discharge by bill, John Macbean and Hugh Robertson, for £333 6s 8d, and in Provost Hossack's accounts by the same bill for £27 15s 6⅔d, part of which seems to have been paid up.

In the Minute of Session immediately succeeding the one in which it was agreed that search should be made with reference to Dipple's mortification of 500 merks, the first matter recorded is a letter from the Earl of Fife presenting Katharine Steven to the interest of 500 merks, mortified by the said Earl's grandfather. The Session, finding her "to be a girl of 25 years of age, able to work and gain her bread, and now in service," objected to admit her, but changed their mind some six weeks later, and appointed her to succeed her father as a pensioner.

At this period part of the Hospital still continued to be used as a school—probably the south end of the lower story as a grammar school, part of the flat above as a writing school and part as an English school. In 1774, at the request of Mr Hector Fraser, schoolmaster, the Hospital Treasurer was directed to have the casements of the windows in the writing school and of the upper story examined, and to get an estimate for making them good. The Session also ordered an account to be paid for furnishing glass, painting, &c., for the library, writing school, and garrets, amounting to £5 3s 9d, in 1776.

Within a space of some 14 years, we find very divergent views as to the uses to which the upper flats of the Hospital might be put. The following curious entry occurs in the Session Records 6th October, 1778, shortly before Mr Wm.

Murray's successor was appointed :—"The Session having the Deed of Mortification granted by the deceased Provost Dunbar anent the Hospital House read before them, they appoint that the upper rooms above the ground flat be inspected and a proper rent be assigned for each room in terms of the Deed of Mortification." How they put such an interpretation upon it is inexplicable, as all the rooms above the ground flat were destined for the use of the poor to be placed therein by the Kirk-Session.

At the next meeting the Session had an offer of £4 rent from Mr Robert Rose for the room used as a writing school, and the upper room intended for an English school, on a 19 years' lease ; and they fixed a rent of 40s for the library, but if the Magistrates choose to keep said rooms they were to have the preference.

In 1779, "The Session finding the two rooms still possessed by the Magistrates are of opinion that the Magistrates incline to continue the said two rooms at the terms and rules approved by the Session." Still anticipating somewhat, we find that in 1792 the Session took a different view. It was represented to them on 21st August, "on the part of the Magistrates, that that part of the Hospital which had been long used as a schoolroom, and the large cellar formerly used as a weigh-house, would not be wanted for these purposes, and as a Poorhouse was very much wanted it would be very proper to employ the whole fabrick in that way, as it is evident that the worthy man who mortified the House did intend that the whole of it, except the weigh-house and grammar school, would be occupied as a Hospital or Poorhouse." This suggestion, though unanimously approved by the members of Session then present, "as fulfilling the intentions so strongly expressed by the donor," was deferred for consideration at a full meeting of the Session.

The proposal seems to have been allowed to drop. It may be explained that Raining's School had been opened on its present site about 1757, a school for Raining's

scholars having been apparently carried on in part of the Hospital house from 1727 for nearly 30 years, and that the New Academy was opened about 1792.

Returning now to 1778, the Session appointed as successor to Mr William Murray, Mr George Scheviz, on 10th November, 1778, Mr John Grant being at the same time appointed Treasurer on Duncan's Mortification, or Reparation Treasurer—the former died apparently in 1788, the latter in 1787.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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V.—THE TRYST OF TEITH MUIR.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the second day after setting out from Glenbeltane, Mark Teviot overtook his drove of cattle, by this time within a few miles of the Brig o' Teith. Having secured accommodation for the night at the Inn, he left Gillespie Macewen, who, throughout the journey had been in close attendance upon him, to bestow their ponies; and, accompanied by his topsman and one or two acquaintances from the North, walked over the field into which his cattle had just been turned, inspecting the beasts and estimating the prices which might be current on the morrow.

Within the past week or two the state of the cattle market had become less satisfactory than it had been during the autumn, when prices were fairly maintained. It was observed that there was an unusually large number of herds forward for the Brig o' Teith, as, in consequence of having given good prices, dealers would not sell at the earlier trysts, and preferred to delay realising their stock until the back end. Now, however, fears were entertained lest the supply on the morrow, might far exceed the demand. Mark Teviot could scarcely conceal from himself an anxious foreboding which was rising in his mind. Groups of individuals were perambulating their herds in all directions among the fields, and the road which led past the Inn was crowded with drivers and cattle. The tacksman and his friends having made their round, reached a gate which opened on the public road. They were eagerly discussing the prospects of the morrow, and the value of the cattle which they had just seen, when Glenbeltane suddenly

observed one within a few yards of him, whom, by his gait, he was certain could be no other than Gillies Macilvaine; but he was too prudent to make any start or other sign of recognition, far less of suspicion. He turned to close the gate through which he had just passed, and then looking round saw the man who had arrested his attention, among other drivers, and hurrying in the direction of the Inn with a plaid wrapped round his head. This confirmed Teviot as to the correctness of the information which Macindrüi by some means procured.

Did any doubts linger in his mind as to personal danger, they were dissipated by the report of Gillespie. When his master had left the Inn the young man proceeded to the stable, and, while attending to the horses, he saw Gillies and Farquhar Macilvaine approaching from the direction of the Brig o' Teith. They had evidently caught sight of Glenbeltane; for Gillies gave his brother his dog and set off in a cautious manner in the same direction. Farquhar then made for the stable, and Gillespie, anxious to see what would happen, went into a far-off corner of the stall in which his horse stood. Farquhar entered, and ascended a ladder which led to the loft overhead. In a moment he returned with his plaid, in which all a drover's baggage and provisions used to be tied up. This was a sign that the brothers thought good to shift quarters for the night, and so it was. Soon Farquhar was rejoined by Gillies, and the two set off in the direction whence they had come.

Teviot had no fear as to the safety of the cattle. There would be many in the neighbourhood of the field, walking about all night in charge of their respective herds. Although known to be desperadoes, he scarcely could conceive that they meditated violence against his person. He felt convinced that his danger would begin after the cattle were sold, and while he would have a very large sum of money in his possession. Daring and successful robberies had repeatedly been per-

petrated even on the market stance, especially at the trysts which were held at a season when darkness supervened at an early hour. Various other circumstances combined to make these robberies comparatively easy of execution. Those in charge of the cattle were usually fatigued after days of travel and nights of watching; and, meeting many old friends, they became too happy to be watchful against danger to their masters. Indeed, the drovers and tacksmen of those days exposed themselves in a remarkable degree to the pickpocket and footpad. How they escaped so well is a marvel. On the evening of a tryst every one was, more or less, in a crapulous condition. One great safeguard, to be sure, lay in the fact that they went together, and drank together, in sets and parties of well-tried friends. Another safeguard lay in the severity of the punishment which was inflicted upon such of the nimble-fingered gentlemen as the authorities could lay hands on. I have heard of many hair-breadth escapes from robbers at the great trysts in the south. Sometimes, one stout dealer overcame several thieves by whom he was beset, and after giving them a beating put them to flight.

Mark Teviot, after retiring for the night, resolved the whole matter carefully in his mind, and came to the conclusion that, after all, he had nothing to fear so long as he maintained a watchful look-out against danger. He was, as I have already observed, uncommonly vigorous for a man of his years, and so quick-eyed that he could pick out a strange sheep by lug-mark among a drove of his own passing on the road. He had great power of endurance, too, and, in his earlier years, when herding in distant glens, he often slept in the bothy all night with soaking clothes, having no other food than some oatmeal porridge. The Macilvaines knew all this, so that, along with Macewen, he felt that he was comparatively safe against attack. Few in the country could throw the heavy hammer further than Gillespie, or toss the caber

more deftly, or make a longer leap. The Macilvaines, on the contrary, perhaps owing to the intermarriages of their families for succeeding generations, were undersized, and not particularly muscular. But, notwithstanding these reassuring considerations, sleep scarcely visited Teviot's eyes that night. He had much at stake on the morrow. After many hours he must have fallen into a broken slumber, for he thought he was once more a shepherd lad on the braes of Fallowdean; he beheld the scenes upon which his eyes first rested, and his whole subsequent life, spent for the most part at Glenbeltane, became as though it were not. When he awoke, he found himself repeating the touching verses of the ninetieth psalm. His vision had been so vivid, as to have deeply impressed him with the idea that some crisis in his life was approaching. So, commending himself to the God of his fathers, he arose and wakened Macewen, who still slept soundly in another part of the room.

"What, Glenbeltane, do you think I dreamt last night?" said Gillespie. "Why, this, that with the profits of the tryst to-day, you bought a property, and got a charter for it from the King."

"That dream was more comfortable than mine," replied Mark Teviot, "for I thought I had nothing left over of the property which God had already bestowed upon me."

By this time the house and neighbourhood were in a turmoil of confusion. Herds were being driven to the stance, with the shouting of men and the barking of dogs; and, an hour or two afterwards, Mark Teviot was standing in the raw morning twilight on Teithmuir, beside his cattle, and in the company of his topsman and Gillespie Macewen. Gloom rested upon every countenance that fatal morning. Bad news had come in as to the markets in the south. There had been, in short, a sudden and great fall in prices. Glenbeltane's lot was much admired. Mostly all the animals were from well known stocks of black cattle, and they were all in prime condition. But, even

though the dealers who came to buy admitted as much, the highest prices they offered would not nearly repay Glenbeltane for his outlay. About mid-day, all lingering hopes of improved demand had to be abandoned. After that, business proceeded, and droves began to change hands at reduced rates, all over the tryst. It was in these circumstances, that Mark Teviot disposed of the herd upon which he had built such hopes. Not only was he forced to sell at a loss, but he had to deliver the cattle to the buyer on his farm in Renfrewshire. As soon as they were sold, and the prices paid, Glenbeltane directed his topsman and drivers to remove the drove from the stance, and to set out for the West. Notwithstanding the great reduction in the value of cattle which had taken place, the tacksman had what was then reckoned a large sum of money upon his person, as the proceeds of his stock. His condition was, indeed, enviable as compared with many others who had sold that day. The money he had invested in the drove was part of his own capital, and the loss would consequently not tell nearly so severely upon him, as upon dealers who had speculated with sums of money which they had raised, perhaps on the security of friends. As soon as Teviot saw his drove leave the stance, he resolved that he and Macewen should get their horses and return to the Inn, so as to be there before nightfall.

While crossing the field, his attention was arrested by a crowd collected around a Punch and Judy Show ; and in the rapid articulation of the invisible exhibitor, he recognised the voice of an acquaintance from Duncairn, who was no other than Finlay Don, *i.e.* Brown Finlay, the showman. He was now at Brig o' Teith, attending the last fair upon his round, before returning to the bosom of his family with the gains of his profession. Teviot stood for a moment in front of the show, and then passed on, making for the further side of the field where the ponies had been left. He had not gone far when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a cheery voice exclaimed—"Men will meet though knolls can never. But this is the first time that Glenbeltane and Gillespie and

Finlay Don hae ever met so far from home. And how are they all in Duncairn? How is Kate and the bairns? I have not heard of them since Lammassfair. I have little Jockie with me. Standing on a box that he might get within reach of the stage, he undertook to hang and coffin the blackguardly old puppet, while I skipped round to have a word with you."

Glenbeltane, not ill pleased to see the voluble showman, gave him reassuring intelligence as to his wife and family, and desired him to come round to a booth to have some refreshment.

"Thank you, Glenbeltane, thank you kindly, but not now. It is of that very booth I wish to talk. I have been watching you, through a rent in the show, for the last half hour. I saw you enter the open end of that tent and sit down at the table, along with the dealer and two friends of his, with whom you were, as I judged, concluding a bargain. I recognised, too, your topsman and young Gillespie as they ranged themselves alongside of you. But I saw more than the inside of the tent; I could see the outside, and, whom saw I there but Gillies and Farquhar Macilvaine, in the company of one of the most noted sharpers who ever attended a tryst. They were within easy earshot of the table where you sat, and know to a penny what sum of money you have on you. When you rose to leave I watched them closely. They had apparently been of the opinion that Gillespie would accompany the topsman, as I would have expected myself. His presence with you may have put them out somewhat in their calculations. Meantime, they know perfectly well that you are going for the horses, and have not followed you hither. So, have a care, Glenbeltane; for these fowl carrion have scented a full purse. But I can stay no longer. Hark! how Jockie is getting confused, and if his voice falters more, the people will grow impatient. Farewell, my worthy friend and benefactor, and farewell, my bold piper until we meet at the fireside of Glenbeltane, or in the kitchen of Keilangus Inn at Yuletide.

Happy we've been a thegither ;
Happy we've been ane an' a' ;
But happier still we'll be thegither,
Ere we'll rise and gae awa'."

And with that Finlay Don quickly disappeared within his diminutive and tatterdemalion pavilion, from whence his stentorian tones were heard, to the admiration of the audience, after the feebler efforts of his son.

When Mark Teviot and Macewen took possession of their ponies, the afternoon was spent, and another chill and foggy twilight set in. Flakes of snow were carried hither and thither by the bleak east wind. Now, if Finlay kept an eye upon the movements of his two friends, he would, have been somewhat exercised to observe them mount and ride rapidly in the direction of Forthburgh, the provincial town that lay some eight or ten miles to the south-east, in place of returning to the inn where they had spent the previous night, and which was on the direct route to the Highlands. An hour and a half later, Mark Teviot might have been seen knocking at the door of the bank-agent in the town to which I have referred. The banker, after some parley, opened his office to accommodate a customer, and the tacksman lodged nearly all his money here, taking with him, in his red pocket-pook, only sufficient to pay his Martinmas rent and the servants' wages then due. The night was dark and boisterous, and Teviot decided to stay in a neighbouring hotel till morning ; but this the hospitable banker would by no means suffer him to do. Mr Winram's father had been baron-bailie of Duncairn, and as he himself had been born and brought up there, it may readily be supposed that it was not till more than one tumbler of punch had been discussed, that the banker showed Glenbeltane to his room, and bade him good night.

The cold and stormy weather showing no signs of abatement on the following morning, it was towards noon before Teviot and his companion set out for the north. Besides, the old tacksman must have been considerably

fatigued by the worry and exertion of the preceding day. Having bidden adieu to his kind host, he rode slowly along, congratulating himself upon the escape which he had made from robbery. It was only after seeing Finlay Don that Glenbeltane thought it wise to take those further measures immediately to secure his money, which involved his hurried ride to the bank. He often spoke of what had happened, from first to last, in this expedition, as showing a special Providential intervention for his protection. He had never heard of any dealer from the North who had lodged money after a tryst in the way he himself had done. With such thoughts running through his mind, he was in much better spirits than on the previous day. As he rode past Teith Muir, which, although entirely deserted, still had many traces of the recent tryst, he glanced over it and said as he rode on—

“ Ah, Gillespie, many a wildly throbbing heart has been on that field. There is scarce a spot of its surface upon which some ruined, sorrow-stricken man has not stood. Many had gone there expecting the smiles of prosperity, whom I have seen leave it penniless, and ashamed to meet the glance of friends and old neighbours; nay, almost shrinking from returning home to explain to their wives and families how the earnings of a lifetime have been swept away; and, still worse, how they are totally unable to meet all claims against them. Oftentimes have I been saddened to observe the compressed lip, and the hands nervously wrung, telling the same disastrous tale. But here, too, have been those who, by a long course of successful enterprise, amassed riches. I have seen topsmen and friends crowding around them, as though they were congratulating a hero upon newly-acquired laurels. The successful man has a wondrous fascination. Others less fortunate seek his company even as though some rays of his prosperity might emanate upon those near. I have seen, O poor human nature! I have seen ruined men try to laugh and joke with those who gained by their loss, and to swell the volume of

flattery and applause which arose on all sides. A sad, dreary smile is theirs at best, though, such as might make angels weep."

Mark Teviot had numerous reminiscences of former trysts to relate, which Macewen was anxious to hear; for he hoped one day to stand the market with a drove of his own.

In due course they reached the Inn where they had put up on the night before proceeding to Teith Muir. Here Teviot thought it best to remain for this night also, as from that place two days journey, would bring them home. The landlord expressed surprise that the two travellers had not returned from the tryst as they had intended, and he mentioned to Glenbeltane that two men who professed to be his drivers had, at a late hour, made eager inquiries as to whether he had arrived at the inn, and, on being informed that he had not, they appeared ill-satisfied and left. The tacksman had no doubt but that these were Gillies and Farquhar Macilvaine, whom he had so neatly thrown off the scent at the tryst. But he made no remark to that effect in the landlord's hearing.

Next day he resumed his journey, thankful that he had taken his trusty henchman, as, otherwise, he would have been entirely alone, all those belonging to the North, who had attended Teithmuir, being then more than a day's journey ahead. The weather continued to be very unfavourable. A good deal of snow had fallen, and the road was covered with mud and slush. Notwithstanding this, the riders managed to make considerable progress for some hours. Then the storm increased, and the wind veered round so as to drive the sleet right in their faces. Their plaids, even their clothes, were soon soaked through and through. Considering these circumstances, coupled with the shortness of the day, Glenbeltane judged that it would be foolhardy to press on to the stage house where he was in the habit of lodging, as he journeyed to and from Teithmuir.

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE

VI.

EOLAS NAN SUL.

THERE were *Eolais* not only to heal sore eyes, but also to remove a mote from the eye. Martin mentions that "there be women" who have the latter art, "though at some miles distant from the party grieved." The *Eolas* for sore or weak eyes was practised till recent times in many parts of the country. The *modus operandi* was this:—A dish was filled with clean water, and the performer, bending over it, and spitting into it, repeated the following Incantation:—

Obaidh nan geur shùl,
An obaidh 's fearr fo 'n ghrein ;
Obaidh Dhe, an Uile Mhor.
Feile Mairi, feile Dhe,
Feile gach sagairt 's gach cleir,
Feile Mhicheil nam feart,
'Chairich anns a' ghrein a neart.

Translated—

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.

A' CHIOCH—THE UVULA.

When the palate fell (*A' chioch 's an amhaich*), the ceremony of *Togail na Dail-chuaich* was resorted to. As the plant called *Dail-chuaich* was pulled, a certain incantation was said, but I have been unable to get it. Will any reader furnish a copy ?

Another cure for "raising the uvula" was the *Ciochag-thraghad*. This small, red, uvula-like marine polypus was gathered when the tide was out, tied in a piece of cloth, and hung on the crook above the fire, in the name of the Trinity, mentioning the name of the sufferer from the *Cioch-shlugain* at the same time. As the *Ciochag-thraghad* shrank under the influence of the fire, so it was believed that the uvula of the sufferer would resume its normal size!

KING'S EVIL.

Here is an Irish charm for the King's Evil :—

Marbhuigheann m' ortha easbaidh bruth—
Eachmhaidh chneádha, eachmhaidh chneádha,
Gach cnuimh i n-déid a's gach péist
A mbidheann nimh ann.

In ainm an Athar agus an Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh.
Translated—

My charm doth kill the hot evil—
The gnawing worm, the gnawing worm ;
Every worm in tooth, and every monster
Of poisonous nature.

In the name of the Father, &c.

ROINN A' MHAIM OR "APPORTIONING" SWOLLEN GLANDS.

The *Màm*, or, as it is called in some districts, *Màn*, is a swelling of the glands in the armpit, or at the upper end of the thigh—*glaic na sleisde*.¹ *Mam* is probably the correct form—the swelling being so called from its resemblance to *mam*, a round hillock.

The popular method of curing the *Màm* was to have it divided or apportioned—*roinn*—over a number of *mams* or hillocks in different parts of the country. The mode of carrying out the *roinn*, or apportioning, was as follows :—The person who practised the *Eolas* took a darning needle and laid it across the *Mam* or swelling. He then took an axe and placed its edge on the needle, thus forming a cross, and

¹ *Màm* = A certain bile or ulcerous swelling of the armpit ; *ulcus quædam, ulcus in axilla*.—Highland Society's Dictionary.

Màn = A brook bile, or an ulcerous swelling under the arm.—Macfarlane's Vocabulary.

at the same time saying "*So air Mam*" — (naming a particular *mam* or hillock). The needle was then shifted, the axe placed across it again, and that portion of the swelling assigned to another *Mam*; and so on for nine or twenty-four times, according to the method of the performer. The *roinn* or apportioning nine times was considered sufficient to cause the swelling to subside—*dol air ais*—but the correct number, according to some, was twenty-four. In apportioning the swelling over twenty-four *Mams*, the sign of the cross was made on the floor with the edge of the axe, after the eighth, sixteenth, and twenty-fourth *Mams* enumerated below, the operator at the same time saying—"*Tha so air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, 's e 's an deicheamh.*"

I am indebted to my friend Professor Mackinnon for the following list of *Mams* mentioned in the rite as the same is performed in Colonsay. It was recently noted from the recital of Alexander Macneil, an old Colonsay man, who thought it was required for some desperate case that had defied the skill of all the Edinburgh doctors!

The performer, taking the needle and the axe, and going through the action above described, went over the twenty-four *Mams* thus—

1. *So air Màm a Scriodain* [Mull].
2. *So air Mam an t-Snodain.*
3. *So air Mam Dhoire Dhuaig* [Mull].
4. *So air Mam Chloiche Duinn.*
5. *So air Mam an t-Sruthain.*
6. *So air Mam an t-Siosair.*
7. *So air Mam an t-Seilisteir.*
8. *So air Mam Shiaba* [Mull].
 † (on the floor) *So air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, 's e 'san Deicheamh.*
9. *So air Mam Astal* [Islay].
10. *So air Mam Choireadail* [Islay].
11. *So air Mam a' Bhatain.*
12. *So air Mam Shraoisnich.*
13. *So air Mam an t-Siobarsaich.*
14. *So air Mam Chataibh* [so pronounced in Colonsay, where Caithness is understood].

15. So air Mam na Mororaig.
16. So air Mam Chloiche gile.
† So air a Mham Mhor Dhiurach, &c.
17. So air Mam na Doire Uaine [Doire is Feminine in Colonsay].
18. So air Mam na Doire Liath (*léith*).
19. So air Mam Arichdhuairich [so pronounced by reciter. *Airidh Dhuaireidh* in Mull is suggested].
20. So air Mam Choire-na-h-eirea'a [Jura].
21. So air Mam Ghribinn [Mull].
22. So air Mam Aisginis [S. Uist?].
23. So air Mam Chlachaig [Mull].
24. So air Mam Choire Chriostal.
† So air a Mham Mhor Dhiurach, &c.

Some of you may be able to identify the locality of several of these *Mams*.

Macneill, firmly believes in the efficacy of his method of curing the *Mam*; and he occasionally puts his skill to the test in Colonsay.

An Arisaig man informed me that his father used to "apportion" the *Mam*, and was always successful in effecting a cure. "I never saw his method fail," said my informant; "and I have often seen the swelling burst during the operation with the hatchet!"

Donald Maceachan, an old cottar in South Morar, still professes that he can cure such swellings as I have described. Recently I met him, and he was good enough to describe his method. He learned the art in his youth, from an old man, and has practised it from time to time ever since. Shortly before my interview with him, he had cured a young man who had a *Mam* on the thigh—*am bac na sleisde*—and that so speedily that on the day after the operation no trace of the swelling was left!

In Arisaig and Morar the number of *Mams* mentioned is nine, and not twenty-four, as in Colonsay. There is no reference to the Great Màm of Jura, to which so much importance is attached in the Colonsay formula. All the *Mams* mentioned are in Knoydart; and Maceachan, in order to convince me of the accuracy of his list, stated that

he himself had lived for a long time in that district, and took a special note of the *Mams* mentioned in his formula. His own words were—"Bha mi-fhein a' fuireach fada ann an Cnoideart, 's chum mi beachd air na Màim." Like the Psalmist, he might well say—

"I to the *Hills* will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine *Aid!*"

The method of "apportioning the *Mam*" in Arisaig and Morar was as follows:—The edge of the axe was placed, in the name of the Trinity, on the swelling. Lifting the axe, the operator then struck its edge into a block of wood—generally the door-step (*maide-buinn* or *stairsneach*)—at the same time saying, "So air Màm-Chlachard"—*i.e.*, "This part of the swelling I apportion to Màm-Chlachard"—and so on, until each of the nine hills mentioned in the formula received its due portion! If one recital did not prove successful, the rite might be performed two or three times.

The following is the formula as practised by Donald Maceachan:—

1. Tha mi 'cur so air Màm-Chlachard [above Loch-Nevis].
2. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Uchd [Knoydart].
3. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Uidhe [Knoydart].
4. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Bharasdail [Knoydart].
5. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Eadail [Knoydart].
6. Tha mi 'cur so air Maman-Odhar [Knoydart].
7. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Suidheag [Knoydart].
8. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Unndulainn [Knoydart].
9. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Lldh [Knoydart].

AN TROMA-LAIDHE, OR NIGHTMARE.

The following is a charm against Nightmare, or *Troma-laidhe*. It was to be said as soon as the person awoke:—

Aisling a chunnaic mi 'n geilt,
Thug Crìosd oirre deagh bhreith;
Dh'innis Peadar i do Phòl,
'S thubhairt Pòl gum bu mhath.

Translated—

A dream I saw in fear—
 Christ passed on it good judgment ;
 Peter told it to Paul,
 And Paul said it was well.

The above is from Barra. Here is a similar one from the Arran Islands, Galway :—

An Triuir is sine, an Triuir is óige,
 An Triuir is treise i bh-Flaitheas na Glóire—
 An t-Athar, an Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh,
 Dho m' shábhail, 's dho m' ghardail o nocht go
 d-ti bliadain,
 Agus an nochd fein. An ainm an Athar, &c.

Translated—

The Three oldest, the Three youngest,
 The Three strongest in the Heaven of Glory,
 The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
 To save and guard from to-night for a year,
 And to-night itself. In nomine Patris, &c.

SPRAINS.

Eolais for sprains are numerous, and are known as *Eolas an t-sniomh*, or *Eolas air sgiuchadh Feithe*. They were applied in the case of man, and also in the case of the lower animals. The performer took a worsted thread in his or her mouth, muttered the incantation, and tied the thread round the injured limb, where it was kept until worn out. In Norse mythology, we have an account of Woden's adventure with his steed, which slides and wrenches its joint, till successive Galdersongs, or charms, restore it. It was the same idea with the Highland charms, Christ, and sometimes St Columba or St Bridget, being mentioned as the author of the cure. Here is a specimen from Uist :—

Dh' eirich Criosda moch
 Maduinn bhriagha mach ;
 Chunnaic e cnaimhean 'each
 Air am bristeadh ma seach ;
 Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
 Chuir e smuaic ri smuais,
 Chuir e feoil ri feoil,
 Agus feith ri feith ;

Chuir e craicionn ri craicionn ;
 Mar a shlanaich Criosda sin
 Gu 'n slanaich mise so.

Translated—

Christ arose early and went forth
 One fine morning.
 He beheld his horses' bones
 Broken cross-wise.
 He put bone to bone ;
 He put marrow to marrow ;
 He put flesh to flesh ;
 He put sinew to sinew ;
 And put skin to skin.
 As Christ healed these,
 May I heal this.

The following is a version of the *Eolas* from Loch-
 broom :—

Chaidh Criosda 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.

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.

Here is another version from Uist :—

Dh'eirich Calum-Cille moch,
 Fhuair e cnamhan a chuid each
 Cas mu seach.

Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
 Feoil ri feoil,
 Feithean ri feithean,
 Seich ri seiche,
 Smuais ri smuais ;
 A' Chrìosd mar leighis Thu sid,
 Gu 'n leighis Thu so.

It is unnecessary to translate this Incantation. It is in effect the same as the two preceding ones, with this difference, that St Columba takes the place in the latter taken by Christ in the two former. It is noteworthy that the healing of broken bones by St Columba is mentioned by Adamnan in his Life of the Saint. The holy virgin Maugina, daughter of Daimen, who lived in Clochur, we are there told, when returning from Mass, stumbled and broke her thigh quite through. Columba ordered a disciple named Lugaid to visit her. As Lugaid was setting out on his journey, the Saint gave him a little box, made of pine, saying—"Let the blessed gift which is contained in this box be dipped in a vessel of water when thou comest to visit Maugina, and let the water thus blessed be poured on her thigh ; then at once, by the invocation of God's name, her thigh-bone shall be joined together and made strong, and the holy virgin shall recover perfect health." Lugaid carried out his master's directions, and we are told that in an instant Maugina was completely healed by the closing up of the bone.—(See *Vita Sancti Columbæ*, Lib. II., cap. v.)

In connection with St Columba's directions to Lugaid, John Roy Stuart's "Prayer" may be mentioned. Stuart sprained his ankle after the battle of Culloden, and while hiding from the Red-coats he composed the verses known as "Urnaigh Iain Ruaidh" ("John Roy's Prayer"). According to this prayer, his ankle was to be cured by the charm which St Peter made for St Paul. Seven paters, in the name of Priest and Pope, were to be applied as a plaster ;

while another charm was to be applied in the name of the Virgin Mary, all-powerful to cure the true believer :—

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phàl
 'Sa luighean air fas leum bruaich ;
 Seachd Paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp
 Ga chuir ris na phlasd mu 'n cuairt.
 Ubhaidh eile as leath Moire nan Gras
 'S urrainn creideach dheanamh slan ri uair.

—*Vide* Mackenzie's " Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 268.

Our Norse neighbours in Orkney and Shetland also had their charms for the cure of sprains. The thread used was called the "wristing thread," and the incantation was as follows :—

Our Saviour rade,
 His fore-foot slade,
 Our Saviour lighted down ;
 Sinew to sinew—joint to joint,
 Blood to blood, and bone to bone,
 Mend thou in God's name !

ST COLUMBA AS THE PATRON OF CATTLE.

At the commencement of this paper I mentioned that in Uist the *Eolais* there used were attributed to St Columba. The Saint's name is mentioned in one of the versions of the *Eolas* for a Sprain above given. In the Western Islands St Columba appeared to have been regarded as the patron of cattle. When a man spoke to a neighbour about the neighbour's cattle, he said—

Gu'n gleidheadh Calum-Cille dhuibh iad.
 (May St Columba protect them for you).

As a woman left her cattle on the hill-side to graze, she waved her hand towards them, saying—

" Buachailleachd Dhia 's Chalum-Chille oirbh."

(May the herding and guardianship of God and St Columba be on you).

An Eriskay woman used to address her cattle—

Gu'm bu duinte gach slochd
 'S gu'm bu reidh gach cnoc—
 Buachailleachd Chalum-Chille oribh.
 Gus an tig sibh dhachaidh.

Translated—

May each pit be closed,
 And each hillock be plain ;
 Columba's herding on ye
 Till home ye return.

We have also the following saying regarding St Columba's day—

Diardaoin, La 'Ille Chaluum Chaoimh,
 Latha chur chaorach air seilbh,
 Gu deilbh 's gu cur ba air laogh.

Translated—

Thursday, gentle Saint Columba's Day,
 The day to put sheep to pasture
 Suitably, and cow to calf.

Adamnan tells us of the Saint blessing cattle, and their number increasing. Nesan, a poor man, who entertained Columba for the night, had five heifers. "Bring them to me that I may bless them," said the Saint. They were brought. He raised his holy hand, blessed them, and said—"From this day thy five little heifers shall increase to the number of one hundred and five cows. Another poor man, named Columban, had five small cows." They too were blessed by the Saint, and thereafter increased to one hundred and five!—(*Vide* Book II., chapters xx. and xxii).

Another cattle blessing was as follows :—

Siubhail monadh, siubhail coille,
 Siubhail gu reidh fada farsuinn ;
 Buachaille Mhoire fo d' chois,
 'S gu'm bu slan a thig thu as !

Translated—

Travelling mountain, travelling wood,
 Travel freely, far and wide ;
 Mary's herdsman by thy feet,
 And safely may thou hither come !

The following is a more elaborate version of it, and is called

Rann Buachailleachd, or Herding Incantation.

Siubhail monaidh, suibhail coille,
 Siubhail gu reidh fada, farsuinn,
 Banachaig Phadruig mu'n casan
 Gus 'm faic mise slan a risd sibh.
 An sian a chuir Moire mu 'buar
 Moch a's anmoch 's a tighinn bhuidh ;
 Ga'n gleidheadh bho pholl 's bho eabar,
 Bho fheith 's bho adharcan a cheile,
 Bho liana (?) na creige-ruaidhe
 'S bho luaths na Feinne.
 Banachaig Phadruig ma'r casan
 Gu'm a slan a thig sibh dhachaidh.

Translated—

Traversing hills, traversing woods,
 And (while) grazing far and near,
 [May] St Patrick's milkmaid attend you
 Till I see you well again ;
 [And may] the charm made by Mary for her cattle,
 Early and late going to and coming from the pasture
 Protect you from pit and quagmire,
 From fens or morasses, and from each other's horns ;
 From the filling of the red rock [the rose or swelling
 of the udder ?]
 And from the swift-footed Fingalians.
 May St Patrick's milkmaid attend your footsteps
 And scatheless may you again come home.

Akin to the foregoing is the

Orra-Gleidheadh Spreidhe.

It is as follows—

Cuiridh mise 'n spreidh so romham
 Mar a dh-orduich Rìgh an Domhain,
 Moire ga 'n gleidheadh a fheith nan coimbeach,
 Air thùs a Bhride mhin bi mar riu,
 Le d' bhata 's led' lorg be rompa,
 'S gu 'n glacadh tu clur as d' fholt,
 O rinn thu dhaibh eolas a's earal,
 Ga 'n gleidheadh o chall 's o lochd,
 O bhathadh an allt 's o gharadh cam,

No o mhilleadh sluic,
 A Bhrìde mhin fagam agad,
 Moire tilleadh thugam
 Le leas Dhia 's Chalum-Chille,
 Casan cuiribh fothaibh,
 'S drochaid Mhoire romhaibh.

In the following charm noted from an old Lochbroom man we have St Columba's cure of the cattle disease known as

An Tairbhean.

An t-eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
 Dh' aona bhò na caillich.
 Cas air muir, cas air tir,
 Cas eile 'sa' churachan.
 Air mhial, air bhalg,
 Air ghalair dearg, air thairbhein.
 An tairbhean a tha na do bhroinn
 Air an ailbhinn¹ sin thall,²
 Slainte dhut a bheathaich!

Translated—

The charm made by St Columba
 For the old wife's only cow.
 One foot on the sea, one foot on land,
 And another foot in the coracle.
 Against worm (louse?), against swelling,
 Against red disease (strangury?) and *tairbhean*.
 May the *tairbhean* that's in your body
 Go to yonder hard stone.
 Health to you, beastie!

We often have St Columba presented to us with one foot on land and the other on the sea, suggesting his sway over sea and land—*per mare per terras*. According to the foregoing, we have the Saint with three feet—one on the sea, one on the land, and a third in the coracle!

¹ My informant explained *ailbhinn* as "A' chreag is cruaidhe 'th'ann"—(the hardest rock there is). He said it was to be found in the desert, and was so hard "that blood alone would soften it!"

² Here mention the name of the beast—Niseag, Blarag, or whatever it may be.

A more elaborate version of the *Eolas* is given by me in Vol. VIII. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions. It is as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
 Dh' aona bhò na caill'ich ;
 Bha cas Chalum-Chille 's a' churachan,
 'S a chas eil' air tìr :—
 A thairbhein, a thainig thar chuan
 'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—
 Air mhial, air bhalg,
 Air ghalar dearg,
 A lughdachadh do bhuilg ;
 '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.

Translated—

The charm that Columba wrought
 For the old wife's only cow ;
 Columba's one foot was in the coracle
 And the other on land :—
 Thou *tairbhean*, that camest over sea
 And from the foundations of the earth far beyond ;
 Against worm (louse), against swelling,
 Against the red disease ;
 To reduce thy swelling,
 And to kill thy worm ;
 To kill the white nesccock,
 To kill the brown nesccock,
 To kill the worm in thy bile,
 To kill the *tairbhean*.
 May thou get relief ;
 Heifer, raise up thine head.

Sealmachas.

The following *Eolas* is for *Sealmachas*. Macalpine, in the list of *Orras* already given, calls it "*Seamlachas*." When a cow lost her calf, she refused to give her milk, or allow the calf of another cow to suck her. This *Orra* was said

to induce her to give her milk, or allow the calf of another to suck her. Here again we have St Columba mentioned. The *Eolas* was as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
 'Dh-aona bhò na caillich,
 Air thabhairt a' bhainne
 'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh ;
 Bho fheithean a droma
 Gu feithean a tarra,
 'S bho fheithean a tarra
 Gu feithean a taobh,
 Bho bhun a da chluaise,
 Gu smuais a da leise,
 Air thabhairt a' bhainne
 'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh.

Translated—

The charm that St Columba wrought
 For the old wife's only cow,
 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.

Rann Leigheas Galair Cruidh.

In the following *Rann leigheas galair cruidh*, we have Christ and his Apostles instead of St Columba :—

Criosd a's Ostail a's Eoin,
 An Triuir as binne gloir,
 A dh'eirich a dheanadh na h-ora,
 Roimh dhorus na cathrach,
 No air glun deas do mhic.
 Air na mnathan mur-shuilleach,
 Air na fearabh geur-shulach,
 'S air na saighdean sitheadach,
 Dithis a' lasachadh alt agus ga'n adhachadh,
 Agus triuir a chuireas mi an urra riu sin.

An t-Athair, 's am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh,
 Ceithir ghalara fichead an aoraibh duine 's beathaich,
 Dia ga 'n sgriobadh, Dia ga 'n sguabadh
 As t-fhuil as t-fheoil, 's ad' chnamh 's ad' smuais,
 'S mar thog Criosda meas air bharra gach crann,
 Gu'm b'ann a thogas E dhiotsa
 Gach suil, gach gnù 's gach farmad,
 On la 'n diugh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail.

Translated—

Christ and his Apostles and John,
 The 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 sharp-eyed men ;
 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 veins of man
 and beast (subject) ;
 God utterly extirpate, sweep away, and eradicate them
 From out thy blood and flesh, tny bones and marrow,
 And as Christ uplifted its proper foliage
 To the extremities or 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 thy last day on earth, Amen.

STRANGURY.

The next Eolas I will submit to you is *Eolas a' Mhundeirg*, or strangury in cattle. The performer measured the animal's spine with the thumb and fore-finger, and at the same time repeated the following Incantation thrice :—

Mar a ruitheas amhuinn fhuar,
 'S mar a mheiltheas (bhleitheas) muileann luath,
 Stad air t-fhuil a's ruith air t-fhual.

Translated—

As runs a cold river,
 As a swift mill grinds,
 Let thy blood stop, and thy urine flow.

Mr Macbain gives another Gaelic version of it in the *Highland Monthly*, Vol. III., p. 229.

Another Uist version is as follows:—

A bhean sin 's a bhean bhalbh,
Thainig thugainn a tir nam marbh;
A rug air a choire 'na cruth,
Fuasgail an dubh 's lig an dearg.

A PANACEA FOR ALL ILLS.

The following was a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to:—

Ola cas easgainn,
Bainne cich circe,
A's geir mheanbh-chuilleag,
Ann an adharc muice,
Agus ite cait ga shuathadh ris.

Translated—

Oil from an eel's foot,
Milk from a hen's teat,
The tallow of midges
(Compounded) In the horn of a pig,
And rubbed to the part with a feather from
a cat's wing!

The above was as potent as "An t-ian a thig a ubh coilich, sgriosaidh e 'n saoghal!"—(The chicken that will come out of a cock's egg can destroy the world).

AMBIGUOUS INCANTATIONS.

Occasionally one meets not only with obscure phrases, but also with whole Incantations, the meaning of which is far from clear. Here is one:—

Uisg' an Easain
Air mo dhosan.
Tog dhiom do rosad
'S aghaidh fir an cabhaig orm!

Will any learned Gael explain its meaning and purpose?

THE BLESSINGS.

I have dwelt at such length on the Charms intended for cures, &c., that my observations on Blessings and miscellaneous Charms must be very brief. There were ceremonies

and blessings for all the more important duties engaged in. When the cattle were sent to the sheilings in the early summer, there were Blessings suitable for the occasion. Specimens of these are given in the paper on "Old Hebridean Hymns," contributed by Mr A. A. Carmichael to Lord Napier's Report (Royal Commission, Highlands and Islands, 1883).

The Blessing of the Boats was a ceremony regularly observed in the Outer Islands ; but the old Gaelic Blessings appear to be now forgotten. Bishop Carsewell gives a Boat Blessing (*Modh Beandaighthe luinge ag dul diold-saidhe na fairrge*) in his Gaelic translation of the Liturgy of John Knox ; and the manner of Alexander Macdonald's "Beannachadh" of the *Birlinn* of Clan Ranald indicates that such Blessings were common in his time. In the Ritual of the Church of Rome there is a Blessing for a New Ship—" *Benedictio Novæ Navis*"—and this Blessing is regularly attended to in the Catholic parts of the Hebrides. The ceremony is quite a short one. The priest goes on board the new boat, says the *Benedictio*, and sprinkles the boat with Holy Water. This ceremony is repeated every time there is a change in the crew.

The Barra fishermen always carry a bottle of Holy Water in the prow of the boat, and a Blessed Candle in the cabin. When in danger they sprinkle themselves and boat with Holy Water, and lighting the Blessed Candle in the cabin, gather round it on their knees and say their prayers. In throwing out the long lines and nets, they do so invoking the three persons of the Trinity.

According to Hibbert a somewhat similar practice prevailed among the ancient Shetlanders. A layman assuming the rôle of an ecclesiastic muttered certain religious incantations over water. The element was then named "Fore-spoken Water," and boats were sprinkled with it, and limbs washed with it.

The fishing in Barra is annually inaugurated with religious services in the Church on St Bride's Day—*La*

Fheill Brighde; and until six years ago the fishing banks were distributed among the various crews.¹ The ceremony of distributing the banks was carried on by means of casting lots, under the direction of the priest. As the people left the Church, they chanted one of their old Hymns:—

Athair, a Mhic, 's a Spioraid Naoimh,
 Biodh an Tri-'n-Aon leinn a la 's a dh-oidhch'.
 Air chul nan tonn, no air thaobh nam beann
 Biodh ar Mathair leinn, 's biodh a lamh mu'r ceann.

Translated—

O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 May the Three-in-One protect us night and day!
 On the tossing billows, or on the mountain,
 May Mary's arm be our guard away!

In connection with these religious services in Barra, it may be mentioned that in some parts of Ireland the fishing season used to be commenced by saying Mass on the ocean. The late A. M. Sullivan describes this ceremony, as he witnessed it in his youth at Bantry Bay. He says:—

“Few sights could be more picturesque than the ceremony by which, in our bay, the fishing season was formally opened. Selecting an auspicious day, unusually calm and fine, the boats, from every creek and inlet for miles around, assembled at a given point, and then, in solemn procession, rowed out to sea, the leading boat carrying the priest of the district. Arrived at the distant fishing-ground, the clergyman vested himself, an altar was improvised on the stern-sheets, the attendant fleet drew around, and every head was bared and bowed while the Mass was said. I have seen this ‘Mass on the ocean’ when not a breeze stirred, and the tinkle of the little bell or the murmur of the priest’s voice was the only sound that reached the ear; the blue hills of Bantry faint on the horizon behind us, and nothing nearer beyond than the American shore!”—(*New Ireland*).

There is a story told of a fisherman in one of the Western Islands, whose prayer before going to sea was of a

¹ A similar practice formerly prevailed in parts of Shetland. Edmondston, who published his “Zetland Islands” in 1809, informs us that the fishermen of the Island of Burra “divide the range of the fishing ground; and the occupier of a farm has generally also a particular spot allotted to him on which he sets his lines.”—*Vide* Vol. I., p. 234.

somewhat different tone. He considered himself a very respectful man (*duine modhail*), and addressed the Deity as *Sibhse* (You) instead of the customary *Thusa* (Thou). On one occasion when going to sea, danger was anticipated, and he prayed—

“Ud a Thighearna Dhia, Ruin, na ’m biodh Sibh cho math a’s curam a ghabhail do Mhairi ’s do Sheonaid; ach a’ Bhan-Diabhl, nighean Phara Mhic-a’-Phearsain, deanadh i a roghainn : bithidh fear eile aice ma ’s bi mise ichte aig na partanan !”

Translated—

“O Lord God, my Beloved, if You would be so good as to take the care of Mary and Jessie; but that She-Devil, the daughter of Peter Macpherson, let her take her choice; she will have another before I am eaten by the crabs!”

Mary and Jessie were his daughters. Needless to say the “she-devil” was his wife.

CONCLUSION.

I feel that this paper has extended far beyond the limits usually allowed, and that no matter how interesting the subject may be in itself, I must now conclude. In doing so, I cannot adopt more fitting language than that used by the Hebridean peasant on finishing the labours of the day, and before retiring for the night. When smooing the fire he says—

Smalaidh mise ’n nochd an teine,
 Mar a smalas Mac Moire;
 Gu’m bu slan an tigh ’s an teine,
 Gu’m bu slan a’ chuideachd uile.
 Co bhios air an lar?
 Peadar agus Pàl.
 Co bhios air an fhaire nochd?
 Moire mhin-gheal ’s a Mac.
 Bial De a labhras,
 Aingeal geal a dh’ innseas—
 Aingeal an dorus gach tighe,
 Ga’r comhnadh ’s ga’r gleidheadh
 Gus an tig an solus geal a maireach.

He then says the following *Altachadh Laidhe*, or Bed-going Prayer :—

Tha mise nochd a dol a laidhe—
 Mas a bas dhomh anns a' bhas chadail
 Gu'm b' ann air deas lamh Dhe 'dhuisgeas mi.
 A Rìgh na h-ola firinnich
 Na diobair sinn bho d' mhuinntearas,
 A liuthad lochd,
 A rinn mo chorp,
 'S nach ihaod mi nochd a chuimhneachadh.
 Dia agus Moire agus Micheil,
 Bhi leam bho mhullach mo chinn,
 Gu traighean mo bhuinn.
 Guidheam Peadar, guidheam Pòl,
 Guidheam Moire Oigh 's a Mac,
 Guidheam an da Ostal deug,
 Gu'n mi dhol eug gun 'ur leas.

On getting into bed he says the *Attachadh Leapa*, or Bed Prayer, as follows :—

Laidhidh mi nochd
 Le Moire 's le 'Mac ;
 'S le Brighde fo brat,
 Le Domhnach nam feart,
 Le Mathair mo Rìgh
 Ga m' dhion bho gach lot ;
 Cha laidh mi leis an olc ;
 Cha laidh an t-olc leam ;
 Crois nan Naomh 's nan Aingeal leam,
 Bho mhullach mo chinn
 Gu traighean mo bhuinn
 A chionn Dia agus Moire
 A chuideachadh leam ;
 A Rìgh agus a Mhoire ghloirmhor.
 A Mhic na h-Oighe cubhraidh
 Saoir sinn bho phiantainean
 'S bho thigh iosal dorcha duinte.
 Dion ann a's as ar coluinn
 Ar n-anama bochd
 A tha air fìor chor-oisinn na firinn.
 Guidheam Peadar, guidheam Pòl,
 Guidheam Moire Oigh 's a Mac,
 Guidheam an da Ostal deug
 Gun mi dhol eug gun 'ur leas.
 M'anam a bhi air do laimh dheis a Thighearna ;
 Bho'n 's Tu a cheannaich e ;
 Micheil Naomh a bhi 'n comhail m'anama
 Nise agus aig uair mo bhais. Amen.

U A N D E,

LE SINE NIC ILL-FHAOLAIN.

SE Uan De thug do m'anam sith ;
 'S thug dhomhsa suaimhneas 'nuair bha mi sgith ;
 Bha 'n Lagh ga m'ruagadh is mi gun suaimhneas,
 'S mi 'sireadh fuasgladh air rathad cli.

B' i sud an eiginn a bha ro chruaidh ;
 Mo chogais 'g eigheach gu'n robh me truagh ;
 Mo chridhe 'reubadh, 's an Leomhan Beucach
 Toirt sitheath geur 'chum mo shlugadh suas.

Ach cliu gu siorruidh do'n Spiorad Naomh,
 A dh'fheuch dhomh Iosa air teachd do'n fheoil ;
 A thug lan dioladh 's na bha 'n Lagh aig iarraidh,
 A chum, gu siorruidh, gu'm bithinn saor.

Ghrad sheinn, le aoibhneas, gach ni bha m' chre ;
 Bha sith is suaimhneas aig ma'anam fein—
 Thug deoch ri ol dhomh, do'n uisge bheo sin,
 Tha 'ruith, gu gloirmhor, 'o chaithir Dhe.

Ach 's anns an fhasaich a tha mo chuairt,
 'S tha 'n cogadh laidir ri chumail suas—
 Tha saighdean Shatain ga m' lotadh craiteach ;
 Ach ni do ghras-sa mo chumail suas.

Tha iobairt Chriosda cho lan do luach
 'S an uair, air Calbh'ri, chaidh 'tabhairt suas ;
 Tha leigheas ur innt' do'n chogais chiurrte,
 'S tha 'feartan ur dhomh gach la is uair.

'S bho'n rinn e eiridh, 's gu'n deach e suas ;
 An Spiorad Naomh O gu'n d'thigeadh 'nuas,
 'S gu'n gabhadh comhnuidh am chridhe bronach
 'S gu'n cuireadh seol air gach ni tha tuathal.

Nis O na fag mi gu ceann mo reis ;
 Thoir leat mi, sabhailt, nuair theid mi eug ;
 'S nuair bhios na h-oighean dol thun a phosaidh,
 O biodh mo lochrans' le oladh 'n gleus.

Le Fear-na-bainnse, 'n sin, theid mi suas,
 A sheinn, le aoibhneas, air gradh an Uain ;
 Bi' co-sheirm ghloirmhor sa chuideachd mhor ud ;
 'S e brigh an orain—toirt gloir do'n Uan.

Bi' 'n t-Uan an comhnuidh dhoibh 'n comunn dluth ;
 Gach suil a dearcadh sann air a ghnuis ;
 'S ge buan an t-siorruidheachd, cha'n fhas iad cianail ;
 Ni lathaireachd Chriosda gach sonas ur.

This beautiful hymn, so full of the sweetness and glad-some trust of simple Christian faith, was made by Jean Macarthur, one of the daughters of Archibald Macarthur, miller of St Eonan, or St Adamnan's mill, in Glenlyon, and a remarkable man in many respects, from whom his daughter inherited her poetic gifts. The miller fell under the influence of the strong religious revival in the early part of the present century, and when the missionary movement came to a separation of ways, he followed the Haldane or Baptist wing of the revivalists, and was himself for a good many years practically the pastor of the Glenlyon Baptists, Peter Grant, the Strathspey hymn-maker, and William Tulloch, Athole, being his contemporaries and frequent visitors. The miller's daughter, Jean, became, at an early age, the wife of another remarkable man, the late Rev. Donald Maclellan, pastor or travelling bishop of the hand-fuls of Breadalbane, Glenlyon, and Rannoch Baptists, who, full of years and the honours of Christian life and labours, died little more than a twelvemonth ago, at the age of 87, having lived more than twenty years after he lost his wife.

NOTES.

THE death of Dr Skene has removed from our midst our greatest Scottish historian. His special merit lay in his frank recognition of the important part played by the Celtic population in the history of Scotland, and his intelligent sympathy with everything Celtic. This distinguished him greatly from previous historians of greater genius than himself, like Burton and Pinkerton, who were blinded with anti-Celticism. Dr Skene has done more than any one else to unravel the puzzle of early Scottish history; his use of Irish materials greatly conduced to this. His work, the *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, is simply invaluable to the student of Scottish history. His *Celtic Scotland* gives in the fullest degree and in their ripest form all his views and discoveries in the early history of Scotland and in the development of the Highland clans. Especially valuable is his second volume on the history of the early church.

Dr Skene died on the 29th August last. He was born at Inverie, Kincardineshire, in 1809. His father was a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, at whose suggestion young Skene was sent to the Highlands to study Gaelic. This Skene did, under Dr Mackintosh Mackay, the most famous Gaelic scholar of his day, who was located in Laggan at the time. Skene's first work was *The Highlanders of Scotland*, in 1837, written as a prize essay, at the instigation of his father. It has never been reprinted, and Skene's riper views may be found in *Celtic Scotland*. Mr Skene became W.S. in 1831, and has been for the most of his life the head of a large legal firm. In 1881, he was, on Dr Burton's death, appointed Historiographer Royal for Scotland.

It was Dr Skene who did most to preserve the Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library. These MSS. were getting fewer in the process of unchecked borrowing that was allowed, and the most valuable of them disappeared fifty years ago—the one where a full

copy of the famous Gaelic epic of "Tam Bo Chualgne" was preserved. Skene classified and catalogued the MSS., and did everything to preserve them from neglect. Thanks to him they are now among the most treasured of the Advocates' Library possessions.

PROFESSOR MACKINNON in the course of a correspondence on Dr Skene's services and views in regard to Scoto-Celtic matters, sums up neatly the position of theories in regard to the Picts. The racial and linguistic relationship of the "Picts have always been a subject of controversy among Celtic scholars. Some, among them Sir Walter Scott, used to hold that the Picts were of Gothic or Teutonic stock. Professor Phys considers them largely non-Aryan, pre-Celtic in blood. The general drift of opinion at the present day is that these Picts were mainly Celtic in blood; and that their language, in so far as Celtic, was Brythonic rather Goedelic. We have, perhaps, not heard the last words on the matter; but at the time of his death there was probably no Celtic scholar of Dr Skene's reputation who held the view which that distinguished man expounded at great length and with great ability and learning in Vol. I. of *Celtic Scotland*—that the old Picts, the ancestors of the Northern Highlanders, were not merely Celtic in blood but Gaelic in speech."

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VOL. IV.

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VOL. IV.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE PROFESSOR BECOMES PHILOSOPHICAL.

"A GRAND revenge!—a grand revenge! And very ingenious, too—very ingenious."

The speaker was Professor Somerton, tenant of the Hall; and he addressed these strange remarks to himself within the privacy of his study. It was evident that the Professor had concluded a very satisfactory train of thought, but though his eyes twinkled, an impartial observer would not at this moment—or perhaps at any other moment, equally auspicious—have pronounced him a man that was happy. There is a class of human beings upon whom happiness sits as awkwardly as an ill-made suit of clothes on a modern Adonis. "Virtue alone is happiness," said the ever-wise Pope; and, maybe, the Professor's sunshine lacked that element.

Professor Somerton's was not a personality that fascinated or even pleased one on the first blush of acquaintance; nor had his manner that redeeming quality of charm, by which Nature occasionally makes reparation for her other neglects. He was tall in comparison with the

average of his fellow mortals; and, in the years that had now overtaken him, his frame had become the victim of hulking stoutness. This liberality of form had rendered the fact all the more conspicuous that his face and head were out of proportion in their smallness. He had Irish features, as far as a thick, mediumly trimmed beard, which had crept dangerously near to his eyes, permitted these to become visible. A private detective might have envied his eyes, they were so thoroughly controlled and leisurely, so keen when sleep seemed to be playing hide and seek round the corners. The Professor had only one other characteristic it is necessary to mention; it was the disagreeable habit of a dry expectoration when his mental calm was disturbed—but, then, he had the excuse of being an American. At the present moment this peculiar barometer indicated the old gentleman's thoughts had reached a consummation, or at least marked a crisis.

"Yes, a very ingenious and complete revenge," he added, after a reflective pause, "provided my plans work smoothly, and I think my knowledge of human nature—as far as I have to deal with it in this matter—is a guarantee of that."

"Stuart, the old ruralised fool, never suspects my identity; why should he? It's half a lifetime ago—verily, half a lifetime. How old I am, to be sure; yet how rank and strong is this craving to wipe out the insult he inflicted upon my manhood!

"Most likely, after so many years, he has forgotten the little episode—has but a casual remembrance of me and that blood-traced letter. The average memory is happily short—mine, he will see, is long, and, when it concerns a grudge, grows keener with age.

"Aye, it's curious. There was Prairie Bob, he little thought I would keep my powder dry for ten long years; I fixed him then, and had to remind him, poor devil, of what the bullet was for as he died. H'm. It was a satisfaction for him to know, and I could not grudge the information as a dying request."

“Aye, it’s a pity, though, the laird’s wife is dead—a pity. I would like to have seen sprightly, buxom Jessie in her old age. Then, too, the blow I am hoping to inflict would have been all the more crushing. How different my life would have been but for that whipper-snapper at the Castle? Instead of scraping together a fortune by my wits in the States, I suppose I would have grown up a decent, jogging farmer, very likely would have been a laird by this time; at any rate an elder of the Kirk, and a pattern that all might do well!

“What am I? An adventurer my most intimate friends would say; a miserly collector of gold through the gulling of the public. Well—so be it. It makes revenge the sweeter. By the grave of my wife, I say again, that he who was the means of driving me from an honest life shall suffer.”

At this vehement termination of his soliloquy, the Professor started up and began to pace the room. It was an apartment not wholly devoted either to the accommodation or the study of books. In the centre stood a table littered with small bundles of herbs, while the presence of pestles, vials, bottles, containing various acids, and oils, with two microscopes, showed that some chemical processes had lately been carried through. On a side table lay the apparently inanimate carcasses of a cat, two rabbits, a hare, and a fox, each labelled with date, hour, and minute. The Professor stopped suddenly before the table, and lifted up one of the rabbits by the head.

“Stark and stiff as a poker,” he muttered. “So far, Elspeth, results prove thee no liar, though there’s a whiff of brimstone and the devil about your ugly body. Midnight will see whether even a witch can possess the secret of an antidote which will recall these stiffened, glassy-eyed brutes to life. If you have the antidote, and confess it not for money, then I’ll wring it from you with my hands at your accursed throat.”

A knock at the study door here disturbed these grim thoughts, and Miss Somerton tripped into the room, radiant from a romp among the woods, and bringing with her an aroma and freshness that put to shame the sickly, drug-laden atmosphere of the apartment.

"Well, Julia, you look breezy," was the Professor's greeting, regarding his daughter, with prolonged look of approval; and a very pretty picture she made, with cheeks aglow, her dark eyes sparkling with excitement, and a wealth of hair waving carelessly about her shoulders.

"No wonder if I look breezy, Dad, for I have been chasing after you everywhere, and feel *quite* breathless."

"Anything particular; you're such an excitable girl. Another new frock, eh, little one?"

"And what do you think I actually did—you'll say it was very courageous, I know."

"Or something very foolish."

"*I peeped into the witch's hut, and asked Elspeth if she had seen you!*" said Julia with amusing emphasis, seemingly startled even at the recollection of her audacity, and anticipating paternal congratulations on her heroic action.

"And what did she tell you?" asked the Professor curtly, turning upon his heel to hide the expression of annoyance he appeared unable to restrain.

"Oh, I do hope I have not done wrong, Dad?" said crestfallen Julia, following her father across the room.

"I put a question to you, Julia—how often shall I have to impress upon you, girl, that your Scotch habit of answering one question by putting another is highly objectionable—in a lady. What did the witch say to you?"

"Don't be angry, Dad," pleaded Julia, her eyes moistening, "and I will try and tell you what Elspeth said, though it was so queer I can scarcely remember, it so frightened me."

"Eh? Then come and tell your Dad every word she said—I must not have my little girl frightened by a silly old woman," said the Professor, assuming a softness of

manner the severe glance of his eye and the lowering brow betrayed.

"She said something about 'speerin' folk getherin' lees;' then she came forward, and, taking my hand, pulled me to the light of the window. 'Yer a bonnie bairn, she said—

'Bonnie bairn
Sad faerin.'

Her manner was so strange, that I drew my hand away, and again asked if she had seen you in the wood. 'Just like yer kind,' was the curious answer, 'ye seek the sorrow that's huntin' ye.' 'I want none of your riddles, Elspeth,' I said a little tartly, for I was afraid she was reading my fortune, and she never has a nice one for anybody. 'I ventured in to ask whether you had seen the Professor?' I said again, and then she hobbled away to the peat fire, and blowing it into a flame, cried out that it was blue, though I could only see a red flame, Dad! What a weird creature; she quite terrified me. 'Why wait ye there,' she suddenly asked, glaring awfully at me, 'ye should aye be at hame when the deil's cookin'."

"Julia," said the Professor, abruptly dismissing the remainder of the narrative, "you must never again venture even into the vicinity of this wicked old woman's abode. Should you see her about you must avoid her as you would an evil thing. She may do you harm. That's your father's command, and you have always been a good daughter hitherto."

"Oh, I shall never want to meet the horrible creature again."

"Why go to the witch and ask for me?" asked the Professor indifferently, but with a keen side glance at his daughter, "did you ever see me with her?"

"Oh, no, Dad; but she wanders about so much, I thought she might have seen you."

"Ah," he ejaculated, much relieved, "and that is all you wished so urgently to tell me, is it?"

"No, Dad, it was to tell you that Mr Richard has sent me a note saying that he is to call this evening—and I am afraid that he—he—means—," Julia blushed, held down her head, and did not finish the sentence.

"To ask you a certain question?" laughed the Professor.
"Yes."

"And don't you know how to answer him?"

"You told me, but it's so terribly awkward to—to—oh, Dad, I wish I had not to answer such a question."

"In the meantime, Julia, dear, you need not trouble yourself about that. Time enough. When the fellow calls to-night, tell James to shew him at once into my study."

"Thank you, Dad," and Julia ran off, banging the study door behind her.

The Professor, as the hour for Richard's call approached, made some preparations in the study, which would have struck one, knowing the circumstances, as significant. After attiring himself in a long linen coat, which bore evidences of being a rare visitor to the wash-tub, he carefully concealed the animal carcasses already mentioned; then he placed a mixture of herbs, dried to tinder, in a mortar, and pestled them into snuff; he placed a leaf accurately below one of the microscopes, which he adjusted with great pains; and concluded by placing an open *Hortus Siccus* in the full rays of the lamp. Until the bell rang, the Professor amused himself with the latest newspaper, but when Mr Richard Stuart was announced, the visitor found him gazing into the microscope with an intensity and absorption that would have made a searcher after the elixir of life impressive.

"Just a second, dear sir," said the Professor, without lifting his eye from the instrument, till I complete my inspection of this extremely interesting specimen of the *Conium maculatum*, as I think it is, I found the other day—ah, there is no doubt about it. You see, sir, at my age, one's eyes begin to fail, and in making these herbal preparations it is necessary to be very careful. A slight

mistake on my part might fill a thousand graves. And now, if you will excuse me for these irrelevant preliminaries, I will ask after your health, and if you will be good enough to take a chair."

"I am afraid I'll have to go; in fact, my presence, you see, will interrupt your studies," remarked Richard, with some confusion, taking the Professor's extended hand. He had expected to be shewn into the drawing-room, and to feel Miss Somerton's warm finger clasp his own, instead of the clammy hand of her father.

"Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it. When one is left alone (here Richard's face fell), and a hard spell of study has been got over satisfactorily, it is a friend, indeed, who steps in, should he only have the gossip of the countryside to communicate. I don't suppose you, a laird's son, dabble in the mysteries of science?"

"Quite right you are in that supposition; I leave such matters, so far as our family is concerned, to David. He's decidedly a clever fellow, and all that."

"A student, I believe—I think I heard you mention it?—with a view to medicine."

"Yes—you see, we can't both live decently well off the property, and it's never been done in the family. Younger sons have always kicked about on their own hook."

"Ah, yes; they make their way in the world. Well, I myself had that experience—that experience. Nothing like it, if the silver spoon is not there. H'm. As they say in America, I've made a little bit of a pile, too—a little bit of a pile."

"Doctoring?"

"Well, yes, as a specialist in a general sort of way, if you'll excuse the apparent anomaly."

"Now you've dropped the thing, I suppose."

"Not quite," said the Professor, elevating his eyebrows, and waving a hand in the direction of the paraphernalia on the table, "a thorough student can never give up science. It is an enchanted cave, so to speak, which, once entered,

the growing sense of mystery, the ever dangling prospect of making a revolutionary discovery, renders it impossible for you to leave it until you meet that grandest mystery of all—Death! But, I fear, these reflections are not of much interest to you, sir.'

"Horses are more in my line, Professor; however——"

"Ah, everyone has his speciality; you would have the advantage of me there, you know, except perhaps when it came to a question of anatomy."

"All my learning, and it is blessed little, was got at Inverness Academy," added Richard, glad to get some reliable ground under his feet, and beginning to feel a little more at home under the Professor's abnormal geniality.

"I was in the neighbourhood of Inverness the other day," resumed the Professor, determined not to permit the conversation to drift, "and made a wonderful discovery, though, unfortunately, too late to be of practical use—of practical use. There lived about Culloden an old woman, said to be a recluse, who by means of a concoction of native herbs, could cure that terrible malady, diabetes. She rarely worked the cure, and then only in the strictest privacy, but it was always effectual. So I am informed. I would have paid £30,000 down for the secret, but she carried it with her to the grave six years ago. Think of that: of what humanity has lost through the stupidity of an old woman! Some of these Highland cures, descended from remote centuries, as they must be, are worth having, and yet they are fast dying out, through the closeness with which the secrets are kept."

"A lot of them may have been burned with the witches," Richard carelessly suggested, "at any rate, I don't care a rap for that sort of nonsense. An honest doctor's worth twenty cart loads of witch's clap trap. Can I smoke here, Professor?"

"Certainly, and I will join you, to shew that the liberty is not a host's concession," said the Professor graciously, at the same time going in search of his pipe; "must get the

stupid fellow interested somehow in this subject," he said to himself, "or throw up the sponge altogether."

"Miss Somerton's out, I suppose," ventured Richard.

"No, not out, but indisposed, my dear sir."

"Sorry—nothing serious, I hope?"

"Not at all, not at all. That, too, will pass, as the eastern sage has it. The mention of indisposition, by the way, reminds me that I have made a very important discovery myself in an herbal way."

"Really!" drawled Richard.

"As any reflective mind must know, the amount of human misery unrequited love entails upon mankind is enormous. A woman loves a man; the affection is not returned; she pines and ultimately dies, or at least has her happiness ruined for the rest of her life. She is jilted—same result, misery and death, natural or by suicide. Men have the same experience, but being stronger, and less steadfast in their affections, they are not worth considering. The idea has haunted me for a lifetime, that if a cure could be invented, whereby forlorn, neglected, or spurned love could be eradicated from the breast, and life be once more sweetened and reinvigorated, human suffering would have received its grandest antidote. The dismal roll of the world's suicides would be reduced by two-thirds; our asylums would be half emptied; the statistics of drunkenness would shrivel up; the grave would be cheated of its saddest victims."

"But it is impossible, Professor, such a cure is impossible, don't you think?" asked Richard, smoking vigorously, and in evident agitation.

"It is not impossible—I think I have got it," replied the Professor, more deliberately, eyeing his guest narrowly by the reflection of the mirror; "another few days will tell."

"That can only be proved by experiment, Professor," said Richard with surprise; "will there not be a mighty difficulty in getting patients?"

"Human patients, yes; but, understand, sir, that a few animals, domestic or wild, are quite sufficient for my

immediate purpose. Animals, like our own species, have their loves and hates, their likings and repugnances. I don't say animals die of broken hearts, though cases have been alleged of dogs doing so, but in their sexual relations they afford scope enough, I think, to prove whether the affections can be medicinally changed or controlled."

"A ticklish job."

"But worth trying, considering the intense misery a hopeless passion produces. Would you not say it was?"

"Perhaps," ejaculated Richard, not half liking the searching glances the Professor was casting at him.

"Men are blamed for blighting women's lives," the Professor continued, after refilling his pipe, "but that is a wrong-headed view of the matter entirely. At any consequences, a man is justified, I hold, in breaking off an engagement ere it is too late; and so with a woman. Better one should suffer than that two should be condemned to a life long misery. That is the growing philosophy of the age in regard to the social condition of the country, and it should be the unwritten law in matters of the affections as well. By all manner of means let the world's misery be reduced to the smallest compass."

"There's something in that, sir."

"To sum up the matter, which is, perhaps, not of much interest to you, I will say that in affairs of the heart a man should, at all hazards, and regardless of consequences, marry the woman he loves best, though it may only be at the eleventh hour of his existence in the singular that he makes the discovery."

"Do you think so?" queried Richard, with ill-concealed eagerness

"It is his duty to himself and to humanity," was the reply.

At this point in the conversation, the Professor's countenance took upon itself an expression faultlessly consistent with the benevolence of these somewhat original and apparently disinterested views. He lay back in the easy chair, and sent the smoke from his pipe curling

fantastically towards the ceiling, after the habit of smokers who feel on first-rate terms with the world and its contents. On the other hand, his companion gazed abstractedly into the fire, and puffed with the vehemence of a furnace at double blast. Suddenly Richard broke the silence by announcing that he was due at the Castle at that very moment. The Professor did not delay his departure by voice or gesture.

“An apt pupil,” he muttered, as Richard’s retreating footsteps were heard on the gravel outside, “a most excellent pupil ; we will resume the lesson.”

Late that night an incident occurred in the existence of Miss Somerton which made her toss restlessly in bed far into the small hours of the morning. Not having heard her father retire at his usual hour, she peered over the stairway to satisfy herself that light still burned in the study. Just then the Professor opened the door with seeming caution, and entered the drawing-room. What could he want there without a light? As she asked herself the question, there occurred a noise which she identified as the opening and shutting of the door-window communicating with the lawn. Then there was the cautious patter of more than one pair of feet in the lobby, and Miss Somerton craned her neck. She started at what she saw, and almost betrayed her presence. Her father’s companion was—a woman! As the Professor held the door to allow his visitor to pass in, the lamp light struck upon her face, and Julia recoiled in horror at what it revealed.

What could it all mean?—her father’s midnight visitor was none other than Elspeth the Witch!

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUARREL.

WHEN John entered the drawing-room of the Castle on this particular afternoon, to discharge the dinner-table preliminaries, he found Mr David seated in a window recess engrossed in a huge and antiquated-looking volume, one

which he had always regarded with something like awe, it appeared so stately on the dusty book shelves. Having meagre qualifications in that line himself, the presence of books in the hands of other people had an oddly restraining effect on him. John had something on his mind. In other circumstances he would have taken advantage of his domestic familiarity, as an old servant, and broached his thoughts, but that pretentious book effectually sealed up his lips. He laid the table with characteristic care and method ; as a matter of fact, he prolonged the operation to a prodigious length, in the hope of hearing that book close with David's customary bang, and thus have a conversational avenue opened up to him. John possessed a great deal of patience, and no little ingenuity in its exercise, when he had something to say which he considered should be said. He adjusted the knives and forks over and over again, until the ablest geometrician would have been at a loss to find fault with the exactitude of their relative positions ; then he re-commenced with the spoons, which he placed upside and then down, at an angle and without it ; he discovered at least three times that the salt-sellers were in their wrong places, and replaced them with a vigour that made the big oaken table ring ; and he was on the point of respreading the table-cloth, which would have necessitated the whole of these labours being gone over again, when a sound from the recess of the window stayed his hand. It was David emitting a yawn, which he did so noisily that John thought he had adequate excuse to let the table-cover alone and contemplate the effect.

"Do you know Pope's couplet, John ?" asked David, closing the book, not having noted the manœuvres that had been going on at the table—

"And heard thy everlasting yawn

The pains and penalties of idleness confess."

"No," was John's ready reply ; "but I ken the auld Scotch sayin' that 'gantins wantin'".

And thus it was that a conversation opened which was destined to have an important effect upon the development of this tale, besides proving that dramatic events may depend upon very trifling misunderstandings.

“Have you seen Richard to-day, John?”

“That’s jist it, ye see, ‘gantins wantin’; ye want tae ken whaur Master Richard is? Weel, I saw him this mornin’, but it wud clean beat me tae say whaur he’s noo. Whomsoever, he’s maist likely at The Ha’!”

At this remark, David turned and gazed out of the window, while John turned his attention to the chairs, each of which appeared to have slipped half an inch out of its proper place.

“What,” David was asking himself gloomily, “had even the servants begun to notice that Richard was playing the flirt?”

“He’s a queer chap, Dauvit,” mused John, pausing in his operations and taking a squint at that gentleman’s back; “but he may turn black in the face if he likes—I’ll speak my mind.”

“Are you often at The Hall, John?” David ultimately asked, sauntering down the room, hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

“My last veesit was made nae farer gane than yesterday,” replied John with alacrity, “an’ I’ve been there a wheen times afore that.”

“What sort of people are the Somertons?”

“Weel, there’s only the twa o’ them, ye ken, the Professor and his dochter—an’ a weel faur’d hissey she is; rael bonnie, in fact, for her no tae be Scotch. She’s nae mare like her father than she’s like the man in the mune. Guid looking, d’ye say? He’s a big, ill-shapit budy, wi’ a queer face an’ sma’ een. I’ve never ’changed a word wi’ him, an’ I dinna want, that’s mair. He’s aye wanderin’ aboot in the wuds gaetherin’ floors, speakin’ tae naebudy an’ naebudy speakin’ tae him. If the budy wud gang an’ fish, or shoot, though it was only craws, there wud be some

understandin' o' him ; but a man o' sax feet, an' no far frae saxty, gaethering' floors ! Folks are beginnin' tae say he's a he witch."

"And so the Professor goes botanising?" David remarked, more to himself than to John.

"Na, faith, he hasna a boat o' ony size or shape. Sir, I'm about tae tell ye a bit o' my mind, as an auld servant an' a freend o' the family ; an' ye'll no tak' it ill."

"Well?"

"I'll say naething against the dochter—as I've said, she's a weel-faured cummer—but this furiner o' a Professor's no canny. In my humble opeenin, the less some Castle folk have tae dae wi' him the better. That's oot an' by wi' an' ye'll no mind my sayn't."

"John," said David, halting in front of that alarmed individual, "you are quite right to apologise for discussing family affairs with me, but I will forgive you on this occasion. I am interested in what you mention. What do you know about Master Riehard's doings at the Hall—you servants observe and gossip a great deal."

"It's no me that ken's muckle aboot his ongauns," responded John, feeling a little tart at the insinuation, "but I took a letter there yesterday."

"From Richard?"

"Aye, frae nae ither budy, an' wi' instructions tae put it in the lassie Somerton's very haund."

"That's neither your business nor mine," said David, moving to the window, feeling that the conversation had gone far enough.

"There's something mair I was inclined tae tell ye, sir," resumed John presently, his mind filled by his own matrimonial prospects.

"Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Tae be engaged is gey serious," said John, twisting his towel and getting quite red in the face.

John was scarcely prepared for the unwarrantably alarming effect his words had, for he did not see that

though his thoughts had drifted into a different channel, David's mind was still brooding in the other groove.

"Do you mean there is an engagement?"

As he put the question, David wheeled round, and confronted John with such a scared and startled look that the latter made a step backwards, his mouth gaping with amazement. "Sure enough he's getting queer in the head," he thought, "they books will ding him daft some day."

"There's nae use tellin' a lee in the matter, sir; an' ye needna get inta sic a' awfu' flurry. Whaur's the shame o't? A man's nae tae thole the single life a' his days."

"Who told you all this, John? Speak quick, man, who told you?"

"Naebudy telt me—sic a queer haver. Wha shuld ken better than mysel'?"

"Confess now, were you eavesdropping and heard this?"

"Eavesdrappin'? Man, Master Dauvit, are ye gaun clean gyte? I never saw ye in sic a cullyshangey afore ower nathing ava."

"I will not press you farther, John," said David drawing himself together, "as to where you got the information, but do you assure me, upon your oath, sir, that there is an engagement—upon your oath, now, for this affair is more serious than you, a mere servant of the family, may think."

"My aith? Aye, twenty-thousand aiths, if ye like," retorted the astounded and obtuse John.

"You have told this to nobody else?"

"Yer the very first, sir."

"Then on pain of losing my good opinion, keep it a close secret. You do not, I see, realise the gravity of the case, John. Keep it a secret, particularly from your female friends. Do you hear?"

"I'm no deaf—but——"

Here David left the apartment with passionate strides, and John stood gazing at the open door with a **expression** that would have a fortune made in a comic opera. After a while, a faint idea of the humour of the situation began to

hover about his brain; the glimmer grew stronger; then jaw and muscles relaxed; and ultimately he burst into a roar of laughter which shook the tapestry into wavy movement.

“No tell my female freedds; no even tell Kirsty that I’m engaged tae her!” At this view of the matter John again went into convulsions of merriment, in which happy condition it is necessary to leave him for the present.

Labouring under the delusion, so innocently created, that his brother was untrue beyond recall to the woman he had undertaken to make his wife, David hurried into the open air, fevered and angry, to reflect. What should be done to save the honour of the family, and Flora from a broken heart? Should he inform the laird at once, and so, perhaps, avert a scandal, which sooner or later would shock the whole county, and break up the household? Why, whispered a voice, not allow things to drift? If Richard preferred the charms of this stranger, that was his business. When deserted, might not Flora turn to himself—to him who loved her better than his own life, and, therefore, was more deserving of her love?

Before he had time to answer any of these puzzling questions, the sound of a familiar tune made him look up, to find that the subject of his thoughts, Richard to wit, was approaching along the fir tree path. He accompanied the whistle with a twirl of his stick, and evidently was in the best of spirits.

“Hallo, Davie lad, whither bound now and the dinner bell due?” was the jovial greeting, “I’m as hungry as a hawk; come along.”

“They might feed you up there, seeing they like your society so much.”

“Who?”

“Who?—those Somerton people, of course.”

“In a temper again, by Jove. I say, Davie, you’re getting beastly cantankerous. The other morning you called me a selfish brute. You’ll be fighting me next, or

I'll be fighting you, which is about the same thing, unless you recover your old form. What's wrong with you, man."

"Richard, you know perfectly well there is something wrong, and that it is not with me but with yourself. Is it fair to Flora? don't you see she is suffering through your conduct in preferring so much of that American girl's company? It's a downright shame, I say, a blooming shame."

"You have begun to take a mighty lively interest in my affairs."

"And high time somebody was, before you make a fool of yourself, and outrage the honour of the family."

"Bosh!—a fellow cannot always be tied to one woman's apron string. You have the notions of a Quaker; upon my word, if you moped less among books, and saw more of the world, you would be a hanged sight less goody-goody."

"I have no ambition to follow in the footsteps of my elder brother; more's the pity for him. A man who can be so callous as to become engaged to two women at the same time bids fair to outshine the rake's progress."

"Who is engaged to two women?"

"You!"

"It's a lie!"

Now the dinner bell had actually rung, and no laird in the whole country-side was more punctual at the table than the laird of Stuart Castle. Accordingly, John was promptly despatched in quest of the two male members of the family. His perambulations brought him into view of the Fir Walk and the two brothers, and thither he consequently hied himself, reaching the pair just as Richard was delivering himself of the above emphatic expression. Perhaps it was just as well that the accidental intervention occurred, as the Stuart blood was up, and, as the laird would say, in affairs of the heart young people are prone to be rash.

"Here is my witness to the fact," said David triumphantly, pointing to John, who stood looking at the angry

faces of the brothers in positive bewilderment. "John has just sworn upon his solemn oath that you are engaged to the Professor's daughter!"

"Then John's a greater fool than you!"

"Never heed the consequences, John, tell us honestly how you came to know what he is knave enough to deny," David pleaded, without the slightest suspicion of the revelation that was impending.

"I did not say that, sir!" said John wonderingly.

"Did not say what?" cried David.

"That Master Richard was engaged?"

"Then who is engaged?"

"Jist me and Kirsty the cook at The Ha'!"

Had looks been bullets, John would have fallen perfectly riddled by those David cast at him, as the truth flashed upon him that he and John, in the excitement of their respective trains of thought, had been at cross purposes. Then, without remark, he hurriedly strode away through the Fir Wood, followed by Richard's irritating laugh.

"There is one thing devilish certain," mused Richard as he went Castlewards, "David is head and ears in love with Flo. *Why should he not marry her?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE SEAL IN HEBRIDEAN AND
NORTHERN LORE.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

IN the folklore of the Hebrides the seal occupies a prominent place. He is prized on account of the uses to which his carcase is put, and, in addition, he is more or less venerated because of a certain mystery supposed to surround his life and history.

The Mainland Highlander is familiar with the seal as he is seen basking in the sun on inaccessible rocks and outlying banks along the coast, or swimming by our eastern and western shores. To him, however, he is only an animal meet for destruction. Both on the Mainland and in the Islands, its carcase when secured, was formerly put to various uses. The skin, after being dried, was sometimes made into waist-coats; and persons suffering from sciatica wore girdles of it, with the view of driving that malady away. The smoker and chewer converted small squares of it into *spleuchain*, or tobacco pouches; while the husbandman made thongs of it, with which he fastened the primitive wooden plough to the harness of his horses. Seal oil was considered as possessing medicinal virtues of no mean order; and for ages past, a course of *ola-ròin* was a favourite, if not a never-failing, specific for chest diseases in the Highlands.

From the pages of Adamnan, we learn that the Monks of Iona, in the time of St Columba, had their seal preserve. In Book I., chap. 33, of the *Vita Sancti Columbæ*, we are told of a robber named Erc, from the Island of Colonsay, who came across to Mull, and hid himself there during the day time, in order that he might cross at night to the little island¹ where the young seals belonging to the Monks

¹ The "Little Island" here referred to is believed to be Earraid, lying to the west of the Ross of Mull, and south-east of Iona.

were brought forth and nurtured. The Columban Monks probably used the seal oil for light, and the seal skins for clothing and other purposes.

Martin (*circa* 1695) informs us that the natives of the Western Islands used to salt the flesh of seals with burnt seaware. This flesh was eaten by the common people in the spring time, "with a pointed long stick instead of a fork, to prevent the strong smell which their hands would otherwise have for several hours after." Persons of quality made hams of seal flesh. Broth made of the flesh of young seals served the same purpose medicinally, but in a minor degree, as seal oil. Seal liver, pulverized and taken with *aqua vita*, or red wine, was a specific for diarrhœtic disorders. In Roman Catholic districts, according to the same authority, the common people ate seals in Lent, on the footing that they were fish and not flesh!

The sea-girt rocks to the west of North Uist have long been noted as favourite haunts of the seal. In former times, the Western Islanders made annual raids on one of these, Cobhsamul. The raids were made after dark, usually in the autumn, and large numbers of the seals were captured. These did not all belong to the captors, for other prominent personages were entitled to shares. "The parish minister," says Martin, "hath his choice of all the young seals, and that which he takes is called by the natives Cullen-Mory, that is, the Virgin Mary's seal. The Steward of the Island hath one paid to him, his officer hath another; and this by virtue of their offices."

As we have thus seen, the seal was put to a multitude of uses by the old Highlander. Let us now glance at his position in the mythology of the Hebridean. There he is presented to us in an entirely different light. He is not an animal of the ordinary brute creation, but one endowed with great wisdom, and closely allied to man. One of the old beliefs is that seals are human beings under magic spells. This belief is by no means a thing of the past. "Tha iad a' cantuinn gur h-e daoine fo gheasan a

th' anns na roin,"¹ are words not infrequently heard now-a-days in the Hebrides, asserting this belief. The seal was credited with the power of being able to assume the human form. While in human guise, he contracted marriages with human beings; and if we are to credit tradition, the Mac-Codrums of North Uist are the offspring of such an union. In former times, the Mac-Codrums were known in the Western Islands as *Sliochd nan Ron*, or the offspring of the seals. As a seal could assume the form of man, and make his abode on land, so a Mac-Codrum could assume the form of a seal, and betake himself to the sea! While in this guise, we are told that several Mac-Codrums had met their death!

But the tradition of the seal in human form is not confined to the Hebrides. Similar seal stories have been handed down from the earliest times in Orkney and Shetland. Indeed, the relationship between the Orkney and Shetland stories on the one hand, and the Hebridean stories on the other, is so close that one is driven to the conclusion that in all these islands they are probably survivals of the Norse occupation.

Mr Walter Traill Dennison tells us, in his "Orcadian Sketch-Book," that the seal (or, as the Orcadians call him, the "selkie"), held a far higher place among the Northmen than any other of the lower animals. He had a mysterious connection with the human race, and "had the power of assuming the human form and faculties." He adds that every true descendant of the Norsemen looks upon the seal as a kind of second cousin in disgrace. Old beliefs die hard, and, in illustration of this, the following paragraph from one of the Scottish daily newspapers, in March last, may be appropriately given:—

"A MERMAID ON AN ORKNEY ISLE.—A strange story of the mermaid comes from Birsay, Orkney. The other day, a farmer's wife was down at the seashore there, and observed a strange marine animal sitting on the rocks. As

i.e. "They say that seals are men under magic spells."

it would not move, she went for her husband. When she returned with her better-half, they both saw the animal clambering amongst the rocks, about four feet of it being above water. The woman, who had a splendid view of it, describes it as 'a good-looking person,' while the man says it was 'a woman covered over with brown hair.' At last the couple tried to get hold of it, when it took a header into the sea and disappeared. The man is confident he has seen the fabled mermaid; but people in the district are of opinion that the animal must belong to the seal tribe. An animal of similar description was seen by several people at Deerness two years ago."

When the seal visited land, he doffed a skin, or caul, worn by him as an inhabitant of the deep. When he wished to return to his coral halls, he donned the caul.

Stories of such occurrences are related in Orkney and Shetland—the seals in every case, after assuming the human form, marrying daughters of the earth, and, like the fabled ancestors of the Mac-Codrums, becoming the progenitors of a numerous offspring.

While we occasionally hear of a male seal contracting such an alliance, the stories of men capturing beautiful sea maidens are more numerous. Hibbert gives one in his "Shetland Islands," and the substance of it may here be given as illustrative of the class. There we are told of an Unstman, walking along the sandy margin of a voe, and seeing a number of mer-men and mer-women dancing in the moonlight, several seal skins being beside them on the ground. At his approach, they immediately secured their garbs, and assuming the form of seals, or "Haaf-fish" (as the Shetlanders call them), plunged into the waters of the voe. One skin was left behind. The Shetlander seized it, carried it away and concealed it. "On returning to the shore," writes Hibbert, "he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes, lamenting the robbery, by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends, and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property; the man had

drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable—but offered her protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The mer-lady, perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange connubial attachment subsisted for many years, and several children were the fruits of it, who retained no farther marks of their origin than in the resemblance which a sort of web between their fingers, and a particular bend of their hands, bore to the fore feet of a seal—this peculiarity being possessed by the descendants of the family at the present day” (1822). The mer-lady, though a dutiful and careful wife, was always anxious to return to her ocean home. She was like the mermaid who, according to a Shetland ballad, was frequently heard to sing—

“ Den gie me back my bonnie coral caves,
O gie dem back ta me !
For t’ough dis be my home, I still love to roam
O’er da shells o’ da deep blue sea !”

One day a child found a seal skin concealed under a stack, and brought it with pride to his mother. It was the same caul she had doffed long years ago, before engaging in the moonlight dance at the margin of the voe. Her eyes glistened with rapture as she gazed upon it, for in it she beheld the means by which she could once again return to her ocean home. She bade her children farewell, and carrying the caul with her, hastened towards the shore. Her husband, who had meantime heard of her discovery, ran to overtake her, but only arrived in time to see her, in the form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea, and forthwith engage in joyous raptures with an ancient Haaf-fish that was there to receive her, and make her once more welcome to her submarine abode.

But to return to our Hebridean lore. Here is a seal story from South Uist :—

A North Uist man named Mackeegan (“Fear a mhuinntir a’ Chinne Tuath”), said my informant, was seal

hunting ages ago on the Atlantic side of Uist. He beheld a grey seal of enormous size stretching himself on a rock. Mackeegan made for the rock, and clubbed the animal till he seemed dead. It was so heavy, however, that he could not get it into the boat. Taking a spear, Mackeegan pierced a hole in the seal's paw, put a rope through this hole, and fastened it to the stern of the boat—"Rinneadh toll 'na spoig, chuireadh ball ann, 's cheangladh ris a' sgoth e."¹ Mackeegan sailed away, proud of his trophy. He had not gone far when, to his great disappointment, he found that the monster had made its escape, and betaken itself to the depths of the ocean. "Thug e na Haaf air,"² said my informant. Mac-keegan and his crew thereupon resumed their fishing and sealing expedition. While thus engaged, they were enveloped in a dense fog, and lost their bearings. They toiled on, but they saw no appearance of land. After a period of weary rowing, they heard the waves of the sea dashing against the shore. The expressive language of my informant was, "Chualas muir a' bualadh ri cladach, agus thog an ceo."³ The mist cleared away; and, to their astonishment, they found themselves beside an island which none of them had ever seen before. Hungry and weary, they pulled towards the shore. Wandering over the island, they came to a solitary dwelling, where they were hospitably entertained. The inmates consisted of sons and daughters, and a grey-headed old man of gigantic size—"Seana bhodach mor liath." Mackeegan and his crew were supplied with abundance of food in the "parlour." On rejoining the domestic circle in the "kitchen," Mackeegan was thus addressed by the old man:—

"Itheagan, Itheagan, ged a thug mi bi dhut—
Aran a's im a's cais a's feoil,
Air mo dha laimh, Itheagan,
Gu'n chuir thu 'n gath a' m' spoig.

¹ *i.e.*, "A hole was made in its paw, a rope was put through the hole, and tied to the skiff."

² *i.e.*, "He betook himself to the Haaf."

³ *i.e.*, "The sea was heard a-dashing against the shore, and the mist arose."

“Itheagan, a thainig a nall
 Air bharraibh nan naoidh taogada tonn,
 Fhir a bhrist fiaclan mo chinn,
 'S agnaidh leam t-fhaicinn mar rium.”

Translated—

“Itheagan, Itheagan, though I gave you food—
 Bread and butter and cheese and flesh ;
 On my two hands, Itheagan,
 Thou put'st the spear through my paw.

“Itheagan, who came to this land
 On the crest of the nine advancing waves,¹
 Who broke the teeth from my jaws,
 Repugnant to me is thy presence.”

The old man who addressed Mackeegan in these words was none other than the monster seal they had some time previously clubbed on the rock. He had now assumed the human form. Mackeegan and his crew immediately departed, and betook themselves to their boat. They put out to sea with all possible speed, and, looking behind them with feelings of curiosity not unmixed with fear, the island disappeared from their view, as if it had been enveloped in a magic cloud. They saw it no more.

On another occasion a band of North Uist men slaughtered a number of seals on the Heisker rocks, and brought them to the main island. They were spread out in a row on the strand. One of the party was left in charge of them over night. To vary the monotony of his vigil he wandered a little distance away from the row of dead seals. While sitting under the shelter of a rock he beheld coming from the sea a woman of surpassing beauty, with her rich yellow tresses falling over her shoulders. She was dressed in emerald robes. Proceeding to the spot where the dead seals lay, and identifying each as she went along, she soliloquized as follows :—

Spog Spaidrig,
 Spog mo chuilein chaoin chaidrich,
 Spog Fhionngala,

¹ Reference to nine waves is frequent in ancient lore. In that repository of old Irish Laws, the Book of Aicill, we read of the *nae toudaib*, and we are there told that in sea laws one has a right to what he has brought over nine waves (p. 423)

Spog mo ghille fada fionna-gheala,
 'S minig a bhios a' greim do rùdain,
 A Mhic Umhdainn, 'ic Amhdainn.
 Spog a ghille mhoir ruaidh
 'S olc a rinn an fhaire 'n raoir.

Translated—

The paw [or hand] of Spaidrig,
 The paw of my tenderly-cherished darling,
 The paw of Fingalia,
 The paw of my long-legged fair-haired lad,
 Who frequently sucked his finger—
 Son of Oodan, son of Audan,
 The paw of the big red-haired lad
 Who badly kept the watch last night.

Another version of the above runs thus—

Spog Fionnghal,
 Spog mo nighinn, Fionnghail,
 Spog Spaideig,
 Spog mo chuilein chaoimh chaidrich

Translated—

The paw [or hand] of Fingalia—
 The paw [or hand] of my daughter Fingalia,
 The paw [or hand] of Spaideag,
 The paw of my gentle, cherished darling.

The watchman surmised that the beautiful woman who now stood before him was a spirit from the vasty deep, and resolving to kill her, hurried to get his arms. She saw him, fled towards the sea, and in the twinkling of an eye assumed the guise of a seal and plunged beneath the waves.

It is said that the seal is very fond of music, and that he can be trained to distinguish certain tunes. I will conclude this paper with a story illustrative of his musical attainments. An old Highland military officer named Mackenzie, who lived in one of the Western Islands, had a pet seal. Mackenzie was a skilful player on the great Highland bagpipe. The seal listened with rapt attention to the stirring strains, and showed symptoms of emotion and exuberant joy whenever the officer played his favourite tune, "Caberfeidh!"

A SUMMER NIGHT'S SONG.*

THE nightingale breaks forth in plaintive strain,
In adoration of her God, and at His shrine
She offers up her prayer ; with what full heart
Doth she not worship ? Hearken how each line
Is pregnant all, with love and imagery divine !
In what sweet cadence, in what faultless time,
Weds she this masterpiece of song, to perfect rhyme !
Throughout the fragrant night, her rivulet of song,
Gathering volume, moving ever, foam-like, borne along,
Like some ethereal Spirit, floating, heavenward borne
Across the starlit night to yonder glimmering dawn.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

OCTOBER 10th, 1892.

*These lines, we are informed, have been sent by Lord Archibald Campbell to Miss Jessie Maclachlan, the Highland *Prima Donna*, to be used by her if she so wishes it.

SCENES OF LONG AGO.

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VI.—THE TRYST OF TEITH MUIR.

[CONTINUED.]

THERE was a changehouse known as the House of Logroy, which stood at the opening of the mountain pass that led into Goyshire. Here Mark Teviot decided that he and his companion would seek shelter for the night ; but as he drew near this establishment, he would fain have altered his arrangement ; for the house and offices presented a wretched appearance. They were in the last degree of dilapidation, and evidently tottered to their fall. As the tacksman reined his horse at the door, he could see that in many cases articles of clothing occupied the space in the windows that had once been filled with glass. The door was rotten, and fitted badly into the crazy posts on either side. The blasts of successive winters had removed the mortar from the walls, and even from the interstices between the stones. The whole scene was one of desolation and neglect. Teviot's eye took in all these details at a single glance, and no wonder though he turned his face instinctively onwards towards the pass. But its aspect was far from being inviting. The whole gorge was occupied by a storm cloud, and the road wrapped in gloom. The stagehouse stood at the further extremity of the pass, which extended for six or seven Scotch miles ; and Mark Teviot, as an old shepherd, being skilled in reading the signs of the sky, was satisfied that their journey thither could only be prosecuted with great danger. Slowly shaking his head, he forthwith dismounted and led his horse to the door. Here he was met by an ill-favoured and slightly deformed man, who appeared to be the owner of the

house. Teviot had not exchanged many sentences with him, before he gathered that he was both known and expected, although the man carefully endeavoured to sustain the part of one taken by surprise to find himself in the presence of two mounted strangers.

"We are not in the habit of housing the like of you here," said mine host. "We are but poor folks. You had better ride on to the stagehouse where other gentles put up. What! you will come in; very well. Here, wife, show this gentleman up stairs, while I go round to the stables with his servant and the horses."

Thereupon appeared on the scene a sluttish female, whose unkempt locks fell over a red tartan shawl. After a rude stare, she exclaimed—

"Gentleman, indeed! and wha wants gentlemen here. Little has this house been beholden to gentlemen. But the poor man can drink his mutchkin, and pay for it, too, as well as the best of you. Gentlemen! had it no been for those who call themselves such, we might have been left to gain an honest livelihood on the road, and no be turned out of house and home, as we are like to be before the sun rises many more times. But, come awa, Mr Gentleman, though its to serve yer own comfort that you have turned aside to our door, and no gone on to the grand stagehouse like the others."

So saying, she led the way up stairs. As Mark Teviot followed her, he caught sight of a maid tripping out with a creel in her hand as though she were going for peats. Although he could not see her face, from his position, he much marvelled that so neat and graceful a girl would be found in such a house. After reaching the top of the stair, he was shown into a cold, damp room, whose only furniture consisted of a couple of beds, a table, and some chairs. Shivering with cold, he asked to be allowed to dry his clothes at the kitchen fire; but this the churlish dame would by no means consent to.

“Na, na, the room is full of them on whom we have always depended, and we expect more by night fa’. Ye maun tak’ the best we can offer.”

Leaving Teviot still standing on the floor, she left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, carrying an ignited peat in one hand, and, in the other, the creel of peats which the girl had no doubt just taken into the house. To kindle a fire was no easy work; for the fire-place was filled with a heap of damp ashes, and the fuel was dripping with water. When Gillespic arrived, he assisted the efforts of the dame, and went for some fir roots which he had seen stacked in an outhouse. The old tacksman, meantime, had ordered two glasses of brandy or rum; but instead, a measure containing the poorest quality of whisky was laid on the table. However, they drank this, and began to dry their clothes before the flame which they had at length succeeded in kindling.

The state of the weather outside went far to reconcile them even with such wretched accommodation as they had secured. It was by this time quite dark, and a violent snow storm had set in. Having ordered food, the landlady appeared after a while, carrying two bowls with some oatmeal in each. Setting these on the table along with a dish of salt, she went away, and came back carrying a small pot of boiling water, which she set down by the fire and again departed, allowing her guests the choice either of making porridge for themselves, by shaking the contents of the bowls into the pot, or brose, by pouring boiling water over the meal in their respective bowls. After they had finished their repast the fire blazed brightly, and they were well pleased to sit in front of it drying their clothes. After some time the storm gradually moderated its fury, and, during the lull, they heard at least two other guests arrive. While Mark Teviot and Macewen sat in their room in this way, occasionally engaged in conversation, they all at once observed light flashed upon a window that looked towards the back of the house. Gillespic peered out, and saw that

it had come from a lantern which someone entering the byre carried. A few minutes afterwards, the two travellers heard the sweet cadences of a croon such as dairymaids sing when milking in the fold, and which may be rendered as follows :—

When evening gathered o'er the glen,
I welcomed home my kine ;
No wife could boast a fairer pen,
No cog so full as mine.

Scarcely had the songstress commenced her strain, when Teviot observed that his companion seemed to start, and, while he listened intently, recognition and doubt chased each other over his face for a few moments. At length it was fairly overspread with a smile of joyful surprise as he whispered,

“ Am I dreaming? and yet surely not. It must be she. Hark ! she is beginning another verse.”

That night I heard the raven croak
From out an alder tree ;
Ere break of day a woful stroke
Fell on my fold and me.

“ As sure as God made the blessed sun,” said Gillespie, as he bent close to his master's ear, “ that voice is the voice of young Bessie M'Indrui of Balmoses, and she wishes to attract our attention for some reason. No lassie in all Duncairn can sing so well. I knew she had not returned from the south with the others after the harvest was over. But what is this that she is singing now, and in a much lower tone ?”

When morning glimmered o'er the ben,
And music filled the wood ;
I wept beside an empty pen,
And bothie red with blood.

“ My dear master,” said Gillespie, “ there is some danger near, which that true-hearted girl wishes to put us on our guard against. Secure the door, and let no one come here until I return.”

Macewen with that went to the window and, after some difficulty, he managed to open it, and, then, peering out cautiously, he ascertained that there was no back door, nor any other window on that side of the house. Below there was a little court, enclosed on two sides by the farm stead-ing. He saw that there was no light proceeding from any of the buildings except the byre. In another moment he was through the window, and, first grasping the sill, he then leapt easily to the ground.

Meantime Teviot made a more narrow survey of the room than hitherto. He first discovered that the door through which he entered had no fastening, and, as quietly as possible, he wedged a chair between the floor and a moulding in its panneling; thus effectually preventing anyone entering the room suddenly, and discovering the absence of the young shepherd. He now observed that in another corner of the room, what he had hitherto taken to be a disused press, was really a door which apparently opened into a closet. But it was locked, and the key hole was filled with cob-webs. As one of the beds stood in this corner of the room, only the upper portion of this door was visible. It was quite evident that no one had passed through for a very long period. Glenbeltane then laid fuel on the fire, and patiently awaited the return of his companion. Nor had he to remain long in suspense, for in a brief time after his departure, Gillespie entered by the window, as adroitly and noiselessly as his egress had been. Closing the window carefully, he removed the chair which his master had placed against the door. Thereafter, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to one even on the opposite side of the apartment, he related to Mark Teviot the particulars which he had just gathered from Bessie M'Indrii.

Returning from the Lothians along with the other harvesters from the township of Duncairn, she was urged by the mistress of this changehouse to serve with her during the two months from Michaelmas till Martinmas.

What was then considered a handsome wage was offered, and Bessie, after taking counsel, accepted the terms, and looked forward with pleasure to returning home with this in addition to her earnings at the harvesting. She knew that the contents of her little purse would keep her parents in comfort all winter. So she sent a message to them by her companions, explaining her intentions, and promising to be home in eight short weeks. She had scarcely entered upon her service, however, when she felt inclined to rue her engagement. No one resided constantly in the lonely changehouse of Logroy except her master and mistress, and herself; but she found that it was frequented by the lowest class of travellers and drovers. The trade was not in a thriving condition. Her master had been unable to pay the rent, and he had been warned to leave at Martinmas. She soon discovered that he and his wife were held in ill repute on the road, being considered capable of committing acts of petty larceny upon travellers, when opportunity offered. Nay, there was one shepherd's wife who informed Bessie that three women returning from the harvest with considerable sums of money a few years before, had been last seen in the neighbourhood of this house, and were never seen or heard of again. Bessie, however, was aware that gruesome stories of this kind were widely in circulation, which could have no real foundation, and although she disliked both the house and the occupiers of Logroy, she had no cause of complaint, for she was treated with consideration, and her work was light, consisting, for the most part, in attending to the cattle. She had been a month in this situation, when she observed two drovers approach the house from the south, and ask quarters for the night. They were received as acquaintances by her master and mistress, and the four sat around the kitchen fire until midnight. Bessie, as she lay in her little room, was kept awake by their conversation. To her surprise, she soon heard Duncairn and Glenbeltane mentioned, and she gradually realised that Gillies and Farquhar Macilvaire

were giving an account of their brother's arrest. Although she had never met these men, who dwelt in a remote and inaccessible part of the parish, she was quite familiar with their history, and had heard from the postilion, Riding Dan, who occasionally passed the house, that Torquil awaited his trial for sheep stealing. She now heard the name of Mark Teviot mentioned in terms of mortal hatred. From the sounds that reached her, she knew that the quartet were indulging in deep potations. By and bye, the conversation turned upon Teith Muir Tryst, and one of the Macilvaines, with a brutal laugh, swore that Mark Teviot would go home with a light purse and broken skin, whereupon his companions joined in his hideous merriment. The Macilvaines left early next morning, and she took care that neither her master nor her mistress should suspect that she recognised them, far less that she had overheard their threats of revenge against Glenbeltane, whom her aunt, Spinning Ishbal, had taught her to regard with grateful feelings of respect. Indeed, she herself had often spent a few days at Glenbeltane, to help during the busy time of clipping or harvesting; and she determined that no evil should befall Mark Teviot which she might be able to avert. Without delay, she wrote a letter to her father, which Riding Dan undertook to deliver with his own hand; and it was in consequence of the information which this billet contained, that Black Macindrui met Glenbeltane secretly at the Gallows Ford, and gave him timely warning of the threatened danger. Some days before the Teith Muir Tryst the Macilvaines again spent a night at Logroy, but, strangely enough, although proceeding south, they had no herd of cattle in charge then. The house was thronged with drovers, and her master and mistress had no opportunity of having any private conversation with the Macilvaines on this occasion. The evening after the tryst they again returned to Logroy, and, much to her relief, she learned that they had failed in carrying out their evil designs against Mark Teviot. Having ascertained that he and

Gillespic had not yet been seen to pass homewards, they, apparently, made up their minds to spend the following day at Logroy. They had gone out that morning, and must have prowled about in the neighbourhood all day. They did not enter the house until after dark, and they were then aware that the two riders had sought shelter under its roof. Before Bessie went to the byre, she had observed that her master and mistress had retired along with the Macilvaines to a private room, where she had no doubt they were plotting mischief against their guests, and she begged them to keep a careful watch that night, adding that she herself would be prepared to leave with them early on the following morning.

Mark Teviot listened attentively as Gillespic told his tale in a few hurried sentences. He perceived that by his sudden ride from Teith Muir, he had completely thrown the Macilvaines off his track, and escaped the adroitness of their light-fingered friend. He also clearly saw that the constant presence of Gillespic, who followed him like a shadow, had taken his enemies by surprise, and disturbed their calculations. But he felt that he had to do with men who, in addition to the spirit of revenge which they cherished against him, were now rendered desperate by being repeatedly baffled in their evil designs. He considered that, as the innkeeper of Logroy was to leave in a day or two, he would be more ready to become an accomplice in a scheme of robbery which might replenish his own purse. Mark Teviot and his friend in these circumstances saw urgent cause to remain all night on the alert against attack, for the tempest now raged more violently than ever, and it would have been folly to attempt the Pass before dawn. As there were a number of drovers in the house besides the Macilvaines, it seemed most likely that the thieves would endeavour to carry out their purpose with as little noise as possible. When it drew near the hour when he was in the habit of retiring, Mark Teviot desired some refreshment to be brought in. It was the

landlord himself who answered this call. He immediately brought in some bread and cheese and the requisites for making hot punch. Then having bidden them a surly good night, he retired, and the wary travellers thereupon immediately replaced the chair, so as to frustrate any attempts that might be made to open the door without violence.

Each gladly took a glass of the warm drink. They felt chilled, and no marvel; for the roof and walls of the room were dripping, and the beds were clammy with damp. Alas! that night, the old tacksman contracted the seeds of disease which never left him. After supper, Gillespic observed—as he told the story—that his master seemed worn out with the fatigue and anxiety of the day, and leant his head on the table as though he had fallen into a dose, whereupon Macewen arose and wrapped his plaid, which was now tolerably dry, around him. He then threw a lapful of peats on the fire, and resumed his position, resolving to keep constant watch until morning. After this he could remember no more. He, too, fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke, it was some time before he could collect his senses. The fire had burned out, and the room was pitch dark. He was benumbed with cold. He tried to stir, but had scarcely sufficient strength to raise his head from the table. With an effort he stretched out his hands, and they rested on his master's head. Teviot had not stirred from the same position which he occupied when he fell asleep. Gillespic felt certain he saw a ray of daylight that descended through the chimney and fell upon the grey ashes, but neither of the two windows of the room could be discerned. He arose, and, finding that his strength had by this time in some measure returned, he stepped across the floor, groping as he went. He brushed against an unexpected projection, and lo! a heap of bed clothes tumbled from the window, and the cold dull light of a winter's dawn, streamed through.

Calling out, "Awake, Glenbeltane, we are betrayed," he went to the other window, and tore away the clothes whereby it too had been stopped. To his surprise he observed that the chair which had been placed against the door, was still undisturbed. By this time he heard a noise of ascending footsteps on the stair, and, opening the door, there was Bessie in a state of dreadful alarm, asking what had happened. The innkeeper and his wife, who had apparently not been in bed the previous night, for they were both maudlin with drink, came upon the scene in a few moments. The young shepherd replied to none of their questions, but hurrying to his master, endeavoured to awaken him. Was he dead? For a moment Gillespie suspected that he was. And he turned fiercely towards the couple, and exclaimed that they might swing in the gallows for the doing of that night. They both protested their entire ignorance of any wrong that had been done to the guests. This noisy altercation, assisted by the last despairing shake which poor Gillespie had given his shoulders, aroused the old man from the torpor in which he lay. Bessie, seeing how matters stood, but ignorant as yet of the extent of the injury which her friends had sustained, ran to prepare some simple restoratives, thankful that they were at least both alive. Shortly after, she returned with a dish of boiled milk. Teviot had no sooner come to himself, than he discovered that he had been robbed of his red pocket-book, which contained, with the exception of a few coins, all the money he retained to take north for immediate uses. The book had been removed from his inner breast pocket. When Bessie returned she made no attempt to conceal her recognition of the travellers, although, of course, no reference was made to the warnings she had given. Revived by the warm food, Glenbeltane joined his companion in directly accusing the landlord and his spouse of being, art and part, concerned in the robbery; whereupon they both professed to be mightily insulted, and feigned a transport of rage. When

accused of having drugged the liquor on the previous night, they pointed triumphantly to the empty bottle, and maintained that those who had consumed its contents should be ashamed of charging sober and respectable people with being the cause of their misadventure. If they had slept without going to bed, who was to blame?—and here both broke into a hoarse laugh. The travellers examined the bottle, out of which they had taken only two glasses, and found that it had been emptied during the night, no doubt in order to remove the evidence of foul play, which its contents would have afforded. Seeing that they were taken rather aback by this discovery, the villainous pair sought to follow up their triumph. A pretty mess their room had been thrown into! Who had tossed the blankets on the floor? Was a thief likely to do such a needless piece of work? They for their part were not accustomed to have such troublesome and unreasonable drunken guests within their walls, and the sooner they would leave, the better for all parties. And a pocket-book had been stolen, forsooth! A likely story! They had probably spent its contents at the fairs in the south. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by altercation, Teviot went to the small door which he had observed the previous night, and at once found evidence that it had been opened. The cob-webs were no longer in the keyhole, and the encrustation of dust which covered the joining of the door and its frame, being partly brushed off, Teviot was quite satisfied that here the thieves had made their entrance. They had first got into the closet by a door on the landing of the narrow stair, and being provided with the key of the inner door, they easily effected their purpose. The occupants of the inn now saw occasion to change the nature of their defence. They said that they could not be held responsible for the doings of all the guests who had spent the night under their roof, and had departed their several ways before daybreak, so that they could not now be questioned. Not knowing but there might be several villains concerned in the robbery still

lurking about the premises, Teviot thought it best not to press the matter further in the meantime, but rather to get clear as soon as possible of the ill-omened house.

Poor Bessie had spent an anxious night, but as she heard no sound she hoped that no evil had been attempted against her friends. She had little fear of their being overcome in a scuffle. Rising at dawn she found that her door had been fastened on the outside by those who had, no doubt, taken this precaution to prevent any possibility of surprise. Scarcely had this fastening been removed, when Gillespic's voice rang through the house. The frightened girl having hurriedly related these particulars, hastened away to prepare for their departure. Ere she had told her tale, Gillespic was already in the stable, getting ready the horses; and, within an hour, the party rode away from the door of Logroy. It was a still morning, and the whole landscape was covered with a heavy coating of snow. When out of sight of the house Gillespic bade farewell to his fellow travellers and, setting spurs to his horse, rode furiously in the direction of Keilangus. Having reached the stagehouse, he hired a fresh horse there; and notwithstanding the loose snow which covered the road, he reached the Deputy's office, early in the day, and gave him full particulars of the robbery which had been committed. The Deputy and his constables set out immediately for Anard, where they found that the Macilvaines had not yet arrived. The officers of the law then proceeded through a pass by which the drovers would very likely journey from Logroy, and that evening they were intercepted and arrested. They had been taken unawares, and caught as in a trap, while resting in a recess underneath a great boulder which had fallen from the precipices of the Dark Pillars of Corrie Goblin. They never supposed that their presence at Logroy was known to their victims, and they were, of course, unaware that Teviot had been for a week on his guard against them. Each was found to be armed with two holsters, *and one of the pistols had no ramrod.* Glen-

beltane's pocket-book was found, and in it was more than half the money of which he had been robbed not many hours before. The remainder had, probably, gone to accomplices. Gillies and Farquhar were sent to the county town, and lodged in prison, along with Torquil. The Deputy proceeded to Logroy next day after arresting the Macilvaines, but found that its inmates had taken flight. He ascertained that they had broken up their establishment a few hours after the departure of Glenbeltane and his friends. They drove their cattle south, and packed on their horse as much of their property as was of any value. Having realised their effects for whatever price they would bring, they set sail from Greenock in a vessel bound for the New World, and were never heard of more.

After the tacksman had dispatched Gillespie in the manner I have described, he rode along at a slow pace, his horse having a double burden. At length he reached Balmoses, without going round by Keilangus, and set Bessie down at her father's door with expression, of heartfelt gratitude for her timely and prudent assistance. An hour or two more and Mark Teviot might have been seen entering his own home, while the shepherds led his horse away. And so ended his last and most eventful expedition to the Tryst of Teith Muir.

In the course of the following spring, the usual Circuit Court was held at Abergoy, and the tacksman of Glenbeltane, and all the witnesses concerned in the Macilvaines case, were summoned to attend. The evidence being concluded, the wretched prisoners were found guilty, and judgment was pronounced. Torquil, being convicted of sheep stealing, narrowly escaped capital punishment, and was banished to the plantations for a long period of years. Farquhar and Gillies were found guilty of robbery of an aggravated nature, and also of sheep killing, which, according to the law of Scotland is, as everybody knows, a point of dittay. Their sentence was similar to that of their brother. As I will not have occasion to allude

to them again in these pages, I may here state that Farquhar was killed while fomenting a mutiny among the negroes, and that Torquil and Gillies made good their escape, and joined their families in the United States. Throughout their trial, old Dugald Macilvaine was present, and took an intense interest in the proceedings. General commiseration was expressed for him, as he stood and beheld his sons led away to jail, preparatory to expatriation, which was practically for life. His feelings must have been embittered by the consideration that he himself had trained and instructed them in those evil courses which, at length, drew the vengeance of the law upon their heads. Notwithstanding that the afternoon was far advanced before these trials were finished, most of the parties from Duncairn who were present, set out for home immediately, although their course lay for thirty or forty miles across a pathless mountain land; others remained in town until early the following morning. As the lambing season was commencing, Mark Teviot was in haste to get back to Glenbeltane. His shepherds were among those who had first set out, and early next day he himself took his departure for home. Having ridden for many hours across hills and morasses, and forded numberless streams, at length he attained the summit of a ridge which commanded a view of the valley of the Goy, where he was arrested by piteous groans, which proceeded from a hollow on his right. He at once divined that a fellow creature was in agony close beside him, and hastily dismounting from his horse, he led it in the direction from whence the sounds came to his ear. In a few moments, he perceived Dugald Macilvaine lying on the ground in great pain.

It turned out that the hoary reiver had sprained his ankle, had crawled into the hollow for shelter from the biting wind, and was now utterly unable to move. No sooner did the sufferer perceive the presence of one whom he regarded as his mortal foe, than he broke out into a torrent of furious imprecation against him, as being the

despoiler of his home and family. After listening quietly to this outburst of impotent rage, Mark Teviot took from his pocket a flask. Dugald would fain have refused to taste the offered refreshment, but he was almost fainting from exhaustion, having tasted neither food nor drink that day, and after a struggle between the calls of nature and pride, he yielded, and held out his hand for the flask. Glenbeltane then shared with him further provisions he had made for the long journey; and with great difficulty having mounted the patriarch of Anard upon his pony, he descended the wide declivity of the mountain that sloped towards Keilangus, where he left Dugald at the house of a relative. When parting, Dugald handed my grandfather his dirk, saying, "Here, Mark Teviot, but not with my curse. For months, I desired that it might taste your heart's blood, and even as you held out the flask to me, I wished for strength to scorn your aid, and to revenge the fate of my children. But by saving my life you have disarmed me in very deed. So, here, take this symbol of that mortal feud which is powerless against you now. May our courses never more meet or cross; if they do, beware!" The courses of the two old men never did meet or cross.

The people of Duncairn, anxious to be rid of the whole tribe of Macilvaines, subscribed a sum of money which enabled them to emigrate to America, where there were many of their kin, and Anard was no longer a place of evil repute in the district.

It only remains for me to add that Gillespie Macewen and Bessie Macindrui were married the week after St Eonan's Fair, that same year, and took up their abode at Inverbeltane.

THE DEATH OF DIARMAD :

A ROSS-SHIRE VARIANT.

BY DR ARTHUR SUTHERLAND.

BY River Glass the grass is green,
The ancient woods with age are hoar,
The hills are clothed in birchen sheen,
Once dark with pines of yore.
The moss is soft by Conas Falls,
The alders crowd along the stream,
The aspens from the rocky walls
Lean over in a dream.

Seven days round Wyvis wild and vast
The Fians chased the flying deer ;
O'er purpled moor and hill they passed
With shout and shining spear.
And many a noble stag was ta'en
With head full branchéd as a tree,
And many a savage beast was slain
From Cuinneag to the sea.

Gaunt wolves in far Glac Shellach bred
Pierced to the heart the heather dyed ;
Wild boars huge-tusked and maned, that fed
Upon Ben Tarsuinn's side,
In vain fled from the oak-clad dell
With sudden crash and snort of fear ;
And elk and lordiy urus fell
As spoils beneath their spear.

A ghastly form from gray Loch Glass
Was reft of life by Fion's hand,
And evil things of ford and pass
The aye-victorious band
In combat slew Osgar's keen sword,
And Ossian's spear renowned laid low
Drear night-hags, Lamias abhorred,
Of humankind the foe.

And loathsome shapes in darkness grown
 From dismal den and lair were torn,
 And down the canyoned stream were thrown
 By Goll the son of Morn.
 To war with wrong, a vow well kept,
 'Gainst hateful life and slavish fear,
 Onwards the hunter-warriors swept
 With shout and shining spear.

But one enorm enchanted brute,
 The venomous Wild-boar of Glen Glass,
 Baleful as fiend and swift of foot,
 And cased in hide of brass,
 Was proof against their bravest deed,
 And mocked their lures to circumvent ;
 Mac Cumhal's wit and Caoilte's speed
 On him were vainly spent.

His lair on Meall-an-Tuirc's rough side,
 Where Mala Lia kept her swine—
 Witch Mala Lia, evil-eyed,
 Foul, shapeless, and malign—
 Was all begrimed with filth and gore,
 And horrid with the limbs of men
 The unclean monster killed and tore
 To feast on in his den.

He ranged and ravaged at his will
 Malific over field and fell ;
 He moved but to despoil and kill,
 In guard of wizard spell.
 " Whose task," said Fion, " shall it be
 To track this hell-hound to his den—
 To end his vile career, and free
 From dread the paths of men ?"

And each of all the glorious band,
 Whose work was war on land and sea
 'Gainst wrong and darkness, and the hand
 Of cruel anarchy,
 Was ready then and there to go
 And quell the wild beast in his lair,
 Save Conan, craven as a crow
 That croaks when others dare.

Then Duanach spake, the old and wise :
" This task, great Fion, is not thine ;
Not on thy spear the Wild-boar dies—
Not thine, great Prince, nor mine.
Nor thine, loved Ossian, worthy son
Of noble sire, the beast to slay ;
But thine, when eve shows victory won,
To sing the deathless lay.

" And Osgar, e'en thy magic blade
Avails not 'gainst this beast of night ;
The spells that round his life are laid
Are not for thee to fight.
And slim MacRonan, fleet of foot
As proudest deer in Diebadale,
He knows the swiftness of the brute
He chased without avail

" By Assynt and the Meann-chroc,
Round Fyrish hill and Ducharie,
Across the Avern to the rock
Where Fion loves to be
When in Ardross he hunts—but here
Beyond his sight the quarry ran.
Glaisan, too, knows how vain his spear,
And Iall and Iollan.

" Vain the strong arm of Carril bold,
And vain was Roanaidh's well-tried shield ;
At first charge of the Boar, they rolled
Sore-wounded on the field.
Nor profits, Goll, thy giant might ;
Nor, Finne-vèl, thy matchless skill.
None of our band is here to-night
That may this Wild-boar kill."

Then flashed with sudden ire the eye
Of Fion, quick he spake, " What, none !
Fold must we useless hands and cry,
Leaving this task undone ?
Leader of the victorious band,
The work is mine, to rid the earth,
Spells or no spells, my sword in hand,
Of this vile monster-birth."

And Ossian, warrior-bard, replied,
 "Trust Duanach, sire, for Duanach knows.
 Besides, on steep Knock Farril's side
 Wild Garraidh takes repose ;
 And distant on Ben Eudainn green
 Is Diarmad following fallow deer,
 His sun-bright blade is sure and keen,
 Unfailing is his spear."

Spake Duanach, "Diarmad's is the quest."
 "For Diarmad send," then Fion cried.
 His thumb against his teeth he pressed,
 The future he espied.
 The fate of Diarmad did he see,
 Him lying cold, and wan, and still,
 O'ercome by basest treachery,
 Upon the grassy hill.

For dark the heart of Fion grew
 When the remembrance o'er him came
 How Grainne fair, his wife untrue,
 Dishonoured had his name.
 By wicked wiles and spells she tried
 Brave Diarmad to allure astray ;
 From sea to sea they wandered wide
 For one year and a day.

"For Diarmad send ;" and at the sound,
 The hest Caoilte hastened to obey,
 Took Allt-nan-Caorach at a bound,
 And southward sped his way.
 And ere awoke the seventh morn
 To touch the eastern hills with flame,
 They heard, returned, the hero's horn,
 And with him Diarmad came.

Then shouted all the Fians loud
 Glad-hearted welcome. Fion's face
 With joy grew bright, although the cloud
 Still held in heart its place.
 "The Boar, brave Diarmad, waits for thee ;"
 Said Fion, "thine the enterprise.
 Go, slay the beast of witchery,
 In Meall-an-Tuirc he lies."

And glad was Diarmad at the task
And joyous grasped his shield and spear ;
His, nought, when Fion spake, to ask
Or to delay or fear.
But first the hunter's feast was spread :
The heroes on the grassy knolls
Sat eating flesh of deer and bread
Beside the Conas falls.

Huge draughts of old-world mead they drank ;
The cup went round with toast and song ;
The aspen sprays arose and sank
To heroic laughter strong,
Olympian. To rest the day
Was given. At ease, large-limbed and strong,
On thyme and fragrant moss they lay—
Kings both of sword and song.

The morn saw Diarmad, bright of face,
Hopeful as morn and radiant,
Firm-hearted climb with steady pace
The hill, the Wild-boar's haunt.
Glad-hearted, too, as maiden fair
In haste to meet her trysted one
He went, the brown gold of his hair
Shone in the morning sun.

Upon the right hand of his way
A Raven pecked at corpse of hare,
And on his left a Corbie gray
Perched on a boulder bare.
The Raven looking up askance
Said, " Diarmad goes the Boar to slay.
Brave Diarmad, dead upon thy lance
Shall roll the Boar to-day."

The Corbie fluttered on the stone,
And croaked malevolent prophecy :
" Go back to Grainne, go ! alone
The Boar thy death shall be."
And Diarmad passed, and though he heard
He swerved no whit from left or right ;
No bodeful voice of man or bird
Could turn him from the fight.

Nor paused he once, till he attained
 On Meall-an-Tuirc the topmost height.
 Below the distant river plained
 With voice of old delight.
 The murmurous music of the water,
 Bore from afar a voice he knew ;
 The voice of King Fo-thuinn's daughter,
 Who loved with love so true.

It sang, the winds took up the song :
 " Ben Eudainn's slopes how dear to me !
 Come, Diarmad, come ; the years are long,
 The years I wait for thee.
 My father's realm and halls are bright,
 But, light of life, thou art away.
 My life is empty of delight,
 My heart lone night and day.

" The tide goes streaming past our land,
 Embosomed green within the sea,
 From rock and purple tinted sand,
 I look in vain for thee.
 But soon thou comest, love, I know,
 My arms again shall thee enfold.
 One morn thou wakest, love, and lo !
 I kiss thy locks of gold."

He looked around on scuir and ben,
 O'er lake and pass and rivered vale ;
 Half down the hill he saw the den
 Where styed the Beast of bale.
 The Beast of the vile sorceress
 He found asleep in thorny brake,
 But Diarmad, flower of nobleness,
 Would no advantage take

Even of his deadliest foe. He cried,
 And waked the monster to fair fight.
 The brute awoke with grunt and gride,
 And, maddening at the sight,
 Paused ere he rushed to annihilate
 The foe that came with shield and spear :
 " Go back, vain fool," he said, " your fate
 Tempt not by staying here.

"I've waited for you, Diarmad, long ;
Your days of sweethearting are done.
In Mala Lia's fatal song
You die ere set of sun."
With headlong rush of avalanche,
His venomed spines in grim array,
He ran upon the hero staunch,
Who flinched not from the fray.

But Diarmad lightly stepped aside
And all the force was vainly spent ;
It ploughed the hillside deep and wide,
The rocks its fury rent.
Half stunned but rallying from the blow,
Fierce-wheeled the Boar and charged anew ;
Sidewise the shield received the foe,
The shock both backward threw

For many a yard. All dazed the Boar,
Breathing destructive breath of hell,
Hideous with rage and foam and gore
That burned where'er it fell,
Flung all his horrent bulk again
On Diarmad well aware, whose shield—
Not tempered by the hands of men,
Alone his arm could wield—

Expert received and quick repelled
The huge projected mass ; it reeled
Sore-stricken, blinded, and half quelled,
From the enchanted shield.
The Beast amazed then turned and fled
Across the hill top wild and bare,
And hateful Mala Lia sped
The warrior to ensnare.

Her loathly mouth with taunt and curse
Waged wicked war. He gave no heed
But fast pursued the monster fierce
Whose hope was now in speed.
"Go home," she cried, "to Grainne go,
Place not your trust in shield and lance.
Let Fion kill you both. You know
Love songs and dalliance

Better than warlike deeds. Away!"
 He turned not to behold the crone
 Who followed him intent to slay
 With venom of her own.
 "Go back to Grainne, Diarmad, go,
 Or else to-morrow she shall find
 Another golden-headed beau
 To please her stable mind."

As when a man a viper sees
 Beside his path, he onward goes,
 Deeming low reptiles such as these
 Not worth the cost of blows ;
 But when the serpent following
 With venomed fangs to pierce him tries,
 He strikes with death the evil thing,
 And on his journey hies :

So stung with viperous dart and tongue
 The vile witch Diarmad from behind ;
 He paused, and caught her foot, and flung
 Her forth upon the wind.
 Over the cliff she headlong shot,
 Like arrow from a hunter's bow,
 Her impious arts availed her not,
 Dashed on the rocks below.

He followed close the Wild-boar's track,
 Swift-footed ran he round the hill ;
 He saw the foul thing doubling back
 Beside a corried rill.
 Within the corry's mouth he stayed
 And waited for the infuriate Boar ;
 The Beast no vain escape essayed,
 But rushed with eldritch roar

And all his fiendish rage to bear
 Brave Diarmad lifeless to the ground ;
 But soon the point of Diarmad's spear
 His heart and entrails found,
 And fixed him to the earth. Such force
 The Beast had, scarce could spear be seen—
 One groan, and then a horrid corse
 Was stretched upon the green.

To Fion's camp then Diarmad came
Victorious, with his spear and shield ;
The warriors hail with loud acclaim
The victor of the field.
But Fion sits in gloom apart,
Enraged that Diarmad safe returned ;
He thought of Grainne, and his heart
With blackest passion burned.

They brought the boar to camp, and laid
In front of Fion, grim and pale :
" Brave Diarmad, measure it," he said,
" The Boar from snout to tail."
And Diarmad paced the bristled Boar—
" Fion, 'tis fifteen feet," he said ;
" No, Diarmad, no ; it measures more—
Measure from tail to head."

And backward Diarmad paced the Boar,
The poisoned spikes ran through his heel :
" O Fion, I am wounded sore,
My veins the venom feel.
But lay me on that grassy mound,
And turn me to the sinking sun ;
My place is soon beneath the ground,
For Diarmad's course is run.

" No more to me the keen delight
To chase with hounds the russet deer,
No more the rapture of the fight
With shield and trusty spear.
O sweet our life on Gulban's side,
And sweet the murmur of the rill,
And dear the gallant band allied
To vanquish wrong and ill !

" The battle-cry no more I'll hear,
Brown-footed Bran or hunter's horn ;
Not Ossian's song shall reach my ear,
Or voice of birds at morn.
O Fion, princeliest of our band,
Now silver gray thy yellow hair,
When combat comes o'er sea or land,
No Diarmad will be there."

Moveless sat Fion as a stone,
He brooded silent o'er the past ;
And Diarmad lay without a groan,
Breathing breath hard and fast.
The Fians stood around and wept—
The bravest hearts beneath the sky—
And Duanach up to Fion stepped,
“ Hear, lord, our Diarmad's cry.

“ Save him, for thou can'st save.” “ And why ?
Wrought he not ill to mine and me ?”
“ Rise, prince, and swift, ere Diarmad die.
He wrought no ill to thee.
Thou knowest how oft his fearless sword
Redeemed thy life when death was nigh ;
When Cairbre's host upon thee poured,
Did Diarmad from thee fly ?

“ When Conal pressed thee sore, whose eye
And hand brought aid and victory ?
Rise, Fion, rise ; must Diarmad die ?
He ne'er wrought ill to thee.
But cursed Grainne him beguiled ;
She was not true to him or thee.
Save, Fion, save thy sister's child,
Thyself from infamy.”

The true, the noble Fion rose,
And thrust the evil one aside,
And he the cause of Diarmad's woes,
For Diarmad would have died.
“ O Diarmad, is there no remede
To save thy life that ebbs in pain ?”
“ A draught from Fion's palms indeed
Will make me strong again.”

In haste went Fion to the stream
And making of his hands a cup,
He filled it quickly to the brim
And then came hurrying up.
But, dire mischance, a loosened stone
Came rolling down and struck his hands ;
The water, dashed aside, was thrown
Upon the river sands.

Returning to the stream he filled
His hollowed hands again, with care
Strode back lest any drop he spilled,
Intent the draught to bear
To Diarmad's fevered lips. Alas!
What brought the thought of Grainne then
Into his mind? His hands let pass
Their freight to earth again.

He gazed irresolute a while
On Diarmad sinking to his death,
Then rushed, swept clean of hate and guile,
Into the stream beneath.
He caught the water up and ran,
No power could stay him now. He fled
Up the steep bank. In vain; all wan,
Lay Diarmad stark and dead.

And Fion fell upon the mound,
Stunned like a woman new-bereft
Of her first born, then tore the ground
As one whom reason left,
And moaned aloud, grovelled and crept
About the grassy hill, and clung
Wildly to Diarmad's corse, and wept
As only weep the strong.

Awe-struck the warriors stood. They viewed
As well they knew, how deep and strong
In Fion's love had Diarmad stood,
Who both had suffered wrong
From fair foul Grainne, wicked wife,
Whose crooked ways wrought all this woe.
They now could fling her, rest of life,
As carrion to the crow.

"O Dairmad, Diarmad," Fion cried,
"Art thou then lost to me for aye?
I would to heaven I had died
Ere I had known this day.
Cold, cold thou liest without a breath
And mine the deed that laid thee low.
Why didst thou save me from the death
When Conal struck the blow?"

“ Thy pale form evermore shall stand
Before my eyes, O Diarmad dear,
But I shall miss thy helpful hand,
Thy ever ready cheer.
Drear days and cold remain to me,
My life creeps darkling to its close,
Like thine it ends by treachery,
Not facing valiant foes.

“ In war or peace, on land or sea,
No more thou goest where we go ;
The gallant band may cry for thee,
But Diarmad ne'er shall know.
We dig thy grave beside the stream,
Thy spear and shield across tny breast ;
We go, but thou wilt sleep or dream
For aye in perfect rest.”

By River Glass the alders gleam,
By Conas Falls the poplars wave,
The curlews cry, the plovers scream,
Around the hero's grave.
At eve loud sounds come down the glen,
No wind stirs in the listening sky.
And softly speak the aged men :
“ The Fians' hunting cry.”

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER XI.

George Scheviz, Treasurer, 1778 to 1788.—Kenneth Scheviz, 1788-89.—Their Joint Account passed, and Discharge granted.—One of the Ministers Librarian.—Property representing Provost Dunbar's two Mortifications Sold, and proceeds Lent at Interest.—Proposal to Lend Hospital Stock on Heritable Security only.—Thomas Young, Treasurer, 1789 to 1805.—His excellent system of keeping the Accounts.—Details thereof.—Accounts rendered annually.—Increase of Stock.—A clear Statement of Capital Stock.—Loans to Magistrates Consolidated, and one Bond granted, and soon after paid up.—Calder's Mortification paid.—Statement of Hospital Funds in 1804, and at his death.—Some Notes from Session Minutes.—Session at this time Sole Managers for the Poor.—Baillie Young's Bequest for Young's Pensioners.—Alex. Murray, Treasurer, 1805 to 1810.—His Accounts also well kept.—Amount of Capital and Income.—Proposal by Provost and others to Borrow from Kirk Session.—Loan to Glengarry on Heritable Security.—Rev. Thos. Fraser, *interim* Treasurer.

GEORGE SCHEVIZ held office from November, 1778, till early in 1788, when his son Kenneth was appointed his successor, and held office for a short time, apparently till his death. A joint account of their intrusions was made up by Alexander Scheviz, son of the former and brother of the latter, and representative of both, and submitted to a Committee, by whom it was passed on 13th March, 1789; and a new Hospital Treasurer, Thomas Young, appointed, 18th August in the same year; Mr Simon Fraser having been previously appointed Reparation Treasurer, the previous year. This account is of a very meagre description, apparently dealing only with their actual intrusions. The total of the *Charge* side is £1874 10s 4d, items of principal and interest being all shown in one column; and the *Discharge*, made out in the

same way, is balanced, showing the sum of £185 1s 5½d due *by* the Treasurer. But as this Treasurer held the office of Kirk or Collection Treasurer also, and there was a balance due *to* him on that account of £16 3s 1d (apparently in his capacity of Hospital Treasurer), it left the net balance due by him to the Session, £168 18s 4½d.

The Committee appointed by the Kirk Session reported, on 24th February, 1789, that they were quite satisfied with Mr Alex. Scheviz's statement of account; and they were empowered to grant him a full discharge. They reported again, on 21st May, that they had received the balance, together with all the bonds, bills, and papers belonging to the Hospital, and had granted him a discharge.

The amount paid to the pensioners during the ten years from February, 1779, to March, 1789, was £710 7s 6d, though the Committee had recommended its gradual reduction to £50 per annum.

Mr Robert Rose, one of the ministers, commenced taking charge of the Library in 1779, in place of Mr Hector Fraser, schoolmaster, who drew a salary.

A Committee had been appointed to examine Mr George Scheviz's accounts, in August, 1785, and he was then directed to bring them up positively on 1st June, 1786, at a meeting held on 18th April of that year; but there is no record that this was done.

Some property, described as "Munro's subjects," apparently mortgaged to the Session in security for a bond of £400—representing the greater part of Provost Dunbar's two mortifications—were sold to Mr John Ettles in 1787, for £336 3s 1d, which sum, with interest (in all £345 13s 1d), was relented—£220 of it to the Rev. Mr Fraser, and £125 13s 1d to Simon Fraser of Boblainie and John Fraser. Another sum, of £226 18s, representing Castlehill's and Drakies' bonds, lent to Mansfield, Hunter, & Co., Edinburgh, was paid off the same year, and lent to Fraser, Andrews, & Co., merchants in Inverness—the Treasurer being instructed to let them know that the money could not lie more than two or three years, as the Session had it

in contemplation to consolidate all the monies belonging to the Hospital then lent on personal security, and against that time to settle the whole heritably. He was also to attend to the expediency of renewing bills annually, in due and proper time. This money was lent "at the usual interest of 5 per cent."

On Mr George Scheviz's death, his son Kenneth was, as already mentioned, appointed his successor. It having been reported to the Session a few days before, that he had his father's accounts ready, a Committee was appointed to examine them; but there is no further entry until after Mr Kenneth Scheviz's death. The Session records show that during the interval between the death of the last-named gentleman and the appointment of his successor, a Committee, presided over by the Rev. Alex. Fraser, discharged the duties of the office, and received due recognition for their attention.

Mr Thomas Young, previously Town Treasurer, was appointed Hospital Treasurer, and held office from 18th August, 1789, till his death, in February, 1805. A salary of £3 per annum was granted to him to make prompt payment to the pensioners. His accounts are beautifully kept. He appears to have been resolved from the first to carry out the recommendations made by the Kirk Session on 17th February preceding, and to make out a proper and complete list of the stock, as made over to him on 25th August, and to make one up, and also to render his accounts yearly thereafter.

This list, amounting to £2645 2s 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, includes, however, all the securities belonging to what had come to be looked on as the Hospital Stock, and which were placed in the Treasurer's charge; but he appends, very properly, a second list, showing (1) The proportion applicable to particular (or specified) purposes, amounting to £810 9d 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; (2) The sum, the interest of which could be applied to the payment (*a*) of Hospital pensioners, £920, and (*b*) of Provost Dunbar's pensioners, £119; and (3) what sum could have the interest applied for casualties and to make

up deficiencies in the Stock, viz., £795 13s 5d. The proportion applicable to particular purposes is stated by him as follows:—

To the Laird of Mackintosh's Donation ...	£166	13	4
Hospital Reparation Fund and Weigh-house	66	13	4
Dr Fraser and his brother's Donation ...	165	11	1½
The Treasurer, for prompt payment, the			
Interest of	100	0	0
Fee for Kirk Officers, the Interest of ...	93	8	4
Salary for Precentors, the Interest of ...	66	13	4
Stipend for the Minister of Inverness ...	20	0	0
Due to the Library Fund	48	8	0
Due to the Reparation Fund, viz., Weigh-			
House, 9 years ; rent of garden ...	12	0	0
Due by Committee, 1779, to George Dun-			
can's Fund	39	8	8
Widow Calder's Mortification, with Interest			
for 18 years	31	13	4
	£810 9 5½		

Note.—The last was in a bond from John Shaw. These items ought to be kept in distinct accounts, both capital and interest

Following the above list or statement, there is a report of a "Committee appointed to examine the Schevizes' accounts dated 27th February, 1789," but it is quite different to the report given in the Session's Records of 24th February, as the Committee's report, and bears traces of being the work of Thomas Young himself, in order to show the true position of the funds. Besides reviewing the whole position, it contains many useful recommendations to the Managers, and also instructions to the Treasurer, which he at once began to attend to himself. One of these was submitting an annual statement of the accounts, *i.e.*, of receipts and expenditure, as well as a yearly statement of the Hospital Stock ; another, that a Treasurer failing to do this should be removed from office. It is of great importance that both these statements should be made up and submitted annually. He shows that the total stock had

increased during the time George and Kenneth Scheviz were Treasurers by £244 7d 9d. This, however, was mainly in consequence of interest being paid from time to time upon certain bonds, instead of left to accumulate unpaid, and so ultimately lost. His first account was made up to 15th March, 1791. He *Charges* himself with—

Amounts of bonds and securities made					
over to him	£2645	2	10½		
Interest of Albert Munro's Donation for					
two years		10	0	0	
		<hr/>			
	£2655	2	10½		
<i>Less</i> money paid to pensioners					
until a Treasurer was					
appointed	£31	11	5		
Due to George Duncan's Mortification					
... ..	46	18	8		
		<hr/>			
		78	10	1	
		<hr/>			
	£2576	12	9½		
<i>Add</i> Mr Albert Munro's Mortification					
principal	100	0	0		
		<hr/>			
Total neat Stock	£2676	12	9½		
<i>Add</i> amount of principal sums and interests					
received up to 15th March, 1791, as per					
detailed account [given in the account					
book]	651	6	6		
		<hr/>			
	£3327	19	3½		
His <i>Discharge</i> shows—					
By neat Stock, including Mr Munro's Mortification...	£2676	12	9½		
By principal sums lent, and given in purchase of lands, together with interest of monies applied in paying pensioners, &c., as per detailed account [given in book]	604	18	11½		
Balance due to the Hospital	46	7	7		
		<hr/>			
	£3327	19	3½		

One of these payments is the purchase of Evan Campbell's lands, £90, and Town Clerk's account, £5	95 0 0
Another a payment to Reparation Treasurer of money due by the Hospital Fund	46 11 8
And another by Hospital, Provost Dun- bar's, and Mr Albert Munro's, and the Laird of Mackintosh's pensioners, from 1st August, 1789, to 1st February, 1791, inclusive... ..	111 4 10

This again is followed by a full and clear statement of "money, lands, and debts belonging to the Hospital of Inverness" as at 15th March, 1791. It includes, however, a good many items of *interest* to the amount of £117 17s 5d, and the balance due by himself, £46 7s 7d, as well as *Capital* Stock, and in the latter is included what he calls above, "the proportion applicable to particular purposes," the total being £2768 17s 5½d. A report of a Committee is then given, evidently prepared by the Treasurer, and approved by the members of the Committee, who sign it. It contains a recommendation that an Act of Council should be got from the Magistrates as a security for the whole sums due by them to the Session, so that the interest might become payable at one time. The accounts are made up in the same form yearly, the date being changed first to May and then to October, up to 1804, and then for the short period to February, 1805, when he died.

We find in the account for May, 1792, one bond of the Magistrates dated May, 1791, for £1125; also an Act of theirs for a loan for completing the new church for £200. The Magistrates paid up their bond of £1125 in full, with a year's interest, in May, 1793; and the sum of £1300 was lent at 4½ per cent. on heritable bond to Lewis Cuthbert, of Castlehill. Their other bond of £200 was paid up in November, 1803. Donald Calder and his wife's mortification, originally £25, was paid up with interest and expenses, amounting in all to £44 18s 11d, in May, 1796.

In the statement of the Hospital funds, October, 1804, we find the capital stock much consolidated. It now consisted of—

Bond by Lewis Cuthbert of Castlehill, at 5 per cent.	£1300	0	0
Bond by Alex. Fraser of Torbreak, at do. ...	1000	0	0
The Hospital House and Garden, now valued at... ..	300	0	0
Lands of Broadstone and Cotterton ...	880	0	0
Albert Munro's Mortification	100	0	0
Balance due by the Treasurer	109	11	7½
	<hr/>		
	£3689	11	7½

This shows a very considerable increase, but it is partly due to putting a higher valuation on the real property. The lands of Broadstone and Cotterton, with Evan Campbell's lands, are now entered at £880, instead of £240 6s 8d; and the value of the Hospital House, &c., at £300, instead of the Weigh-house and garden only at £66 13s 4d. At his death, the value of the Hospital capital stock made over by his executors, is stated at £3580, and a balance due by them of £12 13s 5½d, in addition to interest due, £225. In all, £3817 13s 5½d. The minutes of the Kirk Session show that, probably at his instance, from the time of Bailie Young's appointment, minute attention was paid by them also to the affairs of the Hospital and its funds. Their authority was obtained for nearly every transaction, and great efforts were made to obtain punctual payment of interests, to get bills retired when they fell due, or renewed with ample collateral security, and to consolidate the investments. We find the Session at once recognising his services. On 22nd March, 1791, they record "their thanks to Bailie Young, for his care, accuracy, and fidelity in managing his trust, and he was requested to continue Hospital Treasurer." Considerable repairs were considered necessary on Dunbar's Hospital, especially to the walls and roof, in 1790, and, after estimates were taken, authority was granted for carrying them out. They sanctioned an excambion of two pieces of

land adjoining Broadstone, in 1792, Captain Godsman being appointed arbiter. The room formerly used as a writing school was set as a shop at 50s yearly, the Session not being liable for any repairs. There was a correspondence relative to the removal of the books belonging to the Library, apparently to presses in the new Academy, in 1793; and this seems to have taken place, as the Treasurer was directed, in 1794, to pay five guineas to Mr Thomas Fraser, of the Academy, for his trouble in arranging the books. The Hospital garden was let on lease at £3 5s per annum, in 1800, with a view to fruit trees being planted therein, with power to the Session to resume at the end of 4 years, if they should have cause to allot the subject and garden for a public Poorhouse. At the same meeting, "consideration of the spire on Provost Dunbar's subject was deferred till the next."

It is evident that the Kirk Session still were, as they had long been, the sole managers for the poor of the parish. We find them, in 1800, treating with the managers of the new Chapel of Ease for the payment of £8 sterling per annum, towards the support of the poor, but reserving to themselves the powers vested in them, to be exercised afterwards, if they should see cause.

In the same year, the Session record their regret that the state of the Hospital funds does not permit them to increase the number of pensioners, quoting a statement of average income and expenditure, with only a small credit balance; but in 1802, after voting the usual thanks to their Treasurer, they find that their funds are in a thriving state, and resolve to add three additional pensioners, two of them to receive 10s and one 5s per quarter.

On Bailie Young's death, they duly record their obligations to him, as having "discharged his trust as Treasurer with much humanity and fidelity. His strict attention to have the funds under his management annually examined made them prosper in his hands."

There can be no doubt but that the habit of constantly bringing all matters connected with the trust before the Session for their authority and instructions, and Bailie Young's own business capacity and advice, had a most beneficial effect upon the stock, and the submission of annual accounts prevented their unwittingly making their outlay exceed their income.

But Bailie Young was not only of very great service to the Hospital funds during his life; he was also a great

benefactor to the poor of Inverness in perpetuity. By deed dated 1799, and codicil dated 1803, he disposed to and in favour of his successor for the time being in the office of Hospital and Kirk Treasurer of Inverness, and to the ministers and elders forming the Kirk-Session of Inverness, the whole residue of his estate, after providing for certain special bequests; by the codicil, which somewhat alters the provisions of the will in regard to the beneficiaries, the proceeds are to be given to as many pensioners, natives of Inverness, as the fund would support, £2 being given to each annually, with a preference for the indigent blind, lame, and bed-ridden, not being common beggars, the names being enrolled in a book, entitled "Bailie Young's Pensioners." and the Trustees' transactions respecting the management of the fund to be kept separate and distinct therein. This has been duly attended to. The value of the estate proved to be about £1600.

On Bailie Young's death, the Session, on 27th February, appointed the ministers a Committee to inspect the Hospital accounts, with instructions to look out for a fit person to succeed him, and to make out a new statement of the Hospital funds, to be ready to be given over to the new Treasurer, and the Rev. A. Fraser was requested to make up a state of the accounts, to receive rents, and pay necessary demands in the meantime.

Mr Alexander Murray succeeded Bailie Young, and was appointed Hospital Treasurer on 16th April, 1805, and held office till his death, about April, 1810. He was granted £5 per annum for prompt payment, and had to find a cautioner for his intromissions. The account books and proper statement were handed over to him about the end of May, with a balance of £31 1s 7d out of a rent received during the *inter-regnum*. He was required to continue the practice of rendering his accounts yearly in May. His accounts are well kept, and in his time a separate account began to be kept in another book, with details of disbursements, as a voucher, which is still preserved. He credits himself with £5 5s salary till 1808, and with £10 afterwards.

The amount of the capital taken over by him

at his entry, including the value of real property was	£3580	0	0
together with interest due	225	0	0
and a cash balance due by Bailie Young's executors	12	13	5½

The annual interest and rents at this time				
amounted to
At the expiry of his tenure of office the				
capital was the same
The amount of annual rents due about	...	221	0	0
and a balance due by the Treasurer	...	34	4	9½

There is a copy of an amusing letter sent by the Moderator of the Kirk-Session to Provost John Mackintosh in October, 1805. The Provost and some other gentlemen had applied to the Session for the loan of £1000, perhaps part of Bailie Young's Mortification. The letter apologises for their feeling an obligation to lend money upon heritable security only, a course they had very properly resolved on some time before (in those days heritable security was fairly reliable); it also mentions that they had a proposal to borrow the money on undoubted heritable security, but, strange to say, it goes on to explain that if the Provost and his friends found it impossible to get the money otherwise they would lend it on the express condition that it be repaid at Martinmas, 1806, as they did not feel at liberty to decline heritable security for a longer period. The transaction, however, was not carried out, for at Martinmas, 1806, the bond on Newmore's estate for £1000 still formed part of the Fund.

On 25th November, the same year, the Session entertained an application from Macdonell of Glengarry to borrow any money they might have to lend; and after hearing a favourable report of his estate and rent-roll, then stated to be £6000 per annum, resolved to lend him £1500 or £1600 on his estate, with collateral security for the interest; and on 13th January following they fixed the sum to be so lent at £1600.

On the death of Mr A. Murray, the Session upon 22nd May, 1810, appointed the ministers a Committee to meet with his Trustees and examine the Hospital funds and accounts, and to report. This they did upon the 1st May, 1811, when the Rev. Thomas Fraser was requested to take charge of the funds until a proper person was appointed Treasurer. The Session also declared their entire satisfaction with Mr A. Murray's intromissions while Treasurer, and granted a discharge to him and his security.

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VOL. IV.

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VOL. IV.



THE
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MONTHLY



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VOL. IV.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER VII.

CAUGHT IN THE NET.

THE man has never lived, however rollicking and happy-go-lucky his disposition may be, who has not at some period of his life been coerced by circumstances into a vein of sedate reflection. Richard Stuart, as has been indicated in the progress of this story, was almost the exact mental antithesis of his brother. We say almost, because the love complications which had now arisen unexpectedly, proved that while in ordinary affairs he was studious and calculating, he had about him a dash of that impulsiveness which was among Richard's most pointed characteristics. The New Testament exhortation, "To eat, to drink, and to be merry," he half unconsciously interpreted as a semi-divine injunction to frivolously and selfishly enjoy the world while he was in it. His environments, fortunately, he considered, had so far fitted in with that easy-going principle. And yet he was not wicked, at least as wickedness had come to be defined outside the Parish Kirk.

His brief but ominous tiff with David now brought home to him the grave fact—which he had just begun vaguely to realise, and, of course, he dismissed the thought as soon as he did so—that as things had drifted (ah! how pleasant was the drifting!) a crisis was imminent in his love-makings. The lane, flower-grown and bird-sung, as it were, down which he had been wandering, terminated, he clearly discerned, at cross-roads. They were public turn-pikes. Neither of them appeared so agreeable travelling as the by-way, but he would be compelled to chose one; not only so, but to select his future company; and whichever way he turned a storm seemed to be brewing on the horizon.

Did he love Flora, to whom he had solemnly plighted his troth, and who at that moment wore his engagement ring, and—yes, he must confess it as an important factor in the situation—cherished the emblem with all the wealth of a woman's single-hearted affection. From the over-weening confidence he had in her love had sprung indifference, and then his folly. After all, the woman is wise who does not shout her affection on the house-top; feminine love should play the effectual part of a Will-o'-the-Wisp. He had loved Flora; or at all events he thought he did, for he had nobody else to love, until Miss Somerton, brighter, vivacious, and more lovely, had stepped in and presented a personal contrast, which, having an imagination tame as the tallow of the simile, suggested to him the brilliance of the modern candle with the dull gleam of the old-fashioned spoon-lamp.

To thrash the problem out, he took an after-dinner stroll through the wood, avoiding the beaten paths, and brushing his way among young trees and broom in search of that which he had never sought before—solitude. He had got afraid of the situation. It was a question of duty and inclination; or rather of infatuation and mere liking. Which should win? The Professor's philosophy had taken deep root in such a selfish nature as Richard's; but he

was not indisposed to consider whether yielding to self-denial and duty might not be the more profitable part. "A man should, at all hazards, and regardless of consequences, marry the woman he loves best." So had the Professor said, in that calm scholarly way of his. But could he wholly disregard consequences? What if his desertion broke poor Flora's heart and ruined her happiness for life? It could not then be argued that—supposing Miss Somerton accepted him—two had been made happy at the expense of one, because the knowledge of what he had done would haunt him as a nightmare!

In the gloom of the wood he leaned himself against a fir tree, and gazed vacantly at the bushes in front, while these thoughts gnawed at him in the brain-wearing way of an insolvable problem. How did the matter stand? Let him begin over again. He was passionately in love with Julia! He said the name aloud for the first time, and started at the unfamiliarity of the sound. Hitherto it had always been Flo. Charming as she had always made herself to him, and courting, though she invariably seemed to do, his society, there was something about the Professor's daughter which had kept him unapproachably at arm's length. If he proposed, she might refuse him—fact number two. In that case could he fall back upon Flora? She might, in the circumstances, fling his ring in his face, which she would be quite entitled to do; then there was no doubt but that David was in love with Flora; and so on he argued in a growing maze of perplexity—there would be a deuce of a row with the laird; it would upset the family plan; the whole country would get hold of the story; he would get laughed at and spurned, while Flora would be sympathised with, pitied, and petted; he would be denounced as a flirt and a profligate, unworthy of the confidence of any decent woman in the country-side; he would not have a dog's life of it; he would—but here Richard's reflections became a sort of chaotic, and as a relief to his feelings he seized a promising young fir tree and tore it clean up by the roots, with a teeth-grinding chuckle.

“If that blessed Professor would only leave and take his daughter with him, I’ll be hanged if I wouldn’t stick to Flo yet,” he said aloud, as he sent the young tree, with a vicious swing, crashing up against a stripling oak; “she’s bewitching me!”

It was altogether a new experience for Richard to be in mental perturbation. But the attack was serious enough, and the effect perfectly normal. He set out through the wood at a wild pace, and, like other harassed people, who try the remedy, found—delusively or real—the exercise mentally refreshing. Perhaps he failed to notice the circumstance, or some mysterious Power may have taken the use of his will for a time—hypnotism was a fact then as now, though not scientifically recognised—but every step he was taking carried him nearer The Hall. One thought was being shuttled in his brain without his being able to suggest an explanation:

“When I’m in her company Flo is nothing; when I’m not in her company Flo is something.”

It was a coincidence, but, in the circumstances, not a remarkable one, that at this very moment Miss Somerton was also finding it necessary to have a meditative ramble through the picturesque environs of The Hall. In the first place, her father’s behaviour, and, in particular, the witch’s midnight visit, were perplexing her greatly; and, in the second place, she was indefinitely conscious that something unhappy was entering into her life. She loved her father, and she was certain that his affection for her was as deep and sincere as paternal love could be; but there were some things about him she had never been able to understand. These mysteries had now become more perplexing than ever; and perplexities they would have to remain she knew, till time and events threw some light upon them, because she never could muster up sufficient courage to ask for explanations. Well she knew what the result would be were she to do so: his eyes would look cruelly, scrutinizingly at her, as he remarked:

“Julia, child, and mark what I say for thy future guidance ; there is abundance in the world for thee to learn without enquiring into thy father’s affairs, with which thou hast no concern !”

That was the answer, deliberately and sternly uttered, he had given her many years ago when she put a thoughtless question—she would never forget them ; no, nor the decisive rebuke that was administered in his manner while he said the words. Crossing the brook by the stepping-stones, the doing which caused her to display a pair of as dainty little feet as ever put the final touches to maidenly beauty, Miss Somerton entered a rustic *boudoir*, constructed for her exclusive use, in a clump of trees near by, and, throwing herself into the chair, settled down to reflection. It is in these romantic situations that maidens indulge in their love dreams. By a natural association of ideas this thought does recur to her, but she dismisses it with a smile—a cynic smile. How stands the case ?

“Here I am,” so ran her thoughts, which she successively noted on each finger, “the only child and daughter of Professor Somerton. Once poor, he is now rich—on pills, but that doesn’t matter. He was jilted, when a young man, by the only woman he really loved ; which means that he did not really love another—poor, dear mother, whom I must have seen, and that’s all. He comes to Scotland ; finds that his old rival is laird of his Ilk ; and resolves to fulfil an old vow that he made to have revenge. I am called in, like a dutiful daughter, to act a main part in the drama. It is getting very disagreeable, though I liked the fun at first. According to instructions, I have made him—love me !”

For a conspirator, Miss Somerton’s face wore an expression more pathetic than was consistent with the *role* ; and she began to wink rapidly as if a film had suddenly crossed her eyes. But the midges, animated by the strong rays of the sun, now setting, had begun to dance, and one, or perhaps two, might have been attracted to suicide by the brightness of her eyes !

“‘Let the father suffer through the broken heart of his son;’ these are father’s words; and I swore an oath—what a horrible little oath it was!—to do my best. ‘He will then have an object-lesson of what a broken heart is’—poor dad, his heart must really have been broken. They say a broken heart makes people queer, if it does not kill. Dad is queer; very queer sometimes. Poor dad! I wonder what a broken heart feels like—when one loves heart and soul, as the saying is, and then finds his love which she has basked in, transferred to somebody else! It seems so very dreadful in story books! Oh! how I would hate the man; how Mr Richard——”

The atmosphere did give some indication of a frosty tendency, but unless the reflection came from the russet beech over yonder, there was nothing to suggest the cause of the blush which here surged up on her neck and features. Besides, not even those midges, though troublesome merry, could surely compel any young lady to jump up, all of a sudden, from such a dramatic and absorbing train of thought, and make an attack upon the furniture; which, judging from radical character of the re-arrangement, seemed, in this *boudoir*, to have got thoroughly out of sympathy with the feminine idea of things. At last everything, even to a dust speck, defied further interference, and Miss Somerton paused in the middle of the floor, biting her pretty red lips. Despite the physical efforts she had put forth, her thoughts followed the same groove.

“I hate to play the part,” she said aloud, with a stamp of the foot, “what possibly can be the good of it?”

“It must be done; and about the good of it, leave that to me,” said a familiar voice at the door-way, and wheeling round, she confronted her father!

“You here, father!”

“Why not, child? I came in search of you.”

“Well, but you came so—so suddenly, and its all so very—very mysterious,” replied Julia apologetically, breaking down into violent sobbing.

“Hush, my dear girl; that is very silly of you, just when a little courage is wanted, and all will be over—all will be over. Here is Mr Richard coming down the avenue. Your tears may come in handy—remember, neither say yea or nay, but send him to me for his answer—for his answer! I came to warn you—courage, little one, for your father’s sake,” and before she could reply, the Professor had disappeared in the wood as swiftly as he had arrived.

Left alone, Miss Somerton at once pulled herself together, and looking through the interstices of the rustic wood-work, saw Richard advancing with rapid strides in the direction of the summer-house. Her look had no trace of cruelty about it; perhaps it more betokened pity than any other feeling; and that blush, what of it?—perhaps it was one of shame at the false part she was playing to secure her father a piece of revenge, the true character of which she still failed to comprehend. Pulling her hat down until her tale-tell eyes were shaded, she waited Richard’s arrival.

“Ha! I am lucky,” he exclaimed, while some distance away, where he had caught sight of her light dress in the door-way. “Just thought you would be about this fine evening—isn’t it really a beautiful sunset? Were you admiring it, Miss Somerton; such an eye you have for atmospheric tints.”

“It’s really beautiful; but I was not admiring it.”

“What? I thought you positively doted on sunsets. Really I feel inclined to offer you the gallant sum of a penny for your thoughts. Is it a bargain?”

“No!”

They were now standing together; she in the door-way, her eyes bent low, he in front, a look of undisguised admiration lighting up his handsome features. It was evident that in the presence of this woman he was held in a bondage that suggested the idea of irresponsibility!

“Then let us barter—thoughts for thoughts,” he said, advancing a step nearer, and speaking in a lower and more tender voice.

"That might not be fair," she replied with a smile; "some thoughts are worth more than others."

"Yes, some poet or other has called them silvern and golden, you know. Miss Somerton," he added earnestly, "will you allow me to tell my thoughts, unconditionally—that is, I will not demand one even in response unless you so will it. Is it agreed?"

"I cannot prevent you giving expression to your thoughts," she replied, with the suspicion of a tremor in her voice.

"Then I will venture to inflict them upon you, and you can stop me when they cease to be agreeable. That is fair, is'nt it? Will you not be seated to hear my story," he said, suddenly taking her hand. It was at once snatched away, as she stepped on to the grass and turned her back upon him.

"I prefer walking," was all she said.

He followed her down to the side of the burn, where a broom-lined walk hugged the water-thread in its twistings in and out, now pausing in gloomy pool, then rippling merrily over the shingle. They walked along in silence—he somewhat crestfallen at this inauspicious beginning to his wooing; for as the outcome of his meditations he had resolved to confess his love and be done with it. Come what would, he was determined to place his happiness at the feet of this woman, and know the best or the worst of it, as the case might be. And yet his heart began to fail him. How queenly she looked—how distinguished her bearing. Was it not presumption on his part after all to ask this fair creature, who was, moreover, extremely rich, to throw herself away upon the son of a small and impecunious Scotch laird? Miss Somerton had some notion of what was passing through her lover's mind, and half regretted her unsympathetic conduct. Would it not, she was asking herself, be best to get the dreaded ordeal over, instead of evading the situation till—yes, till it might prove a far harder duty.

"I am waiting to hear your story," she at last ventured to remark; "I hope it will be extremely interesting!"

"What is personal is always interesting," rejoined Richard with a sigh of relief, and not displeased at his power of repartee the strange situation was bringing to light.

Miss Somerton did not reply, but as they entered a more secluded part of the little valley, she slowed her footsteps.

"I say, Miss Somerton," he began nervously, and there ensued an awkward pause.

Miss Somerton was looking away in the other direction, her face pale, and her mouth hard set.

"My story is easily told—that is, it's not easily told because it is extremely brief, you see."

"Well," she said, checking a smile at his confusion.

"I love you!" he almost gasped, sinking, like a knight of old, upon his knees and seizing her hand, which, for a second only, she permitted to rest in his—for a second only, but it had been kissed, and a thrill seemed to pass through her frame, while the pallor of her face deepened.

It was a terrible trial this game at love-making.

"Answer me, Miss Somerton—Julia. Will you permit me to love you? Can you give me a ray of hope? At least say what I have told you is not repulsive to you," he pleaded.

She turned her back upon his kneeling figure, and made no answer.

"Miss Somerton, do speak; say at least you will think over what I have said—of my great love for you, which you must have seen; did you not see that I loved you?"

"Rise up," she commanded, turning abruptly upon him. "Now answer me truthfully, Richard Stuart, is it true or is it not, that you are engaged to Miss Fiora, who lives under your father's roof?"

Richard clenched his hands and bent his head under her keen gaze. The question had not been premeditated, and as it flashed upon her, she experienced a great sense of

relief. It gave her a plausible loop-hole of escape, at any-rate for the present.

"It is true."

"And you, an engaged man, come here and insult me!"

"For God's sake, do not say that, Miss Somerton. Insult you; I would rather lay down my life than do that!"

"Then what do you mean by the confession you have just made?"

"That I love you only—that I have found I do not love her as I should love my intended wife!"

"And you are ready to break her heart to secure what you consider your own happiness? Where is the honour of you men?"

"The Professor—your father."

"Well?"

"He told me only the other evening that I would be justified in what I am doing—at least he said every man was justified in making two happy and one miserable rather than making three miserable."

"You are presuming, sir."

"Pardon me—for now, when I think of it, I have made an ass of myself. I see it is impossible for such as you to care for such as I—you are beautiful and rich——"

"I see no use in continuing the discussion."

"Then it is all over—my dream, Miss Somerton, only a dream. I have been mad!"

"I did not say so."

He looked up eagerly, a last ray of hope flashing upon him.

"You pity me?"

"I have more need to pity your *fiancée*."

"Is that your only objection?" he asked with intense eagerness.

"It is a serious one."

“Otherwise you could——”

“Ask no questions, Mr Richard,” she said in a softer voice, “I am going to do what you wish, and consider what you have said.”

Richard, recalled from despair to the domain of hope, could say nothing but gaze inquiringly at her face. But she at once averted it.

“In the meantime,” she resumed, “you will go and talk the matter over with my father, and *never see me again till I send for you!*”

“Give me one word of hope?”

“Not now; good night.”

And she left him standing there, gazing after her retreating form till it was lost in the twilight.

“Mysterious, like her father,” he said to himself as he walked homewards, in a state of something like mental confusion. Everything had turned out so different from what he expected. Go and see her father? Could it be that she actually loved him, though she had been so cold in her behaviour?

Had he seen how Miss Somerton threw herself upon her bed, and sobbed the sob of a great heart-ache, he might have been able to answer the question.

“And I can never marry him,” she kept on saying. “I must only break his heart—oh! father do not ask me to play this terrible part any longer!”

In the library the Professor sat with a contented smile upon his face, wondering what kept Julia. Perhaps Richard had not proposed. Anyhow, was he not lucky in having a daughter who could play the part of second conspirator so well?

“Julia, is clever,” he mused, “but unsuspecting, which is a great virtue—a great virtue.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPTATION.

‘YES, my daughter, her nature being dutiful, has talked this matter over with me,’ the Professor was saying to Richard, drawing his chair away from the microscope, with which he had been found engrossed as on the previous occasion. “We both agreed that the situation was complicated, considering the principles of human happiness we hold and endeavour to promote—endeavour to promote.”

“You said, sir, that ’twere better one should suffer than that the happiness of three should be ruined,” replied Richard with alacrity.

“It is there the difficulty comes in,” replied the Professor, elevating his eyebrows at the discovery that his words had made an impression. This youth is impressionable (so ran his thoughts during a pause); now for part second of the lesson. “Would you, for instance, or Julia either, be perfectly happy together in the knowledge that you had blighted the life of another human being of tender sympathies?”

“Then your theory is nonsense,” retorted Richard so vigorously that the Professor again raised his eyebrows.

“Not if you understand it in all its bearings—remember, in all its bearings.”

“I see; you mentioned something about experiments, such as treating the emotions with medicine.”

“Precisely.”

“I did not take you seriously, Professor, ’pon my word.”

“Ah, not being a student in such matters, you have not grasped the possibility of it. Perhaps you will still entertain doubts though I inform you that my experiments have been completely successful—completely successful.”

“I will not say that I doubt your word, seeing you are so much more learned than I am; but, sir, you will allow

me to say, by Jove, that I am greatly astonished. A man's temper sometimes depends upon a good or a bad dinner, but I never heard tell of anybody loving or hating according to the quality of his victuals."

"Pray confine your remarks to medicine," interrupted the Professor a little testily. "You get medicines which affect the nerves, the stomach, the liver, the kidneys—in fact there are medicines specially applicable to nearly every organ of the body—of the body. What I have been seeking, and have found—I am convinced—is an agent which will so affect the nerve centre controlling the emotion of love, that the direction of its action, so to speak, will be changed, while its energy remains unimpaired, in fact quickened—in fact quickened."

"Very interesting, Professor; but——"

"Exactly; 'but,' you were about to remark, you came here to discuss another subject of more personal import? I will, with your permission, show you, Mr Stuart, that this subject has a direct relation to your case," said the Professor, rising and placing his back to the fire, the habit of dry expectoration making itself evident in the growing excitement of the conversation.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"You'll find me a good listener, Professor, but if it comes to argument, I'm afraid I am not in it, simply."

"Well, to discuss that is not necessary," replied the Professor, settling down into his usual drawl, and at the same time resuming his seat. "Supposing I ask you a question or two, eh?"

"Very glad."

"You are eldest son, and heir of the estate. I presume your father loves you, because fathers usually prefer their eldest sons; still it sometimes happens that a father cleaves to some younger member of the family—how stands the case with you? a delicate question, young sir, but one I would like to have answered, so much depends upon it—upon it."

"Of course I'll get the estate and all that."

"You misunderstand me—I am not a worldly man—not a worldly man. Human happiness I esteem above all things—if you care to have it so, I am philanthropic in my disposition—philanthropic. Love in the family is the most beautiful expression of that happiness. To get at my meaning, let me suggest an illustration, one disagreeable but necessary. Supposing some serious misfortune befel you—you'll forgive the ridiculousness of the suggestion, sir—he would, I mean, deplore it more than in the case of any other individual of the family?"

"I think he would."

"And there is Miss Flora."

"Professor, I don't quite follow you," broke in Richard, moving uneasily in his chair.

"No—perhaps I am discursive, somewhat discursive. But in selecting a husband for my daughter——"

"Yes, sir."

"In selecting a husband for my daughter, it is, you will agree, important to know, seeing he is more or less of a stranger, whether, in the first place, he stands well in his own family circle."

"Why not ask father?"

"Ah, there you beg the question; for I may just as well tell you now that I am not prepared at present to give any formal consent to your engagement to my daughter. Various matters require consideration; and, first of all, there is the case of this Miss Flora, to whom, you say, you are engaged, but whom you do not love sufficiently to make your wife happily—I say happily."

"Correct, sir."

"Would she feel your desertion of her—forgive me, but I am a father dealing with the happiness of a daughter."

"Honestly, I am afraid she would," replied Richard after a lengthy pause.

"H'm."

"I suppose, sir," continued Richard, again breaking the silence, "you are only letting me down gently. It is very

kind of you, but I would rather have my answer downright."

"Your case is not hopeless; that is all I can say at present."

"Thank you, sir."

"But there are conditions."

"Name them," was Richard's eager request.

The Professor here got up and began to pace the room, his manner indicating that a crisis in his plans had come, and that a miscalculated *contretemps* might irretrievably ruin them.

"As I have explained," he proceeded, "my daughter and I are extremely sensitive in the matter of injuring the feelings of others—most sensitive. We would rather suffer ourselves. Ahem! You might naturally ask what about your own feelings? But you are a man, and, consequently, only come second, in matters of the heart, to a woman. Miss Flora, as you call her, must not suffer through my accepting you as a son-in-law, assuming that I do so."

"No human being could guarantee that," said Richard, starting up from his chair.

"I can."

The Professor had stopped in his walk, and confronted Richard with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon his victim with hypnotic intensity.

"You wish to try an experiment, Professor."

"No, you must be the experimenter."

"I?"

"Yes, sir—upon that depends the hand of my daughter."

"It's my turn now to ask for time to consider, Professor Somerton—you are a man of surprises."

At this remark the Professor gave Richard a keen look, as if he mentally assured himself that there were more shrewdness in the young man he had to deal with, when it came to a pinch, than he anticipated.

"That is sensibly said," he observed carelessly, at the same time opening a drawer in his desk, "of course I

merely suggest a plan—a safe and sure one, dear sir—for your consideration. It is you who forced this matter upon us, remember—you. We were happy here, my daughter and I, until you introduced this subject, and it is one I would rather you did not press. Permit me to show you this little packet here—very tiny, is it not? and more valuable than rubies—than rubies. Gems frequently cause sin and misery, sir, this little white powder, which dissolves instantly and becomes invisible and tasteless in wine or water, removes misery and avoids sin.”

“ I scarcely see anything in the paper.”

“ Two grains, that is all ; white in colour, so powdery that if you breathe so hard—*so* hard—it will vanish in the air. Easily administered—easily administered.”

“ By the doctor.”

“ No ; a virtue lies in its being administered by the person who is loved and who desires to quench that love, and so preserve the happiness of the jilted one.”

“ I could not do it—what if it killed her ?”

Professor Somerton started visibly at the remark.

“ Ha ! you are nervous,” he said, laughing drily.

“ How does it work, Professor ?—I may at least satisfy my curiosity.”

“ Quite right, sir—but remember, on your soul and conscience, that what I tell you is a secret, and—one—which—you—must—never divulge.”

“ I promise.”

“ A dreamless sleep—your absence for a few days—*and Miss Flora would never love you again.*”

And as we broke in upon their conversation, so must they as suddenly be left—Richard gazing silently into the fire, now a mere flicker, and the Professor contemplating him from behind with a look that was almost triumphant and unmistakably fiendish.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER XII.

Rev. Thos. Fraser, Treasurer, 1811-1834.—State of Hospital Funds at his Entry.—Accounts well kept.—Important Docquet approved, but ignored.—Evil arising from mixing up the Accounts.—Large Sum due to Library Fund.—Items entered in error in Hospital Accounts.—Annual Rent of Hospital House.—Bequest of Widow James Mackintosh or Fraser.—Benefactions for immediate distribution.—Part of Diriebught let for a Nursery.—Rent of Broadstone, 1818.—Library moved from Academy back to Dunbar's Hospital.—Reductions in Rents of Hospital Property.—Mr Albert Munro's Mortification paid up.—Reduction of Interest on Bonds.—Cash left in Bank at low Interest.—Balance due to Heirs of Treasurer.—A Bequest dealt with as Income, owing to Reduced Income of Trust.—Mr John Ross, Treasurer, 1834-35.—State of Hospital Funds, 1834.—Audit of Accounts.—Death of Mr Ross.—Mr F. Matheson, Treasurer, 1835-39.—Accounts (1835-36) show increase of Income.—Legacy from Collector Smith.—Loan to Glengarry paid up.—Public Burdens, 1837.—Rev. Robt. Macpherson, Treasurer for Five Months, 1839.

THE Rev. Thos. Fraser continued to act as Treasurer for many years, until his death in 1834, though he does not appear to have been formally appointed. His accounts are made up as between "The Kirk Session in account with Mr Thomas Fraser acting as Hospital Treasurer," up to 1815; but in the Session minutes he is time to time mentioned as the Treasurer, and, on rendering his accounts up to May, 1811, he was requested to continue his good offices and humanity in the discharge of his duty. His accounts were regularly audited and approved, and in those for 1816 he styles himself "Treasurer." He also credits himself with £10 as salary.

The amount of the funds he took over at his entry, including value of real property, was	... £3580	0	0
Of interest annually about	221	0
Of balance due by last Treasurer	34	4 9½

An annual statement of capital was continued till 1815, after which it is omitted, and only a statement of annual income given, from which the amount of capital can be deduced. At that date the only Hospital property mentioned is the Hospital and garden, the lands of Broadstone and Crotterton, and £2400 lodged in bank at 2 per cent., yielding, of course, a greatly reduced income of only about £135. His accounts are clearly stated, and he kept a day book, showing his disbursements as "incidents." At the end of his account for 1832-33 is the following docquet:—"At the same time the Treasurer laid before the Session an improved method of stating the account, showing under different heads the amount of income of each separate branch and its expenditure, which the Session highly approved, and appointed to be adopted in future." This is signed by Alex. Rose, John Ross, and Alex. Fraser. This excellent resolution, like several others of similar purport, come to on previous occasions, was completely ignored.

The mischief arising from mixing up the accounts is shown by an entry at the end of the statement for the year 1817, when the Committee found that there was "a balance in the Treasurer's hands of £230 13s 10d, in which sum is included a debt due to the Library fund," without mentioning the amount. A reference to the account book for the Library (probably made up at a later date) shows it to be 22 years' interest, at 5 per cent., on £165—£182 10s. A few years later an entry occurs at the end of the accounts for 1823-24, that the Session found, from a statement of the Library fund laid before them, that there was due to it by the Hospital fund the sum of £279 13s 3d, and, being desirous to separate both funds completely, they directed the Treasurer to deposit the above amount, due to the Library, in the Bank of Scotland, and, to enable him to do

this, to take up £80 of capital deposited in that bank.— See Session Records, 25th May and 8th June, 1824.

Further, at this time certain receipts from the Marriage fund, and from what was called the “Surplus of Sunday Collections,” were included in the Hospital Treasurer’s account on the charge side, and payments to precentors and kirk officers on the discharge side, evidently chargeable in part to the church collection moneys. But, in 1834, we find the salaries to church officers first entered, and then deducted, as “to be charged in future to collection account.” The amount was £18, and the receipts from collection were no longer entered.

To go back a few years, the value of the old Hospital proper increased temporarily, for, on 22nd May, 1810, the Session let on lease, for seven years from Whitsunday of that year, the whole of the Hospital house except the weigh-house, to Colonel the Hon. A. Fraser of Lovat for £15 per annum, apparently for a storehouse. This is the amount stated in the Session Records, but in the accounts the rent actually paid was £25, the magistrates paying £6 for the weigh-house. At the expiry of this lease, the building remained unlet for a time; but the old writing-school was let in 1821 at £3 3s, and the room required for the Library, in 1819, at £7 7s.

Another mistake as to figures may be noticed. It was reported to the Session, on 24th October, 1809, that Widow James Mackintosh, *alias* Fraser, had left £18 stg. to the Session of Inverness on behalf of the poor; but, on 30th April, 1811, her deed of settlement was presented to the Session, under which she left to the ministers, elders, and other members of the Kirk Session of Inverness, for behoof of the poor of the said parish, the sum of £80 stg., but under the proviso that, out of the interest, £1 stg. per annum was to be paid to a Widow Fraser, residing in the Green of Muirtown, during her life. This £80, paid on 11th July, 1811, was added to the capital stock. About this time the Session received several benefactions for the

poor, but all seemingly intended for immediate distribution, hence they were not funded. Among them were—£20 from James Neeld, Esq., of Buckinghamshire; £5 sent by post; £50 from Mr John Ross, of London; £5 from Bailie Clark, Inverness; £15 from the Hon. Colonel Fraser of Lovat; and a legacy of £10 from Miss Fanny Cooper—all between 1809 and 1814. Part of the lands of Diriebught was held under an assignation of lease in 1818, by Messrs Dickson & Gibbs, nurserymen, and was used by them as a nursery. They petitioned for authority to erect a greenhouse, to be removed at the expiry of their lease, as they wished to avoid any question whether they were entitled to do so. This permission was granted. The lands of Broadstone were let on lease for eleven years at 60 guineas per annum, from Martinmas, 1816. First payment at Candlemas, 1818.

In 1817 the Library books, which had been for a long time in the hall of the Academy, were removed back to their former place—the old Library room—as it was reported that they were much injured, and that liberty had been taken with the presses. The room was to be fitted up, and 7 guineas paid from the Marriage fund to the Hospital fund as rent. This sum was regularly paid for a long time. In 1818 the rent of the Hospital garden was reduced from 5 guineas to £4. About 1821, claims for reduction of rents and interest on bonds commenced, no doubt owing to the fall of prices for agricultural produce. The tenant of Broadstone got a reduction of £13 on his last crop; and, on being refused a reduction of £20 per annum, asked, and was allowed, to relinquish his lease. The lands were then let to Fraser of Culduthel for 9 years from Martinmas at £48 per annum; but, in 1823, he petitioned for a reduction, and was allowed £6 off on the last crop. In 1822, the trustees of Mr Albert Munro's mortification paid up the £100 falling to Inverness, and the money was lent to Munro of Teananich at 4½ per cent., instead of 5 per cent., as formerly. Crotterton was let to Mr James Fraser on a 7 years' lease in 1823, at £9 10s per annum.

Then followed applications for reduction in the interest payable on bonds, commencing with one from Torbreck, to have the interest on his bond for £1000 reduced from 5 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as otherwise he would pay up the amount. This was acceded to. The next was from Inches to the same purport. The Session deferred coming to a decision till their next meeting (20th May, 1823), when they agreed to reduce the rate to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to be raised again if the interest of money should rise. And in October of the same year, the interest on Glengarry's bond was also reduced to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., with which he expressed himself quite satisfied. But on 20th April, 1824, there was a further application from him to have the rate reduced to 4 per cent., and a similar application from Torbreck on 8th June. In both cases the Session claimed three months' notice. They declined, therefore, either to have the money paid up or to reduce the interest without this. Torbreck's bond continued at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for a time, then was reduced to 4, and then paid up; but Inches' bond was temporarily reduced to 4 per cent. in 1825, and raised to 5 per cent. in 1827. Torbreck's money was lent to the town at 5 per cent., also in 1827. The rate on Inches' bond was again reduced in 1828-29, and both bonds paid up at Martinmas, 1829, and £2400 lodged in bank. Only 2 per cent. was got for 6 months. Then £2000 of it was lent for a short time at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the remainder at $2\frac{3}{4}$ in bank; and then the whole sum was again in bank, at only 2 per cent., from November, 1831, to May, 1834.

As the pensioners continued to be paid, there was a balance due to the heirs of the Rev. Thomas Fraser, at 1st February, 1834, amounting to £56 11s 11½d. This reduction of income was a serious matter. The Session, even on 11th November, 1823, on receiving intimation that the widow of the Rev. George Watson, sometime one of the ministers of the parish, had bequeathed £20 to the poor of the town and parish, considering that Mrs Watson "left the money without any particular instructions as to the

manner of applying it, and considering that, from the fall in the interest of money and the rent of the Session lands, the sum to be distributed among the poor this year will be considerably less than usual, resolve to consider this bequest of Mrs Watson as part of their income for the year, and instruct the Treasurer to state it so in his account." The whole income, if all rents, &c., were paid, for that year appears to have been only £197, and by 1833 it fell to £127 5s 1d; and this included, for the weigh-house, £6; the Hospital garden, £3; Library, £7 7s; and for a ladies' school, £4. The following year, £5 additional was got for a "mechanic's apartment."

The accounts for the year 1833-34 are made up to 30th April, 1834, and show a balance due to the Treasurer of £50 15s 5d. The Rev. Thos. Fraser died early in February of that year, and on the 11th of that month Mr John Ross was appointed his successor as "Kirk Treasurer," which evidently included on this occasion the office of Hospital Treasurer. The following week the Treasurer's books were handed over to him, with instructions to prepare a statement of the accounts from date of last settlement up to the day of Mr Fraser's death. Mr Ross entered upon his office on 11th February, 1834, and held it until his death, in July, 1835. The state of the Hospital fund at his entry was—

£2400 deposited in bank most of the year			
at 2 per cent., yielding per annum	...	£49	16 9
The lands of Broadstone, rent £45; lands of			
Crotterton, rent £15 3s 9d	60	3 9
Hospital Garden, £3; Library, £7 7s; weigh-			
house, £6	16	7 0
Ladies' school, £4; Mechanic's apartment, £5		9	0 0
Access to Maryfield	0	10 0
		<hr/>	
		£135	17 6

There was also brought into the account an item—"Catechist's share of the dues of baptisms and marriages"

—which certainly formed no part of the Hospital funds proper, and doubtless was done owing to the offices of Hospital Treasurer and Kirk Treasurer being held by the same person. At the end of the year the rents of the Library and of the Ladies' school were twelve months, and of the Hospital garden six months, in arrears.

The accounts presented by him to the Session for audit on 12th May, 1834, embrace—(1) An account between Mr Fraser as Treasurer and the Session, showing a balance of £56 11s 11½d due to Mr Fraser's executors; and (2) An account between Mr Ross and the Session, in which he charged himself with the sum due to his predecessor's executors, and showing a balance due to himself of £50 15s 5d. The Session expressed their approbation of the accuracy shown by Mr Fraser in keeping the accounts during many years, and discharged his representatives from all claims. The statement of funds for year ending 30th April, 1835, shows little variation from that for the previous year, and the same may be said of the account current. There is no capital account, only one of revenue. Mr Ross only lived until July, 1835, when he was succeeded by Mr Farquhar Matherson; and the Session recorded that he had discharged his duty with the highest accuracy.

Mr Farquhar Matheson was Treasurer from July, 1835, till May, 1839. The account for year ending 30th April, 1836, is made up in two parts—the first up to Mr Ross's death, showing a balance due to his estate of £18 19s 6d, and the second a balance due to Mr Matheson of £29 10s 10d. The income this year shows a considerable increase, as £2400 was now lent to Colonel Hay of Westerton at 3½ per cent., and the rent of Broadstone was now £50, instead of £45. A legacy from Collector Smith of £150, less legacy duty, £15, and stamp on discharge, £1 2s 6d, increased the capital. This money was left for the benefit of the poor, at the joint disposal of the Kirk Session and Magistrates, but paid to the Hospital Treasurer, and dealt with as part of the Session funds.

In 1836 the room in the Hospital long used as a Ladies' school, the rent for which was generally in arrear, was let to Mr Stewart, teacher, at a rent of £3. The £1600 belonging to Young's fund, but lent to Glengarry, was paid up at Whitsunday, 1836, and placed in the bank till a suitable investment could be found. The accounts of this fund have long been kept distinct.

In 1837 we find a detailed list of public burdens, *e.g.*, stipends payable, feu-duty, street assessments, road and county buildings, &c., amounting to £16 19s 11½d; also, repairs to Hospital, £3 4s 9d. The yearly accounts no longer show the name of the Treasurer at the head, as heretofore. In May, 1839, a new Treasurer was appointed—the Rev. Robert Macpherson—who took charge of the Hospital accounts until October in the same year.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

FEAR A' GHLINNE.

CAIB. I.

AIR feasgar gruamach, fuar, mu thoiseach an earraich, o chionn iomadh bliadhna, bha Callum Ruadh, fear an Taigh-osda, 's a' Ghleann Mhor, 'na shuidhe gu comh-fhurtaile 'g a gharadh fhein anns an t-seomar-chuil, far am biodh e mar bu trice 'na shuidhe an uair nach biodh a' bheag de luchd-falbh is tighinn a' tathaich an taighe. Bha uinneag an t-seomair-chuil ris an aird an iar-thuath. An drasta 's a rithist, an uair a thigeadh osnaichean troma de'n ghaoith, agus a shileadh fras chlachan-meallain, shealladh e air an uinneig, agus theireadh e, "Nach neo-thaingeil daoine aig am bheil an cas air tir a nochd? Nach iomadh fear a tha nochd gu fliuch, fuar, anasta, air bharr nan tonn uaibhreach, a bheireadh na chunnaic e riamh mu choinneamh a dha shul air son a bhì 'na shuidhe gu seasgair, blath anns an t-seomar so?"

Bha Callum Ruadh gu nadurra 'na dhuine rasanta, laidir 'na inntinn agus 'na dhoigh; ach thug na chuala, na chunnaic, agus na dh'fhiosraich e fad nan coig bliadhna fichead a bha e 'siubhal an t-saoghail 's ag iarraidh an fhortain, taiseachadh mor air a nadur. An uair a bhiodh an t-side fuar, fliuch, fiadhaich bhiodh e 'cuimhneachadh air a liuthad fuachd, agus fliuchadh, agus cruadal troimh 'n deachaidh e fhein fad na h-uine a bha e air falbh o dhuthaich a bhreith is araich. Cha b' e sin a mhain, ach bhiodh truas aige ris a h-uile creutair beo a shaoileadh e a bhiodh fuar, fliuch, acrach, agus fada o aite anns am faigheadh iad blaths agus fagadh, ged nach biodh e idir deonach gu'n cailleadh creutair sam bith ni sam bith a bhuineadh dha gu dligheach.

Air an fheasgar so, bha e 'ga fhaireachadh fhein anabarrach taingeil. Bha cuibhrionn mhath de storas an

t-saoghail so aige. Bha e fhein 's a bhean 's a theaghlach slan, fallain; agus bha taigh os cionn a chinn cho math, agus cho ordail air a chumail 's a gheibhte eadar da cheann na duthcha. Rud eile dheth, 's ann aige a bha an aon bhean-taighe, ged is mòr am facal e, cho ciuin 's cho sìobhalta, cho glìc 's cho deanadach, agus cho eireachdail anns gach doigh, 's a gheibhteadh anns an tìr gu leir. Bha fhìach sin de mheas aige oirre. An uair a ghabhadh e glaine no dha de 'n uisge-bheatha—agus cha 'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh 's a' choir air—bu ghle thoil leis greis a thoirt air innseadh a liuthad lon agus lodan as an do chuir e steall, an uair a bha e 'dol tarsuinn a' mhonaidh g' a faicinn mu 'n do phos iad. “Cha robh fear eile air an taobh air an robh mi de 'n duthaich,” theireadh e, “a rachadh troimh 'n mhonadh mhor cho glan 's cho sgiobalta rium, no idir cho tric rium. Mar a thuir an seann duine:—“Far am bith do chradh bidh do lamh, 's far am bi do ghradh bidh do thathaich.”

Air an fheasgar so, cha robh coltas gu 'n tigeadh fear seach fear a mach air toll doruis de na ceatharnaich a b'abhaist a 'bhith tighinn a fhliuchadh na ribheid do 'n Taigh Bhan, mar a theirteadh gu cumanta ris an Taigh-osda.

“Saoil thu, Mhairi,” arsa Callum ris a mhnaoi, “an tig Domhull Sgoileir as a' Bhaile Uachdrach a nochd? Dh' earb is dh' aithn mi ris tighinn air a h-uile cor; ach tha coltas ro fhiadhaich air an fheasgar, agus gu cinnteach ceart cha 'n 'eil a thuar air an t-side gun atharraich i ann an aithghearr. Tha am Faoileach 'ga chur fhein an geill gu sgoinneil.”

“Tha mise an dochas nach tig Domhull Sgoileir a nochd. Is e teas an teine bhith ann an luirgnean fir sam bith a bheireadh air a dhol ceud slat o a dhorus fhein a nochd, ni 's lugha na bheireadh bas, no eiginn air a dhol a mach,” arsa Mairi.

“Chunnaic mise ceud rud a b' iongantaiiche leam na ged a bhiodh e ann an so mu 'n dorchnaich an oidhche. An

rud a ghabhas e 'na cheann, cha chuir an saoghal as e. Agus o'n a dh' iarr mise air tighinn, thig e gun teagamh, ma ghabhas e 'na cheann tighinn," arsa Callum.

Mu 'n gann a leig Callum am facal as a bheul, co a nochd a steach an dorus ach Domhull Sgoileir.

" Failte 's furain ort, a Dhomhuill, 's tu a thug leat an droch shide as a Bhaile Uachdrach," arsa Callum.

" Is e mo mhor bharrail, a Challum, gu robh an droch shide agaibh 's a' Ghleann mu 'n d' thainig mise an rathad idir. Ach cha mhor is fhiach fear sam bith ris an canar fear, ma chumas leithid na h-oidhche nochd a staigh e. Bha mi latha dhe mo laithean nach cumadh uisge no gaoth, sneachda no fuachd a staigh mi," arsa Domhull Sgoileir.

" S luaithe deoch na sgeul. A nall dhuinn deur as a' bhotul, a Mhairi; tha Domhull fuar, fliuch, agus tha mi fhein gu seasgair, blath. An rud a chumas a muigh am fuachd cumaidh e muigh an teas," arsa Callum.

Thug Mairi lamh air a' bhotul, agus chuir i air am beulaobh air a' bhord e. An uair a bhlais iad beagan de na bh' anns a' bhotul, thoisich iad ri comhran mu chaochladh nithean a bha tachairt anns an duthaich.

Anns an am ud cha robh fear as a' cheud a' faotainn paipear-naigheachd eadar da cheann na bliadhna. 'S e sia paipearan-naigheachd a bha 'tighinn gu riaghailteach do 'n sgireachd. Bha Mr Seumas, am ministear a' faotainn fir, agus o'n a bha maighstir-sgoile na sgireachd, no Domhull Sgoileir, mar a theirteadh gu cumanta ris, 'ga mheas fhein faisge air a bhith cho ionnsaichte ris a' mhinistear, dh' fheumadh e fios a bhith aige air cia mar a bha gnothaichean a' dol air an aghaidh air feadh an t-saoghail. Cha robh Callum Ruadh, ged nach robh ann ach fear taigh-osda 'ga mheas fhein dad air dheireadh air a' mhaighstir-sgoile, agus mar sin, bha e 'faotainn paipear-naigheachd dha fhein. An uair a thigeadh am post uair 's an t-seachduin, gheibheadh na fir so naigheachdan a chumadh riutha gus an tigeadh an ath phost. Bha na tri paipeiran-

naigheachd eile a' tighinn thun nan tri tuathanach mora a bh' anns an aite.

Bha am ministear 'na dhuine ciuin, samhach, agus mur tachradh do neach ceisd a chur air mu thimchioll cuisean na rioghachd, cha tugadh e guth no iomradh air naigheachd dhe na bha e 'leughadh o sheachduin gu seachduin.

Cha b, ionnan sin 's mar a bha Domhull Sgoileir. Cha robh naigheachd, bheag no mhor, a bha e 'leughadh eadar da cheann na bliadhna nach robh e deas gus an aithris aig am sam bith. Bha cuimhne cho math aige 's gu robh daoine, a bha eolach air, a' creidsinn gu rachadh aige air a h-uile ni a chunnaic 's a chual' e o'n a bha e ceithir bliadhna a dh' aois innseadh. Bha cuid eadhon a' creidsinn gu robh cuimhne aige air far an robh an cruisean an crochadh an oidhche a rugadh e. Biodh so fìor no na bitheadh, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh Domhull Sgoileir neo-chumanta math gus gach ni a a chluinneadh 's a chitheadh e a chumail air chuimhne.

Mar bu trice, an uair a rachadh e a chur greis dhe 'n uine seachad anns an Taigh Bhan, bhiodh e fhein agus Callum Ruadh comhladh anns an t-seomar chuil. Bha e a' meas nach b'aite dha idir a bhith 'na shuidhe anns an t-seomar oil, a bha fosgailte do gach neach a thigeadh no dh' fhalbhadh. Ach an uair a thigeadh fear de ne tuathanaich mhora do 'n Ghleann, chuirteadh do 'n t-seomar a b' fhearr a bh' anns an taigh iad. B' e, An Seomar Ur, a theireadh muinntir an taighe. agus mar an ceudna na h-eolaich, ris an t-seomar so. O 'n a chaidh an t-ainm fada 's farsuinn gu robh gu 'm b' e Domhull Sgoileir fear-cuideachd cho math 's a bh' eadar da cheann na duthcha, cha robh duine uasal no iosal a bhiodh a' gabhail an rathaid agus a thaghladh anns an taigh-osda, nach biodh anabarrach deonach a bhith car uine. nam faodadh iad, ann an cuideachd Dhomhuill Sgoileir. Nam biodh duil aig aon dhe na tuathanaich mhora an oidhche, no eadhon greis dhe 'n latha, 'chur seachad anns an Taigh Bhan, chuireadh iad fios ro laimh gu robh iad an duil tighinn, agus dh'

iarradh iad air Callum Ruadh fios a chur gu Domhull Sgoileir. O nach robh am Bail' Uachdrach ach mu thri mile o'n Taigh-Bhan, cha bhiththeadh fada 'cur fios gu Domhull, agus cha mho na sin a bhiodh Domhull fada 'cur nan tri mile as a dheigh. Cha trobh e ach mu choig troidhean a dh'airde, agus bha e cho dìreach air a dha bhonn ri mac mathar anns an duthaich. O nach robh e ach gle aotrom ann am feoil, bha e 'na choisiche anabarrach math. Ged a bha e aig an am mu'm bheil sinn a' sgrìobhadh, dluth air leith cheud bliadhna a dh'aois, cha saoiladh neach sam bith a chitheadh a' coiseachd an rathaid e, gu robh e latha thar deich bliadhna fichead. An uair a bha e eadar fichead is deich bliadhna fichead a dh'aois, 's e fear bu luaithe a bh' anns an duthaich gu leir. An uair a bhiodh e ruith, shaoileadh duine nach beanadh cas do thalamh dheth. Bhiodh e mar an trilleachan 'na dheannamh ri cois na tuinne.

“Tha mi ro thoilichte, 'Dhomhuill, gu 'n d' thainig tu, ged a tha an oidhche cho fuar 's cho fiadhaich. Fhuair mi litir an de o do dheadh charaid, Fear na Cuil-Airde, agus bha e ag radh gu robh duine uasal, a thainig as na rioghachdan thall, toileach beagan sheachduinean a chur seachad anns an aite so; agus gu robh e ann an dòchas gu rachadh agamsa air an da sheomar a's fhearr a th' anns an taigh a thoirt do'n duine uasal so fhad 's a bhiodh e anns an aite. Dh' ainmich Fear na Cuil-Airde mar an ceudna gu robh toil mhor aig an duine uasal so thusa bhith 'na chuideachd cho tric 's a b' urrainn dhut. Tha 'chuis coltach gu 'n deachaidh d' ainm-sa fada 's farsuinn; oir chual' an duine uasal so ann an Duneideann gu bheil fiosrachadh agus eolas agadsa mu sheann nithean 's mu nithean ura nach fhaighear aig fear eile 's an duthaich. Nach fhada o'n a thuirt mi riut gu 'm biodh tu 'na do dhuine ainmeil mu fagadh tu an saoghal,” arsa Callum Ruadh.

“Tha tomhas riaghailteach a dh' eolas agam mu iomadh ni gun teagamh; ach is iomadh fear aig am faodadh barrachd colais a bhith air na th' agamsa. Cha mhise an

t-aon fhear anns an duthaich aig am bheil suilean is cluasan. Nam feuchadh gach fear is te ri feum a dheanamh dhe 'n suilean 's dhe 'n cluasan, cha b' eagal nach rachadh aca air iomadh colas agus fiosrachadh fhaotainn," arsa Domhull Sgoileir.

"Ach, a Dhomhuill," arsa Callum Ruadh, 's e 'freagairt, "cuimhnich thusa nach ann aig a h-uile fear a tha na buadhan inntinn a th'agadsa. Bha thu gu nadurra geur gu nithean a thuigsinn. Tha cuimhne gle mhath agamsa gus an latha 'n diugh, mar a bha thu cho math gu ionnsachadh an uair a bha thu anns a' sgoil aig Piri. Bha do chuimhne cho math an uair sin 's nach robh thu 'call facal dhe na bha thu 'g ionnsachadh. Gun teagamh sam bith bha thu anabarrach dichiollach, curamach aig do leabhraichean.

"Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh inntinn gle gheur agam —'s e sin a theireadh daoine eile cho dhiu—ach an uair a dh' fhas mi sean 's ann a thuig mi gu lan mhath gu feumainn m' inntinn a shuidheachadh, le mor aire, air gach ni bu mhiann a chumail air chuimhne. Chluinn mi iomadh neach ag radh gu bheil droch cuimhne aca ; ach 's ann aca nach 'eil. Ma ni mise no thusa dad cearr, theid mi 'n urras gu 'm bi cuimhne aca air. Nach iongantach mar a tha daoine gu nadurra ni 's deonaiche cuimhne 'chumail air an olc na tha iad air a' mhath? Ged nach bi cuimhne aig daoine air a' mhath a bha, neo-ar-thaing nach bi cuimhne aca air an olc a bha. Ach eadar dha sgeul, an d' thug Fear na Cuil-Airde beachd-sgeul dhut air an duine uasal mu 'n robh thu 'labhairt o chionn tiotaidh?" arsa Domhull.

"Ma ta cha d' thug, a Dhomhuill," arsa Callum, "agus tha Mairi 's mi fhein car eadar dha chomhairie. Is leag leinn an duine uasal a mhealladh. A reir mar a tha mise 'tuigsinn na litreach, tha h-uile duile aige beagan sheachduinean a chur seachad 's an aite so. 'S e so fhein an aon taigh a tha freagarrach airson a leithid de dhuine ; ach tha car a dh' eagal oirnn le cheile nach teid againn, mu 'n am so de 'n bhliadhna, air gach biadh a thoirt dha, a b' abhaist

dhuinn a bhith 'toirt do na daoine a bhiodh a' taghal oirnn 's an t-samhradh. Cha 'n 'eil e idir furasda iasg ur no feoil ur fhaotainn mu 'n am so de 'n bhliadhna. Cha 'n 'eil uighean nan cearc fhein pailt mu 'n am so ann an aite sam bith. Ach neo-ar-thaing nach 'eil am pailteas againn de 'n t-seorsa a tha cumanta am measg dhaoine cumanta mar a tha sinn fhein. Agus theid mise an urras gu 'n deasaich Mairi biadh cho grinn 's cho glan ri te eile 's an duthaich. Tha fhios agad fhein, a Dhomhuill, air a so gle mhath."

Anns an fhacal co thigeadh a steach ach Mairi. Ghrad dh' innis na fir dhith mu 'n chomhradh a bh' eatorra.

"Cha 'n fhaod sinn," arsa Mairi, "duine sam bith leis am miann tighinn a ghabhail seallaidh air an aite a chumail am muigh. Ma bhios e fhein toileach cur suas leis an t-seorsa bidh a tha sinne 'cleachdadh, faodaidh e fuireach an so fhad 's a thogras e. O 'n a tha Seumas 'na shealgair cho math, faodaidh e iomadh uair crochadh na poite a thoirt as na bheil de gheoidh 's de lachainn 's a dh' fheadagan eadar so 's ceann shuas a' Ghlinne. Tha eunlaith gu leor mu 'n bhaile, agus faodar feadhain dhiubh a mharbhadh an drasta 's a rithist. Cha truagh leam fear sam bith a gheibh pailteas de 'n bhiadh a tha sinn fhein agus daoine eile na duthcha a' gabhail."

"Tha sibh ceart gu leor, a bhean-an-taighe," arsa Domhull Sgoileir. "Cha ruig fear sam bith a leas teannadh ri talach air a' bhiadh a gheibh e anns an taigh so. Cha truagh leam cu 's marag mu 'amhaich. Ach c'uin a tha e 'tighinn?"

"Air son na bheil a dh' fhios againne faodaidh gu 'm bi e an so fo thrath suipearach. Leugh fhein, a Dhomhuill an litir a thainig a' m' ionnsuidh," arsa Callum Ruadh.

An uair a leugh Domhull Sgoileir an litir thuirt e, "Cha rachainn mionaid an urras nach biodh e an so a nochd fhathast. Gun teagamh sam bith tha 'n oidhche gle fhiadhaich aig duine 's aig ainmhidh air son a bhith 'falbh air astar. Ach feumaidh am fear-turuis, aig am bheil toil a cheann-uidhe 'ruidhinn ann an am, cur suas leis an t-side a

gheibh e. Ma bha e ann an Ceann-loch' a raoir, 's gu 'n d' fhalbh e an diugh, bidh e agaibh a nochd gun teagamh sam bith. Tha Ceann-locha coig mìle fichead as a so. Stadadh iad a thoirt siol do 'n each ann an Cul-fraoin. 'S ann an sin a b' abhaist do na gillean aig Caimbeulach Cheann-locha bhith stad leis na h-eich an comhnuidh, agus tha mi cinnteach gu 'n dean iad an diugh mar a b' abhaist dhaibh a bhith 'deanamh."

"Feuch, a Mhairi, gu bheil na seomraichean an ordugh agad gun fhios ciod a dh' fhaodas tachairt," arsa Callum.

"Tha na seomraichean deas, glan. Chuir mi plaideachan ura, glana air an leabaidh, an deigh dhaibh a bhith greis ris an teine. Cha bu mhath leam gu faigheadh neach sam bith a bhiodh an so air chuid oidhche galair a bhais le laidhe ann am plaideachan aithidh. Tha pailteas connaidh againn, agus faodar deadh theine a chur anns an da sheomar air achd 's gu 'm bi iad blath air choinneamh an duine uasail ma thig e nochd," arsa Mairi.

O 'n a bha h-uile duil aca ris an duine uasal an oidhche ud fhein, rinneadh deiscil gach ni a shaoileadh iad a bhiodh a dhith air. Lasadh na soluis anns na seomraichean, agus chuireadh deadh theine anns gach fear dhiubh.

"Deasaich thusa, 'Mhairi, deadh shuipeir, agus mur a tig an duine uasal a nochd, ithidh sinn fhein i. Cha chall rud a gheibh caraid," arsa Callum.

An uair a bha 'n t-suipeir deas 's nach robh coltas gu 'n tigeadh an duine uasal an oidhche sin, shuidh an teaghlach mu 'n bhord. Bha Domhull Sgoileir 'na shuidhe aig deaslaimh bean-an-taighe, far am minic an robh e. Cha b' i a' chuirm gun a comhradh a bh' aca; oir bha araon Domhull Sgoileir agus Callum Ruadh 'nan dithis co comhraiteach aig bord cuirme 's a gheibhteadh ann an aite sam bith. Bha iad le cheile 'toirt creideis do 'n t-sean-fhacal a tha 'g radh, nach fhiach cuirme gun a comhradh.

Mu 'n d' eirich iad o 'n bhord thainig fios a steach gu robh an duine uasal ris an robh suil aca air tighinn. Ghrad chaidh Callum a bhruidhinn ris, agus a shealltainn an

t-seomair-chadail 's an t-Seomair-Uir dha. Dh' fheoraich e dheth an robh e air greim suipearach fhaotainn, agus ciod a b' fharr leis a dheanamh deas dha. Fhreagair an duine uasal, agus thuirt e gu robh e araon fuar agus acrach, agus gu 'm bu mhath leis biadh is deoch fhaotainn cho luath 's a ghabhadh deanamh.

“Tha 'n oidhche fuar, fiadhaidh,” ars' esan; “agus tha iad ag innseadh dhomhsa nach 'eil ni a's fharr a chuireas fuachd an Fhaoilich a cnamhan duine na lan na slige de dhriuchd nam beann. Gabhaidh mi biadh sam bith a thachair a bhith deiseil agaibh. Bu choir dhomh bhith air fios a chur ugaibh gu robh e 'nam bheachd a bhith an so a nochd; ach thuig mi nach 'eil sibh a' faighinn litrichean an so ach aon uair 's an t-seachduin, agus o nach ruigeadh litir sibh gus an ath sheachduin, cha bhiodh e chum feuma sam bith 'sgriobhadh do 'r n-ionnsuidh. Tha mi 'n dochas nach 'eil mi 'cur tuilleadh 's a' choir de dhragh air muinntir an taighe cho anamoch so air an oidhche.”

“Cha 'n 'eil e 'na dhragh sam bith leinne frithealadh sam bith a tha feumail a dheanamh dhuibh,” arsa Callum; “tha sinn ro thoileach a h-uile comhfhurtachd a's urrainn duinn a thoirt do neach sam bith a thig a dh' ionnsuidh an taighe. Fhuair mise fios o Fhear na Cuil-Airde gu robh sibh a' fagail Dhuneideann aig toiseach na seachduin, agus bha sinn a' deanamh a mach gu 'm biodh sibh an so a nochd, no uair-eiginn am maireach, mur tigeadh ni sam bith 'n 'ur rathad a chuireadh grabadh oirbh. Rinn sinn gne de dh' ulluchadh air bhur son a nochd fhein, agus tha sinn gle thoilichte gu 'n d' thainig sibh. Fada no goirid gu 'm bi sibh an so, cha 'n 'eil agaibh ach ni sam bith a bhios a dhith oirbh iarraidh, agus gheibh sibh e, ma theid againn air a thoirt dhuibh. Ma 's e bhur toil e, an innis sibh dhomh co dh' ainm a' th' oirbh.”

“'S e m' ainm, Seumas Mac Mhic Alasdair,” ars' an duine uasal.

“Bha teaghlach ro choir agus ro urramach de 'n ainm sin aon uair anns an aite so; ach cha 'n 'eil a nis beo dhe'n

treibh ach an aon duine. Tha e air tighinn gu aois : 's i mo bharail nach bi e a' bheag a dh' uine beo ; oir tha e air an leabaidh o chionn trì bliadhna 'S e Fear-a'-Ghlinne a theirear ris. 'S e is uachdaran air a' Ghleann so, agus air moran de'n fhearann a tha air gach taobh de'n Ghleann," arsa Callum ; "ach tha mi 'gar cumail tuilleadh is fada gun 'ur suipeir."

"Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil. 'S ann is math leam beagan comhraidh a bhith eadrainn. Dh' innis mo charaid, Fear na Cuil-Airde gu robh duine anns a Ghleann so a tha anabarrach fiosrach mu sheann eachdraidh na duthcha, agus bhithinn ro fhada 'n 'ur comain nan cuireadh sibh aon de na seirbhisich le litir d' a ionnsuidh 's a' mhaduin am maireach. 'S e a tha 'na Mhaighstir Sgoile anns an sgìre-achd so."

"Faodaidh sibh 'fhaicinn am maireach. Thainig e an so feasgar, agus o'n a tha 'n oidhche cho fiadhaich, cha 'n fhalbh e dhachaidh a nochd. Tha mi fhin 's e fhein gle mhor aig a cheile. Bha sinn comhladh anns an sgoil ; agus og 's mar a bha sinn aig an am, bha sinn 'n ar dluth-chompanaich. Chum sinn suas an cairdeas riamh o'n uair ud ; agus mar sin, is gle thoigh leinn a bhith ann an cuideachd a cheile," arsa Callum.

"Bhithinn fada 'n 'ur comain nan iarradh sibh air tighinn far am bheil mi gun dail, agus nan tigeadh sibh fhein maille ruinn. Cuiribh a steach, ma 's e bhur toil e botul de'n uisge-bheatha a's fhearr a th'agaibh. Cha mhisde sinn beagan dheth an am a bhith 'cur eolais air a cheile," arsa Mac 'ic Alasdair.

Rinneadh gach ni mar a dh' iarr e ; agus o'n a bha toil aca nan triuir eolas a chur air a cheile, cha do chuireadh dragh sam bith orra ; agus bha iad a' comhradh anns an t-seomar gus am faca iad iomchuidh gabhail mu thanh.

A LITTLE PICTURE.

READER, hadst thou but seen it, just one little bit of sky
Lighting the tops of the mountains, with cloud-wreaths
hurrying by.

One little simple village, down in the valley below,
Caught in the mellow beauty of the soft autumnal glow.
One bright, broad sheet of water, all glimmering shine and sheen,
Of glinting golden sunlight, with shadowing leaves between,
With one little island basking down on the water's breast,
Lulled by the eddying ripples, like to a child at rest.
This was what lay on the surface—e'en a baby might spell
Half of the lovely story the painter had told so well,
By groups of little children singing gaily in the grass,
And by yet another token—the lover and his lass
Walking softly through the vineyards, all silent from sheer bliss ;
A very child had guessed the thought that shone from out of this—
Had felt the end of nature by the droop of laden vines,
The “life in death” mysterious of all her secret shrines.
But deepest, subtlest thought of all—the seeking after truth,
The patient striving to explain the world's perpetual youth.
This spoke in deeper undertones, to souls more finely wrought
To comprehend the higher aims, the noblest range of thought ;
And even these might bow the knee where that pure soul had trod,
For the man had drunk at the source of light, and painted the
smile of God !

M. O. W.

MILAN, 2nd November, 1892.

A DAY AT "JOHN O' GROATS."

" Ho ! we were a band of Rovers
 Sailing here and sailing there,
 Sailing where the wild wind bore us,
 None to stay our course might dare !
 Gaily blew and roar'd the breezes,
 Wav'd our Ravens in the air,
 Forward bounded Norway's Galleys
 Wing'd with many a tar-stained sail !"

SUCH a pleasant, interesting, never-to-be-forgotten expedition, seems to deserve a chronicle. To many people " John O' Groat's House," the most northerly point on the British Isles, seems as far off and unattainable as America. To others, again, a mere step North, hardly worth writing about. But to *us*, this dream of youth left such wild beautiful pictures on memory's page, that some recital of that day's enjoyment seemed to come spontaneously. It was June, that month of loveliest green and longest evenings, of yellow broom and golden gorse; of cuckoos and corn-craiks, of roses and hay-fields; and it was a fine June, sunny and bright, with a little crispness in the air, which enabled us to roam over the hills in Ross-shire and Inverness-shire before taking the final trip, the " grand final " which was to land us at Wick.

The day came at last, and, full of expectation and excitement, we set out for this unknown country. The scenery all through Sutherland was beautiful, but when we left Helmsdale behind, and got further and further into the heart of Caithness (derived from " Cat," the wild cat—and Ness, a promontory) it seemed like going through a great moorland desert—not a tree, not a hill to be seen. Perhaps in autumn, when the heather is out, the *colouring* may be rich, but what *we* saw was black, and dark, and ugly ! Yes ! ugly. We had always heard Caithness was flat and ugly. We believed it now ! Here and there a rushing

stream, and banks of rich yellow broom, relieved the monotony, but in general there was absolutely nothing to look at! Yes! one thing attracted our attention. Instead of green hedges or stone walls, to divide the fields or go round the farms (where there was any cultivation) there were large, flat paving stones, raised about two feet from the ground, and placed against each other. These are used all over Caithness, and have a most curious effect, and, I must say, very little beauty, except where the yellow lichen had enriched the gray slabs here and there. Our great-grandfather, old Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, tried to get the good folk of Edinburgh to use the slabs for their pavement, and had the part opposite his own house in George Street paved with these stones from the North; but he failed in his project at that time (I believe some have been used since), and was only rewarded for his trouble by having that portion of the street termed (his family were all upwards of six foot high) "The Giant's Causeway!"

At last we saw the gray town of Wick appearing. No beauty *here*, we said, for in truth it is not prettily situated, though some fine cliffs and a good harbour are worth seeing. We were too early for the herring fishing, one of the most interesting of sights, we were told.

Next morning our long anticipated drive was to take place. Oh! will it be fine! Two o'clock in the morning was as bright as day, and we saw numbers of large white sea-gulls marching all over our friend's field and garden; then a mist came slowly down, but that should not deter us, so ten o'clock saw us fairly off in a large landau and pair of strong horses for "John O' Groats" and Duncansby Head (a twenty mile drive). There is, at present, no other way of approaching these places, as the train stops at Wick, &c. Our kind hosts, the Sheriff and his wife, planned this expedition, and nothing could exceed their generous hospitality.

As we got out of the town, we met carts and vehicles of every description, slowly coming in, filled to overflowing

with old, middle-aged, and young people; and we found that it was the monthly market-day, when the inhabitants flock in from every part to make their various purchases. It was a most picturesque and gay scene on that desolate road.

On we went, the mist still creeping over everything, though a glint of sunshine now and then showed us a weird castle by the sea, or a gray cliff, and gave us hope that we might eventually be able to get through altogether. One caught a sound of the rollers when the road neared the cliffs; and we heard the scream of the curlew and plover among the fluttering, white, cotton-rushes on the moor as we passed along. As yet we had not seen the sea. John O' Groats was getting nearer. A slight shower fell. What will the afternoon turn out? It was nearly one o'clock. "There is the Inn," said our kind hostess, and a prettily built, curious old house (not *really* old, we found, but built exactly after the old pattern) came in view. A flag-staff (with a red flag flying) is put up just opposite, on the identical site.

Such a kind, bright, nice looking landlady, Mrs Macdonald, came out to meet us, and conducted us to the octagonal room, *the* room of the Inn. There is a curious story connected with this room, she told us; eight brothers came over from Norway in the olden days, and, as each wanted to sit at the head of the table, they agreed that the room should be built octagonally, so that each brother had his seat at the board, and his window, equal with his brothers. This room is built exactly in the shape the other was, and the view from the windows was most charming. The shower cleared off—kind creature—and took away a great deal of the mist, so that we proposed a stroll on the shore till luncheon was ready, after having a most acceptable cup of tea. The time was all too short, as we picked up the red sea-weeds, John O' Groats buckies and other shells, and curious long arms of sponge that I never saw elsewhere.

Our luncheon did credit to Mrs Macdonald, but we were anxious to be off to Duncansby Head, and the time seemed almost wasted that we spent indoors. How far was it? Three-quarters of a mile. Oh! joy, the mist is slowly lifting, and the great blue sea is close at our feet. After a pleasant walk over short grass, we come, first of all, upon several little bays of purest white sand, with rocky islands in front, literally hidden by the sea-birds, and the clear, bright blue-green of the water which surround them, like no other but the Cornish sea.

Then we seemed to strike away from the sea into the middle of the plain, and I inwardly felt reluctant to leave all this beauty, when our guide stopped short, saying, "This is one of the famous gorges of Duncansby." We came so suddenly upon them that they took us quite unawares, and, looking down two or three hundred feet below, we beheld these wonderful chasms of red rock, where the sea rushes in, gurgling and boiling, between the great red walls, and where the hundreds and thousands of big white sea-gulls were screaming and yelling as if to tell us some of their adventurous secrets among the far off ocean billows. I never saw such sea-gulls (the great black-backed gull, I believe), and so tame, from the very few people who disturb them, that some hardly moved even when we were quite close to them. The echo of their cries sounded again and again, loud and clear, as we stood silently there, trying to understand their wild language and quite transfixed by the majesty of their glorious surroundings. "The Lord shall rejoice in His works," we thought, and we seemed to understand that text as we never had before.

Duncansby Head itself is a grand cliff of the same red colour, and the "Stacks of Duncansby," three big, bold, pointed rocks, about a quarter of a mile further on, standing out a little way from the shore, looked weird and ghost-like, as some of the mist still hung about them and revealed only half of their dark forms.

It seemed strange to stand here and feel we could go no further North, and to look across those wild seas over whose waves our brave Scandinavian ancestors had ventured to settle on these rugged shores. Perhaps it was some of their blood in our veins which made these scenes so doubly interesting. Oh! to have been able to take the form of one of those free, happy gulls, for a few days, and go in and out, up and down among the mighty chasms, now floating on the waves, now dashing through the cliffs whistling out their own wild poems!

We could have stood there for hours, but a gentle reminder that we had yet to spend half-an-hour among the shells, made us reluctantly turn away. It was easier said than done, as the plain was covered with short heather and grass, and, being full of holes, it was impossible not to get a foot into one of these traps sooner or later. We had been warned, and thought we were careful, but alas! down came one of us full length on the ground, and the other two, although avoiding this calamity, had several very narrow escapes. As we passed two of the great chasms, we noticed some wire fencing being put round them, and were told that the farmer who had taken to graze his flock there this spring, had lost twenty-four sheep and lambs from falling over the side; the poor unsuspecting creatures, thinking they were walking quietly in the middle of a field, found themselves suddenly dashed over the cliffs into the treacherous ravine below.

We soon reached the spot where the greatest number and variety of shells are to be found; what a Paradise for the children! Half-an-hour went like wild fire. It had to be extended a little; we really could not leave that enchanted shore. No, not until the baskets were laden with John O' Groats buckies, nightcaps, Noah's arks, saddles, bright coloured pointed periwinkles, red and yellow fans, and long arms of sponge cast up by some recent storm. These "treasures of the deep," with some of the gulls' feathers and various sea-weeds, were carefully preserved to be mementoes of this delightful expedition.

When we got back to the Inn, our good landlady had prepared a cup of tea for us before starting home, and produced some interesting autographs for our inspection from visitors to John O' Groats. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Robert Browning, Hugh Miller, Carlyle, &c., &c., were among the number. As we were leaving she popped a magnificent lobster into the carriage, a gift for the deservedly popular Sheriff, who unfortunately had had a chill the night before and could not accompany the little party. He and his family had spent a fortnight there in the spring, and had made great friends with Mrs Macdonald. This was the result, and a splendid sequel it proved!

We had to hasten off, gazing lovingly back on Dunnet Head, the "Old Man of Hoy," the Orkney Islands, and the blue, blue sea all round. Many pretty peeps showed themselves driving back, which the mist had somewhat hidden in the morning, and a golden light lit up ocean, rock, and moorland; and several "old castles by the sea," standing out clearly in the evening brightness, carried us back to old feudal days when those gray walls were peopled with the "hardy Norsemen." We reached Wick at half-past eight o'clock, with those wonderful scenes fresh in our memory—they seem as fresh now—and often when passing through the crowded town, or walking in the quiet country lane, "they flash upon that inward eye," and I hear once more those screaming gulls and see those great gorges and cliffs, and pick up the shells on the white sandy shore, and in spirit am truly at John O' Groats again!

JANET SINCLAIR BERGER.

August, 1891.

AN TEAMPULL SPIORADAIL.

LE PADRUIG STIUBHART.

G O nach iarradh a bhi chomhnuidh
Ann an cuirtibh tigh Iehobhah?
Mhiannaich Daibhidh fein gu mor sud
Thar gach solas bha 's an t-saoghal so.

Ged 's e iobairtean is sgailean
An t-seirbhis a bha 'ghnath 's a phailliu,
Chunnaic Daibhidh tre na sgailean
Rathad slainte trid Fear-saoraidh.

Chunn' e maise ghlan Iehobhah
'Dealradh 'mach le tuilleadh gloir ann;
A bhuidhean urramach a' cordadh
Ann an obair mhor na saorsa.

Choimhlion Criosda na h-uil' iarrtus
A bha 'n lagh ro naomh rig iarraidh,
Rinn e ceartas a lan riarach',
'Chaoidh gu siorruidh, le aon iobairt.

'S e 'n crann-ceusaidh a dhealbh Satan
Mar am bas 'bha maslach craiteach—
Bhruth an gaisgeach ceann an dragoin
Leis a bhas a dhealbh e fein da.

Thug e 'n gath o righ na 'n uamhas,
'S chreach e cumhachd mor na h-uaigne,
Dh'eirich air an treas la' suas e,
'Toirt na buaidh a mach gu leir orr'.

'S e Criosd e fein a bhunait uasal;
Clach-chinn na h-oisinn, nach gabh gluasad;
Se or, is airgiod, 's clachan luachmhor,
A ni suas an togail ghloirmhor.

Cha ' e fiodh, no feur, no connlach,
'Chuireas daoine suas gu scolda,
'Sheasas dearbh' an latha mhoir ud,
Ach na clachan beo nach failnich.

'S ginealach taghta sud do rireadh,
Sagartach a tha ro-rioghail,
Teampull 's am bheil Rìgh na sìochaint,
Tre a' Spiorad, 'gabhail comhnuidh.

'S mo rinn e thu na d' theampull sgiamhach,
Feuch nach dean thu uail na fhianuis ;
Fhuair e ann ad thrail do 'n diabhul thu,
Is do d' ana-miannan feolmhor.

Thug e a slochd uamhuinn suas thu ;
Chuir e fhìreantachd mu 'n cuairt ort ;
Rinn an Spioraid creutair nuadh dhiot,
'Caradh fuil an Uain ri d' chreuchdan.

Feuch gu 'n fan thu nise dluth dha,
'S fhocal-san na lochran iuil dhuit,
Iarr an Spiorad 'bhi ga d' ungadh—
An sabh-shul a bheir dhuit leirsin.

Feuch gu 'm feith thu, air an t-Sabaid,
Ann am meadhonaibh nan gras air,
Far 'm bi teachdaireachd na slainte
Air a cuir le gradh an ceill dhuit.

'S anns an t-soisgeul, tha ro-phriseil,
Tha na nithe blasda brìghear,
'S gheibh gach aon do bhochdaibh Shìon,
'Nasgaidh, 'n diola do gach Ion ann.

Bho 'n 's e Crìosd is suim 's is brìgh dha—
'Alpha 's 'Omega, do rìridh—
'S ann tha 'n lanachd tha neo-chrìochnaicht
Anns an tì sin gabhail comhnuidh.

Buanaich an co-chomunn dluth ris,
 Am briseadh arain is an urnuigh ;
 Coimhead orduighibh le curam,
 'S bheir e neart as ur gach lo dhuit.

Cum cuimhne air a bhas ud
 O 'n do shruth gu leir do shlainte ;
 Dean aithne fhior air corp an t-Slanuighear
 'S air an fhuil a d' ait' a dhoirt e.

Ged a tha thu bhos 's an fhasaich
 Sgaoilt' ri triobladean an trasa,
 Bheir e tearuint thu gu Pharras,
 'S cha bhi tuilleadh bas no bron ann.

Bi' tu'g ol do 'n amhainn fhior-glan,
 'S gnuis Iehobhah mar a ghrian duit ;
 Naomha, glan, gun smal, na fhianuis,
 Ann an fireantachd Emanuel.

'S 'nuair a chuireas e 'chlach-mhullaich
 Air an teampull shuas le h-urram,
 Se "Gras" a bhitheas ga sheinn, le h-iolaich,
 'Leis a bhuidheann tha do-aireamh.

Peter Stewart, the author of the preceding hymn, was one of the small flock of Glenlyon Baptists, ministered to so long by Mr Donald Maclellan, whose wife's hymn, "Uan De," appeared in last number. Peter was the youngest son of Allan Stewart, farmer, Stronuich, Glenlyon. When born Peter was as straight and as well endowed with seeing eyes as other children, but when about four years old infantile illness left him stone blind, and otherwise so physically wrecked, that he grew up with a very crooked back. He was religious from his youth upwards, and was in due time baptised in the Milton-Eonan mill-dam like other converts of his time. When we knew him best, more than forty-five years ago, Peter glowed with internal light and religious cheerfulness. While very faithful to his own creed and sect, he had very catholic sympathies. His memory was excellent, and he had most of the Psalms and large portions of Scripture by heart. Some time after the death of his parents, he went down the Glen to live with

one of his married sisters and her husband, Mr Duncan Macdiarmid, farmer, Craighianidh ; and when they died, he continued to reside there till his death, a year ago, with their children and children's children. The Kerrumore Schoolhouse, in which the Baptists worshipped, is fully three miles from Craighianidh, but as long as strength remained the distance did not keep Peter from very regular Sabbath attendance. With stick, dwarfed stature, and long strides, he was a well-known Sunday figure on the road to old and young, and deservedly a universal favourite. On week days he found himself employment in coopering and making fishing lines. He used white and black horse hair for his lines, and such was his sense of touch that he knew by the feel when it was a white or a black hair that was needing a successor in the clever stick machine he had devised, for what we may call his spinning frame. His sense of hearing, till age fell on him, was similarly acute. In walking up and down the Glen he could always tell exactly where he was from the sounds of the little streamlets, whose different voices he could discriminate whether they were low or roaring high after a flood. Notwithstanding his blindness and crooked back, he lived on till he was within a few years of eighty. In summer weather, if not employed in his little coopering work-house, Peter was generally to be found on a settle at the end of the farm-house, weaving his lines or making highly-finished quaichs and wooden bowls and ladles. He liked the sunshine, the open-air, and nature's many voices. When residing at Garth House in 1858, the late Mr John Colquhoun, author of the *Moor and Loch*, obtained liberty to fish over a long stretch of the Lyon, and became acquainted with Peter, his settle, and his work. There is a good salmon pool below Craighianidh Farm-house, which Mr Colquhoun fished more than once, and a spring above close to Peter's usual sunning place. At page 348 of the new edition of his book, Mr Colquhoun says :—"The hot day and hard work made a draught from the spring at the nearest farm-house very delicious ; and the luxury of a drink is enhanced by sucking it through our patent drinking-horn—the hollow bone of a roe's fore-leg. Sunning himself close to the spring, a stone-blind man was making pirl-lines in the most dexterous manner I ever saw. He also had a little workshop, and coopered pails, 'bowies,' &c., remarkably well. I bought a trout-line from him as a curiosity, and a neat

'cogue' to water the pony with from the roadside burns." On his Glenlyon excursions, Mr Colquhoun hired a spring-cart pony and boy from Fortingall. The pony was fat, and disposed to take it easy, and the boy, Danie, was like the pony in both respects. On the 13th September, when Mr Colquhoun tried the pool below Craighianidh for the last time, he says:—"On remarking to Danie that our line making machine was absent from his settle at the gable of the house, he naively answered, 'I see'd him *looking* oot o' his window.'" The bad weather which had driven Peter into the house, likewise spoiled Mr Colquhoun's sport that day. Although Peter could speak English he did it stiffly, and could not launch out freely in that language. Had Mr Colquhoun been able to converse fluently with him in Gaelic, he would have been quite as much impressed by his intellectual gifts as he was by his manual dexterity.

A CEILIDH.

PART I.

CEILIDH! What memories the word recalls! I have only to shut my eyes, and lean back in my chair, and with my mind's eye I can see the following picture. A large peat-fire in the middle of an earthen floor, sending up a blue column of smoke to a roof that, exposed for centuries to the influence of peat-reek, shone through the cloud of smoke that often hid it from the view of the inmates below, and reminded one of those glazed caps often worn by sailors. It used to be my greatest wish on a Sunday morning to have my boots equal in brightness the polished rafters of Aonghas Ban's house. At the farther end of this room there is a door leading into the "ben" which forms the sleeping apartment of Aonghas Ban and his young family. In the main room, or "but," into which we have had a peep already, are a dresser covered with the kind of crockery suited to the simple life of the inhabitants of the house, two or three wooden boxes performing the functions of a wardrobe, mealchest, buttery, &c.; a barrel or two filled with salt herring, half-a-dozen straw-bottomed chairs, and two or three wooden benches to accommodate the neighbours when they muster to the *Ceilidh*. At the other end of the "but," and separated from it by a partition consisting of rude planks fixed in the floor, is the byre or cowshed. The main door opens into the cowshed, and, on the right hand as one enters, another door in the rude partition leads into the "but."

As this picture rises before me in imagination it is night, and seated round the fire are about a score of people of both sexes and of all ages. There is Aonghas Ban

himself, the host and the newsmonger of the township, with closely cropped hair, long bushy beard, and sharp, grey, intelligent eyes, mending, with the help of a dim and flickering light from a tin lamp containing home-manufactured cod-liver oil, a herring net suspended from a rope attached to two rafters, one on each side of the roof. Aonghas Ban is one of that class of people who combine the occupations both of a crofter and a fisherman, a class of people very numerous in the sea-board districts of the Highlands. He has a croft on which he grows a supply of potatoes, and sufficient fodder to maintain two or three cows and a few sheep. He has also a share of a first-class fishing boat, the "Pride of the Ocean," with which he goes to the herring fishing at Wick for two months every year. During the spring and autumn he is at home working his croft, and engaged in lobster fishing during the winter months. Next to Aonghas Ban sits his better-half busily engaged with the spinning-wheel, and at her feet is seated Alastair, her first born, on a small wooden box, the original use of which the letters B L A C K I N G, printed on one side in large type, sufficiently explain. Aonghas Ban is married now six years, and nothing pleases him so much as to entertain his visitors with reminiscences of the days when he courted his "blue-eyed Jenny," and the heightened colour in Jenny's face, and the merry twinkle in her clear, blue eyes, when Aonghas tells once more the oft-repeated tale "how he served that smith chap from Clachandu whom he caught one dark winter night prowling suspiciously near the big carpenter's house where Jenny was at service, by chasing him into the midden-heap at the end of the cowshed, where he stuck fast, and how he then assailed him with a terrific volley of snowballs, until the smith promised never again to speak to blue-eyed Jenny." I say that to see the heightened colour in Jenny's face, and the merry twinkle in her clear, blue eyes, shewed how she enjoyed these stories of the past that reminded her of the early days of their courtship, and of the stolen hours when

Aonghas, then considered the beau of the township, beneath the moon and the stars breathed into her ears "the tender tale."

There is also Seumas Ruadh, the mason, the strongest man in the whole parish, who last winter offered to fight the whole crew of the yacht "Sunbeam," in Lochoran, because they doubted the veracity of his story when he described how, when "Big Tom," Farmer M'Codrum's well-known bull, had attacked the orraman on the farm, he had gone to the orraman's assistance and took hold of the bull by his horns, and how, at the end of half-an-hour's tussle, the mighty bull lay on his back with a broken leg and minus a horn.

No evidence could be adduced to prove the authenticity of this story, for no one was present during the terrible encounter except the two men, and when the orraman asserted that Seumas Ruadh had rushed out of the barn to his assistance, armed with a flail, with which he belaboured the bull, Seumas scornfully refuted the statement, and said he had no weapon but his hands, and that the orraman's brain was so confused, owing to the sudden attack on the part of "Big Tom," that his account of the fray was not at all worthy of credence.

There are also at the *Ceilidh* two or three neighbours of Aonghas Ban's, joint-owners of the "Pride of the Ocean," and Seoras Glass, an old man of eighty. The latter was a splendid type of the Highlander. Fully six feet high and straight as a gun, his broad chest and square shoulders betokened, even yet, great physical strength, and his dark, flashing, deep-set eyes were indicative of more than an average portion of intelligence. Hair whitened with the snows of many winters escaped from the custody of the broad Tam o' Shanter bonnet, which he always wore, and fell in wavy ringlets over his shoulders. He was clad in a grey suit of home-spun cloth, and had a shepherd's plaid wrapped round his shoulders. He always carried a heavy oaken staff protected at one end by a ponderous iron

ferrule, which was replaced once a year by a new one made to special order by the local blacksmith. He was never seen without being accompanied by his large collie-dog Cæsar, the terror of all the boys in the neighbourhood, a sagacious brute who seemed to understand every word spoken in Gaelic to him by his master. The man would be indeed rash who dare attack old Seoras Glas armed with his heavy staff and accompanied by his trusty ally, Cæsar. Seoras Glas was a retired preventive officer, who had seen many years' service both in his native Highlands and in Ireland. He was well educated and was a very fluent speaker both in English and in Gaelic, but a firm belief in all Highland superstition was an essential part of his religion. He was a perfect mine of lore, and many a night I sat for hours listening in mute astonishment to his stories of ghosts, wraiths, marriages, funerals, adventures on sea and land, and any other subject that became the topic of the hour.

A curious sight it was to see Seoras Glas enter one of the crofter's houses. He had first to make a profound bow before he could manage to get his six feet of bone and flesh through the doorway; then, having got inside, he straightened himself, when that part of his body above his shoulders immediately disappeared in the cloud of smoke that almost invariably filled the house from the level of the walls upwards, and those seated round the fire beheld what seemed to be a headless apparition slowly approaching them, till from the now troubled volumn of smoke the neck and head of Seoras Glas appeared as he sat down, and his long beard and broad Tam o' Shanter bonnet reeked for fully five minutes longer.

Then there are several of the young men and young women of the township, the latter busily knitting stockings of many bright colours for their fathers, brothers, or sweet-hearts, and the former doing nothing beyond smoking clay pipes and exchanging furtive but eloquent glances with the coy maidens.

There are also present some boys, I among them, squatting down in any convenient corner as near the fire as the heat permitted, but as far away as possible from the dark corners of the house, where the ever-moving shadows flitted to and fro like the uncanny beings who at the time formed the subject of conversation. But let us leave Callum Mor, the skipper of the "Pride of the Ocean," to finish an account of a remarkable storm that he encountered off Cape Wrath some years ago, during which the boat was pooped by a tremendous sea that, on retiring, left a cran and a half of herring strewn about the deck, and make some general remarks on the origin and result of the mischievous habit—as it undoubtedly was—of *Ceilidh*.

Seventy or eighty years ago, English education was in a very backward state in many parts of the Highlands. I say English, because the great majority of the people could read Gaelic, the vernacular. Now, almost the only Gaelic books on which they could lay their hands were the Bible, Shorter Catechism, the translated works of Bunyan and Baxter, and others of the same kind. Why they confined their reading to religious books may be accounted for in two ways. First, books treating of secular subjects were very scarce, and secondly, secular literature was in those days regarded by the Northern Celts as incompatible with nay, as directly antagonistic to, the true spirit of Christianity. Hence, in the Gaelic schools in which our grandfathers were taught, the highest aim of the teachers was to enable their pupils to read the Bible in the vernacular. A few carried their education to the length of reading more advanced books. I remember well one old man in my native parish who had in his possession a copy of the songs of Duncan Ban Macintyre, and a Gaelic translation of a History of Scotland. This old man used to tell us, boys, stories of Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas during the long winter nights; or he would recite passages from "Moladh Beinn Dorain" or "Cead Deireanach Nam

Beann," with such effect that we could in imagination see the green knolls and heathery corries of Beinn Dorain abounding in game and deer, or the old gamekeeper, on returning home from the south, lamenting the changes that had come over the scenes of his youth, and his inability to take part in the chase any more.

This being the educational state of matters, it is no wonder that the people resorted to any device that would satisfy that craving for knowledge which is inherent in every human breast. Hence their assembling in certain houses to discuss the latest news that was conveyed perhaps by one who had been recently in the parish town, which had generally some form of communication with the south, or perhaps gleaned from the parish teacher, who was usually the happy recipient of a weekly newspaper.

All matters were discussed at the *Ceilidh*; the prospects of next harvest, or fishing season, the chances of war or peace, births, marriages, deaths and ghosts, any thrilling piece of news that found its way into the place, and as a matter of fact all the local gossip. Thus the *Ceilidh*-house became a nest where stories and scandals of all kinds were hatched and circulated; and I have often seen the closest ties of friendship suddenly snapped by an injudicious remark made at these nightly gatherings. It was this feature of the *Ceilidh*, combined with the habit of laziness it engendered, that made it so pernicious.

In every township certain houses were chosen for the *Ceilidh*. The suitability of the house depended on many circumstances, chiefly the size and accommodating facilities of the "but," and the character of the owner of the house. The essential testimonials in the latter case were a cheerful and tolerant spirit, and a love of imparting and receiving gossipry. Thus Aonghas Ban being considered the greatest news-monger in the township of which I write—and his claims to that distinction were indisputable—his house was at once fixed on as being the best adapted for the nightly gathering. The assemblage at Aonghas Ban's was

generally of a motley character, consisting as it did, of persons of all ages and of both sexes.

There were other houses specially patronised by the young women, which became, as a matter of course, the habitual resort of their sweethearts. There the nights were spent in singing Gaelic songs, and in mirthful and innocent talk. Ah! how often I think of those joyous nights when I listened enraptured to a rosy-cheeked and dark-eyed Highland maiden, ignorant of the amount of wickedness that exists in the great world beyond yonder blue mountains that have ever separated her from it, and, pure as the snow that caps the bens of her native land, sing in a voice untrained and uncultivated, but sweet as that of the mavis that, with the rosy dawn, wakens her as it sings its morning carol to welcome the advent of a new day, such verses as these :—

¹ “ A nighean bhoidheach an orfhuilt bhachalaich
Nan gorm shul miogach 's na min-bhas sneachda-gheal,
Gun siubhlain reidhleach air sleibhtean Bhreatuin leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte de dh' aodach breacan orm.

“ Gur binne comhradh na oraid fhileanta ;
Tha guth nas ceolmhor na oigh cheol binn fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bron oirn, no leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn o bheul na finne sin.

“ 'Nuair thig a bhealtuinn 's an samhradh luiseanach,
Bidh sinn air airidh air ard nan uchdanan,
Bidh cruit nan gleanntan gu canntair cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dusgadh le surd gu mocheirigh.”

D. M.

¹ Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN
BADENOCH.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

EARLY in this century, among the workmen engaged upon the construction of Telford's road, that winds smoothly along the picturesque shores of Loch Laggan, were two brothers from the Isle of Skye. One of the young men, probably from the effects of over-exertion upon a delicate constitution, suddenly burst a blood-vessel and died. He was buried in the ancient parish churchyard of Laggan, upon the high ground eastward of Camus Cillein. The people of Brae-Badenoch—a kindly and hospitable race—did all in their power to assist the grief-stricken brother in solemnising the obsequies of the deceased. After all was over, the survivor hurried homewards with his sad tale. As he took his way, he gave his sorrow words and melody, in the form of a beautiful threnody, of which I, unfortunately, can convey only a few verses that have lingered in memory. This elegy was very popular among the islanders who used to come every autumn to the smearing; and, from the nature of things, it is likely that a better version of it could be obtained in Skye than in Badenoch. It is proper to add that when the surviving brother reached his friends, a company of them set out for Laggan, exhumed the recently interred body, and carried it back all the way to Skye.

Aig Ceann Loch Lagain so thall,
Dh' fhag mi 'n tasgaidh mo ghradh,
'S O! cha tig e gu brach an taobh so.

'S ann am Baideanach shuas,
'Measg nan Domhnullaich suairc,
Dh' fhag mi 'n cadal mo luaidh 's cha duisg e.

Dh' fhag mi 'm Baideanach thu,
 Measg nan Gaidheal thuair cliu,
 Fir a' Bhraighe chaidh leam chuir uir ort.

Ged a bha mi leam fhin,
 Cha robh cairdean am dhith,
 'N am togail 'na' chill air ghiulan.

'N ciste ghiuthais chinn chaoil,
 An deis a dubhadh bho 'n t-saor,
 Chunnacas thairis bhi taomadh uir ort.

Ach tha mise 'do dheigh,
 Mar bha Oisean 's na Feinn,
 Gabhal an rathaid 's cha leir dhomh taobh dhe.

Bha fuil a' sruthadh bho 'd bheul,
 Nach gabhadh caisg ach sior leum,
 'S i bhi tighinn bho 'd chleith na bruchdan.

Ach, fhir a stiuireas a' ghrian,
 Bho 'toiseach gu 'crioch,
 Glac anam fo sgiath do churaim,

Mr John Macdonald, the well-known tacksman of Garvamore, popularly designated, according to the custom of the country, as Iain Ban a' Gharbha, died in 1830, and has been commemorated in more than one elegy. That hereinafter set forth, was composed by his old and fast friend, Captain Macpherson, Biallid. Both these tacksmen were esteemed in their day as among the best of countrymen; and it is pleasant to observe that their descendants are represented in the county, in the persons of Mr and Mrs Macpherson of Corriemony.

A Righ! gur diomain an saoghal,
 'S ioma mealladh a's faoineis a th' ann .
 Mar neul 's e 'caochladh,
 Theid fhuadach 's a sgaoileadh 'na dheann.
 Mar cheathach an aonaich,
 Air a sgapadh le gaoith bharr nam beann,
 'S ionann sin a's clann-daoine,
 Gun fhios thig an t-aog aig gach am.

Fhuair mi sgeula, 's bu shearbh e,
 Chaidh mo leirsinn gu h-anmhunnachd le bron,
 Gu-n d' eug Fear a' Gharbha,
 Mo chreach-leir tha e dearbhta gu leoir.

Ach ma chaidh thu air falbh uainn,
 Ged a shiubhlainn leth Alb' agus corr ;
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n coinneamh no 'n armailt,
 Fear do bheusan, do dhealbh, a's do neoil.

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan,
 Bha thu ciuin mar ghath greine tre cheo ;
 Bha thu ascaoin na'm b'fheudar,
 'S ann a'd aodann a dh'eireadh an colg.
 'S tu chaisgeadh an eucoir,
 'S a sheasadh gu treun leis a' choir ;
 A's cha ghabhadh tu deis-laimh,
 Bho fhear a thug ceum ann am broig.

Bu tu deadh fhear-an-tighe,
 'S ann a bhitheadh an caitheamh mu d'bhord ;
 Bu tu poitear na dibhe,
 'Nuair a tharladh dhuit suidhe 's tigh-osd'.
 Bha thu fialaidh—'s bu dligheach,
 Bha thu 'shiolach nan cridheachan mor :
 A'd' cheann-riaghailt air buidheann,
 'S ann bha 'chiall ann am bruidhinn do bheoil.

Bu tu sealgair a' mhunaidh,
 'S ro mhaith dhireadh tu mullach nan sron ;
 Le do chuilibheir 's maith cumadh,
 'S tric a leag thu air uilinn fear-croic'.
 'S an am dol air thurus,
 B' e do mhiann paidhir chuileanan borb ;
 Bu tu an t-iasgair air buinne,
 Le do mhorbha geur guineach a' d dhorn.

Faodaidh 'n eilid 's an ruadh-bhoc,
 'S an damh mullaich, bhi uallach 's an fhrith,
 Tha 'm bradan tarra-gheal a' cluaineis,
 Feadh shruthaibh a's chuartaig gun sgios.
 Tha do mhial-choin a' bruadar,
 Bhi 's a' gharbhlaich a' ruagadh an fheidh,
 Tha na h-armaibh fo ruadh-mheirg,
 'S lamh gu 'n dearbhadh 'san uaigh a cheann tiom.

'S ann bha 'n aoidh ann ad aodann,
 'S tric a rinn thu rium faoilte, fhir mhoir !
 'S tric a ghlac thu air laimh mi,
 'S bhiodh d' fhurann a's d' fhailte 'na lorg.

'S tric a ruisg mi mo bheachd riut,
 'Nuair bhiodh smuaircan no airtneal 'gam leon,
 'S chuireadh sugradh do chnacais,
 Air chul gach aon acaid bhiodh orm.

Gur a cruaidh leam do chlann,
 'Bhi fo mhulad, fo champar, 's fo bhron ;
 Dh' fhalbh an taice 's iad fann de
 O'n chaireadh do cheann-sa fo 'n fhoid.
 Nam biodh eiridh 's a' Cheapaich,
 'S gu-n eighte na gaisgich fo 'n t-srol,
 Gu-n robh leus air a' bhrataich,
 Fear cho treun 's a bha ac' bhi fo 'n fhoid.

Ach 's e tha mi ag acain,
 Thu bhi nis anns an Lagan a' tamh ;
 Air do dhuineadh fo leacan,
 'S nach duisg thu 's a' mhaduinn bhò 'd phramh.
 'S e mo dhiubhail mar thachair,
 Thu bhi 's an uir an tasgaidh a' cnamh ;
 Fhir mo ruin a bha smachdail,
 Nach do chuir culaobh ri caraid no namh.

The next contribution is still another death-song connected with Laggan. I took down these verses some sixteen years ago, but I had mislaid the paper on which they were written, and, indeed, had forgotten all about it, when preparing the version which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and attracted considerable attention, notwithstanding its imperfect state. I may be allowed to reproduce the prefatory note with which it was then introduced. "The cattle, at Blargie, in Upper Badenoch, being let loose on a sunny day in early spring, became frantic with delight at their novel and unexpectedly acquired freedom, and betook themselves to the hills, heedless of consequences. The herd—a young man named Macdonald—followed them as far as Drumuachdar, which extends, as the reader is aware, between Dalwhinnie and Dalnacardoch. While he traversed that solitary and sterile tract, the weather, then proverbially fickle, changed terribly. A blinding snow-storm set in, and the unfortunate lad never more found his way home. Among those who set out in quest of the lost herd was his

leman, who is said to have composed her lover's elegy—like the bereaved maiden much celebrated in Border Minstrelsy :—

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest through ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.'

The catastrophe of Drumuachdar was a favourite theme with the milk-maids of Kingussie and Laggan. For many years after the event, all the details connected with it were well-known to the songstresses ; and, as many of them were in the habit of improvising additional couplets to the distinctive air, it is impossible to say how much of the ballad, as it now stands, belonged to it originally. On the other hand, I am aware that this version is not quite consecutive—that lines (which I have heard) are wanting, especially about the beginning and end." I am now able to give half-a-dozen additional couplets, which were sung by an old woman, known as Piuthair a' Bhalbhain. I have heard at least two more couplets—the one expressing Captain Macpherson's scornful unconcern as to the fate of his cattle, and the other giving some account of the contents of the poor lad's pockets !

This ballad throws an interesting light upon the life and manners of the period that produced it. How strong were the ties that bound together those of the same kin ! The untimely end of a single herdsman threw whole districts into mourning, and has been sung with moistened eyes for six score years.

'S fhir nan sul donna,
Cha choma leam beo thu ;
'S fhir nan sul miogach,
B'e mo mhiann bhi do chodhail.

Tha mo chridhe cho briste,
Ri itealaich coinein ;
'S tha mo chridhe cho ciurra,
Nach giulain e 'n cotan.
'S ioma suil a bha sileadh,
Eadar Raineach 's Drumuachdar ;
La Fheill Bride 'san Earrach,
Chaidh na h- aighean air fhuaireas.
Tha mi sgith le bhi siubhal,
Leacann dhubha Dhrumuachdair.
Ged a fhuaireadh na h-aighean,
O ! cha-n fhaighear am buachail'.
'S ann bha 'n Domhnullach finealt,
'Na shineadh 'san fhuaran ;
'Na shineadh air 'uilinn,
Gun aon duine mu 'n cuairt dha.
Bha a cheann am preas aitinn,
'S a chasan 'san luachair ;
'S luchd nam biodagan croma,
'Gearradh connaidh mu cuairt dha.
Ach 'struagh nach mise chaidh seachad,
Mu 'n do mheilich am fuachd thu ;
Le mo bhreacan dluth tioram,
Dheanainn fhilleadh mu 'n cuairt duit ;
'S cuach mhor uisge-beatha,
'Chuireadh rugha 'nad ghruaidhean ;
Uisge-beatha nam feadan,
Air a leigeadh tri uairean ;
'S grainne beaga de 'n chanal,
Mu 'n deach d' anail am fuairead ;
Agus bothan math cluthaicht',
An deis a thughadh le luachair ;
Teine mor air lar tighe,
'Se gun deathach gun luath dhe.
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,
Ro chraiteach an uair so ;
Gu'n do chuir iad 'san ath thu,
Gu's an d' thainig Fear Chluainidh.

Gu 's an d' thainig Clann Thamhais,
 Nach saradh an cruadal ;
 Gu's an d' thainig Clann Iain,
 An triuir bu shipe 'sa b' uails' dhiu ;
 Gu's an d' thainig Clann Mhuirich,
 'S gach aon duine mar chual' e.
 'S ann bha 'n eigheach 'san sgreadail.
 Anns na creagan sin shuas bhuait ;
 Agus sliochd do dha sheanar,
 A sior-thional mu 'n cuairt duit.
 'Nuair a thainig do bhraithrean,
 Bha iad craiteach, bochd, truagh dhe ;
 'Nuair a thainig do phiuthar,
 Bha leann-dubh air a gruaidhean.
 'Nuair a thainig do mhathair,
 Gu-m b'i an t- asran truagh i ;
 Bha a ceann air dhroch cheangal,
 'S a basan 'gam bualadh.
 Is cha b' fhas' e dha d' athair,
 Bha e casadh a ghruaige.
 'Nuair a thain' do bhean-diolain,
 Bha i spionadh a cuailein ;
 'S tha mi sgith 's mi bhi suibhal,
 Monadh dubha Dhrumuachdair.

The following verses were composed by a deceased gentleman of Kingussie upon his wife, who died, as he tells us, within a year of their marriage.

Cha n'eil dhe na bhliadhna
 Deich miosan air falbh,
 Bho fhuair mi coir air mo leannain,
 'S bha i ceanalt' an dealbh.
 Thug mise mo ghaol dh' i,
 'S bha i aonda gun chearb ;
 Bha i siobhalta, suairce,
 'S cha chualas a fearg.

Cha robh ann mo run-sa
 Aon smuain 'san robh giamh ;
 Cha robh ann do chridhe
 Aon sireadh nach b'fhiach.

Bha d'inntinn cho saor dhomh,
'S bha i taomadh le ciall ;
Bu tu caraid an fheum 'naich,
Cha do threig thu e riamh.

'S beag mo shunnd ri thighinn dhachaidh,
'S cha n' eil mo thlachd 'san tigh-osd ;
Ged a theid mi air astar,
Cha n' eil taitneas ann dhomhs !
Cha-n fhaigh mi toil-inntinn,
Ged a chruinnicheadh mo stor ;
Cha n'eil ann 'san t-saoghal,
Ach faoinneas is sgleo.

A' cheud la chunnaic mi 'n tus thu,
Thug mi run dhuit gun dail ;
Dh' aithnich mise le firinn,
Nach robh sith dhomh gu brach.
Mur fhaighinn coir air a' mhaighdein,
Nach robh m' aoibneas aig cach ;
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram, 's tu thoill e,
Bha do shoillse gun smal.

Bu bhoidheach rugha do ghruaidhean,
'S ann bha 'n t-suairece 'n ad ghnuis',
B' ainneamh samhladh do bhilean,
Du'-ghorm, cridheil do shuil ;
Mala chaol air deadh chumadh,
A' cumail oirr' dian ;
Slios mar channach 'sa' Cheitein,
'Fas leis-fhein air an t-sliabh.

'S mi 'nam shineadh air m' uilinn,
Fo mhulad 's fo bhron,
Tha mo shuilean gun sireadh,
A' sileadh nan deoir.
Cha-n fhaic mi mar b' abhuist,
Mo ghradh thighinn 'am choir ;
B' eibhinn, aighearach, dileas,
A Christina ! do phog.

C' ait an robh ann 'san duthaich,
A thigeadh dlu air mo ruin ;
Ann am buaidhean 'san giulan,
Fhuair thu cliu bho gach aon.
Ard-mheangan a' lubadh,
Le measur air gach taobh ;

'S fuil rioghail nan Stiubhart,
Ruith an duthchas 's a' chraoibh.

Ged a theid mi do 'n leabaidh,
Cha n' eil mo chadal ann buan ;
Fad na h-oidhche gu maduinn,
Tha do chagar 'nam chluais.
Bidh mi bronach a' dusgadh,
'S e mo dhiubhail ri luaidh ;
Nach cluinn mi do ghaire,
Mar a b' abhuist gun ghruaim.

Cha-n ioghnadh mar tha mi,
Chaidh mo ghradh chuir fo 'n fhoid ;
Mas gann a fhuair mi air laimh i,
Rinn i m' fhagail fo leon.
Ach ged 'dhealaich am bas sinn,
Tha nar Slanuighear beo ;
'S tha mi 'n duil ann an am math,
Gu-n cuir thu falt orm an gloir.

Somewhat to relieve the sombre elegiac tone of an article too appropriate to this season of the declining year, I shall conclude with a gay and gallant lilt, whose buoyant measures, I first heard sung under circumstances which always continue to give it very pleasing associations in my mind.

A ri li o, ci h-orannan,
A ri horo, mo Cheiteag !
A ri li o, ci h-orannan.

Latha dhomh bhi sraid-imeachd,
'S mi mach am braigh Dhuin-Eidinn ;
Thachair orm na saighdearan,
A dh' fhaighneachd mi 's a' Bheurla.
A ri li o, &c.

Thachair orm. &c.,
'S gun thu'irt mi riu 's a' Ghailig,
Co dh' araich luchd an fheile ?
A ri li o, &c.

'S ann thu'irt iad gur i 'Ghaidhealtachd,
An t-ait a b' fhearr fo 'n ghreine.
'S gun d' thug iad a 'n tigh-osda mi,
An t-or gun d' ghlac mi fhein ann.

Thug iad dhomh ri phosadh,
Nighean Dheors' mar cheile.
'S ann thug iad dhomh ri ghiulain,
Te dhubh nach sgur i fein dhomh ;
'Ga giulain air mo ghualainn,
'S nach fhuaghail i dhomh mo leine.
Ach, fhir theid thar na cuaintean,
Na ceil mo dhuan nach leugh thu ;
Mo shoraidh-sa gu 'm mhathair,
'Si dh' araich gun eis mi ;
Gu 'm phinthead is gu 'm bhraithrean,
'S gu Mairi bhain mo cheud ghaol.
Mo mholachd gu na Frangaich,
'N an campaichean cha teid sinn.
'S olc a chuir an oige rium,
'S a' ghoraiche le cheile ;
Chuir mi feile cuachach orm,
S' an cota ruadh mar eididh.
'S tric bha mi 's tu sugradh,
Am bruthaichean Ghlinn Eite ;
Ag iomain a chruidh ghuanach,
'S 'gam fuadach feadh an t-sleibhe.

T. S.

NOTES.

MR MACLEAN SINCLAIR has published a further instalment of his "Gaelic Bards." This time he includes the bards between 1715 and 1765. There are many pieces here published for the first time; and all are annotated with historical, biographical, and linguistic notes. The little closely-printed volume extends to 260 pages, and is very valuable to the Gaelic student.

MR D. W. KEMP has published a short and neat work detailing the life of "John Laurie, an Eccentric Sutherland Dominie" (Norman Macleod, of North Bank Street, Edinburgh). John Laurie was in Sutherlandshire as a dominie a generation or two ago, and published a Tourist's Guide to the County. He was born in 1800, and died in 1872. His story is very interesting.

MESSRS BRYCE & SON, Glasgow, issue a series of books which they entitle the "Spare Minute" series. They are dainty little volumes, tastefully got up and cheap. The one before us is by Mr Clouston, the well-known folk-lorist, and is entitled "Persian Tales." There are eight tales altogether, translated from the original Persian by Mr Clouston and the late Edward Behatsck. The stories are told with great vigour, and the oriental imagery has been prudently "plume-plucked." The booklet is a valuable one to the folk-lorist, and it ought to be interesting to the public.

MR NUTT contributes to *Folklore* of September a report on the last two years' research in "Celtic Myth and Saga." The report is clear and full; Mr Nutt presents the various views of writers like Rhys and Zimmer in a concise manner, and passes a running commentary thereupon. We know of none more capable than Mr Nutt to pass an opinion on matters of Celtic mythology; and we are sorry to see that the subject is now in a good deal of chaos. But light seems to be breaking in upon it.

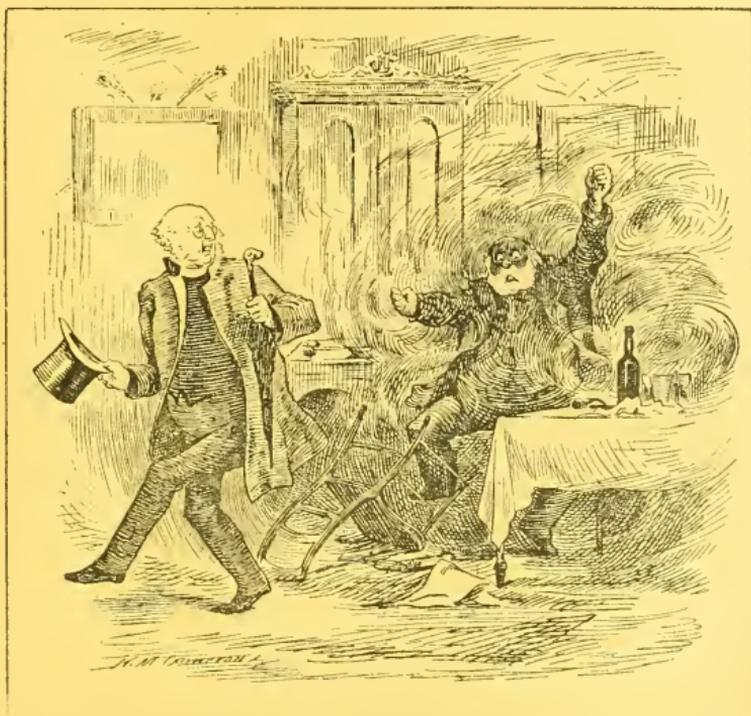
MR D. NAIRNE, of the *Chronicle*, has published (privately and in the *Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions*) a brochure on "Highland Woods, Ancient and Modern." The work has been exceedingly favourably received, even getting the honour of quotation and comment in the leader columns of the *Times* newspaper.

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The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

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A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROFESSOR EXECUTES A MANŒUVRE.

"GOOD morning, father," said David, entering the laird's room, while the light of the dull October morning was still dim; "hope I find you in a more cheerful mood than yesterday. Caught Dr Grant at home, I presume, and were assured that you have been the victim of an uncomfortable fancy?"

"If your assumption refers to your last remark, my son, I am sorry to tell you that I was right and you were wrong," replied the laird, elbowing himself up in bed.

"Don't say so, dear father."

"There is no use beating about the bush, sonny; the doctor has just confirmed my own suspicions, that I may not be intended much longer for this world!"

"Oh! don't speak so, father dear!" cried David, throwing his arms about the old man's neck; "doctors are sometimes mistaken; and you look so well, it cannot surely be true!"

“There now, there now ; you must not excite me, my boy ; that is a first condition of my remaining alive. Recollect that, my son. My heart is weak and diseased, Dr Grant tells me—I implored him to speak straight and honest, and he did so, after I had convinced him that the worst would be no news to me. In the circumstances Davie—I have been thinking the matter over carefully—you had better leave Edinburgh alone for a time. You are young, and your studies, from the industrious way you read up, cannot suffer much for the loss of one session ; it will only be one.”

“All right, father.”

“Dr Grant, in fact, suggested that you could not be better employed than keeping your old dad alive. At least you can relieve me of worry in connection with those floods and other business matters, at which Richard is no good ; and, above all, see that I have as much peace and quietness as possible. Death is hovering about, and I must be prepared, as I hope to be, when he knocks !”

“Father, it is terrible to hear you talk thus—terrible ! Why did you not, for all our sakes, take my advice, and endure doubt, which is, you know, never severed from hope, rather than face this cruel verdict of doom ?”

“Ah ! that is the way of youth ; but, you see, I am old, and, therefore, matter of fact. When one gets up in years, dear boy, a sensible man prefers to face the truth at its worst, and hope only for the next world. Whoever wrote ‘where ignorance is bliss,’ and so on, should have been pilloried as a rank criminal in the folly he preached. What say you ?”

“Don’t joke, father.”

“That is just what I am going to do—joke and laugh all the day long ; and unless you, as my private physician, don’t put on a more cheerful face, you will be dismissed forthwith.”

About the laird’s manner there was an infectiousness which made converts to his every mood ; and as the con-

versation went on in a livelier strain, David's eyes ceased to glisten, and he found himself smiling at his father's sallies. In the young breast, hope clings to and thrives upon a straw. David began to argue with himself that where there was so much sprightliness and apparent health, death might not have yet found a lurking place.

"There is another matter, by the bye," resumed the laird, reverting to his serious vein, "which I wish to talk about, though it concerns Richard more than anybody else. It would be better, I think, were his marriage hastened on a bit."

David started, and his face paled; but, fortunately, the laird failed to notice the effect of his words.

"Flo would not object, I suppose?" he added.

"I—I think not; and perhaps, as you say, father, the sooner the marriage takes place the better—for everybody."

He might have added—"It will quench for ever the wicked hope, which I have striven against these few days, and which came, like a thing of evil, unbidden, that I might gain the woman I love by encouraging Richard's perfidy."

Little did he think that this small voice of the tempter, now so half-heartedly combatted, was yet to have terrible consequences. Could the future have at this moment been revealed to him by the horoscope of a seer, he would have sought heaven's protection on his knees, or have fled for ever from the precincts of that doomed building.

"It has struck me," continued the laird, "that Richard has been unusually quiet and taciturn lately. Has he been having a tiff with Flo? Somehow it has occurred to me more than ever for some time that she is not quite so gay now, poor lassie, as when she first came to the castle."

"I know of no quarrel, father."

"Of course not; they'll not tell you of their tiffs and cooings, you may be sure. But about Richard——"

"Here he is, father, to speak for himself."

Richard had entered the room hastily, looking hot and flurried, but stopped abruptly when he saw his brother.

They had not talked much to each other since the incident of the Fir Walk, and the news he had to communicate were not of a nature, bearing as it did on the Somertons, he cared to discuss in David's presence.

"A letter for you, father," he said, studying the handwriting with a look in which curiosity and anxiety combined; "may I open it?"

"Pray do—a tenant's grumble, no doubt."

"It is from Professor Somerton," announced Richard, with a start.

"What?" queried the laird, pausing in his toilet making.

"From the Professor, who has, I learned this morning, left The Hall unexpectedly."

Adjusting his glasses, the laird read aloud:—"Professor Somerton and his daughter regret that a matter of urgent business has called them away sooner and in a greater hurry than they expected, and before they could do themselves the long delayed, but always anticipated honour, of calling at the castle and making the acquaintance of Mr. Stuart and his family; but circumstances still allow of the hope that they will yet know each other better in the near future."

"A strange thing," remarked the laird, "to write such a letter to me after living for months within a mile of the castle, and remaining invisible the whole time."

Know each other better in the near future? What did it mean? And as he asked himself the question, David fixed his eyes enquiringly upon his brother.

"He's an eccentric old fellow, dad," remarked Richard, avoiding his brother's look, but detecting its intent, "and evidently a believer in the adage 'the least said soonest mended.' I am off to tell the news."

Instead of doing so, however, Richard took a more circuitous and less frequented route to his own apartments, which he reached without encountering any member of the household. Having carefully locked the door from the

inside, he threw himself into a chair with an ejaculatory "Good Heavens," and proceeded to read the following remarkable (and undated) epistle:—

"Dear Sir,—When this reaches your hands, my daughter and I will have travelled many miles on the mail coach *en route* for our first destination, which is Edinburgh. Seeing you have not, in accordance with our compact, visited the Hall for more than a week, our departure must appear sudden, if not altogether inexplicable; but it is both consistent with my business engagements in the first place, and in the second place with my humane instincts and principles.

"I need scarcely recapitulate what has transpired between us. You made me an offer for my beloved daughter's hand, and I pointed out to you, carefully, and, I hope, with due emphasis, the wrong, provided I sanctioned your advances, that would be inflicted upon a certain lady to whom you have the good fortune, or, as you say, the misfortune, to be engaged. At the same time, I impressed upon you confidentially—I say, confidentially—that the remedy lay in your own hands, in the shape of that powder, valuable as rubies, I entrusted to your care. Towards nobody else would I have shewn that consideration and generosity I have extended to you.

"Your happiness is at your own disposal; do not hastily decide it; so far, your delay shews a spirit of wisdom that commends you.

"My daughter and I considered—also having regard to business, as I said before—that in the circumstances we should depart, at least for a time, and so leave you entirely uninfluenced in deciding whether, by fulfilling *my* conditions, you will qualify yourself to again solicit the honour of her hand. In other words, sir, you are thrown upon your own responsibility, *plus* the assurances already and orally given, that by the fulfilment of these conditions your unfortunate lady—unfortunate, that is, in not being able to retain your affections—*will never love you again.*

One human soul will thus be rescued from cruel unhappiness; that is all I desire, one result that will give me happiness.

“In the event of your deciding upon the experiment, the results of which I guarantee, you must *at once come to me*. My address lies at the Post-Office awaiting your pleasure for *not more than ten days*.”

“Should the powder not be used, then I desire you to *burn it* with all dispatch; for on no account would I risk this great and revolutionising secret to discovery, except that I was convinced of your implicit honour.”

Richard read the letter twice through, slowly and deliberately; and the more he read and realised its meaning, the more apparent became the agitation under which he laboured. Then he threw the paper—carefully written it was, and slightly scented—from him with a gesture of worry and impatience, and went to the window—one on the third story of the castle, and commanding an extensive view of the firth, and the diversified, mountainous country beyond, until the eye rested upon the snow-capped heights of Ross and Sutherland. It was a beautiful morning. A sloop in full sail was beating down seawards before the fresh but somewhat unfavourable breeze; several fishing boats from Cromarty lay to in search of herring; and the slanting rays of the sun threw charming tints on water and headland. The whole formed a superb picture. He had chosen this room for the magnificence of the panorama, for, untutored as they were, he had some artistic sensibilities; but the mind must be responsive to Nature to appreciate its moods; and while the scene before him was calm and peaceful, a mental storm raged fiercely within him. His face grew paler still, his features were drawn, his mouth hard set. Turning away from the window, he resumed his former seat, and placed his face between his hands.

The laird was right; for a week past Richard had been retired and thoughtful to a measure that even surprised himself. With no responsibilities to draw him out, he had

developed the manner and style of a jaunty easy going youth, and found the *role* agreeable. Now that he had brought a crisis upon himself, and for the first time realised what it was to love a woman passionately, and not passively, a power for the thoughtful consideration of matters had risen above his flippancy and impulsiveness.

Could he trust the Professor? Why not? What could be more noble than this gentleman's desire to reduce the world's misery, than his anxiety not to promote his daughter's happiness at the cost of that of another woman, whom he knew nothing of beyond the fact that she was a woman, and that she also loved? These were sentiments which did honour to the Professor and his daughter; he alone was the black-hearted villain of the play.

Still, an uneasy feeling would insinuate itself upon him, and he neither could locate its cause nor define its meaning. When this was the case, his thoughts would revert to the mysterious love medicine the Professor had almost thrust upon him. Was it within the bounds of possibility that the old man was partially mad, and had a craze for poisoning people on the maniacal principle that a woman who is jilted were better dead?

The thought made great beads of sweat stand on Richard's forehead. He sprang to his feet and paced the room for a time till he argued away that terrible suggestion. In all his interviews with the Professor he had found him intelligent and kind-hearted; had he not written the laird a polite note, in which he expressed a hope for future friendship? had he not rather discountenanced—both he and his daughter, for humane reasons—the relationship he (Richard) had urged upon them? and what incentive to such a piece of diabolical wickedness could a stranger have among strangers? No, granted his sanity, which he could not doubt, there was not, he concluded, anything about the Professor to raise suspicions as to the honesty of his motives.

Would he, then, administer the powder? That was the nerve thrilling question; and notwithstanding all this

debating in the Professor's favour, it increased his pallor and multiplied his heart beats, to confront a definite answer. He put it another way; could he afford to lose Julia, and face life with a woman who was comparatively colourless in contrast, and whom he only respected and did not love? Ah, that was the more effectual aspect of it!

"Oh! God pity me, but I must do it," he at last exclaimed, sinking upon the bed, "And comfort poor Flo."

He had decided, as the Professor, with his deep insight into human nature knew he would, to risk all consequences for the sake of his own happiness. At that moment the mail coach was careering over the wind swept-wastes of Strathspey, and none conversed more gaily with his fellow passengers than Professor Somerton. He was confident of success.

Richard was presently aroused by hearing his father's voice, talking in merry strain with someone who was approaching along the lobby in his company. He barely had time to avert remark by unlocking the door, when the old man appeared with Miss Flora upon his arm, laughing at his sallies and blushing simultaneously at the subject of them.

"Here you are, my boy," cried the laird in high glee, "here is your sweetheart come to ask you why she is not yet made mistress of the Castle," and he laughed heartily at the mutual confusion the remark produced.

It was the confusion of guilt and innocence.

"Please, Mr Stuart," Flora pleaded, "do not speak in that way—Richard and I are not in so great a hurry as you have suddenly taken it into your head to be, you funny man."

"What is it, father," asked Richard, keeping his back to the light, in the hope that his emotion would not be observed.

"Simply this, my son, I have been thinking your wedding may take place sooner than I fixed some months ago. How do you like that, eh? I am getting old, you see, and the sooner you are in double harness, and settle

down to playing the part of the laird, the better. Flora is willing—now, let me speak, Miss Modesty—what do you say to Christmas?”

“I think, father,” said Richard in a voice so shaky that the laird looked up in surprise, “Flora and I will best discuss that matter ourselves; don’t you think so, Flo?”

“Whichever way you think best,” was Flora’s quiet reply.

“The boy is stammering with gratitude,” thought the laird—“Has he found me out?” was Richard’s alarming query.

“Well, well,” said the laird, “just as I anticipated; you resent an old man’s interference, and never thank him even for the concession he has so generously made. Off with you then, and lay your heads together; but not one week, mind, will I grant you this side of Christmas.”

“Come away, Richard,” cried Flora, making for the passage, with a happy little laugh, and he followed her, glad to escape from a situation he felt too dreadfully awkward. When they reached the parlour, Richard entered with such apparent reluctance that Flora looked up in smiling protest. Her smile suddenly vanished.

“What is wrong, dear Richard, you look so pale; are you ill?”

“I don’t feel quite well this morning, Flo, ’pon my word, I really don’t; in fact, I am going to ask the governor for a holiday. We’ll put this matter off for a little, don’t you think so? There is no particular hurry for a day or two.”

“Just as you like, dear. Say you love me, and give me a kiss,” she added, raising her face to his, “and I will be content and happy.”

He kissed her, but no words of affection came from his lips; and Flora wondered why his kiss did not thrill her as it had been wont to do; why also he looked so cold and pale; and why her own heart began to sink with a vague misgiving.

CHAPTER X.

GUILTY.

JUST as the night was descending, and the stars began to twinkle through rifts in the dark cloud masses, a trap drove briskly away from the Castle, followed with a cheery "God bless you, my boy," from the laird. The passenger was Richard, off, as the laird and his household understood, for a short holiday in the Scottish Capital. He looked haggard, and behaved nervously ; his appearance was such, in fact, while admitting the seeming necessity for a change of scene, the laird had some misgivings as to the wisdom of Richard undertaking a night journey on the mail coach.

"Richard, poor fellow, has not been himself for some little time," he said to the old nurse and housekeeper as he closed the door ; "a touch of Edinburgh life will do him good."

A short distance from the Castle, the highway took a sudden turn westwards, bringing the gloomy old building in full view of the traveller. As long as he could, Richard kept his eyes rivetted upon his home. He little dreamt that never again would he cross its threshold ; but a foreboding of evil to come had seized upon him.

Immediately beneath the corner turret was Miss Flora's room ; the light glimmered dimly. Everything had fitted in marvellously with Richard's plans that day. It seemed as if fate had decreed that whatsoever he had resolved to do should be successfully accomplished. In the course of the afternoon Flora had been seized with a violent headache, a bane of female existence to which she was not an unfrequent victim. Richard knew that his opportunity had come, and suddenly announced that he would proceed by coach that night. Flora was confined to her room all evening, and there Richard had said his farewell. He had intended to solicit the favour of her joining him in a glass

of wine, knowing it was her favourite remedy when so prostrated; but she anticipated her evils.

"Take a cup of wine before you start," she said solicitously, "you look so ill, Richard dear."

He brought the wine himself, smilingly protesting there was no necessity for calling a servant; and when he returned he was paler still, and his hand shook until the liquid spilt on the salver. When Flora raised the glass with a loving toast for his welfare and safe homing-coming, he started so perceptibly that she regarded him with a look of enquiry as the wine touched her lips.

"A cold shiver," he hurriedly explained; but in his imagination—who can account for such mysteries otherwise than subjectively—he had distinctly heard the words: "Dash that fatal cup from her hand."

It was too late—the glass was empty; the deed had been done, come good of it, come evil! He felt guilty as a criminal. A hurried embrace, and he had rushed from the apartment, leaving Flora's loving assurances half uttered.

The whole scene re-enacted itself in his brain as he drove along. He could not keep his eyes from that upper window. The powder would be slow in its operation, the Professor had assured him; would Flora already be feeling drowsy? It would be "a dreamless slumber!" Why, was that not a poetic description of death itself? A moment more, and he would get a last glimpse of the Castle—and that window.

"Stop, stop," he shouted to John, and the vehicle was drawn up with an abruptness that made the pony rear.

"What's wrang, Maister Richard? queried John in alarm.

It was only the laird lighting his private sitting-room, but the additional light had conjured up in Richard's brain a sudden illumination of the Castle and an alarmed rush to Flora's room by its terror-stricken inmates.

"It's nothing, John; only one likes to get a last glimpse of the old place—life is uncertain, you know."

“ Sic pairtin’s are tryin’ things for a budy,” sympathised John, recalling his last interview with Chirsty. “ Are ye tae be lang awa’, may I speer ?”

“ That will depend upon circumstances.”

“ Yer health, and sic like ?”

“ Just so.”

“ Like they Ha’ folk, yer depairture’s gey sudden,” pursued John, despite Richard’s apparent disinclination for conversation. “ It’ll be a lang time till we see them atween the een again, sir.”

“ They are coming back in a short time, I understand.”

“ It’s no verra like it.”

“ Why ?”

“ Folk intendin’ tae come back dinna get their things packed up for America,” replied John with a chuckle, proud of being better informed than his young master, and he “ sic freens wi’ the gay leddy tae.”

“ How do you know that ?” Richard asked with surprise.

“ Oh, I jist hae speeshial means o’ information, sir,” was John’s response, determined to magnify the case.

“ Are you certain about this, John ; for allow me to tell you that I know something of the Professor’s intentions, and where he is at the present moment, in fact.”

“ As certain’s I’m sittin’ in this gig driving this dour-headed mare. Gee up, ye auld fule, an’ no caper an’ glower that way. D’ye no ken a milestane yet ?” and with a firm application of the whip, he again got the animal into smooth working. “ As certain’s I’ve een in my heid,” he added.

“ You saw the things, as you call them, packed, labelled, and addressed ?”

“ I did every bit o’ that.”

“ Well, I’m a little surprised, John.”

It was certainly mysterious, Richard reflected, after what the Professor had written ; but, perhaps, when he reached Edinburgh he had been compelled to change his plans.

“ Oh ! I see, John, the Professor has changed his mind since he went south.”

“Not a bit o’d.”

“Ah! then, when was the packing done?”

“Before he left, sir; he would be wrightin’ the addresses for the boxes himsel’, and the hale gingbang are gaun to New York.”

This was unquestionably puzzling to Richard; but if the Professor intended to leave the country, he argued, all the more lucky it was that he was going to meet him. Once out of the country, Julia would be lost to him for ever.

“A gey queer lot,” ejaculated John; “they’ll no be sair missed.”

This summary verdict elicited no response, and the two drove into Inverness after a prolonged silence.

That night Richard formed one of the outside passengers by a special mail it was found necessary to run to Perth. As the coach clattered along the street, the guard merrily blowing his bugle, he wrapped himself in his plaid, withdrew as far as possible from his travelling companions, knowing he would spend a night dismal in itself, and one which would be rendered doubly uncomfortable by his state of anxiety, and a host of undefined fears that he could not shake off. What, he asked himself over and over again, might now be transpiring at the Castle?

Just then David was pacing his bedroom in a state of mental agitation which forbade sleep.

“And he’s following that woman to Edinburgh,” he muttered, “perfectly infatuated; how will it all end? Poor Flo.”

But his sympathy for Flora, one would have suspected from his face and manner, was qualified by a thought, perhaps a hope, which was to him not ungratifying.

THE FIRST LORD REAY.

SIR DONALD MACKAY of Farr, raised to the Peerage as Lord Reay in 1628, was a notable man in his day and generation. Strange stories regarding him are still told by the peasantry of the Mackay country. By many of his contemporaries he was believed to be in close communion with Auld Nick, and it is said that all the fairies, witches, and wizards of the north were ever ready to obey his slightest behest. Aided thus powerfully he might have been a great benefactor of his county, but his schemes for the improvement of Sutherland were constantly thwarted by the "good men" of the district, whose long prayers on more than one occasion caused a stampede among Sir Donald's fairy labourers.

He did not follow in the beaten path of his ancestors, and this, in a measure, accounts for his extraordinary reputation. The hot blood of his forbears led them to pillage and murder their neighbours. They made surreptitious raids into Sutherland, Assynt, or Caithness, and with a "strong hand" lifted the "marts" and the "muttons" of these countries. Upon occasion they would patch up their petty feuds by the sacrifice of a sister's or a daughter's happiness, and, descending from their rugged mountains, lead their "tail" to fight in the forefront of Scotland's battle.

Times were changed. A politic marriage and a timely death had placed the Stuart upon the English throne. The Earls of Sutherland and Caithness had become too powerful to be attacked with impunity, and the Chief of the Mackays sought out "fresh fields and pastures new." Sir Donald had heard of the fame of the King of Denmark, and, buckling on his broadsword, determined to fight under the man whom he describes as "ane resolutt soldett." The "Bratach" of the Mackays was unfurled in a foreign land,

and the slogan of the clan struck terror into a foreign foe. On many a hard-fought field Sir Donald and his men distinguished themselves; and when he returned to Britain his fame preceded him. An impecunious monarch scented the hard-won gold¹ from afar, and an accommodating subject had his name inscribed in the Roll of Peers. As Lord Reay, the Chief of the Mackays returned to Germany surrounded by the chivalry of the north. But dark days were in store for him.

The gentlemen of Fife of about three centuries ago had an evil reputation as slanderers and tale-bearers. The great chief of Kintail, and the two Island Kings of the west, Macleod and Macdonald, each became victims of the unbridled tongues of these busybodies. Little wonder therefore that "they swair a grete aith to heid the fyrst Fifer" who crossed their path, or set foot on their domains. Another Highland Chief when in the zenith of his fame had his honour tarnished. The story of the dispute between Lord Reay and Ramsay is dark and involved. It would appear that Ramsay accused Reay of certain treasonable speeches in reference to the levies raised by the Marquis of Hamilton for the assistance of the King of Sweden. Ramsay affirmed that Reay had said Hamilton's troops "war intendit for som uthir purpos quhilk wold break out in its awin tym"—darkly hinting at an attempt on Hamilton's part to claim the throne. Accuser and accused being brought face to face, in the presence of the King, mutual recriminations ensued, and, in the result, the indignant Highland Chief challenged Ramsay to mortal combat. A High Court of Chivalry was specially constituted for the occasion, and the 20th November, 1631, was fixed as the date of the trial. From the records of the period, we learn that Reay appeared before the Court, ushered in by the herald, and accompanied with his sureties—Sir

¹ Sir Donald Mackay, in one of his letters, complains of the small pay given by his commander, and adds—"But iff he opines not his pourss, I will sik ane uthir maister; the King of Speen is ane trew man, and ane *good payer*."

Pierce Crosby, Sir Walter Crosby, Sir William Forbes, Sir Robert Gordon, and Sir William Evers. He was "apparelled in black velvet trimmed with silver buttons, his sword in a silver embroidered belt, and his order of a Scottish baronet about his neck, and so, with reverence, entered into his pew, his counsel, Dr Reeves, standing by."

It is satisfactory to learn that the gallant chief behaved, as became the head of a warlike clan, "like himself (tall, swarthy, black, but comely) very port-like, and of staid countenance." Ramsay was ushered in by another herald, his sureties being Lord Roxburgh and Lord Abercorn, "and his deport like himself, stern and brave, a fair, ruddy, yellow-headed bush of hair; his apparel scarlet, overlaced with silver, the ground hardly discerned, and lined with sky-coloured plush, but unarmed without a sword. After his reverence to the Court, he faced the appellant, who alike sterned a countenance at him."

The sentence of the Court was given as follows:—"The Lord Constable [Earl of Lindsey] taking the appeal in his hands, and folding it up, put it into the glove which the Lord Reay has cast forth in the Court for a pawn in this behalf, and held the Bill and glove in his right hand, and in his left hand the answer and glove of David Ramsay, and then joining the Bill and answer and the gloves, and folding them together, he, with the Earl Marshal [Earl of Arundel] adjudged a duel between the parties."

The duel was to be fought on the 12th April following, in the Tuttlefield, "between sun and sun." The king and Court were to be present. The weapons were to be—"a long sword, four foot and a half in length, hilt and all, in breadth, two inches; a short sword, a yard and four inches in length, hilt and all, in breadth, two inches; a pike, fifteen foot in length, head and all; a dagger, nineteen inches in length, hilt and all, in breadth an inch." These weapons were "each of them to be *with a point*;" but the

combatants "might abate of the length and breadth if they thought fit."

The day of trial was fast approaching, and Lord Reay, like many another, experienced how fitful a thing was popular favour. Friends, relations, and those who were wont to fawn upon him in the heyday of his prosperity, now held aloof, and the gallant chief, desirous to appear in a manner befitting his birth and quality, addresses the following pathetic letter to the Earl of Carlisle:—

"Right Honorable,—May it please yor honor that a reall frend is best knowne in aduersitie. I have in all this tyme of my trialles and trubles reserved yor lordship to the after shott as the surest pillar of my fortunes under god and our gracious soveraign our king. Good my lord soe is my present estate that I am brought soe loe an ow of meanes and monies that I know not what way to subsist until the day of my triall. Neither know I what way to furnisch myselve wth any kind of equipage fitt for my birth or quality except his Matie be so graciouslie pleased as to cause to be given to me part of the monies wch is dew unto me. I caused a petition to be presented to his Matie, but had noe answer thereof so that I most humblie request yor lordship to present this my other petition to his Matie, and to return me an answer by this noble bearer my frend what I may expect seeing the time is so neare, and I left destitute of all other helpe, by reason that I did only trust into those monies due unto me heere. I think it the greatest of my misfortunes that I am brought into this straight wch I think I have to blott paper with. I have received fiftene hundred pound since I came last into England, and his Matie oweth me as yet two thousand five hundred pounds. I desire now but the odd five hundred pound to do my present business wch is his Maties owne service more then mine and I am willing not to presse the other two thousand pound till God makes an end of this trialles. Although his Matie did owe me none yet without offence I may say his Matie is obleeged in honor, not to suffer me to come to ruin or disgrace at this time seeing that it is for his royall safty that I have brought myself into this necessitie. As yor lp. has ever beine my surest patron and truest frend I expect this favor once more, amongst the rest of yor lordships manifold

courtesies shown to me, as to thinke whether I live or die that I am

“Yor Lordshipps moste humble seruant

“D. REAY.

“March this 29th.”

Addressed—“To the rycht honourable my very noble good lord the Earl of Carlile, Viscount Donkester, etc.”

Endorsed—“1632—Mackay to my lord ; March 29.”

The duel was postponed by order of the King until the 17th of May, but five days before this he decided that it should not take place, and committed both Lord Reay and Ramsay to the Tower till they found sureties to keep the peace.

Of Lord Reay's after life, and of his interesting matrimonial ventures, we say nothing further than that, in regard to the last, from his own curious confession, it would appear he could say with truth, in the words of Shakespere:—

“Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard, and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear.”

At anyrate he had to pay sweetly for going off with Lizzy Tamson.

MURRAY ROSE.

THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

CHAPTER XIII.

Rev. Robert Macpherson, Treasurer, 1839.—Mr Donald Macdonald, Treasurer, 1839-89.—Question as to Responsibility for Maintenance of Poor.—Compulsory or Voluntary Assessment.—The Latter still in Vogue, 1841.—Difficulty of Providing Funds.—Proposal to fit up Dunbar's Hospital as Poorhouse.—Negotiations and New Proposals; the latter entertained, but only so long as Voluntary Assessment should suffice.—A Legal Assessment held necessary in 1843.—Poor Law Act, 1845, and Dunbar's Hospital used as Poorhouse.—Removal of Library.—Position Maintained by Kirk-Session throughout.—Its Course Justified by Decisions of Court of Session.—Enquiry by Committee of Parochial Board, 1890-91.—Their Report Adopted.—New Poorhouse Built, and Old Hospital again Let.—Dr Macdonald Treasurer for half a century.—Mr Allan Macdonald associated with him as Joint Treasurer.—Recent Legacies.—Conclusion.

IN May, 1839, the Rev. Robert Macpherson took charge of the Hospital Accounts until October in the same year. Mr Donald Macdonald, preacher of the gospel, was appointed Treasurer in October, 1839, with the same allowance as had been granted to Mr Matheson, and discharged the duties until 1889. The accounts continued to be made up as last described, an annual statement of revenue and expenditure, and details of disbursements for public burdens being submitted for audit to the Kirk-Session.

Owing to the great increase of pauperism, a difficult question arose in 1837 relative to the maintenance of the poor. Compulsory assessment had been made permissible by the Statute 1579, when the Justices in Counties and the Magistrates of Burghs were made the *legal* guardians of the

poor; but as the revenues arising from church-door collections and other sources were for a long time generally found sufficient, no compulsory assessments were imposed. Under later statutes, and especially the Act of 1672, the heritors of each *Landward Parish* were conjoined with the Kirk-Session in administering the legal provision which had been provided for the poor by the Act of 1579, and other funds available for their relief; but as the main source continued to be the church-door collections, these practically continued under the special charge of the Kirk-Session—no compulsory assessment being made. In *burghs* the obligation to maintain the poor long remained on the Magistrates, in *landward parishes* on the Kirk-Session and heritors jointly; but in some *burghal-landward parishes* a practice had arisen by the early part of the nineteenth century of treating the burgh as one parish, the country district as another. This was found to be illegal in the case of the parish of Dunbar by the House of Lords in 1835. Where a parish contained a Royal Burgh within it, the jurisdiction fell to the Kirk-Session, the Magistrates and the landward heritors conjointly.

But up to the beginning of this century less than one hundred parishes had adopted compulsory assessment, and in the case of the Parish of Inverness and Bona, the whole burden of maintaining the poor appears to have been long borne by the Kirk-Session alone, out of church-door collections and Trust funds, with some precarious contributions raised by *voluntary* associations.

In time this burden became excessive, and the Kirk-Session urged the necessity for a legal assessment. A Board of Administrators for the parish was accordingly constituted, which met half-yearly, and the Session's proposals were submitted. But they were met by great opposition and the allegation that the Session was in possession of funds, which should be applied to and exhausted in the relief of the poor before a compulsory assessment was levied; the system of voluntary assessment

being still in favour with those who wished to avoid giving any contribution, and to put off as long as possible the adoption of a general assessment. The Session very properly replied that the funds they held were trust funds, of which the interest only was so applicable, and they declined to expend the principal unless ordered by the Court of Session.

An assertion was then made that part of the funds they held were part mortifications, part accumulations of interest. This was denied. Had it been true, such accumulations would have been trust funds, and the trustees entitled to increase their capital by adding unexpended interest, unless obliged by the terms of each mortification to expend each year's interest within the year. Besides, to any one who has noticed the large amount of mortified money, and the losses of capital from bad debts and otherwise, it must be evident that the whole capital sum they had represented mortifications only.

In 1841 the voluntary assessment was still in vogue, for an item occurs in the Treasurer's accounts rendered in May of that year, which was certainly no part of the Hospital revenues, viz., "money paid to Kirk Treasurer by Messrs Anderson from the assessment fund, to meet immediate wants of the poor, the Board of Administrators not being ready to commence operations, and the Session having no available funds, £98." This was simply mixing up money voluntarily contributed for the relief of the poor with the money of the Hospital account. It is true that at a meeting of the Provost and Magistrates, the landward heritors, and the Kirk-Session on 6th January, 1840, a resolution was carried, against an amendment to the contrary, to the effect that a *legal* assessment must be levied, but apparently nothing further was done; for, at their meeting in August of same year, it was resolved to use the best exertions to render the *voluntary* benevolence of the community available to meet the necessities of the poor,

who meantime were suffering; the Treasurer being only able to pay one-half of their usual small allowances to the poor on his list, and having meantime borrowed £120 from the bank to do even this. This meeting also requested the Kirk-Session to communicate to its Committee of Management a state of the funds it held; and to concur with the Committee in the best mode of applying the funds, and moreover to communicate a state of the permanent claims for lunatics and orphans, and the fixed claims exigible from the parish. It will be observed that the right of the Kirk-Session to administer the Hospital funds was not now contested.

Voluntary assessment proved a failure, and only led to the incurring of debt by the Session. Their remonstrances were again unreasonably met by the assertion that they held unmortgaged monies, which ought to be first exhausted in paying off debts and maintaining the poor, and also by a proposal to use the Old Academy [*i.e.*, Dunbar's Hospital] and "fit it up as a workhouse for the maintenance and employment of the poor." Such was the mode in which it was now proposed to deal with Dunbar's Hospital, intended for "poor persons to be placed therein by the Session," and to be partly maintained out of the interest of the 2000 merks he left for the purpose, a preference to be given to any of his own name. A proposal to the above effect was sent to the Session for consideration as an intended motion.

The Session at their meeting on 16th May, 1842, expressed their decided opinion, only one member dissenting, that all the moneys entrusted to them, whether destined to a particular purpose or not, were intended by the respective donors to be a permanent fund for the relief of the poor, except where the contrary was stated. They also pointed out that these funds had been uniformly considered and preserved as such, and that, with one exception, no instance had occurred during one hundred and thirty years of the capital being encroached on as proposed: the

exception being in recent years, where a member of the Session had contended that the money was intended for immediate distribution; consequently they considered it incompetent, illegal, and that it would be a breach of trust to alienate any part of the monies under their charge. They further pointed out that the debts in question were not debts of the Kirk-Session but of the parish; and with regard to the proposal to provide a poorhouse, suggested that it should be furnished at the expense of the Board of Administration. They assented, however, to a proposed amendment, which was also before them, that the Kirk-Session should provide £50, to be placed at the disposal of the Committee for the use of the poor. Apparently nothing came of this. Further negotiations took place; a new proposal was made to submit to the Kirk-Session certain queries, drawn up by the said Committee with a view to obtain an opinion of counsel; but the Session declined to assent to the terms of the memorial; and very naturally, as they believed, and they were justified in believing, that the statements made in it were incorrect.

The next step was a meeting of the Legal Administrators of the Poor, viz., Magistrates, landward heritors, and Kirk-Session, at which the attendance seems to have been small. A motion and two amendments were put, and one of the latter was carried to the following effect:—“That as the Session claims the exclusive administration of the funds, they should also have the exclusive management of the poor.” The funds, of course, were the Hospital funds, left to the Session as Trustees. It is difficult to believe that such an unreasonable proposal, and one so contrary to the then existing law, could have been seriously made, much less carried. The Session repudiated it.

Another statutory meeting of the Legal Administrators took place on 1st August, 1842, when more reasonable counsels prevailed. Totally different proposals were made to the Kirk-Session relative to the *annual* proceeds and

interests of the Hospital funds, under deduction of public burdens and money specially destined, and in certain named proportions. These the Session entertained, and agreed to give three-fourths of the nett annual income of their trust funds, subject to the above deductions, *as long as the voluntary scheme should prove sufficient*, and also the residue of their church collections *in aid of the voluntary contributions*, after payment of precentors, catechists, beadles, and other contingent expenses. It was clearly pointed out that *this was only to be an experiment*. This arrangement appears to have worked for a time. The Board of Administration asked for quarterly payments, but the Session deferred payment until their annual accounts were made up some two months later; and for a time the Session handed over three-fourths of their annual balance to the Administrators, and one-fourth to a sinking-fund to extinguish debt. In July, 1843, a meeting of the Session took place, at which some of the principal heritors, or their representatives, were, by invitation, present to confer with them. An agreement was then arrived at, that it was no longer possible to support the poor by voluntary contributions, and that a legal assessment had become necessary. A Committee was appointed to support this view, and to prepare a report for the statutory meeting of Legal Administrators in August, it being then expected that a general enactment for Scotland, relative to provision for the poor, would be passed shortly. Apparently an assessment was laid on, as the Hospital accounts for 1843-44, show "assessment for the poor, 7s 7½d," evidently on the Hospital property. The following year the Board of Administrators appears to have been again summoned to revise the list of paupers, and provide funds for their maintenance, *either* by legal assessment *or* voluntary contribution, for the ensuing year or half-year—a strange inconsistency.

Early in 1845, with the prospect of the Poor Law Act 8 and 9 Victoria coming into force—and none too soon—

the Session enquired whether the Board were ready to furnish the rooms in the Hospital as a Poorshouse, as otherwise they would relet them; and by 13th March got a reply, and were requested to warn out the tenants. This was accordingly done, and the old building was used as a Poorshouse for some years.

In consequence the Library must, about this time, have been removed into the room above the late Session-House, attached to the High Church, where it remained until the building of an apse for an organ necessitated its removal in 1891 to one of the rooms in the Female School, lately used as a Kindergarten School, in Academy Street. A new catalogue was made about the year 1794; another in 1868 by Messrs Allan and Alexander Macdonald, which was revised and had the new books added to it by Mr John Macechern in 1890; and a new catalogue was made by Mr George Alexander Wilson in 1891, when the whole library was re-arranged, and found to consist of 2894 volumes, 21 volumes being missing.

With the new Act of 1845 the dispute came to an end. A Parochial Board was constituted, and wisely adopted compulsory assessment; and in May, 1846, six members of the Kirk-Session were nominated as members thereof for twelve calendar months ensuing.

The Hospital account books show that the Kirk-Session throughout these negotiations continued to hold the trust funds and administer the revenues as they had done since 1657, or earlier, and that what they contributed to the poor's funds, managed by the Board of Administrators, was handed over by them as Trustees, and for behoof of the poor, and only promised to be continued while a voluntary assessment should be made in the parish. Subsequently more than one attempt has been made to claim the administration of these funds, in whole or in part, for the Parochial Board; but the Kirk-Session have successfully resisted the attempt to displace them as Trustees.

This course has been fully justified. Cases have been tried between Parochial Boards and Kirk-Sessions upon this question, when the Court has held that monies left to the minister and Kirk-Session of a parish for the time being, for the benefit of the poor of the said parish, were not claimable by a Parochial Board, in respect that although the fund had been bequeathed for the benefit of the poor in the parish, yet the bequest was to the poor generally, and the parties in whom it had been vested for their benefit were the minister and Kirk-Session, as an independent body, and not the Kirk-Session and heritors, as legal guardians.

A distinction has also been pointed out between the *legal* poor, those entitled to relief by statute, and "the poor of the parish." In another case, the Court was of opinion that the trust was to be regarded, not as a trust for the proper Administrators of the Poor, the Heritors and Kirk-Session, but as a trust vested in the Kirk-Session only; that it was not, therefore, a trust to which the statute applied; and the administration of the fund was permitted to remain in the hands of the Kirk-Session. In the case of the Hospital funds of Inverness, a very full enquiry was made by a Committee of the Parochial Board in 1890-91, when the Committee reported that they were satisfied that no part of the funds administered by the Kirk-Session for the poor are vested in the Heritors and Kirk-Session; but that they are vested in the Kirk-Session alone, with the exception of a legacy of £150, less duty, left by Collector Smith, at the joint disposal of the Kirk-Session and Magistrates. This money was, however, paid to the Kirk-Session in 1835, the Treasurer being authorised by the Session to grant a receipt, and has since been dealt with as part of the Session funds. The Parochial Board adopted the report of their Committee.

The old Hospital continued to be occupied as a poor-house, until it was found to be too small and unsuitable,

and a new one was ready in 1861. Under this arrangement, the rent of the weigh-house and garden was lost for several years, as a reparation fund for the Hospital, for which it was set apart by Provost Dunbar in all time coming ; but in the Hospital accounts for year ending Martinmas, 1864, we again find rent, Martinmas 1863, of Hospital buildings for half-year, £21, and it has been continuously let since.

The office of Treasurer was faithfully and carefully discharged by Dr Macdonald for fully half a century. On 3rd April, 1871, the Kirk-Session renewed his appointment as Hospital and Kirk Treasurer, and associated with him his son, Mr Allan Macdonald. The investments have been varied as occasion required, and the accounts audited annually by the Session. In 1851, they began to be balanced at Martinmas instead of at 30th April, and since 1877, at 31st December. The funds have been increased by a legacy of £685, including interest thereon, from Miss Jane Robertson, in 1855, left to Dr Macdonald, then minister of the First Charge, and certain other persons, whom failing, to the first minister for the time being, and any two elders to be chosen and assumed by him, for behoof of poor or decayed members of, or parties, worshipping in the Established Churches of Inverness and Bona ; also a legacy from Mr Ross of £24, in 1863 ; and a legacy from Mr Wilson, for the poor, of £200, in 1875. A later legacy has not yet fallen in ; it is one from Mrs Janet Mann or Clark to the High Church of Inverness, to be paid to the minister and Kirk-Session of that Church for the time being, the money to be invested and interest expended at their discretion in providing coals to the aged poor of the parish. The amount left was £400, but intimation has been received that the estate is not likely to allow more than £200 to be paid. The legacy was payable on the death of two annuitants, one of whom predeceased the testator, and the other, it is presumed, still survives.

Dunbar's Hospital and the Hospital funds, entrusted through the pious liberality of former generations to the Kirk-Session and the Hospital Treasurer, now furnish the means of affording seasonable aid to the deserving and necessitous poor, including many who do not ask parochial relief, and some of whom would not be proper objects of it. Many such are thus helped to pay their rent half-yearly.

If the details given in these chapters appear too minute or even wearisome, the compiler desires to explain that they are intended mainly for a book of reference, not a narrative, and that in many cases he preferred to give quotations, which will be interesting to some, rather than to summarise in his own words.

In the administration of the funds, endeavours are made to comply as far as possible with the wishes of the respective donors. A separate reparation fund account to maintain the old Hospital has again been started, in compliance with Provost Dunbar's express directions ; and in the autumn of 1891 a new roof was put upon it.

Long may it stand in good repair as a memorial of the good old man.

MORTIFICATIONS AND DONATIONS ADMINISTERED BY KIRK-SESSION OF INVERNESS.
I. THOSE WITH MORE OR LESS OF A PARTICULAR DESTINATION.

Date,	Donor.	Destination and Remarks.	In Merks.	In Pounds Scots.	In Sterling.
A.D. 1668 to 1684	Provost Alexander Dunbar of Barmuchathie.	The Old Hospital and Yard with the ground-right; the lower room at South end for a Grammar School; the weigh-house at North end and the yard for upholding the fabrick; all the rooms above for the use of the poor to be placed therein by the Session of Inverness. <i>Vide</i> pp. 609-610 Vol. III.			
1688	Provost Alexander Dunbar.	To the Hospital of Inverness for such indigent persons as should be called by Mr Gilbert Marshall, then minister at Inverness, or his successors, James Barbour of Mulderg and Bailie Jas. Dunbar and their heirs; 1st, for part of expense of building a stone dyke about the Hospital yard; 2nd, for maintaining a poor persons that should be called by the Trustees. <i>Vide</i> p. 613 Vol. III.	2000		
1688	Provost Alexander Dunbar.	The interest to be given to eight poor men; Trustees the two then ministers and their successors, and four of the elders and Bailie Dunbar and his heirs. <i>Vide</i> p. 613 14 Vol. III., and pp. 26 and 101-2 Vol. IV.	2000		
1712	Dr Fraser of Chelsea and his brother.	To maintain a Library and for a Librarian's salary. <i>Vide</i> p. 142 and p. 242-43 Vol. IV.	1000	=666 13 4	
1718		His brother's estate. To the Rev. the Ministers, Magistrates, and remanent members of the Church Session of Inverness, <i>Vide</i> p. 243 Vol. IV.	900	=600 0 0	
1715	George Duncan.....	The Lands of Diriebuight 22 Scots acres; one-half for repair of the two Churches; the other half for maintenance and education of six poor boys. To Kirk Treasurer and remanent members of Kirk-Session and their successors in office <i>Vide</i> p. 104 Vol. IV.			

Date.	Donor.	Destination and Remarks.	In Merks.	In Pounds Scots.	In Sterling.
1716	William Macphail	To the Hospital, annual rent to be paid to the poor of the place, those of the name of Macphail being preferred. <i>Vide</i> p. 143 Vol. IV.		£200 0 0	
1721	William Duff of Diple	To the Hospital and Poor; right to nominate beneficiaries claimed by his heirs and admitted. <i>Vide</i> p. 149-50 Vol. IV.	500		
1724	Bailie David Fraser of Fairfield.	To Kirk-Session; right to nominate beneficiaries reserved. <i>Vide</i> p. 250 Vol. IV.	1000		
1726	Wm. Mackintosh, sen., late Bailie and Treasurer (?) of the Burgh.	Interest to be paid to poor of the Burgh, but sole right of presenting beneficiaries to rest with his heirs whatsoever. <i>Vide</i> p. 273 Vol. IV.			£25
1728	The Laird and Lady Mackintosh.	To the Hospital Treasurer for the education of two poor boys, one of the name of Mackintosh, or of the Clan Chattan, the other of the name of Duff. <i>Vide</i> p. 273, p. 277 Vol. IV.	3000		
1751	Mrs Anne Duff, Lady Mackintosh.	The interest to go "for pious uses," to be paid to one person of the name of Duff, then of Mackintosh or belonging to Clan Chattan, and right of presentation reserved. <i>Vide</i> p. 274 Vol. IV.	1000		
1803	Bailie Thomas Young.	Residue of his estate to the Hospital and Kirk Treasurer and the Kirk-Session. By the Codicil the interest to be divided between as many poor people, natives of Inverness, at £2 each, as the amount available permitted, preference for indigent blind, lame and bedridden, not being common beggars. <i>Vide</i> p. 511 Vol. IV.			1600
1863	Miss Jane Robertson.	Falling other Trustees to Minister of First Charge and two elders chosen by him for behoof of poor or decayed members of or parties worshipping in the Established Churches of Inverness and Bona. <i>Vide</i> p. 603 Vol. IV.			
1887	Mrs Janet Mann or Clark.	To Minister and Kirk-Session of High Church, interest to be applied at their discretion in coals for aged poor of parish. This legacy was subject to life of another beneficiary, who still survives; the amount named was £400, but the estate is not likely to yield more than one-half. <i>Vide</i> p. 603 Vol. IV.		(with interest)	685

II. FOR THE POOR OF THE PARISH.

Date.	Donor.	Destination and Remarks.	In Merks.	In Pounds Scots.	In Sterling.
		In the Hospital Accounts 1657-1663 there is a list of the Hospital moneys, then amounting to £694s 4s 8d Scots, and in some cases the names of the Mortifiers are given, as also in a List of mortifications at the beginning of the Account-Book. <i>Vide</i> p. 532 Vol. III.			
	James Robertson	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 532 Vol. III.		£100 0 0	
1648	Thomas Robertson	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 535 Vol. III., Lands Value.		136 0 0	
	John Cuthbert of Little Drakies.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 535 Vol. III.		66 13 4	
1660	Bessie Wright, spouse to Robert Thomson.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 534 Vol. III.		20 0 0	
1661	Robert Barbour, merchant in Inverness.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.	1000	666 13 4	
1663	James Fuller, merchant.....	To the Hospital, "Free-Will Offering." <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		40 0 0	
1663	Wm. Baillie, Cordiner	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		14 0 0	
1664	Wife of John Gray, merchant in Inverness.	The following are noted at the beginning of the Account-Book :— Legacy to the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		13 6 8	
1664	Robert Nicolson	Mortified to the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		16 0 0	
1667	Janet Moray, spouse to John Maccombe.	Mortified to the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		26 13 4	
1667	James Cuthbert of Drakies.	Mortified to the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		33 6 8	
1667	Wm. Nicolson, elder.....	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 538 Vol. III.		33 6 8	
1674	Jannet Synklar, spouse to John Robertson of Inshes.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 539 Vol. III.	200	133 6 8	
1677	Jas. Gordon, master mason.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 539 Vol. III.		53 6 8	
1679	Jas. Dunbar, younger, merchant in Inverness.	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 539 Vol. III.		84 0 0	

Date.	Donor.	Destination and Remarks.	In Merks.	In Pounds Scots.	In Sterling.
1706	George Duncan.....	To the Hospital, a balance due to him as Treasurer. <i>Vide</i> p. 664 Vol. III.....		£104 17 6	
1706	Thomas Macnuyer.....	To the Hospital, Doted. and Mortified, £425 + £75. <i>Vide</i> p. 664 Vol. III.....		500 0 0	
1706	Hugh Robertson.....	To the Hospital Mortification, 500 merks and interest, £55 16s 8d. <i>Vide</i> p. 694 Vol. III.....		333 6 8	
1712	Baillie John Mackintosh's Hers.	To the Hospital, doted. <i>Vide</i> p. 668 Vol. III.....		333 6 8	
1714	Helen Baillie, merchant.....	To the Hospital, mortified. <i>Vide</i> p. 143 Vol. IV.....		66 13 4	
1716	Alex. Duff of Drummoore...	To the Hospital, mortified. <i>Vide</i> p. 143 Vol. IV.....		333 6 8	
1722	Robert Jackson.....	To the Hospital. <i>Vide</i> p. 146 Vol. IV.....		= 333 6 8	
1747	Elspet Fowler, spouse to W. Mackay.	To the Hospital and poor of Inverness. <i>Vide</i> p. 274 Vol. IV....	500		
1751	Capt. Robert Brown.....	For relief of poor of this place, £5 sterling, distributed at the time.	500		
1752	Donald Calder and his wife.	To be disposed of at discretion of Kirk-Session for use and behoof of poor, not paid till 1796, when with interest it amounted to £44 18s 11d. <i>Vide</i> p. 407 and p. 508 Vol. IV.....	300		
1772	Albert Munro of Coul.....	To the Ministers and Kirk-Session of Inverness for poor of the Parish of Inverness. <i>Vide</i> p. 412 Vol. IV.....		= 200 0 0	£100
1811	Mrs Catherine Fraser or Mackintosh.	To the Kirk-Session of Inverness for the poor of the parish. <i>Vide</i> p. 531 Vol. IV.....			80
1863	Mr Ross	To the Kirk-Session, Legacy. <i>Vide</i> p. 603 Vol. IV.....			24
1875	Mr Wilson.....	To the Kirk-Session, Legacy. <i>Vide</i> p. 603 Vol. IV.....			200

NOTE.—The lands of Broadstone and Crotterton were bought from Robert Robertson of Shiplands, who was largely indebted to the Hospital in 1715 for the sum of £1750 Scots *Vide* p. 144

A CEILIDH.

PART II.

YET another class of *Ceilidh* houses, and the last I shall mention, were those frequented by the old maids and less industrious wives of the township. Such houses were always occupied by an old maid, or an old widow. How these spent the night I know not. It was generally supposed they drank tea and talked scandal. We often tried to solve this problem, but never succeeded. At nightfall the door was securely bolted, and no one was admitted till he had disclosed his name and business. Even the small hole—sometimes with a pane of glass in it—in the front wall which served for a window was screened by a cloth, and thus the inmates were secure from the prying eyes of the curious. I remember one night about a dozen of us, boys, assembled at one of these houses, and, after several ineffectual attempts to gain admission, it was proposed by one of the party, and carried unanimously, that we should smoke the inmates out. In a twinkling two of the most active boys had climbed to the roof, while the others collected divots which they threw up to them. Those on the roof then placed the divots carefully on the holes through which the smoke found its way out of the house. This being accomplished to our satisfaction, we concealed ourselves in the stackyard, but in such a position that we could see the door of the house, and awaited patiently the further development of events. About twenty minutes passed without any apparent movement on the part of the besieged, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and the next moment, amid the most ear-piercing execrations that it was ever my lot to listen to, the house was completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke that had issued

through the doorway, and it was some minutes before we could distinguish anything clearly. When at last the smoke had partly cleared away, we saw one woman on the roof throwing down the divots we had placed on the smoke-holes, and about half-a-dozen others standing below and giving the most improbable explanations of what had occurred. Some maintained that it was the work of supernatural agency, and one old maid, the owner of the house, asserted in a manner that was not to be gainsayed that she knew very well who had done it. It was Widow M'Kelvie, with whom she had had a quarrel that morning regarding her speckled hen that she—the speaker—had discovered laying in Widow M'Kelvie's henhouse, and she would make the widow smart for this. Poor Widow M'Kelvie was a frail, old body, who could no more have walked in the dark, not to speak of climbing to the roof of a house, than she could have flown.

When Callum Mor had finished his description of his novel and extraordinary method of catching herring, there was silence for a few minutes, for though even the most credulous of Callum's hearers knew that facts were at least exaggerated, no one ventured to express an opinion on the matter, for any one who hinted by word or sign that he discredited any part of the story would have made an enemy of Callum Mor for life. The silence was at last broken by Callum again suddenly saying "that was the day we saw bodach na currachda deirge."

"What was that?" enquired a young man who had but recently arrived in the district, and was ignorant of much of the superstition of the place.

"It's a man wearing a red cap who is sometimes seen during great storms," replied Aonghas Ban in explanation, "and if he swims round a ship three times in succession she is sure to go to the bottom with all hands."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the stranger, "and did he swim round your boat, Callum?"

"Well, this is how it was," said Callum, knocking the ashes out of his clay pipe and putting a quid of tobacco between his jaws, sailor fashion, "We had just gathered the herring off the deck and put them into barrels, when I saw something red pop out of the water right ahead and then disappear between the waves. At first I thought it was a man who had been washed overboard another boat, but when I saw it again coming towards us, I knew it was bodach na currachda deirge."

All eyes were now fixed on the speaker except those of Aonghas Ban, who was working busily at his net.

"Well," continued Callum, pleased with the attention paid him, "I kept my eyes on him as he swoom round the stern of the boat to the port side, and on again in front leaving the boat astern of him, though we were making about nine knots an hour, till he was as far away as when we saw him first, and he then faced us again."

By this time a look of awe was expressed on every countenance, and even Aonghas Ban ceased his work, and, puffing away at his short pipe with all his might, gazed at the speaker, who transferred his quid to the other side of his mouth and placidly continued.

"On he comes again somewhat faster than before, looking from side to side of him and sometimes up at the boat, and went round us again the same way as before against the sun, and he left the boat behind once more."

Horror was now depicted on every face, and Aonghas Ban even stopped smoking, removed his pipe from his mouth, and turned round so as to face the speaker. Though the hero of the story was safe with us, every one seemed to await in anxious expectation the conclusion of the story that was to determine whether the boat was circumnavigated the third time by this monster of the deep, and had gone to the bottom with all hands. After another glance round to see the effect of his words, Callum again proceeded.

"We watched him as long as he was in sight, thinking every moment he would round on us again, but he didn't. We never saw him again."

A sigh of relief escaped the audience at this auspicious ending of the story, resembling the sound of a relaxed violin string that is pitched too high, and Aonghas Ban resumed his work.

"And what was he like, I mean bodach na currachda deirge?" asked Seorus Glas, who had remained silent during the recital of Callum's story.

"Well," said Callum, "no part of him was visible but his head, which was red and something in shape like a man's, and his face was like that of a seal, but whiter, and it was, I think, covered with scales. When he passed by our stern the second time I saw one of his hands, and it was like the claw of a very large frog."

"And how do you know but it was a seal and not a bodach na currachda deirge at all!" asked Alan Breac, the stranger, in an incredulous tone.

"Didn't I tell you that he had a 'Currachd-dhearg' (a red cap), and that he went round the boat twice, and if he had gone round us the third time I would not be here to tell the story. Them that doesn't believe stories shouldn't listen to them, Alan Breac," returned Callum Mor sharply. This reply, and the manner in which it was given, indicated very plainly that the speaker was in no mood to satisfy the curiosity of any one who doubted the veracity of his story. Silence again fell on the group round the fire, and Callum Mor relighted his pipe.

"Do you know, Aonghais Bhain, if there is any truth in the report I heard to-day about Sandy Stewart, the drover, having seen a ghost last night at Glenard Castle as he was coming home from the Kincardine Market?" presently asked Seumas Ruadh.

"Yes, I saw the drover himself to-day and he told me the whole story."

"And what did he see?"

"Well, I will tell you the story as he told it to me. He left Glenard Hotel about midnight, and just as he was opposite the old Castle he saw a man coming towards him

from the direction of the building. He thought at first it was some man who was late on the road like himself, though he wondered what he could be doing in such a lonely place that time of night. He was making straight for the drover, as if he wanted to speak to him, and the drover stood still and waited till he would come up to him, when he noticed that though the stranger was walking over a gravelly piece of land he could hear no sound of footsteps. Sandy felt a bit scared, but when the man came up and stood a few feet from him, and looked at him with a sad expression on his face, Sandy knew at once that he wasn't a mortal being, and he nearly fainted from fright. He remembered that it was unsafe to address ghosts, so he walked on and the stranger followed without saying a word, and noiseless like a cat. Sandy halted once more and the stranger halted too and looked at him as if he wished to speak."

At this stage of the story a gust of wind made the door rattle. All eyes were immediately turned in the direction from which the sound had issued, as if they expected to see the drover's ghost enter, a shiver ran through the more timid of the party, and the smaller boys crouched nearer the fire and threw suspicious glances into the dark corners of the house, where the flickering shadows rose and fell as if moved by the invisible hand of some evil spirit.

"Then," continued Aonghas Ban, "the drover walked on again, and the stranger went off the road and walked back in the direction of the Castle, and Sandy saw him no more."

"Did the drover notice what kind of clothes the stranger wore?" enquired Seoras Glas.

"Yes," replied Aonghas Ban, "he said he was dressed in a fine suit of dark cloth, and wore a black felt hat."

"It was the very same ghost that has been seen often and often before in the same spot," said Seoras Glas, "and will be again and again, I am thinking, till some one speaks

to him. He has a secret no doubt which he wants to make known, and he will never rest till he gets it told."

"But," queried Alan Breac, "if the ghost wanted to speak, why did he not do so?"

"Because, Alan, a ghost can never speak till he is spoken to," replied Seoras Glas, "and that's why he seemed so anxious that the drover would speak to him first; but it was well for Sandy he did not do so, for a person who addresses a ghost is sure to die soon after."

Aonghas Ban had now left off repairing the net for the night, Jenny had put away her spinning wheel and got Alastair to bed, and both she and her husband drew their seats nearer the fire; the girls stopped knitting, and all were gazing in rapt attention at Seoras Glas, who, it was evident, was taking more than ordinary interest in the ghost seen by the drover.

"That ghost," he said, presently, "has some important secret that he wants made known. It may be the spirit of a murdered man, or of a murderer, who cannot rest till the knowledge he possesses is revealed. Ah," shaking his grey head, "if the walls of that old Castle could speak, what a strange history they could recount!"

"Do you know anything about the Castle?" asked Seumas Ruadh; "if any one does, I am sure you do."

"Lie down, Cæsar, lie down, old fellow," said the old man to his dog, that had risen suddenly and was looking towards the door, "it is scarcely time yet to go home." Cæsar did as he was bid, and his master, in reply to Seumas Ruadh's question, said, "There are queer and startling stories told of that Castle. It belonged originally to the Macleods, but they were deprived of it by the Mackenzies. One night the Mackenzies were celebrating in the Castle the anniversary of a great battle they had won. It was on a Saturday night, and the revelry was carried on far into the Sunday. As daylight set in the Chief, who wanted the noisy festivity to be continued as long as possible, ordered his servants to have the cocks' tongues

cut out to prevent their crowing at dawn, and to keep daylight out by drawing heavy black curtains over the windows."

A low growl from Cæsar interrupted the speaker, who bade the dog be quiet, and then continued.

"The Chief was afraid if it were known by his guests that it was Sunday morning they would stop the dancing, and so he wished to keep them in ignorance as to the time of night, for they had no watches or clocks in those days. Then the Chief went up to the best looking lady in the hall, ordered the pipers to play his favourite tune, and danced like a madman till the sun was shining on the hill-tops on Sunday morning."

Another growl from Cæsar, which, with blinking eyes, had been gazing intently towards the door. His master touched him kindly on the head and proceeded.

"Early on the Sunday morning a dispute arose between two of the young gentlemen present, and from hot words they came to blows. I never heard what the cause of the quarrel was, but it was of such a kind that it could not be decided without the evidence of a third party, and none such could be found, for the young gentlemen themselves alone knew anything of the matter in dispute. As I said, from words they came to blows, and they were on the point of deciding the quarrel with their daggers when the Chief interfered, and ordered them to desist from further quarrelling, and let the matter rest. But the friends of both combatants took up the dispute in behalf of their respective favourites. Thus all present ranged themselves on one side or the other, and matters had come to a critical crisis when the Chief said that, to prevent bloodshed in his Castle, he would resort to an expedient by which he would be able to prove which of the two young men, who had begun the quarrel, was in the right. And then he explained to them all what he was going to do."

The old man paused, lifted one leg over the other, and for a few seconds gazed abstractedly into the fire,

“What *was* he going to do then?” asked Alan Breac.

‘To raise the Devil,’ was the startling reply.

The scene that followed this awful announcement was a very impressive one. The group round the fire drew still closer to each other, and bent their heads in the direction of the speaker, who now lowered his voice almost to a whisper. The room was in semi-darkness, for the lamp-light having been extinguished when Aonghas Ban ceased mending his net, only the lurid glare thrown by the peat-fire in its immediate vicinity enabled the party to see each other's faces, and Cæsar, giving utterance to an occasional low growl, stared with eyes that blinked, blinked, blinked, towards the gloomy doorway, and the dark shadows had now left the corners and extended themselves round the walls, and darted hither and thither like the Merry Dancers of the infernal regions.

“You see,” continued the old man in a solemn voice, “it was the custom long ago, when a dispute arose that could not be otherwise settled, to appeal as a last resort to the Devil, whose decision was considered final. He was raised by the exercise of certain formalities, and it was believed that the first words spoken by him on such occasions were truthful, but that after he had answered the particular question put to him it was impossible for him to speak else than falsely. Well, the Chief ordered all the lights to be lowered. Then he drew a circle with a piece of chalk on the floor near one corner of the hall, and had brought to him a table covered with black cloth, which he placed so that one-half of it lay inside the circle. Then he drew a corresponding part of a circle on the table, drew a pair of black gloves over his hands, and ordered the two young disputants to explain the cause of their quarrel. When all this was done he told his servants to get him a black cat, for whenever the Devil was raised it was necessary to give him some live animal, otherwise he would destroy the people in the house and then set fire to it. When the black cat was produced, the Chief took it in his

hand and placed it on the table, so that its fore-part was within the magic circle, and then he chanted strange words in an unknown tongue, calling on the Devil to appear, and reminding him that he was powerless to go beyond the bounds of the magic circle. But just as the Chief and those standing near him expected to see the Evil One present himself, the door of the hall was suddenly thrown open, and a fearful cry was raised that the castle was on fire. Then a rush was made to the door, but it was too late, for the fire had already cut off all means of escape, and the next moment, amid the heartrending cries of the doomed inmates, the roof fell in, burying every man and woman in the castle except the head butler, who in a dying state managed to escape by a back door."

At this moment Cæsar uttered a loud growl and sprang towards the door. He stopped half-way and with elevated tail and lowered head commenced to bark furiously. All eyes were now directed towards the door, and an indescribable scene of confusion followed when a large black object was indistinctly seen in the darkness. The girls screamed and clutched the arms of the young men, who took advantage of the opportunity to draw their fair friends closer to them, assuring them in endearing terms that they were quite safe. Seoras Glas called Cæsar to his side, and Aonghas Ban cautiously approached the unknown intruder, and became all of a sudden very brave on discovering that the cause of the alarm was only one of his own cows that had broken its halter, and thus got out of its stall. When order was at last restored, Seoras Glas returned to his subject.

"The head butler succumbed to his injuries a few days after the dreadful catastrophe, and it was he who gave an account of the manner in which that memorable Sunday morning was spent in Glenard Castle. Ever since then it is said that a ghost resembling that seen by Sandy Stewart, the drover, has been haunting the neighbourhood of the castle, but no one has ever spoken to it."

“Have you ever heard of anyone who spoke to a ghost?” asked Seuman Ruadh.

“Yes,” returned Seoras, “I heard of a widow who was so much troubled by her husband’s ghost constantly visiting her, that she went to the parish minister and asked his advice on the matter. The minister advised her to go to the church at night with a Bible in her hand, and with her eyes draw an imaginary circle round her while she recited these lines from the 93rd Psalm:—

‘Is treise Dia ta chomhnuidh shuas
Na fuaim nan uisge garbh’,
Is treise Dia na sumainnean,
Is tonna cuain gu dearbh.’

“The woman did so, and in a short time the ghost came and stood outside the imaginary circle. Then she spoke to him, but what passed between them was never known, for the woman said the ghost forbade her to reveal what his business was, and shortly after she died.”

“I heard another story told of a shoemaker who one dark night met near a churchyard what he took to be an old woman. He made some common remark to her, when she told him she had been dead for the last sixty years, and she commanded him to return to the churchyard a bone he had picked up there that morning and which he used for polishing the soles of boots, that it was her shin-bone and she could not rest till it was restored. The shoemaker, greatly alarmed, went home in all haste for the bone, and immediately returned with it and placed it in the churchyard, and the ghost never troubled him again.”

“Did you ever see a ghost yourself?” asked Aonghas Ban.

“No,” replied the old man, “but I once saw a wraith.”

“What is a wraith?” Alan Breac enquired.

“It is the spirit of a living person, Alan, as a ghost is the spirit of a dead one.”

“Whose wraith did you see?”

“ It was that of a man whom I had never seen before his wraith appeared to me. It was many years ago, about thirty, I daresay. One fine sunny afternoon towards the end of summer, I was sitting outside in front of the house mending a fishing-rod. I happened to look up from my work, and I perceived a well-dressed man coming in sight at a turn in the road, and walking rapidly towards the house. I watched him, wondering who he was, until he left the main road and took the branch leading up to our door. Thinking he had some business with me, I entered the house and told my wife to tidy up the parlour for the reception of a gentleman who was coming up the road, and immediately I went out again to meet him, I wasn't more than ten seconds inside, and what was my astonishment to find that the stranger had disappeared. You know that from my house the view is unbroken on all sides for the distance of at least half-a-mile. I went round to the back of the house and again entered and asked my wife if she had seen the stranger. She looked at me in surprise and said she hadn't, that she thought I had gone out to meet him. I told her of his mysterious disappearance, and she hinted that I must have been dreaming. This exasperated me so much that to convince her I was never more awake in my life, I minutely described the man's personal appearance, and the manner in which he was dressed. He was young and seemed to be slightly under the average height, dark and rather good-looking, with side-whiskers and a moustache. He was dressed in a grey knicker-bocker suit, with cap and gaiters to match, and he carried a slender black cane in his right hand. In a short time, however, the incident was forgotten. About six weeks afterwards our youngest girl, Nelly, then about three years old, one night became suddenly ill. I despatched a messenger early next morning to Lochoran for the doctor, a young man who had come to the parish a few days before. About noon the same day I was sitting outside the house waiting impatiently for the doctor, when I observed a man dressed

exactly like the stranger I had seen six weeks previously, walk smartly towards me at the turn in the road where my unknown friend had also appeared. As the man approached nearer me, I recognised in him the same individual who had given me such a surprise shortly before. I went down to meet him, determined that he would not escape me this time. He introduced himself as the doctor, and I led him up to the house. I scrutinized him closely as he examined my little girl, and down to his slender black cane, which he had placed on the table, he was an exact counterpart of my former mysterious visitor. In a few minutes he assured me that Nelly was in no danger whatever, and having prescribed for her he accepted my invitation to have some refreshment. I asked him if he had been in this part of the country before, and he replied he was never north of the Grampians till he came here three days ago. Of course I kept quiet about the extraordinary vision I had concerning him some weeks previously, for like all men of his class he would have laughed at me. Educated men either laugh in scorn at what they call superstition, or explain it by science to their own satisfaction. Let them account for this wonderful incident as they like, but the fact remains that I could have described that doctor's personal appearance weeks before I ever saw him in the flesh."

"It was Dr Sanderson, wasn't it?" said Aonghas Ban.

"Yes, it was Dr Sanderson," was the reply.

Did space permit I could relate many other stories of a similar kind that I heard that night at Aonghas Ban's. Seoras Glas's stock of such stories was simply inexhaustible, and once he commenced to tell them he seemed to get quite unconscious of the lapse of time. It was generally midnight when he produced a large silver watch from a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat, and then, without expressing by word or feature any surprise at the lateness of the hour, he would leisurely wrap the plaid more closely round his body, whistle for Cæsar, and the next moment his tall form was

seen disappearing through the door-way. This particular night it was not quite so late as usual when he left for home. His departure was, commonly, the signal for a general break-up of the *Ceilidh*, and all were now getting ready to follow his example, when the old man entered the house again, and standing at the door he expressed himself in his deepest bass voice as follows:—"There is much bloodshed in the east to-night. Thousands of men are lying in their gore, and rivers and valleys are red with their blood. The very heavens reflect the colour of the earth. Look towards the east and you will behold signs of tribulation."

On uttering these words he again disappeared. Every one rushed outside, wondering what strange spectacle the old man referred to. As I have already mentioned, I was a mere boy then, but the sight that met my eyes I shall never forget. The sky towards the east was of a deep crimson colour, interspersed with streaks of yellow light that darted hither and thither, and to and fro with the rapidity of lightning, now flashing away to the north and south, then becoming less distinct as they blended with other shapes similar in form, but of a blood-red hue, and again disappearing from view altogether; figures like tongues of fire shot upwards towards the zenith where the fiery red gradually faded into a pale yellow, and away to the west was seen in strong relief the dark blue of the heavens studded with myriads of stars. No wonder that the superstitious and receptive mind of Seoras Glas associated such a brilliant display of the aurora borealis with bloodshed, for this was the fiercest period of the Franco-German War, and it had been reported for some weeks before that the hostile armies were on the eve of a great, and it was believed, a decisive battle.

The weird stories I had heard that night, together with the wild words spoken by Seoras Glas, and the unusual appearance of the sky, filled me with such fear that I would fain have entreated someone to accompany me

home, were it not that I felt somewhat reluctant to acknowledge my timidity. My father's house was nearly a mile distant, and my disordered imagination converted every stone and bush on the way into a ghost, and every bird that flew across my path into an evil spirit. My nerves were so highly strung by the time I reached home that I was unable to enter the house in the ordinary fashion ; I *backed* in with my face towards my imaginary foes.

The *Ceilidh*, a specimen of which I have attempted to describe—and I know the impression that my account of it leaves on the mind of the reader gives him but a faint idea of the reality—is now almost a thing of the past. So is also the belief in the supernatural. It is true that the Highlander, brought up as he is among the grandest sights and sounds of Nature, is prone to associate with the supernatural anything which to him is unintelligible, but the spread of education is gradually eradicating habits and beliefs that were the result of ignorance ; books and newspapers are being circulated throughout the land, and are finding their way into the remotest straths and glens, and the dawn of a new and a better day is slowly but surely dispersing the dark shadows of a bygone age.

D. M.

QUERN SONGS.

ONE of the oldest instruments for grinding corn is the quern, or *bràth*, as it is called in Gaelic. It was used among all who cultivated the soil, and it is only of late that its use has been limited to a few of the Hebridean isles, and one or two remote parishes on the mainland of Scotland. Long ago the Celt ground his own corn and baked his own meal. His mode of operation was expeditious if somewhat primitive. A few sheaves of corn were taken, and the grain switched out of the ear and put in a pot on the fire to dry. This hurried process is called *earraradh*, while corn prepared by the usual kiln-drying process was known as *ealchadh*. A still quicker mode of drying was to set the sheaves standing against each other, and set fire to the straw. This was known by the name of *gradan*, from *grad*, quick, and meal made of the grain so dried was called *min ghradain*. The grain was then ground in the quern, or *brath*, and was ready for use, it being possible to have the corn cut, and the grain dried, ground, and baked in less than two hours. Before submitting any examples of quern songs, it may be interesting to note that a law was enacted in 1284, in the reign of Alexander III. forbidding the use of "hand-mylnes" (hand-mills) in Scotland. The enactment ran as follows:—"That na man sall presume to grind quheit, maisloch or rye, with hand-mylnes, except to be compelled by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhilk should grind the samen. And in this ease if a man grindes at hand-mylnes, he shall give the threittein measure as multer; and gif any man contraveins this our prohibition, he sall tyne his hand-mylnes perpetuallie."

An excellent example of a quern song will be found in a valuable collection of Gaelic songs called *An Duanaire*. It is reproduced with an excellent translation in Vol. II. of

the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Clagow, published by Mr Archibald Sinclair of that city. I am indebted to my good friend Mr A. Carmichael, Edinburgh, who has done so much to collect the folk-lore of the Hebrides. I give it exactly as Mr Carmichael has written it down from recital :—

BEIL, A CHAILLEACH, A' BHRATH.

[From Duncan Maclellan (Donnacha Ban) crofter, Iochdar, South Uist,
29th May, 1869.]

Introduction.—There lived in the long, long ago, an old carlin, and she was very old. But old as she was she still cherished the desire and even the hope to marry. She came to a crofter house one day while the women were grinding at the quern, and making meal for the food of the family. The women asked the carlin to take her turn at the quern in the following manner :—

Brath! brath! bleith!
Ho brath, brath, bleith!
Beil,¹ a chailleach, a' bhrath
'S gheobh thu 'm blaths-teinne bhuam.
"Cha bheil¹ mi, 'ghraidh,
Cha triog² liom sin!
Cha triog liom sin!"

Brath, brath, bleith!
Ho brath, brath, bleith!
Beil, a chailleach, a' bhrath,
'S gheobh thu 'm bonnach brathain bhuam,
"Cha bheil mi, 'ghraidh,
Cha triog liom sin,
Cha triog liom sin."

Brath, brath, bleith!
Ho brath, brath, bleith!
Beil, a chailleach, a' bhrath
'S gheobh thu 'n cart bainne bhuam
"Cha bheil mi, 'ghraidh,
Cha triog liom sin,
Cha triog liom sin!"

¹ Bleith.

² tric leam.

Brath, brath, bleith !
 Ho brath, brath, bleith !
 Beil, a chailleach, a' bhrath
 'S fear a' tigh'nn ga d' iarraidh.
 "Gu de 'n t-aodach a th' air ?"
 Leineag is bàrlag,
 Is seann chraicionn brathain,
 Agus claidhe' air a leis.

"Beilidh mi gu tiobaint i,
 Is fear a tigh'nn ga m' iarraidh ;
 Beilidh mi gu tiobant i,
 Gu tiobant i, gu tiobant i,
 Gu luath, luath tiobant i
 Is fear a tigh'nn ga m' iarraidh.
 Beilidh mi gu driongant i
 Gu driongant i, gu driongant i,
 Ga sior chur mu 'n cuairt.
 Beilidh mi gu tiolpant' i,
 Gu tealpant' i, gu tiolpant' i,
 Gu drionganta, gu dreanganta,
 Ga sior chur mu 'n cuairt !

And the carlin worked at the quern till she fell dead of sheer exhaustion on the "*craicionn-brathain*,"¹ where she sat.

For the benefit of such as may not have Chambers interesting work beside them, I quote the rhyme referred to by Mr Carmichael in his note—

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife, and ye'se get a hen."
 "I wadna whistle," quo' the wife, "tho' ye wad gie me ten."
 "Whistle, whistle, auld wife, and ye'se get a cock."
 "I wadna whistle," quo' the wife, "tho' ye wad gie me a flock."
 "Whistle, whistle, auld wife, and ye'se get a man."
 "Wheep-whaup!" quo the wife, "I'll whistle as I can."

The following example of a Quern Lilt is taken by special permission from that excellent collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies, published by Mr R. Maver, Glasgow.² It may

¹NOTE, by Mr Carmichael.—The "*craicionn-brathain*" is a skin or hide placed on the floor, below the quern, to keep the meal clean. Compare this with "The Auld Wife" in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland."

²Maver's Collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies, for the piano-forte or harmonium, in keys suitable for the voice. Harmonised by C. H. Morine; edited by George Alexander, Esq. Glasgow: Robert Maver, 11 Renfield Street.

be here stated that the collection embraces quite a number of Gaelic airs, and should be studied by all who are interested in Gaelic music.

THE QUERN LILT.

KEY D.—*Moderate, with expression.*

(Tune, "Craig o' Barns").

{	.m		s.,d : m.,d		s.,d : m.,s		l.,l : s.,m		r : r.	}
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The *cumha* stills the dowie heart, The *crònan* stills the bairn - ie,

{	.m		s.,d : m.,d		s.,d : m.,s		l.,l : s.,m		r : d.	
---	----	--	-------------	--	-------------	--	-------------	--	--------	--

The music for a hungry wame, Is grinding o' the quern - ie.

{	.m		d.,m : s.,l'		s.,m : s		l.,t : d'.m'		r',d': l.	}
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And leeze me o' my lit - tle quern : Grind the graddan, grind it ;

{	.t		d'.m' : l.d'		d.,r : m.,s		l,d'.- : s.,m		r : r.	
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We'll a' get crowdie when its dune, And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize,

The lover prize his erlies ;

But gin the quernie gangna round,

They baith will soon be sareless.

Sae leeze me, &c.

The whisky gars the barque of life

Drive merrily and rarely ;

But graddan in the ballast gars

It steady gang and fairly.

Then leeze me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,

And owre the ingle hinge us ;

Let but the little quernie gae,

We're blythe whatever dings us.

Then leeze me, &c.

And now it cheers the herd at e'en,

And sets his heart-strings dirlin',

When, comin' frae the hungry hill,

He hears the quernie birlin'.

Then leeze me, &c.

The quern songs are fast passing away, and it would be well that such as have the opportunity should collect any they may hear throughout the Highlands.

THROUGH DARKEST INVERNESS-SHIRE
BY RAIL AND ROAD.

I.

EDWARD— Let me have no more tragedy—it sickens me ! makes me dull and heavy ; give me comedy, it is my humour.—*Old Play.*

IT was in the present year (1892) of grace, some few weeks ago, and at an hour when the sun, opaquely seen through the dripping mist like a huge harvest moon, hung low above the horizon, and the average of Western human kind was wrapped in deep sleep ; when the wearied husbandman, groping half mechanically for the family watch, placed for convenience and partly for security underneath the pillow, turned himself round in his warm blankets with a huge breath of gratitude at the earliness of the hour and the prospect of a little more of that greatest of all luxuries, deep and dreamless sleep ; even the grouse-hunter, though intent on “big bags,” and unlimited “braces,” lay snorting and snoring, killing more in his dreams than he ever dreamed of in his waking moments ; and the household dog, who had barked with exasperating diligence at nothing, all through the long hours of the night, was now dumb and oblivious of the fact that the wary nocturnal cat, after the night’s dissipation, was creeping homewards within speaking distance of its kennel door.

It was at this early hour that the intelligent observer might have seen a young man, whose long form was wrapped up in a somewhat respectable “Ulster,” as it is called, and who carried on his head a well-brushed felt hat, on his feet blackened and polished boots, and in his hand an umbrella.

By way of marked contrast to this luxuriance might be seen a small group of navvies in their labour-stained moleskins, who hung about, though at a respectful distance, striving to kindle damp tobacco; to button their jackets as close to the throat as the scarce buttons would admit of; to turn up the remnant of two-inch collars as near to their ears as a five-inch neck would allow, and to bury their hands and as much of their arms as far down as possible into their trousers' pockets; for the morning was one of those, alas, too frequent now-a-days, wintry and sloppy, and cold and damp. The spot where they stood was an obscure and dreary one in the central highlands of Inverness-shire. It had been raining for a fortnight, and that it would rain that day was as sure as this tale is true, if indeed the rain had not already begun to come down.

That he of the ulster and umbrella is the writer of this sketch will be guessed by those curious on the point. Let me disclose myself! The initials of my name will be found at the end of this article, and my full dignity and titles in the roll of fame by whomsoever is fortunate enough to possess a copy.

I had business at an obscure highland retreat somewhere in or near the Rannoch Muir, and my handiest means of getting there was, I was told, to get passage by fear or favour in the workmen's train up the West Highland line, then as now in process of construction, and of which the portion from Fort-William to some few miles beyond the head of Loch Treig, was finished enough to admit of so-called "trains" being sent so far daily, carrying workmen and plant. By favour of a friend—an employé of the contractor's—by name the extraordinary one of Macdougall, I readily procured the necessary authority, and accordingly I took my seat in the train on the particular morning in question, and under the circumstances already described.

The rolling-stock consisted of an engine and a covered-in van. The former was the puffiest, smokiest, jerkiest,

screechiest machine that ever a descendant of Watt or Stephenson fitted together. The latter, the van to wit, had a seat all round, and a double one right up the centre. It appeared to be fitted up for fifty occupants; and on this particular occasion it was well filled. This car was not, in any sense, a "Pullman;" it was not fitted up in a luxurious way, and its springs—if, indeed, there were any—had, by years of incessant bumping, ceased long since to perform their functions. The small windows—one on either side—were, to put it mildly, inadequate as a means of letting air in or out, inasmuch as they were both occupied by the robust frames of two of the workmen, who were to be envied in the coign of vantage they had secured, and who stuck manfully to their posts with the most perfect indifference to any one's comfort but their own. For, by comparison with the others, and notwithstanding that their heads and shoulders were out in the air, their positions were much coveted, at least by me, for air they had—good pure air, albeit cold and damp; while inside was thick with fog and smoke, for it was a smoking compartment—smoking and spitting—merely that, as a particular raven would say, "that and nothing more." Fortunately, at every few miles, there was a stoppage to let out some of the men where their work lay; but, unfortunately, others whose work was further on, came in, so that the balance of numbers was kept up. They brought in some fresh air with them, however, which was seized on by gasping occupants just as physical food would be if we were as starved as we were stifled.

The motion of the car, too, was peculiar; the little engine tugged and tore at it as if it wanted to tear its inside out, and as we went with considerable speed over the uneven rails, the motion appeared to be a succession of rapid tugs ahead, say a couple of yards, each accompanied by a lateral motion of one foot to the yard, varied at intervals by a bump which seemed to throw it off the rails. This motion showed itself in a comical way on the

face of a corpulent navvy who sat right opposite me. His fat cheeks wobbled about to every motion like two plates of porridge, and the wonder is they didn't fall out.

I felt myself to be an object of considerable curiosity. I was stared at by some fifty pairs of eyes as if I were some new kind of animal, or a royal prince. Not a word was spoken; words could not be heard in the deafening din which accompanied our progress. So they simply sat with their elbows on their knees, and smoked, and glared. I tried to look comfortable and at home; but am cognizant that the effort was a dismal failure. My bright and polished boots would obtrude themselves, and I felt almost ashamed of them, and tried to keep them out of sight. My gloves I covertly took off, and hid them away in my pocket in a cowardly way. I tried to look as if my umbrella was a nuisance, and there purely by accident. My ulster I could do nothing to ameliorate, so I had to brazen it out, an effort which nearly failed when the man with the wobbly cheeks put out his hand and calmly felt the quality of it. The result of his investigation was apparently satisfactory, for he winked to me confidentially, and with profound gravity.

As I have said, I tried to look comfortable, but I failed. The eyes of the working class were on me, and I was intrusive and dandified and mean and worthless; in short, I felt like a bloated capitalist.

As it was equally possible to see through the windows as to see through the wooden sides of the car, nothing of the new line or of the scenery could be seen; and it was not until we stopped at the end of Loch Treig, where friend Macdougall said we must change carriages, that I had an opportunity of seeing anything. It was with a thankful feeling that I greedily filled my lungs with pure air. It was even more refreshing than a deep, deep draught of pure water after an intolerable thirst. It was some time before I could get enough of it, and anything more refreshing or agreeable I have seldom experienced.

However, there was no time for looking at scenery or anything else, for we had to hurriedly climb over a mass of

broken rock, mingled with sleepers and iron rails, and clamber as best we could into an open stone truck, which was to take us the rest of our journey.

The change from a close van into an open truck was not without some disadvantages. In the van we could sit and keep ourselves dry : in the truck we had to stand and get wet, for by this time the dense fog had softened into a thick, wetting drizzle. In the truck we had certainly more security from choking, but, on the other hand, we were in imminent danger of falling out with the extraordinary and erratic motions, or rather sets of motions, with which we were now beset. When the engine moved on, as it did suddenly and without previous warning, we were nearly all thrown out behind *en bloc*, and, as I was at the back end, I got my full share of a stratum of superincumbent navy, which was forced back like an avalanche upon me. Before we had time to recover our perpendiculars, we as nearly went by the board in a lateral direction, owing to a pick-shaft or some such obstruction on the rail.

Commend me to a railway truck under such circumstances, to prove the everlasting brotherhood of man. Each one clung to his neighbour as if he were a long lost relative, and I was more intimately associated with the Irish question than I hope ever to be again, by clinging for mutual support to a villainous-looking Irishman, who smelled so of nicotine that he would have made himself a fortune if he could be let out to owners of greenhouses, and such like breeders of vermin, as an insecticide. It was with a feeling then of intense relief that at last, after being nearly projected headlong into the engine, we drew up on a bleak hillside, where shanties, bothies, barracks, blacksmiths' and joiners' shops were associated with heaps of rails, sleepers, and miscellaneous "plant" of all kinds, and the clang of hammers and the general noise and bustle of work betokened that we had reached a "base" of operation.

A curious reflection it is, that away up here in this inhospitable moorland, far from house or hut, except these

temporary ones, amid rocks and stones, heather and marshy mosses, man should find it necessary to be so very busy, that a swarm from the hive of human industry should settle down, and with pickaxe and shovel undermine here and bank up there, to force the unyielding rock out of its old bed into a new one, and the resistless soil out of this spot into that.

It is true that man puts in more than half his time transferring himself or some other substance out of one place into another. Jefferson of New York, who has jumped about like a house-fly all these years, from hotel to store and from store to quay, must take a bigger jump across the seas to Europe or Africa, and when there jump away as before ; while Macpherson of Britain must needs betake himself to America or the Indies, and, like his brother Jefferson, move things himself or help others to the universal shifting. The wheat which has just been whirled into Chicago is not allowed to rest there, but must needs be bundled to the coast, and from there across the seas to some other coast, then railed again and sent inland by express as if it had some important appointment to meet (as indeed it has), and was pressed for time ; then out of the trucks with it and into carts, and rattled through the streets until each grain, if it had a voice, would cry out in sheer worry, " Let me alone ! get me to a mill where I can have rest and some peace ! " Alas, false hope ! In the mill, the supposed haven of rest, its new conditions are worse than the old, for it is taken out of one granary into another, off one floor on to a second, and so on until the soul is ground out of it, and it is once more stored in bags, and off it goes again on a new journey. No rest, no peace !

So these hundred and odd men are busy moving things, for they are building a railway for greater facility in movement ; which railway, when finished, will consist literally of miscellaneous material taken from many spots, and which has been shifted about for years, and set down here, for what extent of permanency none can tell.

Macdougall, interrogated as to probable geographical position of shooting lodge, where my end lay, takes in with broad sweep of arm some sixty miles of territory, and says he believes it lies over there. I point out that "over there" is, to say the least of it, vague. For the matter of that Perth and Paris lie "over there." Can he not be more pointed? Macdougall refuses to become more pointed, own private opinion rapidly crystallizing into fixed belief is, that his ignorance on this point is more profound than my own, glean from him, however, that road may be struck about half-a-mile on; very comforting this about road; feel more assured. Wish him good morning, and make fervent promise to be back in time for what Macdougall calls the "five o'clock." Turn up legs of trousers, collar of coat, hoist umbrella, and *en avant* is the word.

Beginning of journey not too promising—very wet, also windy. Wouldn't mind wind if there was less wet—wet everywhere. Air wet, heather wet, and where heather is not, slimy mosses are. This last very difficult to walk on. Surroundings very cheerless; insides of barracks and workshops may be all very well, but outsides foul and guttery. Good place for health officer to construct report; plenty of room for suggestions. Might for instance divert drain from front door of barracks No. 1, away from back door of barracks No. 2. Might also have tinned meat tins more picturesquely arranged. Tremendous quantity of them; never saw so many all at once. Geology here very simple; first conglomerate, then gutter, then empty meat tins.

J. A. G.

LAST YEAR'S PROGRESS IN CELTIC LITERATURE AND STUDY.

DURING the past year of 1892, though nothing so important in Celtic matters has been done as in 1891 in the case of Professor Zimmer's researches in the Ossian and other Gaelic sagas and Mr Nutt's volumes of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," yet a great amount of good, steady work has been accomplished. This is true not merely in philology, which, since the ascendancy of the "New School" in that subject, shows remarkable activity on Celtic ground, but also in the departments of literature and antiquity. Just as these lines are being written, there comes to hand a new and complete edition of the poems of the best of our present Gaelic bards—Neil Macleod, whose "Clarsach an Doire" has just been published by Archibald Sinclair, of Glasgow.

The works published in connection with the Highlands and Scottish Gaelic are few but good. The most important of them is Dr Cameron's "Reliquiæ Celticæ," edited by Mr Macbain and Rev. J. Kennedy, the first volume of which—"Ossianica"—was fully reviewed in our May number. While in itself giving a complete set of the Ossianic ballads, with variants of the same, it forms an excellent companion volume to Campbell's "Leabhar Na Feinne." The second volume, which will probably appear early this summer, and which is well under way, is to contain the Fernaig MS., a second Turner Collection, a Gaelic History of the Macdonalds (17th century), topographical and philological articles, and an introduction dealing fully, yet concisely, with the whole subject of Gaelic grammar and philology. Mr Hector Maclean's "Ultonian Ballads" also belongs to the heroic and Ossianic literature of our race. In this work, Mr Maclean brings together all the ballads that bear

on Cuchulinn and his times, and able and admirable translations are given. Rev. Mr Maclean Sinclair has issued a second volume of his "Gaelic Bards" (1715-1765)—an excellent little work that deserves success. We are glad to find that Rev. Mr MacInnes' Gaelic and English "Comhraidhean" have so soon seen a second edition, for we have few Gaelic scholars to be compared with Mr MacInnes. Of English works on Gaelic subjects, undoubtedly Dr Nigel MacNeill's book on the "Literature of the Highlanders" is the most important of the last few years. Although the first quarter of the book is much marred by historical heresies, the rest of the work, dealing with the last four hundred years of Gaelic literature, is very well executed. Excellent translations are scattered throughout the volume. Mrs Mackenzie's "Tales of the Heather" forms a pleasant work, combining history and romance in a racy style, with great dramatic power.

Topography has been considerably in evidence during the past year. Possibly this may be traced to the Rev. Mr Johnstone's book on the "Place-Names of Scotland," which appeared early in the year. Though favourably received by the "Sassenach" press, daily and periodical, the work did not commend itself to Gaelic scholars, and a specially vigorous and scholarly attack was made on the work in an Inverness paper (*Courier*). In our own columns Mr Hector Maclean and Mr Macfarlane have discussed Renfrew place names, and a series of articles on the "Place-names of the Hebrides" have been appearing in the *Northern Chronicle*. And here it may be said that the press of the Highlands is doing the usual amount of good work in fostering Gaelic and elucidating Highland history and antiquities. We have already noticed the appearance of a friendly rival in the periodical line in the case of the *Celtic Monthly*.

In speaking of the periodical press, we may note the excellent service that the *Academy* renders to Celtic studies. Every now and then a letter, article, or note appears dealing with matters Celtic, written or inspired by such scholars as

Dr Stokes, Kuno Meyer, Professor Rhys, &c. The quarterly journal of *Folklore* is also to be honourably mentioned in this matter. In the March number Professor Rhys discussed Manx Folklore and the customs of first-footing; in the June number was a Gaelic folk-tale (The Baker of Beaully) from Mr Macbain: and in the September issue Mr Nutt discussed ably and admirably the progress made during the last two years in Celtic Myth and Saga. The *Revue Celtique* still pursues its learned way under the editorship of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, and Professor O'Growney makes the *Gaelic Journal* a periodical at once learned and popular. Of transactions and proceedings of societies we may note that several important articles have appeared in the pages of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland (notably on new Ogam), and in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. German philological periodicals deal largely with Celtic, and important articles on Celtic grammar and derivation have appeared in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift* from the pens of Zimmer and Thurneysen.

In regard to philology, besides those above-mentioned, Dr Whitley Stokes has published some important articles and papers—in the *Revue Celtique*, in Bezzenberger's *Beiträge*, and especially in the Transactions of the Philological Society. Professor Strachan, of Owen's College, Manchester, has been very active in Celtic matters; and his paper on "Compensatory Lengthening of Vowels in Irish," is the most important contribution made to Gaelic philology during the past year. M. Loth has published a work on the Latin words in the Brittonic Languages: he uses the word Brittonic to denote what Professor Rhys means by the awkward word Brythonic—that is, the languages of Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales. We may remark that the name Britannia has been subjected to some investigation by Professors Rhys and De Jubainville. They both think that the Greek *Pretannice* and the Gaelic *Cruithne*, which are allied by root, are to be separated from the name Britain, which, they think, arose from that of a (supposed?)

British tribe in the south of England called Brittones. It stands rather to reason that the Roman Britannia is but a mal-pronunciation of the Greek Pretannia, which is undoubtedly more ancient as a name applied to Britain. Dr Holder has issued the third of the eighteen parts of his great Old-Celtic Thesaurus. It comes down to the letter C.

Irish literature, ancient and modern, has one or two good books to represent it. Passing over two histories of the Ancient Celtic Church (Dr Healy and Mr Olden), we note first Mr Standish O'Grady's interesting little volume on "Finn and his Companions," which contains tales about Fionn that have not before been published; and, in this connection, it may be as well to mention the second edition of Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." Within the last day or two there has come to hand the long-expected *Silva Gadelica* of the veteran scholar Mr Standish H. O'Grady (Williams & Norgate). This valuable work is in two volumes, the one containing the original (Irish) Gælic and the other the English translation and notes. It contains 31 pieces ranging from lives of saints and historic episodes to heroic sagas and fairy tales. The famous *Agallamh* or Colloquy of Patrick and the Seniors is given here for the first time. It is needless to say that the work is simply indispensable to Celtic scholars. Dr Kuno Meyer has issued a complete edition of "Maconglinne's Vision," with translation and excellent glossary. This romance deals with the extraordinary voracity of an Irish King, which is attributed to a demon (*lon-cráis*) in his throat. The word "*lon-chraois*" is lost to modern Gaelic lexicography, though faintly remembered in common speech and superstition, but it is interesting to have it in the Fernaig MS. of two hundred years ago in full and good use. Macrae, the writer, complains—

Chad chighil qūyd zē veis
Nī mo hreig mj toilk
Oire aind j meahan mois
Cha lonchrjs mj chorp.

Here he tells us that his morals have not changed, nor has he forsaken evil, for, in mid-life, gluttony entered his body. A third series of "Irish Texte" has appeared, edited by Professor Windisch and Dr Stokes, where the latter edits the interesting story of Cormac's sojourn in the Land of Promise. Professor D'Arbois de Jubainville has issued, as volume fifth of his Course of Celtic Literature, a work entitled "L' Epopée Celtique en Irlande," where he gathers together, in a French translation, the most important of ancient Gaelic sagas. dealing with Cuchulinn and his epoch especially. The Deirdre story is particularly complete, and the Scottish Gaelic version is rendered into French. It is a pity that no similar work exists in English ; for, with the exception of Joyce's "Celtic Romances," which are more modern and rather "magazinish" in type, there is no book that gives anything like a complete account of the old myths and legends of Gaelic literature. J. F. Campbell of Islay intended to do this in a companion volume to "Leabhar na Feinne," but death intervened.

NOTES.

MR HAROLD BOULTON, author of the excellent and sumptuous work entitled the "Songs of the North," has just issued a companion volume in the "Songs of the Four Nations." His musical co-adjutor is Mr Arthur Somervell. The work is dedicated to the Queen, and forms a very handsome volume. The songs number 50, and are in the divers languages and dialects of our "four nations"—English and Scottish, Highland or Gaelic, Welsh and Cornish (one song), and Irish, with one Manx song. Translations are given into English of all the Celtic songs, mostly by Mr Boulton himself; and exceedingly happy renderings they are as a rule. The two Gaelic songs are Eilean an Fhraoich and the Mackintosh Lament, both of which Mr Boulton translates. The latter is thus beautifully rendered by him into English:—

Grief of heart! heart of grief!

Fallen is the warrior chief;

Fallen like a summer leaf,

Lies Clan Chattan's glory!

Cursed thy breed, thou treacherous steed,

That failed the rider at his need!

Black thy colour, black the deed,

Black thy name in story.

Bitter doom! hapless bride,

Newly parted from his side,

When my true love, stricken sore,

Met his death ill-fated!

Wine for wedding feast prepared,

Friends at wake and funeral shared;

Sorrow, sorrow, evermore!

The bride must mourn unmated.

THE Inverness Gaelic Society commenced its winter session last month, and the syllabus for the year, which is now practically full, will prove to be an excellent one. An important paper is expected from Prof. Strachan, Manchester. The 17th volume of the Transactions will be issued during the month.

The Gaelic Associations and Clan Societies of our great cities have begun in a vigorous manner their winter's work. The Clan gatherings have been very successful, and the literary work which follows during the season promises, so far as we have seen programmes, to be especially good. The Gaelic Society of Glasgow has begun with an excellent lecture from Prof. Mackinnon on the Classical Learning of the Gael. Assistant Prof. Magnus Maclean delivered an admirable lecture on the "Skye Bards," wherein he proved that island to have produced quite a formidable array of poetic names. The University Celtic Societies are gratifyingly active. Prof. Minto lectures this month before that of Aberdeen on "Two New Celtic Poets."

THE Inverness Scientific Society has already had two winter sederunts, at the first of which Provost Ross delivered a lecture on "Iona." At the second meeting Mr Morrison, of Kintail, gave an account of "Clerical Life on the West Coast one hundred years ago," which was practically a history of Presbyterianism in Kintail and the adjoining parishes since its establishment in 1730. The paper forms another important chapter in the history of the Christian Church in the Highlands, a history which is being written thus gradually and by different hands.

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The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

A Magazine which is intended to be a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at Home and Abroad.

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VOL. IV.



THE
HIGHLAND *Magazine*
MONTHLY



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EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

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

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FEAR A' GHLINNE.

CAIB. II.

CHA bhiodh e feumail aig an am so iomradh a thoirt air a' chomhradh a bha eadar Callum Ruadh, Domhull Sgoileir, agus Mac 'ic Alasdair, no idir air an staid anns an d'fhag iad am botul, agus anns an d'fhag am botul iad, mu 'n do dhealaich iad ri' cheile an oidhche ud. Ma fhliuch gus nach do fhliuch iad an da shuil aon uair no da uair, cha 'n 'eil fhios againn. Cha robh na daoine coire a bh' anns a' Ghaidhealtachd 's an am ud idir cho deas gu bhith faotainn coire do chach a cheile 's a tha cuid de mhuinntir an latha 'n diugh. Bha cairdeas is comunn is gaol 'nam measg 'san am ud nach fhaighear an diugh ach gle ainneamh ann an aite sam bith. Faodar a radh mu 'n triuir dhaoine coire so, gu robh iad mar thriuir bhraithrean, gu reidh, reumail, caoimhneil, cuideachdail, comhraiteach gus an do shaoil iad gu robh an t-am aca gabhail mu thamh, gu'n do chaidil iad cho trom ris a' chloich, agus gu 'n d' eirich iad 's a' mhaduinn an la-iar-namhaireach a cheart cho sunndach ris an uiseig.

Bha 'nhdaduinn moran ni b' fhearr na bha 'n oidhche, agus bha thuar air an latha gu robh beagan uine de shide

briagha dluth air laimh. A reir choltais gu robh na trì latha de'n Iuchar a th'anns an Fhaoileach a' toiseachadh air a' mhaduinn ud.

An uair a dh' eirich Mac 'ic Alasdair 's a ghabh e a bhiadh maidne, bha e air son sealladh fhaotainn air an aite, o'n a bha an latha cho briagha. B' e Disathuirne 'bh' ann; agus o nach robh Domhull Sgoileir a' cumail na sgoile air Disathuirne, 's ann a rinn Mac 'ic Alasdair suas gu falbhadh Callum Ruadh agus Domhull Sgoileir comhladh ris a dh' fhaicinn cuid dhe na h-ioghnaidhean a bha mor-thimchioll a' Ghlinne.

"Co dhiubh a theid sinn gu iochdar a' Ghlinne no gu uachdar a' Ghlinne an diugh," arsa Callum Ruadh.

"Biodh sin aig bhur toil-se, fheara," arsa Mac 'ic Alasdair; "Cha 'n 'eil annamsa ach coigreach, agus o'n is aithne dhuibhse cur na duthcha gu leir, rachamaid an diugh do'n aite a' s dluithe air laimh."

"Theid sinn sios gu iochdar a' Ghlinne, ma ta, o'n is e a's fhaisge dhuinn. Chi sinn ioghnadh no dha ann mu'n till sinn," arsa Domhull Sgoileir.

B' ainneamh aite an robh gleann cho maiseach ris a' Ghleann Mhor. Bha e coig mile air fad, agus mu mhile gu leith air leud. Bha amhainn a' ruith troimhe ris an canadh iad, an Amhainn Chruaidh. Fhuair an amhainn an t-ainm so, a choinn gu robh na bruaichean aice gle chas a nuas o a braighe gu faisge air a leith. Theirteadh, Am Bail'-Uachdrach ris a' bhaile tuatha a bha ann am braighe 'Ghlinne, agus am Bail'-Iochdrach ris a' tuatha a bha ann an iochdar a' Ghlinne, faisge air bun na h-aimhne. Bha rathad mor troimh 'n Ghleann o cheann gu ceann. B' ann dluth air a' Bhail'-Iochdrach a bha 'n Taigh Ban; agus an latha ud an uair a thug na fir an' aghaidh air an aite 'dh' ionnsuidh an robh iad a' dol, bha aca ri dhol troimh 'n Bhail'-Iochdrach. Mu'n am ud de'n bhliadhna cha b' urrainn daoine a bheag a dheanamh air obair a muigh; ach o'n a bhiodh moran feamann a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich a h-uile geamhradh is earrach, ann am bagh

beag a' bha mu leith mhile an taobh shios de'n amhainn, bhiodh tuathanaich a' Bhail'-Iochdraich, agus moran eile, cur air tir a h-uile latha 'bhiodh an seol-mara freagarrach. Chuir stoirmeannan an Fhaoilich moran feamann gu cladach air a' bhliadhna ud, agus an uair a rainig Mac 'ic Alasdair, Callum Ruadh, agus Domhull Sgoileir a' chroic—'s e so an tainm a theirear ris a' chuid sin de'n chladach anns am bi an fheamainn a' cruinneachadh—bha na ficheadan an sin ag obair cho trang 's a b' urrainn daibh. Bha eich is cairtean aig an aireamh bu mho dhiubh ; agus bha cuid eile ag obair leis na h-eich chliabh. Cha robh an latha ach goirid, agus an uair a bhiodh greis a dh' an-shide ann, cha bhiodh an traigh ann ach car uine gle' bheag. Dh' fheumadh iad a h-uile cothrom a ghabhail air an fheamainn a chur os cionn tiurr an lain, aon uair 's gu 'n tigeadh i thun a' chladaich, ar neo nan atharraicheadh a' ghaoth, dh' fhalbhadh a h-uile sop dhith.

An deigh dhaibh seasamh car uine 'gabhail beachd air luchd an fheamanaidh, ghabh iad sios rathad Rudha na h-Airde. Sios faisge air gob an Rudha thainig iad far an robh tri chlachan mora nan seasamh leotha fhein air leithoir cnuic. Dh' fheoraich Mac 'ic Alasdair an robh ainm sam bith air na clachan.

Arsa Domhull Sgoileir 'se 'freagairt, " So agaibh Creag Bhearnaig. Tha fhios agaibh gu robh na Lochlannaich, o chionn fada n' t-saoghail, 'nan cinneach treun aig an robh tlachd mor ann a bhith ceannsachadh gach righ agus rioghachd air an saoiladh iad am faigheadh iad bua'dh. Aig an araidh thainig Righ Lochlainn le chuid loingeis a cheannsachadh Righ nan Eileanan. Agus o nach robh aige ach an aon nigheann, bha meas ro mhor aige oirre. Cha bhiodh fois aig inntinn latha no oidhche mur biodh i dluth dha. 'S e Bearnag a bha dh' ainm oirre. Tha e coltach gu robh i anabarrach maiseach. 'Se nigheann Righ na Greige bu mhathair dhith. An uair a cheannsaich Righ Lochlainn Righ nan Eileanan, agus a gheall e cis a thoirt do Righ Lochlainn gach bliadhna, rinn Righ Lochlainn,

fleadh mhor mar chuimhneachan air latha breith Bearnaig, agus bha Rìgh nan Eileanan a lathair aig a' chuirm mhoir so. Gu tubaisteach ciod e a rinn Rìgh nan Eileanan ach tuiteam ann an trom-ghaol air Bearnaig nigheann Rìgh Lochlainn, agus thuit ise ann an trom-ghaol airsan. O'n a bha meas cho mor aig a h-athair oirre, dheonadh e ni sam bith a dh' iarradh i air. Chomhairlich i dha cuirm mhor eile a dheanamh, agus cuireadh a thoirt do mhor mhaithean Rìoghachd nan Eileanan gu' leir. Chuir i an ire dha gu'm biodh an Rìgh agus uile mhaithean na Rìoghachd 'ga mheas mar urram ro mhor nan deantadh cuirm mhor mar onair dhaibh. Ach ged a chuir i so an ire dha h-athair, cha robh ni 'na beachd ach a' chuid a b' fhearr de 'n uine, nam faodadh i, a chur seachad ann an cuideachd Rìgh nan Eileanan. Dh' aontaich a h-athair leatha, agus rinneadh a h-uile deisealachd air son na cuirme. Bha moran de dhaoine urramach na Rìoghachd a lathair aig a' chuirm agus mhair i seachd latha agus seachd oidhche. Fhuair Bearnaig agus Rìgh nan Eileanan uair is uair cothrom air a bhith 'comhradh ri' cheile fhad 's a mhair a' chuirm 's am fleadhachas. Rinn iad cumhnanta teann mach posadh iad gu brath mur a faigheadh iad a cheile phosadh. Bha fhios aca le cheile gu lan mhath mach robh feum dhaibh an ni a bha 'nam beachd innseadh do Rìgh Lochlainn.

Ged a bha iad an duil nach d' thug neach de na bh' aig a' chuirm an aire dhaibh, bha bean Ridire nan Ard aig a' chuirm agus bha i a' gabhail beachd air a h-uile car a bha iad a' cur dhiubh fad na h-uine. Thuig a' bhean so gle' mhath mar a bha cuisean, agus shuidhich i gu 'n cuireadh i eadar Bearnaig agus Rìgh nan Eileanan. Bha fhios aice gu robh cumhnanta posaidh eadar Rìgh nan Eileanan agus nigheann Rìgh na h-Eirionn. Bha i fhein car uine ann an Eirinn, agus o'n a bha i 'na nighean agus 'na bean Ridire, fhuair i de dh' urram 's de dh' onair a bhith gu math tric air bhorda-mora ann an Luchairt Rìgh na h-Eirionn. Chuir i mar so eolas air an Teaghlach Rìoghail; agus cha robh diomhaireachd sam bith a bhuineadh do chuis an Rìgh

's na Rioghachd air a chumail an ain-fhios oirre. Mun robh Rìgh nan Eileanan agus nigheann Rìgh Eirinn aig aois posaidh, rinneadh cumhnanta suidhichte ann an Luchairt Rìgh na h-Eirionn, far an robh Teaghlach Rioghail nan Eileanan car uine air aoidheachd, gu'm posadh Prionnsa og nan Eileanan nighean Rìgh na h-Eirionn cho luath 's a bhiodh iad aig aois posaidh. Aig an am 'san d' rinneadh an cumhnauta so bha h-uile coltas gu robh tlachd aig a' Phrionnsa og agus aig a' Bhana-Phrionnsa oig dha cheile. Mar is minic a thachair thainig atharrachadh air inntinn a' Phrionnsa oig. A thaobh an t-suidheachaidh arns an robh iad, agus cho fad 'sa bha an da Luchairt o cheile, cha robh iad a coinneachadh a cheile ach robh ainneamh. Cha ruigear a leas ioghnadh a ghabhail ged a dh' fhas Rìgh nan Eileanan suarach mu nigheann Rìgh Eirinn, oir, mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag radh, "An uair a theid fad' o'n t-suil, theid fad' o'n chridhe." The sean-fhacal eile ann mar so, "Fuath a' ghuillain a cheud leannan."

Cha d' thainig atharrachadh sam bith air inntinn nighean Rìgh Eirinn. Cha 'n fhaca i fear riamh mu choinneamh a da shul a ghabhadh i a roghainn air Rìgh og nan Eileanan. B' ann air a bhiodh i a' smaointean fad an latha, agus a' bruidhear fad na h-oidhche.

An uair a bha bean Ridire nan Ard ann an Eirinn, leig nighean an Rìgh ris a h-inntinn dhith gu saor, soilleir. Dh' earb i rithe suil a bhith aice air Rìgh nan Eileanan, air eagal gu 'n teannadh e ri deanamh suas ri te sam bith eile. Gheall ise do nighean an Rìgh gu 'n deanadh i mar a bh' air iarraidh oirre. Thug so oirre a bhith ni bu leirsinniche na b' abhaist dhith a bhith. Mar a chaidh ainmeachadh mar tha, thuig i gu lan-mhath gu 'n do thuit nighean Rìgh Lochlainn agus Rìgh nan Eileanan ann an trom-ghaol air a cheile.

Ged a bha bean Ridire nan Ard lan-shuidhichte 'na h-inntinn air cur eadar Rìgh nan Eileanan agus nighean Rìgh Lochlainn, cha robh fhios aice ciod an doigh air am

b' fharr a ghabhadh a' chuis deanamh. Cha fhreagradh e dhith air dhoigh sam bith cur a mach air Rìgh nan Fìleann; oir b' e Ridire nan Ard aon de na daoine bu disle do'n Rìgh a bha an taobh a staigh de chrìochan na rìoghachd gu leir. Nam faigheadh an Ridire am fiosrachadh bu lugha mu'n chuis, cha bhiodh latha sìthe aice ri 'beo. Bha meas mor aice fhein air an Rìgh, agus nan deanadh i ni sam bith 'na aghaidh, chailleadh i a dheadh-ghean fhad 's bu bheo i. Cha robh a' chuis a' dol bhar a h-inntinn a latha no dh' oidhche.

Latha dhe na laithean 's i gu dluth a' smaoineachadh mu'n chuis, bhuaile e anns a' cheann aice gu rachadh i far an robh seann duine a bha dluth dhith, agus gu'n cuireadh i a combhairle ris. Rinn i so. An uair a rainig i taigh an duine so, bha iognadh mor air cìod idir an gnothach a bhiodh aig bean Ridire nan Ard risan, agus nach robh ann ach duine bochd, lapach, air nach sealladh cuid de mhor mhaithean na rìogbhadh ge b' e air bith aite anns an tachradh iad ris. Coma co dhiu an uair a chaidh a' bhean uasal, urramach so far an robh e, labhair i ris gu caoimhneil, cairdeil; agus dh'innis i dha gu saor, soilleir an t-aobhar air son an d'thainig i. Bha e greis 'na thosd, agus mu dheireadh thuirt e rithe.

'A bhean mo ruin, tha eagal orm gu bheil sibh a' gabhail os laimh rud a dheanamh nach eil idir furasda ri dheanamh. Ma thuit an Rìgh agus nighean Rìgh Lochlainn ann an trom ghaol air a cheile tha eagal orm nach' eil doigh air cur eatorra ni's lugha na theid agaibh air an dara aon dhiubh a chur gu bas. Tha fhios agaibh gur olc ro mhor an Rìgh a chur gu bas. Is esean ar Rìgh dligheach, agus cha choir a chur gu bas idir. Ma theid agaibh air nighean Rìgh Lochlainn a chur gu bas, faodaidh sibh sin a dheanamh. Ach tha eagal orm nach 'eil e furasda a chur gu bas. Tha i an comhnuidh ann an cuideachd a h-athar, agus cha bhi e furasda do neach sam bith greim fhaighinn oirre. Ma tha doigh sam bith air cur as dhith, 'se a bathadh an aon doigh. Tha seana bhean

anns an aite so aig am fheil comas air gach long a theid air saile a chur 'sa' ghrund. Bha i uine fhada anns an sgoil duibh, agus theid aice air a' ghaoth a thogail, agus air an fhairge a chur gu beuchdaich air a' leithid a dhoigh 's nach urrainn long seasamh ris a' bheag sam bith a dh' uine. Ma theid sibh far am bheil i cha'n 'eil teagamh nach dean i gach ni a dh' iarras sibh oirre a dheanamh. Is e, Laidhream Odhar Nic an Laoich, is ainm dhith. Tha i 'fuireach leatha fhein ann am bruthaig gu h-ard anns a' mhonadh faisge air Bealach a' Bhochdain. Mur cuir sibh saod math oirre, is docha nach dean i ni sam bith de na dh' iarras sibh oirre. Rachaibh far am bheil i gun dail, agus faighibh a mach ciod na beachdan a th' aice. Mur tuig sibh a doighean, thighibh gun dail far am bheil mise, agus faodaidh e bhith gun teid agamsa air seoladh a thoirt dhuibh air an doigh anns an fharr a gheibhear saod math a chur oirre."

Dh' fhalbh bean Ridire nan Ard far an robh Laidhream, ach ma dh' fhalbh, cha b' e sin an t-astar beag. Bha aice ri dhol thar aimhnichean is bhogaichean mun do rainig i Bealach a' Bhochdain. Chuir i failte is furain gu cridheil, caoimhneil air Laidhream, agus chuir Laidhream failte is furain a cheart cho cridheil oirrese. Gu fortanach bha Laidhream an latha ud ann an saod anabarrach math, agus an uair a dh' innis bean Ridire nan Ard dhith an turus air an d' thainig i, dh' eisd i rithe le mor aire.

"Ma thogras sibh," arsa Laidhream, "cuiridh mise do'n ghrund, no air na creagan, a h-uile long a th' aig Rìgh Lochlainn."

"Ma ni thu sin," arsa bean Ridire nan Ard, "tha d' aran fuinte. Bidh seomar grinn, glan, agad anns a' chaisteal agamsa fhad 's is beo thu. Tha mi cinnteach gu'n toir nighean Rìgh na h-Eirionn dhut a h-uile ni a mhiannaicheas tu."

"Cha 'n 'eil mi ag iarraidh ni sam bith oirbh fhein no air nighean Rìgh na h-Eirionn. Cha 'n fhagainn mo bhruthag bhochd fhein air son a' chaisteil a 's fharr ann an ceithir Ranna Ruadha an t-saoghail. Ach cuiridh mi as

do na Lochlannaich a dh' aon latha, ar neo tha cumhachd aca thairis air gaoith 's air fairge ni's mo na th' agamsa. Ach ma chaidh Bearnag nighean Rìgh Lochlainn ri mathair fhein bheir i dulann do neach sam bith le druidheachd. Bha mathair anns an sgoil duibh comhladh riumsa, agus ma bha, cha bu chli i."

"Chuala mi gu 'n d' fhuair a mathair bas mu 'n d' thainig ise gu aois," arsa bean Ridire nan Ard."

"Ma fhuair," arsa Laidhream, "cha robh a' bhan-altrum ris an d' earbadh Bearnag a bheag air dheireadh air te sam bith a bha beo ri' latha 's ri' linn. Faodar a bhith cinnteach gur nighean mar a' mhathair Bearnag; ach ma gheibh mise leam a' cheud chleas mu 'n teid ise 'na faireachadh, theid gach cuis leam gu m' mhiann."

Ghrad rug Laidhream air a' bhrod-ghriasaich agus stob i anns an teine e. B'e so a' cheud chleas. Cha 'n fhaodadh i fuarachadh a leigeadh leis a' bhrod-ghriasaich gus am biodh a h-uile cuis seachad. Thuirt i ri bean Ridire nan Ard, "Bi falbh dhachaidh cho luath 's is urrainn thu, agus cuir fios ugamsa c'uin a tha duil aig Rìgh Lochlainn seoladh do'n Bheirbhe. Cha tog mise a' ghaoth gus am bi iad seoladh latha agus oidhche air falbh, air eagal gu 'n dean an stoirm call air cabhlach Rìgh nan Eileanan. Cha 'n fhaod mise falbh o mo bhruthaig air eagal gu 'n teid an teine bas air a' chagailte. Cha deachaidh e bas o chionn corr is ceud bliadhna. An latha 'theid e bas cailidh mise da thrian dhe m' chumhachd."

Dh' fhalbh bean Ridire nan Ard dhachaidh 's i gle riarichte le a h-obair latha. An ceann latha no dha 'na dheigh sin thainig soirbheas fabharrach o'n deas 's o'n iar-dheas, agus rinn Rìgh Lochlainn deas air son a bhith 'falbh. Gu moch 'sa' mhaduinn an la-iar-na-mhaireach thogadh na siuil bhana, bhaidealach ri crannaibh, agus thug Rìgh Lochlainn le a thri fichead long an cuan mor fo 'cheann.

Cha bu luaithe a thog na Lochlannaich air fàlbh o'n chladach na chuir bean Ridire nan Ard i fhein an ordugh

air son falbh far an robh Laidhream. Thug i leatha gu leor de gach ni a b' fhearr na cheile a bha staigh aice, air ghaol gu'n cuireadh i saod air Laidhream. Fada no goirid 'gan d' thug i air an rathad, rainig i mu dheireadh. Bha Laidhream deas gu toiseachadh ri togail na gaoithe. Bha am brod-griasaich teith ; bha ballan mor luma-lan meig aice air meadhon an urlair, agus cuach fhiodha 'snamh ann. Chaidh i steach do chuill dhorcha a bh' ann an ceann shuas na bruthaig, agus chuir i uimpe luireag is barlag is currag ard na druidheachd. Bha an slacan-druidheachd 'na laimh-dheis. Sheas i aig an teine bheag a bh' air a' chagailte, agus chuir i a cas-dheas air a' cheann nach robh anns an teine de'n bhrod-ghriasaich ; chuir i a cas-chli ann am bac na slabhraidh, agus thoisich i air gabhail an ranna-ghail a leanas :—

Sgrios gun fhuigheall—

Horo naille,

Air Rìgh Manus—

Horo naille,

'S air a chabhlach—

Horo naille,

Chuid nach loisgear—

Horo naille,

Dhiubh gu'm bathar—

Horo naille,

Gonadh guineach—

Horo naille,

Bhith air Bearnaig—

Horo naille.

Mar a' bha Laidhream a' dol air a h-aghaidh leis an rannaghail so, bha a' chuach-fhiodha a sior dhol mu'n cuairt anns a' bhallan mheig, gus mu dheireadh an do thoisich am meag ri dhol na broinn. Mu dheireadh dh' fhas a' chuach cho lan 's gu'n deachaidh i fodha.

A reir mar a tha an sgeula air aithris, bha an cuan a' beuchdaich fo sheideadh na gaoithe dìreach mar a bha am meag air a ghluasad anns a' bhallan. An uair a chaidh

a' chuach fodha, chaidh a h-uile long-chogaidh a bhuineadh do Rìgh Lochlainn an dara cuid do 'n ghrund, àr neo a bhristeadh air a' chladach.

Ghabh Bearnag amhrus gu 'm b' ann le druidheachd a sheid a' ghaoth, agus a ghluais an fhairge, agus rinn i gach ni 'na comas a chum i fhein agus a h-athair a shabhaladh. Le buille dhe 'n t-slacan-druidheachd rinn i sgonnan fiodha dhe h-athair agus dhe 'dithis mhnathan coimhideachd. Rinn i fhein greim air fear dhe na sguinn, agus mar sin fhuair iad nan ceathrar gu tìr sabhailte gu leor.

Dh' aithnich Laidhream air dhoigh eiginn gu robh Bearnag beo, agus a dh' olc no dh' eiginn 'gan d' fhuair i rainig i Rudha na Airde far an robh Bearnag a' fuireach gus am faigheadh i doigh air teicheadh le Rìgh nan Eileanan. Chuir Laidhream i fhein ann an eideadh diol-deirce, agus an uair a fhuair i fath air Bearnag 's air a mnathan-coimhideachd aig gob an rudha so, rinn i carragh cloiche dhe gach te' dhuibh, sin agaibh, ma ta, mar a thainig na trì chlachan so gu bhith far am bheil iad, a reir mar a chuala mise o m' oige."

Chord an seann sgeula so anabarrach math ri Mac 'ic Alasdair. O 'n a bha am feasgar air teannadh ri ciaradh smaoinich na fir gu 'n tilleadh iad dhachaidh do 'n Taigh Bhan gun dol ni b' fhaide.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER XI.

IS SHE DEAD?

ON the clear morning air, the Parish Church bell rang out, as solemnly as its cracked condition would permit, the intelligence that death had occurred in high quarters since the last setting of the sun. The beadle being strongly aristocratic in his sympathies, only paid the compliment (entirely optional) of a knell to those of high degree. Aware of Tammas's weakness, the whole population, within range of the sound, turned out to enquire, with bated breath and sombre visage, who had been the victim of so hurried a summons to the final reckoning.

Nobody had been known to be ailing: ah! it is these dramatic incidents of human life—from health to death in the twinkling of an eye—which preach the most impressive and universal of sermons to mankind. Millions suffer long and excruciating agony before death brings them peace, but the newspapers are silent. Let the meanest pauper, on the other hand, make his exit at a moment's notice into the Unseen, and he does not go down to the grave unknown. While the dolesome pulpit warnings of the previous Sunday are forgotten, the pauper's fate produces solemnity, and sends people to their Bibles, if not to prayer. It is the mystery of it. A soldier is shot; a criminal is hung; an explosion blows a dozen healthy men to their last account—all very sad events in their way; but here the cause is self-evident, and, consequently, unimpressive, whereas in the case of the pauper the supernatural element comes in. Medical men may assign scientific reasons, and education

may still further eradicate superstitious notions, broaden materialistic views, and convince as to the physical basis of things; but until the end of time humanity will ever remain sensitive to the awesomeness of sudden death.

The blacksmith, always eager to get first news for discussion round the anvil, laid down his hammer and hurried to the bell tower. Far and near the inhabitants were grouping together, and messengers were despatched hither and thither in quest of the information, Who is dead?

"It's at the Castle," suddenly cried a sharp-eyed urchin, "see the flag's gaun up and stoppin' at half-mast."

"I hope it's no the laird," remarked a busy farmer, hurrying in from the fields. "It'll be a dreadfu' thing if the laird's taen awa' and thae improvements o' mine just begun tae."

"Aye, the young chap 'll never be like his faither," added his grieve; "he's gey tapsilteerie."

Many were busy giving expression to similar opinions, when a horseman was seen coming at a brisk pace from the Castle. It was John on his way to Inverness with the tidings that Miss Flora had that morning been found dead in her bed!

Miss Flora, the good genius of Stuart Castle, the most popular lady in the whole country side; the wife to be of the young laird, almost in sight of her wedding robes—now in her cerements. The news spread like wildfire, and moved every heart to a great depth of sorrow. As if by mutual consent, work was suspended on and far beyond the confines of the estate. Many a breakfast in homestead and cottage remained untouched. On this memorable morning, scarcely an eye but was moistened.

"And her sae young and bonnie, and kind-hearted," remarked the leading voice in one condoling group of matrons.

"Within sicht o' her marriage ring, as ye may say," broke in another, "they say the marriage was put forrit tae Christmas."

“Jist think o’ that,” exclaimed a wife of fewer years standing in matrimony, and therefore more prone to the romantic view of matters. “Its the saddest death of a’ tae dee wi’ the engagement ring on ane’s finger.”

“Hush, here’s the minister ; he’s gaun to the Castle, nae doot—his best black coat’s on.”

Less sentimental, though their feelings were quite as sympathetic, was the conversation which was taking place in the smithy between the usual attenders at that gossiping rendezvous. The smith, though he dearly loved a “crack,” seldom allowed his social disposition to interfere with his work ; he clenched each argument with the clang of his busy hammer. This morning he stood, arms akimbo, leaning against the anvil.

“The bell’s stoppit ; the beadle ’ill be here the noo wi’ all the parteeklars,” said the smith, breaking the silence.

That functionary presently made his appearance, snuff box in hand. Recognising his importance on this occasion, he demanded a seat after his “solemn exertions,” and the smith at once proffered the use of the anvil, which he even rubbed over with his leather apron, out of respect for a pair of newly-washed moleskins. The snuff mull was then passed round with the gravity of a Communion cup, and the silence pertaining to that ceremony.

“It’s awfu’, Tammas,” the smith at last ventured to remark.

“Awfu’,” responded Tammas.

As the conversation gave no further signs of progression, Will the weaver took the affair in hand more pertinently.

“You’ll hae been up at the Castle this morning, nae doot, Tammas,” he queried in a squeaking voice.

“Nae doot,” was the laconic reply, Tammas seemingly being impressed with the idea that news so solemn and important as he possessed required time for meditation.

“Perhaps the laird sent for ye?” asked the same voice about three minutes afterwards.

Whether Tammas resented so much inquisitiveness on the part of the weaver, for whom he had no particular lik-

ing, or whether he preferred to leave the honour here suggested as it stood, rather than give an honest negative, was not apparent; but the query remained unanswered, and he at once changed the direction of the conversation.

"Aye," he began, making another appeal to the snuff-mull, "I've had a verra solemn duty to perform this mornin'—never solemnner."

There was a general assent.

"Puir lassie, she must jist hae sleepit awa, withoot ae struggle. Her maid—Miss Flora was an early riser—found her tucked in, sleepin' profoundly, as she thocht. 'Its half-past six, Miss Flora,' she said, gien her a shake. There was nae response; an' it struck her that when she shook the body it was awfu' stiff. Wi' a thumping heart she felt her cheek. It was as cauld as ice."

"Whom the gods love die young," said the schoolmaster, who had looked in on his way to work, and was anxious to consult his fellow-parishioners as to the propriety of giving his scholars a holiday.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," said the junior elder, ever ready to hint to the dominie that his classic lore bordered upon, if it was not actually, heretical.

"A sad point o' the matter," resumed the beadle, "is that Master Richard went awa' to Edinburgh last nicht."

"Puir chap—he'll hae a sair hame-comin'. The Castle, in fact, will never be like itsel' again," remarked the smith, little dreaming how true his words were destined to prove.

"Is it true the young laird has been seen of late more in the company of the Professor's dochter than Miss Flora's?" asked the schoolmaster.

"There's some gossip to that effeck," answered Peter the shoemaker, who had the reputation for being the scandalmongering member of the smithy squad, as they were termed.

"Let gossip alane on this solemn occasion," rebuked the elder, "remember the ninth commandment."

"They've been seen thegither," persisted Peter.

“And so hae you an’ Bettie Ritchie,” came a voice from the far corner of the smithy.

Peter blushed, and said no more during the conclave.

“It’ll break the laird’s heart,” the beadle paused to say, with a huge spoonful of snuff *en route*, “he was so much bound up in the lassie.”

At this stage the group was joined by Robbie Mac-taggart, the miller.

“I’m tauld that Maister Dauvit’s takin’ it on sairer than anybody,” said Robbie, “he’s gaun on jist like a man dementit, tearin’ his hair and sic like.”

“Wha’s telt ye that?”

“My dochter Kirsty, if ye want tae ken. She’s engaged tae John the futman, an’ had a richt tae ca’ at the Castle, which is mair than ony o’ ye have,” was the reply made by this consequential individual.

The discussion was here interrupted in an unusual manner, no less a personage than the minister making his appearance in the doorway of the smithy. An apparition could not have caused more consternation. Rev. Angus Cameron was a man of devout aspect, against whom nothing could be stated or insinuated, even by the gossiping shoemaker, except that he was suspected of having a slight leaning towards a dram of good whisky. The fact that Mr Cameron was a bit eccentric in his behaviour occasionally, more than probably gave rise to the above suspicion. At anyrate whisky could not be alleged as the cause of the rev. gentleman’s descent upon the smithy this morning; a place into which he had never set foot during his twenty-five years ministry. Miss Flora’s death had moved him deeply. His recent sermon on scandalmongering was, moreover, supposed to have been directed at the smithy meetings.

“Let us pray,” he said, removing his hat, and holding it, as his custom was (outside the pulpit), before his eyes, in a manner which precluded him seeing what transpired in front of him.

As the minister proceeded with his devotions, the elder, remembering said sermon, and afraid for his reputation at this early stage of his church career, drew quietly towards the open window of the smithy, and disappeared. After a furtive glance around, his example was followed by the shoemaker; M'Taggart, the miller, hesitated, but remembered that he had a child to baptise, and made his exit just as the minister touched upon "those who idled away their time while eternity was at their elbows." This reference was too pointed for the nerves of the schoolmaster (concealed behind the door), and he squeezed his corpulent frame through the window just as a group of his most mischievous pupils happened to pass. They stared, then giggled, and the dominie concluded that his flight from Grace had met with its just reward. Next to the schoolmaster, who was more important than the beadle? Adopting this view, this official pocketed his snuff-mull, kept his eye steadily on the minister's hat, and in a trice was outside the building. Left alone, the smith began to feel nervous. What should he do? It was not yet breakfast time, and his duty was to remain and work; but then it would be an exceedingly awkward matter to account for his companions. By this time the minister had reached the parish, which meant that his devotions were drawing to a close. The smith was considered the bravest man in the village; but face the parson in such circumstances, never!

All might have been well, even should Mr Cameron have found himself saying "amen" in an empty smithy. But good intentions sometimes miscarry. The clerk of the Presbytery, who had had occasion to quarrel with Mr Cameron on sundry matters, ecclesiastical and routine, passed just as the blacksmith dropped from the window, and, seeing the door open, looked in to see what was wrong. He found his brother minister alone, fervently praying for George the Third; and he chuckled—a failing which ministers have in common with other human beings. The

rumour regarding his friend's habits had reached his ears ; here was irrefutable proof of it ; and at this early hour of the morning !

“ Sorry, friend Cameron, to find you in such circumstances. The Presbytery must hear of this—how can you justify yourself ? ”

Mr Cameron opened his eyes and gazed round the smithy in profound surprise.

“ They were all here a few minutes ago,” he said, simply.

“ Yes ; blue devils, no doubt,” said the Presbytery clerk, with a savage laugh.

Mr Cameron gazed after him quite unable to realise what had happened.

CHAPTER XII.

ELSPETH THE WITCH IS TROUBLED.

THE country gossip had it that the Witch had become so “ uncanny ” of late, that few of the women folks had the courage to consult her on matters of futurity.

The first notes of the death-bell caught Elspeth, flint and fuse in hand, crouching over the little beginnings of a peat fire. She started, and listened ; the flame she had been fostering flickered for a moment and died out. Ding ! How long and prolonged it sounded in her ears ; it seemed to her as if every tree was focusing the reverberations upon that miserable abode ; that her sense of hearing had become preternaturally sensitive to what had been familiar to her from childhood. Ding ! How melancholy ! She covered her ears, but the note was echoed and re-echoed by every nerve centre of her brain, until each limb quivered and the pulse throbbed.

Ding ! Death ! !

She began to rock herself to and fro, backwards and forwards, from one side to the other ; and her eyes dilated

and stared. A great terror appeared to awaken within her, and multiply in intensity at each tone of the bell.

Ding! How solemn and strong old Tammas rung out the dirge! Elspeth, with a cry of distress, rushed out of the hut, as an hysterical woman does at a precipice, and never drew breath till she had reached the verge of the wood, and had the Castle, the kirk, and the open country beneath her view. She saw the family flag proclaiming its sad message on the Castle turret; the people gathering in groups or rushing hither and thither; the first rays of the sun struck the bell itself, and she could anticipate each—ding! Her mood changed as her eyes rested upon a shattered pile—her former abode—over against a boulder-clad knoll in that field below the Castle.

At the sight Elspeth's hands clenched, her features shook off their terror; and once more she was the Witch, cruel, cunning, and forbidding, cursing after her fashion, a maniac in all but the strait-jacket. Witches have not ceased to live; the national asylums have only become more absorbing.

"Curse! curse! curse!" she repeated at each ring of the bell.

"Curse the rotten-hearted laird; curse his proud kith and kin; curse the house; may the mortar turn tae dust, and a' its stanes fa', fa', fa' tae their native grund, as those of my hoose did at his biddin'. I see twa green graves; I see the craws biggin' their nests in a roofless Castle; auld Tammas has his work afore him! Ha, ha, ha! Ding awa; Ding! Ding! Ding!"

After giving utterance to these incoherences, Elspeth re-entered the wood, gesticulating and muttering; and once more she began the operation of lighting her peat fire. The bell still tolled dolefully its message. By and bye, as some resinous wood burst into flame, her unnatural paroxysm of rage and hatred subsided, and her feelings appeared to thaw, and again follow the common plane of humanity, under the influence of the warmth.

Ding ! Death ! Whose death ?

Well did Elspeth know whose dirge Tammas was ringing. She had not communicated the secret of her herbal poison without knowing something of the Professor's plans. They fitted in with her own—both desired revenge. And, in addition to the satisfaction of inflicting a deadly injury upon the family of the man who had evicted her, had she not been well paid ?

Reasoning thus, Elspeth rose with a grunt of satisfaction and peered in a startled way out at door and window, then cautiously barred the former. Rolling aside a boulder in the darkest corner of the room, she scraped away the earth with her fingers, and in a few minutes had clutched, like a panther at its prey, a small bag, the contents of which jingled in her nervous grasp.

Having once more assured herself that no one was at the window, she miser set to counting out the coins one by one—in all, fifty bright gold pieces—clinking them against each other with the glee of a child at play. Even the amusement of the miser, however, palls.

Ding ! Ding ! Still the bell swung.

How red the gold looked under the rich morning light, reflected from the bare pine boards ! She paused ; each coin reminded her of a drop of blood. Was it really blood money ? The question had never before struck her morally benumbed brain. Involuntarily she drew back her hands. It was even so. An unnatural thirst for revenge had ousted all other considerations as to whom the Professor's victim was, the justness of her fate, and the responsibility she herself had in the matter.

The Witch's conscience, under that suggestion of blood made by the pure light of heaven, had actually been awakened from its torpor in this, one of her saner periods. The bell had, to her conscience-stricken ears, changed the burden of its story. Whose blood ? every peal seemed to ask ; and the refrain answered—That woman's who saved the Witch's life !

With a cry, Elspeth sprang to her feet, in her haste scattering the precious coins over the floor of the hut. The flood—ah! the flood! Where would she have been but for Miss Flora's helping-hand, when she was in the grasp of those terrible waters? Dead! None fear death more than those who play tricks upon their fellow-beings in name of its terrors. Elspeth trembled at the thought. Dead! and the devil's! What strange mood was this that had seized upon her?

Ding! She listened again; but Tammas had, at last, fulfilled his mournful duty. The sun had also changed its light, for it was temporarily hid under a bank of cloud. Looking down, Elspeth perceived the gold, and at the sight of its glitter, the crazy brain resumed its vagaries.

Once more she handled the coins fondly, muttering the while such words as these:—"Hech, hech, they wad hae been ten times mair had I gi'en him the cure; but na, na, I'se no part wi' that; it maun only be the Witch who can make folk dee and live agin."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROFESSOR REVEALS HIS HAND.

WHEN Richard reached Edinburgh, he lost no time in obtaining at the Post-Office the letter of direction to his whereabouts, which the Professor had promised should be waiting him. He was seriously anxious not so much to see Miss Somerton as her father. Anxiety had, for the time, blunted the edge of his love passion—anxiety as to the results of administering the Professor's anti-love powder to Flora. Now that the critical step had been taken, he wished to be assured again that the effects of the drug, or whatever it might be, would, at least, not be to endanger the lady's life. His conscience still troubled him, argue as he liked, that a stranger, and a kindly-intentioned gentleman such as Professor Somerton appeared to be,

could have no possible motive in inducing the suitor for his daughter's hand to perpetrate an injury. A vague apprehension that all might not be well, haunted every corner of the thinking part of him, and refused to be allayed.

To Richard's surprise, the address given directed him not to the fashionable district of the city, but to an obscure hostelry in one of its unsavoury quarters. He was received at the door by the landlord, a burly fellow, in shirt sleeves, and smelling of the beer-tap. There was an unmistakable stamp of the bully about him. It was evident from the innkeeper's manner, that Richard's advent was not unexpected; and though he was greeted with an amount of deference, it was also apparent that the courtesy extended to him had not the characteristic warmth produced by the prospect of long custom and a fat bill.

"This way, young gentleman," he said, ushering Richard into a barely furnished room; "Professor Somerton will have the pleasure of joining you immediately," he added, with a profuse bow, in the course of which he inspected his visitor with an eye more for his physical than his gentlemanly qualities.

"That will be an easy job," he muttered, with a grin of contempt, after he had closed the door.

In a few minutes the door opened, and the Professor confronted Richard. The latter rushed forward with extended hand and a pleasurable greeting; but the Professor pretended not to see the hand, and with "Pretty well, sir," walked to the far end of the room.

Quite taken aback at his reception, Richard could only stand and stare, while his heart began to throb, and a sickening fear stole over him. Instinctively, he concluded that there was some mystery to clear up, and that it was not a pleasant one.

"Pray, be seated," said the Professor, in a business-like voice; "you must be tired after your long journey, I am sure."

The meditative, scholarly, and kindly hearted aspect of the man had entirely disappeared; he was now in the

character and dress of a man of the world. Richard's apprehensions were not allayed as he noted, with surprise, the change in the dress, manner, and conduct of his friend. A fit of desperation seized him, and he determined to be at the root of the mystery.

"You avoided taking my hand just now, sir." Richard proceeded bravely, but with a perceptible quiver in his voice; "and in appearance and manner you seem much changed from what you were at the Hall; is anything wrong?"

"You ought to know that," replied the Professor curtly at the same time placing the table between him and his guest, and fixing his keen eyes, with a hard, penetrating look, upon Richard's now blanching face.

"What do you mean, Professor Somerton; for God's sake tell me quickly!"

"Ha, ha!" and the Professor laughed dryly! "I see you are alarmed; compose yourself for a little—for a little."

"Professor Somerton."

"Well?"

"I feel there is something between you and me which requires instant explanation; will you give it at once, and save me from a dreadful suspense?"

"That is what I intend to do, young sir. You shall have the very fullest of explanations; in fact, I intended you should come here for the very purpose. You administered the powder—I can read the answer in your face—in—your—face!"

Richard paused for a moment, endeavouring to read in the Professor's face what would follow upon the admission, but he failed.

"I did as you directed; and I now come to claim your daughter's hand."

The Professor smiled, a grim, disagreeable smile, which filled his victim with evil forebodings.

"You love my daughter devotedly, and it would make you extremely unhappy to lose her?" was the unexpected question.

"It would," Richard replied, a little relieved.

"I am glad to hear it—it was my aim and ambition that you should feel just that way; it was, in fact, the very point upon which the success of my little and very unique scheme turned."

"Your scheme!" exclaimed Richard, with clenched hands; "great heavens, what do you mean by scheme? Have you made me the victim of a plot—of a crime," he added, in a hoarse whisper.

"Calm yourself, young man," said the Professor with a deprecatory wave of the hand; "you will have ample time for any demonstration you may wish to make, after you hear my story—my very interesting story, I should say," he supplemented with irritating deliberation.

"Listen: it is a little bit of my personal history which it is necessary to relate in order that you, Richard Stuart, may thoroughly realise the true position in which you stand under this roof. I am an old acquaintance of your father—nay, don't interrupt me, for that is not all: I loved your mother."

"You loved *my* mother?"

"Aye, better than you, her son, can possibly love my daughter. I might have gained her hand, and I certainly would have been more happy, perhaps more honest, though scarcely less prosperous in a worldly way, had I succeeded. Your father came between us. He gained her heart; she spurned me; *he* insulted me; and I vowed a vow, and wrote that vow in a pen dipped in my own hot blood—my own blood, I say, shed by the man you call father—I swore to be avenged—*avenged!*"

"And have you waited till now," asked Richard, in a quiet teeth-set way, which shewed that he had already anticipated the worst, and might become a dangerous person in the reckoning.

"A whole life-time I have nursed and cherished the hope of some day paying back the injury, with interest according to the antiquity of the debt. At last fortune

came; fortune which had eluded my grasp like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, came at last, I say, and, like other men so favoured, I sought that which would yield me greatest pleasure—revenge on my old enemy, your father.”

“And have you made his son the victim of a horrible crime?” broke in Richard, with dilated eyes. “For Heaven’s sake, say that is not true!—say what you will, that you intend to refuse me your daughter, and I will submit cheerfully; but spare me from—that.” As he made the appeal, the cold sweat stood upon his brow in drops which glistened like dew in the sunbeams which glinted across the room.

The Professor contemplated his victim with satisfaction, and proceeded:—

“You have been the necessary implement in my plan of revenge—a plan which, as you will admit, on reflection, is unique and rather clever in its character—unique and clever.”

“Fool that I have been—I see it all now; tell me the worst, you vagabond! Fiend! I say, tell me—and then——”

He made a lunge forward, as if he would grapple the Professor by the throat, but the latter again put the breadth of the table between them. He, at the same time, whipped a pistol out of his hip-pocket, and laid it quietly on the table in front of him.

“You see,” he remarked with a sneer, “I anticipated having to deal with a hot-blooded youth, though, as you admit, a fool—a fool! Any more nonsense, and I’ll scatter the little brains you possess with as little compunction as I have made you a——”

He paused, and stared into Richard a look which could not be misunderstood. Richard staggered, reeled like a drunken man, and finally sank upon a chair, breathing heavily.

“You love my daughter,” continued the Professor, after a pause.

The words recalled Richard to his senses, and now he listened in silence, his face ghastly and drawn, and his eyes fixed with mesmeric attraction on the face of the speaker.

“Your father loves you; you are the apple of his eye; his heir and his hope; he also loves Miss Flora, as you call her. He will now learn what it is to love and lose, as I did. *Miss Flora is to die, and you, Richard Stuart, will be her murderer!*”

“And so the vague fear which has haunted me, is right—you have made me a poisoner,” said Richard, rising up dreamily, pressing his throbbing temples.

“Unless the antidote is given within twenty-four hours, she will die—result, as I promised: she will never love you more! You see, sir, I am a man of my word—a man of my word.”

“The antidote—the antidote! save her! save her! or, by heavens, I will murder you!” screamed Richard, as he sprang across the room.

The Professor moved round the table, covering his victim with the pistol.

“You may as well shout up the chimney for your father, or the devil, to whom you also belong—the antidote, I may remark, is not in my possession. I had only use for the cause, not the cure. Steady now, or I will use this little weapon of mine.”

After making another furious effort to clutch the Professor, Richard again subsided into a chair, gasping for breath.

“Is there no hope of saving her?” he asked piteously.

The Professor regarded him with a look of calm, cruel, contempt, and then, with a gesture of impatience, replied:—

“You had better hurry home and enquire. You will, at least, be in time for the funeral!”

At the words, Richard gathered himself together, slowly rose, and ultimately stood upright, drawn to his full height, the very picture of resolute despair.

“ Professor Somerton,” he said calmly, “ there is another funeral I will live to be at ; and it is yours. I go home. If I find the drug has fulfilled its mission, and I have played the part of the second murderer, you, murderer number one, will perish by my hand, though I should track you over the whole world to do the deed !”

There was, in Richard's look and attitude, such an impressive meaning, that the Professor winced. Then his foot made three stamps upon the floor. In a moment the landlord burst into the room.

“ Remove that fellow,” said the Professor.

“ Not a hand upon me.”

The bully, for such he was in reality as well as in appearance, stepped back, as he caught sight of Richard's face. He scarcely resembled the healthy young man who had entered the room half-an-hour ago.

“ Villain !” said Richard, addressing the Professor, “ you have made me— I who had no concern in the miserable affairs of your life—your victim in a diabolical and unnatural crime, which you call revenge. You have played the part well. You deceived me, country-bred as I am, and not used to the world's wickedness, as you are ; you have succeeded in wrecking a happy home ; branding me with a repulsive crime——”

“ Remove him—the fellow is mad,” cried the Professor ; “ do your duty, landlord.”

As he was being hustled from the room, his last words ringing with curses and threats, there was a shriek, shrill and piercing, from the neighbouring apartment, and a heavy fall.

The Professor rushed in, and started back at the sight which met him. Julia lay prostrate on the floor in a dead faint ! What if she had heard all ? The thought alarmed him exceedingly ; he had hoped to carry through his villainous scheme without even exciting the suspicions of his daughter that anything but the rejection of Richard's suit was intended.

In a short time Julia was restored to consciousness—and to misery. Fixing her eyes on her father, she said, in a voice of quiet resignation :—

“ I came here to find you, and I heard Richard’s voice, This room being empty, I came in ; the partition is thin ; I heard all. You start, father—oh ! God, what a man for a father !—and I loved you so, and thought you so kind. You can no more be the same father to me—never again. It is you who are the murderer if Flora dies—I and dear Richard your tools—your poor innocent tools.”

“ You and dear Richard ; what mean you, Julia ? ”

“ I mean that Richard is the man I love more than my life. It is your own doing. You have broken his heart ; mine also is utterly broken—for me, life is over.”

The Professor clutched a chair, and his eyes became transfixed on the pale, beautiful, sad face of his daughter. He scarcely yet comprehended the terrible import of her words, the disaster of the dangerous game he had played. Then, as the truth flashed upon him, he staggered from the room, looking a broken man.

That night, a solitary horseman galloped over the north-going highway. People paused as he passed, and looked after him ; and one pedestrian, at least, was right when he said it looked like “ a ride for a life.”

THROUGH DARKEST INVERNESS-SHIRE
BY RAIL AND ROAD.

II.

ON the outskirts of this kraal were several small-sized huts, evidently intended to accommodate a couple of men, though the chances were that some half-dozen found shelter under each roof. One of them was apparently left in charge of a dog, which advanced with a show of great ferocity. My knowledge of Natural History enabled me to identify it as a variety of collie. This class of dog I am very familiar with. One feature in the character of every member of this particular species is, that notwithstanding the wolfish and alarming appearance of their attack, they quickly change their attitude to that of the intensest and most abject humility, by the adoption of a simple ruse; hence it was that I advanced to this ferocious-looking brute with a degree of confidence and an equability of pulse which less keen observers of the instincts of collies would have been amazed at. When I judged that I had got near enough, I put my ruse into practice. Briefly explained, it consisted merely in making a quick motion to the ground, as if to secure a stone or some such missile to throw at it. The animal is then expected to desist from asserting itself in any sense, and to retire ignominiously with its tail between its legs. This particular collie did nothing of the kind; its attitude became even more alarming than before; its short mane bristled so that every individual hair stood on end; it showed its teeth—and a particularly fine set they were—with a completeness and an evident desire for applying them practically, which could leave no doubt on the mind; its language, too, was most emphatic, most unmistakeable. Imminent danger, it

is said, quickens the faculties. I resolved to temporise. In my suavest manner I praised it. Called it "Good dog!" "Fine fellow!" and sought to impress on its mind that nothing was further from my intention than to apply my ruse a second time. I sought to convey to it my admiration at the capable manner with which it guarded the rotten old box I had no intention of touching. The fine set of teeth was even more in evidence than before, and the language if anything more emphatic. I tried the effect of the human eye, wishing very quietly it was the human toe, but without any beneficial result. I therefore tried the human heel, and made an ignominious detour of nearly half a mile, and so escaped this danger. I believe as much as ever in my ruse, but am certainly less decided as to its effect. This much, however, is true, if, as in my case, it *has not* the expected effect on the one party, it certainly has a precisely similar effect on the other.

Macdougall's road was very difficult to find. I thought several times I had struck it, but after a few yards it disappeared. Looking up and down the side of the hill, I thought I could discern something in the distance which looked like the road, but on my getting to those spots I found I was mistaken.

These delusive wanderings added considerably to the length of my journey, and the episode of the dog, the heartless nature of the weather, the despicable state of my boots, all had an evil effect on my better nature.

With regard to the boots, I was now satisfied that even in a van full of navvies I would have no cause to think them out of place—they had a wretched spongy look, and an equally wretched and spongy feel, which was most complete.

The rain came down persistently. I had heard that in this district when it rains—*it rains*—devoting its whole mind to it. My umbrella grew sodden and heavy, and the wind blew it about in a ridiculous fashion. I was just weighing in my mind what advantage there was in my

struggling with the unwieldy thing, when a sudden gust of wind relieved me of all anxiety with regard to it, by flapping it inside out two or three times in rapid succession, and finally tearing the cloth off the stem, and whirling it like a huge raven away down the hill. I thought of throwing the stem after it, but on reflection I perceived that the wind had thoughtfully relieved me of a positive nuisance, and provided me with a good and efficient support, so I stuck manfully to my umbrella-stem, and after I had cut off some small *debris* which the wind had not cleared, I went forward with a lighter hand and heart.

At this juncture, by way of proving that good fortune never comes singly, I believe I did actually strike the road; it was—like the gain in the loss of the umbrella—purely accidental. I looked behind and ahead of me, and could see to my delight that there was a more or less continuous track winding its way round brae faces and over hills.

How I happened to get on to it shall never be explained. Be that as it may, there I was, a solitary speck on an undoubted man's trail, leading from somewhere to somewhere.

On more intimate knowledge, however, I found the track not altogether an advantage. In dry weather it would have been better, no doubt, but after some six weeks of more or less incessant rain, it led me into bogs, and wet rank grass, places which were certainly worse than the hopping about from one heathery knoll to another, which had characterised my progress before.

However, there was a certain companionship in it, just as there was in recognising here and there the sheeps-bit, the grass of Parnassus, the scabious, and the stag moss, mingling with the universal heather, the crowberry, the sweet mountain thyme, and the humble tormentil. Yes, there certainly was a companionship in it, for the feet of man had worn it into existence, and it must lead to a desired end. My attention was, however, more directed to keeping it in view rather than taking the natural use of it.

My good fortune in losing my umbrella, and finding this track, was further accelerated by an important addition to my own society, in the shape of an undoubted specimen of the genus "tramp." He came upon me rather suddenly—so suddenly, indeed, that he might have sprung out of the bog; his appearance rather favoured this idea, for he looked even wetter than I felt myself to be. He was closely buttoned and pinned up in what about the beginning of the present century would no doubt have been a respectable black cloth coat. His other integuments were rather mixed. A huge yellow-ochre cravat, a felt hat, which probably had once been white, and to which was attached a slimy bit of crape. His trousers were of brown moleskin, and extended in some points to a little below his ankles, a pair of well-ventilated boots, and one stocking, which permitted some pearly toes to peep out.

He also wore a black eye.

I had often dreamed of meeting a real authentic tramp—one who could, as is the belief, give curious information on curious, out-of-the-way subjects. Here then was the article ready to my hand, and I need hardly say I determined to make of him mine oyster, which I with well-directed queries would ope.

It might have been that my queries were not well directed. It might have been that this particular "oyster" was exceptionally difficult to "ope," at anyrate, "ope" to any extent he certainly did not, so that the curious information the "tramp" is popularly believed to be such a mine of, was to me as unprofitable as a real (?) mine I had taken some stock in a few years before.

I tried him on "the weather" to begin with. He agreed with me that it was wet, but as to whether it was to fair up or get worse, he couldn't tell.

I asked him if he had heard of the new railway. He certainly had, but that wasn't his line. Here I thought was an opening. What was his "line?" He evidently could not make up his mind, for he made no reply beyond an

unintelligible grunt. I probed him with the idea that perhaps his "line" was "rabbits," or "rats." It was not, but he could do with some tobacco. I conferred tobacco on him, and resumed queries on a variety of subjects. Red deer, grouse, bimetalism, state of the crops, Home Rule for Ireland, state of affairs in Fort-William, in Oban, in Glasgow—total results meagre in the extreme; hint for more tobacco; a copper or two; also weird threats of vengeance on a particular enemy in Fort-William, who had not treated him well. Probably the party who had granted him the black eye, so pronounced, so complete, so eye-inspiring.

I resolved to get rid of him if I could. He was a decided failure, looking at him as an ideal, and he was too mercenary. I didn't like the twinkle of his other eye when I produced a handful of money to select a copper or two for him, and his demand for tobacco was extortionate.

I reflected that he was a strongly built fellow, with a better stick than my umbrella-shaft, and with complete indifference to the effects of a vigorous use of it. I had money, tobacco, and other effects which to him were most valuable, and out of all proportion to other consequences if he could but get at them.

My policy clearly was to keep him in front, and so avoid any sudden attack from the rear. If he sprang upon me suddenly, one well-directed blow would probably render me insensible, if it was not more serious. It was unpleasant to reflect that I might lie there in that desert for a week before being found, and by that time I would be a "demp unpleasant body." Keeping him therefore well in front, I hinted that I invariably travelled with a loaded pistol, and also went into some details—diplomatic, though imaginary—with regard to a hand-to-hand encounter with Zulus, and other aborigines in South Africa, in which I had with my own hand killed several, and rendered others of them useless and bedridden for years. To my amazement, he informed me that he had been out with some regiment or

other at the Zulu war, and such a thing as a bedridden Zulu he had never heard of, also adding gratuitously something about it being "all kid," and that any one of them would "take me all in."

These unexpected observations made me deem it advisable to scuttle out of Africa, and transfer my exploits to some equally savage, if less known spot. They also had the effect of rousing some latent ferocity in my nature. The idea that both the collic and the tramp had had the best of the interviews, made me grow "stern and wild," so without further mask of ceremony, I allowed him get well on in front, and so, by and bye, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I saw him no more.

My ideas with regard to tramps are now changed.

After I had resumed my walk for some miles, I found to my dismay that the track branched off, one branch going eastwards, and the other to the north. Here was a problem, then. Which should I take? One was the right one, but which was it?

I have adopted a principle in dubious matters of this kind, which on more than one occasion I have found to work well—that principle simply is, When in doubt, select the least likely. In this instance I saw the north branch would take me to a more picturesque, less dreary-looking district than the east branch. Accordingly, acting on my principle, I took the latter, and to my great relief and joy, I found that after a cheerless tramp of a mile or two, I had actually reached my journey's end.

Warmth and food and a dry atmosphere are in themselves great luxuries, but after the experiences of that particular morning, the luxuriousness of them was unbounded.

I received a "Highland" welcome—which, in my experience, is much the same as a "Lowland" one—transacted my business, and got once more back to the railway works, cheerfully enough, but tired out and wet to the skin.

I got back in good time for the "five o'clock;" there was no sign of it, but that was to be expected. What surprised me was the absence of that bustle and clamour which I had left here in the morning. There were certainly some men to be seen on the line, and in the joiners' and blacksmiths' shops work was going on, but otherwise the quietness was striking.

Going up to a navvy, who was wringing the rain out of his cap, I asked him about Macdougall and the "five o'clock." "Och," the man replied, "Macdougall and the squad are off to Fort-William, and the 'five o'clock' won't be here the nicht."

The sun was setting in the west. The heavy grey clouds were creeping nearer and nearer to the bedraggled earth. The steady downpour of the last few hours grew steadier, and the evening was to be more dismal than the day. The blacksmiths had begun to do up their fires for the night and the joiners to lock their doors.

The man who had given me the information reached for his hammer, and, swinging it carelessly over his shoulder, betook himself to his bothy; whilst I wandered aimlessly back along the line with the full significance of the words "the 'five o'clock' 'ill no be here the nicht," sinking deeper and deeper into my heart,

Now that a sublime dismalness had been reached, a soothing compensation of something so absurd in the *tout ensemble* struck me as ludicrous in the extreme, so that I laughed long and loudly. The beneficial influence of this hilarity impelled me to enquire of the first comer where—in his estimation and looking at the matter from his independent standpoint—he thought I should pass the night? The sudden directness of this query had a confusing effect on his mind which took some time to correct. Was I a gaffer? Was I an office hand? No; not exactly, said I, in a hesitating sort of fashion. Wishing to impress him with the idea that though not exactly either, I was nearly allied to both, and thereby possibly secure some benefit.

Did I know Swan? he resumed. Who is Swan? said I, by way of a preliminary to a distinct reply. Not to know Swan, not to be a gaffer or an office hand, was apparently a conjunction of evils which were having a bad effect on the man. But, I added, a brilliant idea striking me, I know Macdougall. Then, he retorted, with some appearance of natural sequence, you'd better try Swan's. "Swan's" I learned, on further enquiry, to be the Telegraph Office, about half a mile down the track. This fact of the Telegraph Office was reassuring, and I reached it without delay. It was a black felted square box, situated unpicturesquely in the middle of a morass. I waded near it and found Swan himself smoking a pipe at his door. He eyed me all over very uncomplacently, I thought, and to my overtures with regard to the state of the weather and of his own immediate surroundings, he did not respond with much good feeling.

I put my case to Swan very clearly, dwelt on the fact that Macdougall had proved a broken reed, by going away long since, and the "five o'clock" quenched flax by not being there at all, adding, by way of peroration, "was I to be left here to decay in barren bog?"

Swan made no verbal response, but his look indicated plainly that for the purposes of decay, it might as well be done in barren bog as anywhere else. He then turned in to one of his telegraph instruments, and began operating very vigorously.

I waited patiently until he had finished. He then said laconically, "The'll be an engine here in half an hour."

The sun was still setting, the clouds were still creeping lower, and the surroundings were more dismal than ever, but I could, on hearing this statement, have taken Swan to my breast—have taken Swan's neck in my arms—I looked on him with such feelings of admiration.

I had contracted the uncommon habit of carrying with me on excursions like this a life-saving apparatus, in the shape of a little flask. With commendable forethought I

had saved the half of its contents for the purpose of regaling Macdougall. I now conferred it on Swan. He examined the outside appearance of it thoughtfully for a few seconds, then gave the contents his undivided attention for as many more. Returning the empty, he stated that "he thought he could make it all right with Sam."

Who on earth was Sam? What fresh complication was this? Was it the whisky or me that had to be made "all right." Certainly, so far as I was concerned, I was all wrong.

Sam, it transpired, was the engine driver, and as the ukase had gone out that no one was allowed to travel on the line without an official "pass," my condition would not have been in the least mended by the advent of the engine, had I not secured the assistance of Swan.

The engine-driver, to begin with, was adamant. He had his orders. He did not care "a rap" about Macdougall. It wasn't his "look out" if I were left to decay. Finally, however, after whispered consultation between him and Swan, I was invited to "jump in."

I jumped in.

The journey down was delightful. I had a cosy nook beside the furnace, and I could see round me on all sides. The scenery, when we came to Loch Treig, was simply magnificent. The loch lies, some ten miles long by less than one mile wide, at the foot of some of the grandest hills I had ever seen; afterwards the scenery got less interesting for a mile or two. Sam and his assistant had their hands full looking out for obstructions, putting on the drag in steep parts and slowing as much as they could, then letting it out gradually as the gradient grew less steep and when the track could be seen for any distance. Sam, it transpired, had been out at the Suakin and Berber Railway in Egypt. Interrogated as to his opinion of the scheme averred that, supposing it finished, "you would require a regiment to keep the sand off it and another regiment to protect that regiment from the hordes which infest the whole country."

When we "struck" the river Spean the scenery proved indescribable. This river's course—probably the most varied and picturesque in Scotland—here runs for over a mile in a very contracted channel, so contracted that the otherwise broad stream tears down with terrible energy in a series of whirlpools, cataracts, and waterfalls, which, by and by, when the railway is finished, will be one of the sights of the country. Sam declared that "it's enough to make my pipe go out every time I sees it."

Interesting also to watch the progress of the works here and there, to note the extraordinary number of bridges overhead and under, of culverts and diversions of roads and streams; to watch the riven hill-side rocks dripping with damp, like blood out of fresh wounds.

Comforting also to be getting nearer and nearer to civilisation, to food, and to dry clothes.

J. A. G.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF KILLIE- CRANKIE.

By DAVID CAMERON, F.G.S.E., Daviot.

“WHAT great, dignified clergyman distinguished himself at Killiecrankie?” asked “The Ettrick Shepherd” of Sir Walter Scott on one occasion, when the “Shepherd” was publishing his famous *Jacobite Relics*. Sir Walter observed that this was not the scene where one would expect a churchman to shine, and so concluded that there really was no clergyman in the case, and that the “Shepherd” had ignorantly mistaken Major-General Canon for the canon of a cathedral! Fuller details of this matter are given in the “Works of the Ettrick Shepherd,” vol. ii., page 45; published by Blackie & Son. It is evident, however, that James Hogg had good grounds for asking this singular question; although Scott induced him to drop it. In the wild charge of the right wing of the Highlanders at Killiecrankie, one of the most conspicuous men was the chaplain of Ballechin, whose voice rose above the din of battle, with such words in their equivalent Gaelic, as—“Forward, my children, in the name of God! Fight for your king and country!” The work became particularly warm when they reached the hollow of Lagmarnaig, where a strong party of the Royalists stood at bay, and where the redoubtable chaplain threw off his coat, and shouted to his attendant—“Here, hold my coat, and hand me your sword, and I will show you what I will do!” The chaplain then and there performed such prodigies of valour, that, like many a good soldier that night, he found it much easier to grasp the sword than to part with it, for his hand got swollen within the basket-hilt, and was with much pain and difficulty extracted. The clergyman

who thus distinguished himself on the battlefield of Killiecrankie, was one of the Steuarts of Ballechin, in Strath-tay. At the same time, Steuart, the laird of Ballechin, took an active part in support of the Stuart dynasty. He was then factor for the Athole Estate, and held Blair Castle on behalf of King James VII. Donald Gorm Macdonald, of Glengarry, also greatly distinguished himself at Lagmarnaig. One who was present related that he saw Donald Gorm cut a musket barrel in two with a single stroke of his broadsword. Both he and his brother were killed beside the knoll which was named after them "Tomvickicallister." This knoll was cut through in making the Highland Railway. Along the Urrard Road, from Lagmarnaig to Lagnabuiag (Daisy Hollow), the grave mounds appear on every side on the green hummocks. Within sight of Lagnabuiag, a little burn crosses the road. This burn issues from a marsh close at hand, which winds round the north and south side of a long, low, green ridge, running east and west. Along the whole length of this ridge, about 50 yards, there is an old, grass-covered trench where the light, sandy soil, dug from the bottom, was thrown up as a rampart on the north side, facing the line of the right wing of the Highlanders, composed of the Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Macleans. This trench is perfectly straight, and probably extended eastwards across the now arable field of Runrorie, and through the lower part of the present garden in front of Urrard House, passing the old well where Lord Dundee was killed, about the centre of General Mackay's position along the 500 feet contour.

The grave mounds are very numerous and prominent alongside the trench already described, and were locally known up till recently, as the graves "of the red coats" (t-arm-dearg); and along the line except where the ground has been disturbed on the arable field of Runrorie; and here also very numerous remains have been turned up. The lawn in front of Urrard House has not been disturbed

since the battle; and the numerous graves on it can be easily detected by the slight difference of the level and the deeper green of the grass. A long burial trench occurs at the foot of the 500 ft. terrace below Urrard House. Near at hand is a monolith, probably of the stone circle age. It happens to mark the spot where "the bauld Pitcur fell in a fur." It was here that Gen. Mackay placed the baggage before the battle. But, unfortunately, the best part of the spoil was not for the victors, but for the idle spectators.

On the morning of the battle two young Highlanders left Dundee's army on Craig Halloch, as they were rather curious to see the "red coats," whom they had never seen before. As they were entering a bothy and its adjoining barn they came in contact with a number of red coat scouts. In the fray one of the Highlanders fell wounded, and the other one lost his target; but he immediately lifted the upper half of the barn door off the hinges and used it in lieu of a target. He fought the red coats single-handed, and killed them. When he went back to his comrades on the hill he explained that he had now seen the red coats, and that when he left them they were *redder* than when he met them!

It is said that Gen. Mackay surveyed the Highland army posted on the northern ridge, and expressed his opinion in rather contemptuous terms to a son of Lochiel, then an officer in the Royal army. "How would you like to be over yonder with your father and his wild savages?" said Mackay. "I am afraid," said young Cameron, "that you will soon find 'the savages' nearer you than you would wish." The Royalists then took up their position on the higher plateau (500 ft.) three men deep, with the dangerous defile of Killiecrankie behind them, and the enemy securely posted on the rocky ridge in front.

It is hoped that the preceding notes will help to show with some precision the position of the Royalists before the battle. Mackay's army numbered nearly 4000 men, and Dundee's about 2000. Most of Dundee's officers, who were

trained in the foreign wars, were of the opinion that it would be extremely rash to risk an engagement against a highly trained army that so greatly outnumbered them. But both Lochiel and Glengarry advised Dundee to "fight at once," Dundee himself was strongly of this opinion, and ultimately the resolution to fight was unopposed, greatly to the delight of the Highlanders. The clans were then arranged in dense columns irrespective of their numbers, with long intervals between the columns so that they might not be outflanked by the long line of the Royalists. The Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Macleans of Mull were posted on the right wing; Clanranald, 300 Irish levies, and about 50 cavalry under Dundee himself, formed the centre; the Camerons, under Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and the Macdonalds of Skye under Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, formed the left wing. The Highlanders now divested themselves of their plaids and shoes, as these would only retard their speed. They came down the hill, cheering loudly; and the Royalists feebly responded. The clans regarded this as a good omen. When they had advanced well within range they fired one well-directed volley, threw down their muskets, and rushed at their utmost speed upon the enemy. The clans, however, received three deadly volleys, by which at least 600 of them fell. But still the furious survivors closed with the enemy before the bayonets were fixed. The Highland broadswords then played such fearful havoc that in a few minutes Mackay's army was driven down to the river. At the same time Dundee and his horsemen captured the Artillery. But Hastings' and Leven's regiments, in the Royalist centre, were left unopposed owing to the wide interval here between the clans. They retreated in good order down to the Pass, where they were opposed by 800 of the Athole men and almost exterminated. The dead were piled up in heaps at the bottom of the Pass, on a small plain where a rivulet enters the Garry at the end of the pool called Linnlochie. A Royalist Highlander actually leaped across the cataract at the head of the pool and so saved his life.

Dundee was last observed in the battle accompanied by the Earl of Dunfermline as he entered the smoke of the batteries. He turned half round and waved his hat as if directing the advance of Clanranald against the two unopposed regiments. It was then that he evidently received a shot below the armpit of the right shoulder. He tried to keep his horse, but fell, mortally wounded, beside the old well still preserved in the garden in front of Urrard House. When his friends returned from the pursuit, they found him lying there, and he died that night. A little to the north-west of the well there is a green knoll on which a few old fir trees are standing, traditionally known in our time as Tomclavers. It is said that he was lifted off the low, damp ground, and carried to this knoll. It is the most conspicuous landmark that probably commemorates the scene of the hero's death. Sir Walter Scott says "that to render his person less distinguishable, he wore on this occasion a sad-coloured buff coat above the scarlet cassock and bright cuirass, that his sword is in the possession of Lord Woodhouselee, and that the buff coat, having the fatal shot-hole under the armpit, is preserved in Pennycuick House, the seat of Sir George Clark, Bart." (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. II., p. 245, year 1802). Traditional accounts say that he also wore a green sash at the battle. His cuirass is still preserved in Blair Castle, and also shows the shot-hole under the right armpit, between the joints of the armour. It was for a long time believed among the Lowlanders that he was shot by a servant of his own, a Covenanter, with a silver button from his livery coat, as it was the common belief that Claverhouse had a charm against leaden bullets. The Highlanders declared that the fatal and mysterious shot was guided by elfin spite because he went to battle wearing a green sash, the favourite colour of the fairies (or the peacemakers). It is said that the clans felt uneasy over this matter on the morning of the battle. No doubt Sir Ewen Cameron observed and perhaps shared this prejudice against the green when he tried

hard, at the Council, to persuade Dundee from going to the front. He clearly perceived, however, that Dundee's death would spoil the enterprise.

Sir Ewen had a very narrow escape; but his life was saved by the devoted fidelity of his attendant, who would never leave him, and who observed a Royalist Highlander aiming an arrow at his beloved chief. He instantly stepped between his chief and the threatened danger, and received the shaft into his own breast. Lochiel very soon missed his faithful attendant, turned to look for him, and found him lying in his last agony. He had scarcely time to whisper the circumstances in the ear of his sorrowing chief, and to clasp his hand, ere he expired. 240 Camerons fought at Killiecrankie; and Lochiel's son, John, arrived three days afterwards with 500 more; but Lochiel was so enraged at the incapacity of General Canon, Dundee's successor, that he went home, and left the command to John. Macdonald of Sleat also left for the same reason.

When General Mackay saw that his infantry was routed, with the exception of Hastings' and Leven's regiment, he immediately placed himself at the head of his cavalry, and urged them to charge the Highlanders in flank. But instead of following their brave General, they broke up in disorder, and "galloped wildly down the Pass," where they got a very hot reception from the Athole musketeers, now stationed there to cut off the retreat. About 50 of the cavalry went headlong over the rocks of Linnlochie, where the old road descends into the Pass, and turns abruptly to the left on the edge of the precipice. It would thus appear that the cavalry were as unfortunate here as the infantry. Mackay was left almost alone on the battlefield, but he spurred on through the enemy, and crossed the river, and looked back. "In the twinkling of an eye," he says, "our men, as well as the enemy, were out of sight, having gone down pell-mell to the river, where the baggage stood." He then left the valley by the hill-track by Tenandry. The Highlanders had, indeed, gained a

most remarkable victory, but at a terrible sacrifice. They lost their beloved General, John Graham of Claverhouse—“*Ian dhu nan Cath*”—(Black John of the Battles), whose name was long remembered, and regarded as the watchword of victory. They also lost many of their natural leaders, and, at least, 600 of their friends.

Claverhouse was buried inside the church at Old Blair, where a tablet has recently been erected to his memory, having the following inscription:—“Within the vault beneath are interred the remains of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who fell at the battle of Killiecrankie, 27th July, 1689, aged forty-six. This memorial is placed here by John, 7th Duke of Athole, K.T., 1892.”

A brief summary of these notes may shew (1) that the position of General Mackay's army on the plateau of Runrorie may be more precisely known from the old entrenchment observed and referred to by the writer; (2) that the defensive purpose of the same entrenchment is self-evident, and that its character is further shown from its associated grave-mounds; (3) that such a work rendered the Royalist musketry fire more destructive than that of the advancing clans; (4) that, however, the advantage was on the side of the clans when they fought the enemy hand to hand; (5) that the rout down to the river is clearly indicated by the numerous grave mounds; (6) that the position of the Macdonalds of Glengarry on the right wing was shewn by the knoll called Tomvickicallister; (7) that the place where Dundee fell is similarly shown by the well and knoll named after him; (8) that Hastings' and Leven's regiments held their ground in the Royalist centre because there were no clans in front of them; (9) that when the Royalist cavalry refused to advance to the charge, their brave General, left almost alone, charged across the battlefield, and left the valley, not by the Pass, but by the road to Tenandry; (10) that at the same time Mackay's “cavalry galloped wildly down the Pass,” and that Hastings' and Leven's regiments marched

down after the troopers ; (11) that both the cavalry and the infantry were nearly all killed by 800 of the Atholemen, who now lined the Pass in the rear and cut off the retreat ; (12) that the scene of this disaster is traditionally known to have been chiefly at the bottom of the Pass at Linnlochie.

Tytler's "History of Scotland" (new edition), gives some interesting details about General Mackay, whose high character and courage are admitted by his opponents, but the account given of Claverhouse is very unfriendly and erroneous. Sir Walter Scott's History is more impartial in tone, and gives a fuller account of Claverhouse and the circumstances connected with his heroic death ; and also the action of the Atholemen in the Pass. Mackenzie's "History of the Camerons" contains an excellent biography of the grand old chief, Sir Ewen Cameron, whose sagacity and courage greatly helped to gain the victory of Killiecrankie. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" are accompanied by long quotations from Drummond of Balhaldy, one of Dundee's officers, who was present at the Council held by Dundee with the chiefs of his army. "A Guide Book to the Valley of the Tay," by the late Rev. Mr Sinclair, Kenmore, gives a few very interesting notes about the Steuarts of Ballechin ; one of them raised the Atholemen for King James VII.; and another of them, a clergyman, "showed what he could do" with his sword.

SKYE BARDS.¹

BY MAGNUS MACLEAN, M.A., F.R.S.E.

HUMAN aspirations have always at first taken the form of poetry. Even in Jewish history, as delineated in the Holy Bible, we find song the first and only medium by which to praise the Almighty, or record the heroic deeds of the Jewish heroes. And so it has been with all nations—the Celtic nation forming no exception. Hence, from the very beginning of the historical Celtic era, we find the people steeped in songs, and rhymes, and lore of all kind, transmitted from father to son by oral traditions for many generations. It is not my intention to deal with this floating poetry and heroic ballads, but to give you, in chronological order, the names of the poets and the poetesses who existed in Skye, and specimens of their songs—short specimens if the songs are already published, well known, and easily accessible.

It would be folly to attempt in one paper any critical dissertation of their life and songs, as I find there are at least fifty who have an undoubted claim to be styled bards or poets. I have come across many other names that I have not included in my lists. Indeed, every village or hamlet produces half-a-dozen rhymsters per generation. These, though of local reputation, can hardly claim to be styled bards. Many of those here included are little known, though the character and the variety of their compositions entitle them to a very high place among the Gaelic bards. I hope I may be able, at some future time, to take up one or more of those bards and show by references to their own works and published songs, that they thought deeply and composed well. For convenience of reference I may divide them into the following classes:—

¹ Paper read before the Gaelic Society of Glasgow on 20th December, 1892.

I.—The poets of whom there is a short biography in “The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,” by John Mackenzie. Many of their songs are included in this book.

1. Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Mary Macleod, 1567 to 1674.
2. An Ciaran Mabach, or Archibald Macdonald (1665 in Keppoch).
3. Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig, or Lachlann Mac-kinnon, 1665 to 1734.
4. William Ross, 1762 to 1790.
5. Donald Macleod, 1785 to 1873.

II.—Poets, some of whose songs appear in various other collections. But the history of some of them is very little known.

1. Pol Crubach, 1649.
2. Bean uasal do chloinn Mhuirich a Troternish, 1650.
3. Sister to John Garbh Macleod of Raasay, or Nighean Mhic Ghillechalum Raarsaidh, 1670.
4. Iain Peutan, 1700.
5. Dugald Macpherson (Dughal Liseadair), Troternis, 1700.
6. Rev. Donald Macleod (Grishornish and Duirinish), 1698 to 1760.
7. An Aigeannach, Sleat, 1680?
8. Neil Macnab, Troternish, 1740 to 1818.
9. Rev. Norman Macleod, father of Caraid nan Gaidheal.
10. Ronald Macdonald, Minginish, 1810.
11. Angus Shaw (Aonghas Mac an Lighiche), Lynedale, 1815.
12. Roderick Campbell (Ruaraidh Mac-Calum), Colbost, 1817.
13. John Morrison, published Hymns in 1828.
14. Baintighearna D'Oyly (went to India), died 1870.
15. Murdo Macleod, son of Alex. Macleod, Triaslan, 1810.
16. John Maclean, Waternish, died 1878.
17. Angus Macphie, Glendale.
18. Norman Nicolson, Scorra-breac.
19. D. Lamont, 1873.
20. Dr Macrauld (Greenock), died 1888.

21. John Gillies, died in New Zealand.
22. Archibald Gillies, Troternish. He composed an Elegy on Rev. Roderick Macleod, Snizort, and an Elegy on Mr Angus Munro—both published in book form in 1874.

III.—People who composed some very good songs, *duan-agan* and rhymes, but of whom nothing is said in this paper; neither is there any specimen of their songs given. I might specially mention John Murray, Donald Macleod, and Malcolm Nicolson, who composed pieces of very high merit.

1. Jean Macleod, sister to Mary Macleod. She lived at Dunvegan.
2. Flora Macleod, sister to Mary Macleod. She lived in Troternish.
3. Donald Macleod (Domhal Ruadh). He died in Toronto.
4. John Murray (Iain Og), Grishornish. Teacher in Eigg.
5. Sine Nic Leoid. (In Canada 1850).
6. Aonghas Ruadh. Bracadale 1820.
7. Malcolm Nicolson, Braes. Teacher in Barvas, Lewis (1848).
8. Angus Stewart, Glendale.
9. John Macleod, Roag.

IV.—Living Poets.

Neil Macleod. Published a book of his own songs, 180 pages. [January 30, 1893. Second and enlarged edition, 378 pages, now ready].

Mary Macpherson. Published a book of her own songs, 320 pages.

Alex. Nicolson* (advocate). Writes in English also.

Roderick Macleod	} Three brothers. Their songs appear
Neil Macleod	
Murdo Macleod	

in "An t-Oranaiche," and in the Highland papers.

Angus Mackay, Glendale, now in America. None of his songs are published.

John Macleod, brother to Neil. A very powerful poet, who has not published any of his songs.

Alexander Macpherson, Sleat. Wrote some English verses.

* Died on 13th January, 1893.

Neil Ross. Gained the first prize at the first Competition of the Highland Association.

Maggie Maclean, Dunvegan. She contributed a Highland lament and a Lullaby to Parlane's National Choir, vol. 1. She composed other pieces.

V.—Skye Songs—Authors unknown.

1. Taladh by the Queen of Fairies.
2. Cumha Mhic-Cruimein.
3. Oran do Throternish—in Donald Macleod's Collection.
4. C'ait an Caidil an ribhinn ?
5. Oran an Uachdarain.

These lists do not pretend to be complete, but I believe they are the best attempt yet made. I have consulted a large number of books, so as to make as complete a list as possible. Some may object to my including Mary Macleod, as she was born in Harris. True, but her parents belonged to Dunvegan, and she herself spent all her life time in Dunvegan, with the exception of the short time she was under banishment in Scarba ; and besides, it seems she was pretty well advanced in life before her poetic faculties were called into play.

It would have been most instructive to classify the songs as to their subject matter, or as to their melodies, whether common or peculiar. This I have not attempted, though Skye songs are as varied in their subjects and objects as Highland songs generally. Many of them are elegies, many of them songs in praise of some chief, many of them love songs, marching songs, labour songs, boatmen songs, etc., etc. I hope that some one who has more time at his disposal than I have, will undertake this work, as it would show the condition of the people of Skye better than any records of feuds and battles between chiefs.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU AidH.

Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Mary Macleod, was born in Rowdil, Harris, in 1569, and died in 1674 at the ripe age of 105 years. Her father, Alexander Macleod, was a son of Alasdair Ruadh, a descendant of the chief of

the Macleods. She was employed as nurse in the family of the Macleods of Dunvegan, and is said to have nursed five lairds of the Macleods and two of the lairds of Applecross.

It appears she received no education, yet her songs are remarkable for boldness and originality, both in matter and metres. John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," says of her :—

"Mary Macleod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect; no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the Macleods, yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heartfelt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant."

Nine of her songs are given in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

In "The Gaelic Bards," by Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, a "Cumha do Shir Tormaid Mac-Leoid" is given. begins :—

O, mo chradhghal bochd,
 Mar a tha mi an nochd
 'S mi gun tamh, gun fhois, gun sund.
 Mi gun surd orm ri stath,
 Is gun duil ri bhi slan,
 Chaidh mo shugradh gu brath air chul.

Another song of Mary Macleod is given in the Glenbard Collection, entitled, "Do Ruairidh Mac-Leoid 's na Hearnadh."

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh
 Fear na misnich 's a chruadail
 Choisinn cliu 's a fhuair buaidh ann san Olaint.

Bu tu mac an laoich ghasda
 Nach do dhearbh a bhi gealtach ;
 'S tric a thogadh leibh creach bho Chlann Domhnuill.

In "An Talla 'm bu ghna le Mac-Leoid," there are some excellent specimens of poetry. I shall quote one verse of three lines, which for terseness cannot be surpassed.

Taigh mor macnasach, meagrach,
 Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
 Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.

Her chief seems to have been displeased at her for her poetic effusions. He evidently thought that his personal and family history was brought too much into public prominence by her songs, and in a fit of anger he banished her to Scarba, an island to the north of Jura. It was while here that she composed Luinneag Mhic-Leoid, a translation of the first four verses of which I take from Pattison.

Alone on the hill top, sadly and silently
 Downward on Islay and over the sea
 I look, and I wonder how time hath deceived me—
 A stranger in Scarba, who ne'er thought to be.

Ne'er thought it, my island, where rest the deep dark
 shade
 The grand mossy mountains for ages have made ;
 God bless thee ! and prosper thy chief of the sharp
 blade—
 All over these islands his fame never fade !

Never fade it, Sir Norman ! for well 'tis the right
 Of thy name to win credit in council or fight—
 By wisdom, by shrewdness, by spirit, by might,
 By manliness, courage, by daring, by sleight.

In counsel or fight, thy kindred know these should
 be thine—
 Branch of Lochlin's wide-ruling and king-bearing line!
 And in Erin they know it, far over the brine ;
 No earl would in Albin thy friendship decline.

&c.

Professor Blackie translates this song also, and I give one verse of his translation.

Clan Rory of banners
 O never from thee
 May another death-message
 Be wafted to me !
 Rare jewel of mortals,
 Though banned from my sight,
 With my heart I thee worship,
 Thou shapeliest knight.

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, in "The Gaelic Bards," gives the following account of Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh. It is slightly different from that given by Mackenzie in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." "Mary Macleod was born at Roudal in Harris about the year 1590. She composed a great number of excellent poems, but only a few of them have been preserved. She was an ardent admirer of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, and was constantly singing his praises. Rory the Witty, who succeeded his father, Iain Mor, as chief of the Clan Macleod in 1649, was displeased with her for bestowing so much praise upon his distinguished uncle, and banished her to the island of Mull. Rory died in 1664. He was succeeded by his brother John, Iain Breac. John, who was an exceedingly popular chief, recalled the poetess from Mull. She is said to have died in 1693, at the advanced age of 103."

POL CRUBACH.

Paul Macleod was a son of Alasdair Ban Og, of Lyne-dale. He was, tall, erect, and very handsome. Stories are still current in Skye about the love episodes between himself and Mary Macdonald, eldest daughter of Iain Ruadh Macdonald, of Kinsaleyre. When her friends heard of this love affair, they confined her; but Paul found means of taking her away to his kinsman, Macleod of Rowdil, Harris, in spite of the vigilance of the watch set over her. Thereupon the Macdonalds invaded the Macleod country, and in the fray that took place Paul's leg was broken, and he himself taken prisoner. He was put into an open boat, without oars, which fortunately drifted to Harris, where he

was taken care of by his friends and sweetheart. It is related that the remains one of the Macleods of Dunvegan were carried in an open galley from Dunvegan to Harris by sixteen rowers—eight Dunvegan Macleods on one side, and eight Harris Macleods on the other side. Shortly after leaving Dunvegan, a dispute arose as to which side would pull better. Immediately thereafter, Paul, who was next the stern, broke his oar. He asked his next neighbour on his own side to change places. This oar was also soon broken; and so on, till seven of the oars were broken. When at last he sat down to the eighth oar—the one next the stem—he exclaimed, “Tha iomramh math’s an fhear so;” and he pulled against the eight on the other side all the way to Harris. Then it was found that his wooden leg, on account of his mighty exertions, had penetrated the bottom of the boat, and it was with difficulty that it could be got out. The best known song of Paul Crubach is ‘Iorram na Truaighe—Cumha do dh-Iain Mac-Leoid a chaochail sa’ bhliadhna, 1649.’ It consists of 12 verses of eight lines each, and is of great poetic merit. It appears in many collections. The John Macleod to whom the elegy is composed was son and successor to Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, known as Ruaraidh Mor. John Macleod was a man of great strength, and was known as Iain Mor. He proved to be an excellent chief, and did his utmost to improve the condition of his people in every respect. He was married to Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. The successor of Iain Mor was Roderick, known as Rory the Witty. It was he who banished Mary Macleod to Scarba.

AN AIGEANNACH.

An Aigeannach seems to have been a daughter of Domhnall Gorm, Sleat, brother to Lord Macdonald of the day. The most of her songs were satires, or rather lampoons, and it is as well that all of them are now almost completely forgotten. She was, however, a terror in her own day. One of her printable songs appears in An

t-Oranaiche, entitled "Orando Lachunn og Mac Ionmhuinn," and another one of very high poetic merit is printed in *The Gaelic Bards*, by Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

Probably Alexander Macdonald, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, came under the lash of her keen tongue. At any rate, we find him composing a most scurrilous song to her, as if in retaliation.¹ In the first edition of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's songs, the song is headed "Marbhrann Mairi Nighean Iain mhic Iain do'n goirteadh An Aigeannach." From this heading some have tried to prove that An Aigeannach was a native of Moidart, and a descendant of the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds. I have not investigated the matter sufficiently to be able to decide between the two theories. The other party base their claim on Gillies' collection, where she is styled as "Nighean Dhonuill Ghuirm."

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Archibald Macdonald, better known as An Ciaran Mabach, lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was a natural son of Donald Gorm Og, eighth baron of Sleat, and hence brother to Sir James Macdonald. He was a man of great sagacity, zeal, and bravery, and his brother was so pleased at the skilful manner with which he conducted the expedition against the Keppoch murderers in 1665, that he granted him a portion of land in North Uist. He composed many songs, most of which are lost. Two of them appear in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" and another one in "The Glenbard Collection." We meet him at one time in Edinburgh, where he was consulting the doctors on account of a severe injury one of his legs got. It was while here that he composed "B'annsa Cadal air Fraoch," probably one of his best.

¹ No stress need be laid on this remark, for Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair would try to revile anyone who dared compose a song; so that the fact of his composing a satire on the Aigeannach is no guarantee that he ever knew her. He would have heard of her as a famous poetess.

Ge socrach mo leabaidh,
 B'annsa cadal air fraoch,
 Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
 A's bad de'n luachair ri'm thaobh,
 'Nuair dh' eirinn sa' mhadainn
 Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
 Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid
 'G eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghreidh^uuallach.
 A thogadh suas ris an aird,
 Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an cal,
 'S mise fein nach tug fuath dhiubh
 Ged a b'fhuar am mios Maigh,
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal
 A's moran fuachd air^uur sgath.

The following is a translation of some of the verses of this beautiful song:—

Though soft and easy is my bed,
 Magnificent my room,
 I'd rather sleep in Uigni's glade
 Among heather in full bloom ;
 Where I could rise at break of day,
 With Oscar by my side,
 To seek 'mong glens and mountains grey
 The stag of dark brown hide.

But my loved forest is afar ;
 Though here I may behold
 A forest huge, where mast and spar
 The ship-wright's craft unfold ;
 But I encounter sights and smells
 That almost stop my breath—
 Would that I were on Ruthan's fells,
 Upon my own sweet heath.

Where I could see clean-limbed herd,
 Of airy form and crest,
 Stretching against thy side, Melard,
 By my fierce greyhounds press'd ;
 Press'd by my hounds that never fail,
 When slipped at deer or roe,
 Whether in corrie, wold, or vale,
 To lay the quarry low.

His description of the converse of the hart with his unsullied mate is exceedingly good :—

With joy he roams the mountains blue,
 And valleys fair and wide,
 'Mong heather bathed in pearly dew,
 With his fond, faithful bride.
 She sees but him, him only loves,
 No other fills her eyes ;
 Him watches, moving as he moves,
 And in his bosom lies.

They traverse each romantic glen,
 Browse on each secret lea,
 Make love in every cozy den,
 And wander far and free :
 While here I pine in hopeless ward,
 Nor mark my herd of deer
 Fleeting across thy brow, Melard,
 And on thy wolds career.

The same longing to get back to Skye is expressed in the last verse :—

Ah, me ! 'tis hard to wither here,
 And smoke and fumes inhale
 From dusky lanes and vennels drear
 And gutters dark and stale ;
 And bid sweet Skye of bays and deils,
 Wild glens, and mountains blue,
 Where all I love in comfort dwells,
 A long and sad adieu.

In connection with the expedition against the Keppoch murderers it is on record that the Ciaran Mabach left his own house on Wednesday, reached Inverlair in Brae-Lochaber on Sunday, stormed and set fire to the block-house, slew the murderers, and sent their heads that same day to Edinburgh. Lieutenant Campbell says that this feat is not surpassed by that of Montrose when he marched from Fort-Augustus by Glenbuick, Glenroy, Dalnabi, and Lianachan, to Inverlochy, in one day. The defenders of the block-house consisted of an uncle and six nephews, who resisted so bravely that sixty of the besiegers were killed. Iain

Lom, who was guide to the Ciaran Mabach on this expedition, says that there was not one of the seven, who "in an equal fight was not a match for ten."

Iain Lom composed a song in which he gives great praise to the Ciaran Mabach for his skill and bravery in this expedition.

Slan fo d' thriall, a chiarain Mhabaich,
 Shiubhladh sliabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal ;
 Fraoch fo d' shin' gun bhosd gun bhagrath,
 Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.
 &c., &c.

NIGHEAN MHIC GHILLE CHALUIM RAARSAIDH.

John Garbh¹ son of Alexander Macleod, fifth of Raasay, was married to Janet, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan. He was drowned at the age of twenty-one, while on a passage from Stornoway to Raasay. It was to him that Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh composed the Marbhrann already mentioned. He had two sisters Janet and Julia, one of whom composed a Cumha. Whether she composed any other songs we are unable to say.

*Cumha do dh-Iain Garbh Mac Ghille-chaluim.*²

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fhaoilinn,
 Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuran,
 Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach.
 Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ro bha eile.

¹ "There is a tradition among the people of Raasay that John Garbh was a natural son. According to the tales of superstition, the storm which occasioned his death was raised by a witch. His step-mother was anxious to get rid of John Garbh and make room for her own son; so she hired the witch to set the winds and waves in motion. The witch raised the storm by boiling water in a pot over the fire. She had a small dish of some kind in the pot. When she saw that this dish was upset, she knew that Iain Garbh and his men were drowned. All at once she repented, and exclaimed—'Tha mo chreach deante.'"—Rev. A Maclean Sinclair in "The Gaelic Bards from 1411 to 1715."

² Professor Mackinnon tells me that there are four verses in the Fernaig MS., by Mac Ghille Chaluim Raarsaidh.

The whole of this song appears in Gael vol. VI., 280, set to music in both notations. Lachlan Macbean gives a translation of it in his *Songs and Hymns of the Scottish Highlands*.

IAIN PEUTAN.

Iain Peutan was one of the Beatons from Harlosh, in the parish of Duirinish. His song to Nighean Thearlaich Oig an Sgalpa an t-Stratha is very good. I shall quote the last two verses of it :—

'S tu reula nan oighean,
 'S tu 's boidhche na cach,
 'S tu 'n canach, 's tu 'n neoincan,
 'S tu 'n t-sobhrach fo bhath ;
 'S tu 'n coimeasg 'tha or-bhuidh',
 'S tu 'n ros 'th' air dhreach la ;
 'Chur an aithghearr an sgeoil so,
 'S tu 'n t-Seonaid gheal thlath.
 'Si mo chomhairle fein dhuit,
 'S na treig i gu beachd,
 Ma 's a h-aill leat gu 'm buannaich
 'S gun cnuasaich thu 'n sgeap,
 Theirig timchioll na geige
 'S na glac eislean 'ad bheachd,
 Ach a chaoidh na cuir duil
 Ann sa chraoibh nach lub leat.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH OIG.

What we know of Lachlan Mackinnon's songs, and many of them, we believe, are lost for ever, compels us to give him a very high place among the Gaelic bards. He was born in the parish of Strath in the year 1665. He was son of Tearlach Og, son of Charles Mackinnon, a near relative of Mackinnon of Strath. His mother was Mary Macleod, daughter of John Macleod, of Drynoch. His parents being in good circumstances, engaged a tutor for their family. Lachlan shewed such proficiency and aptitude, that, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to the Academy of Nairn, a school that was then held in high repute, and to which lads from all parts of the Highlands

were sent. Lachlan here was easily *dux*, not only in the acquiring of a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek, and the other branches taught, but in all athletic exercises and feats of strength. During the three years he remained in the school, he composed several English ditties, which, however, are not to be compared with those he afterwards composed in Gaelic. It is to be regretted that such an able man did not write more of his songs.

When he was twenty-three years of age he married Flora, daughter of Campbell of Stroud in Harris. From his chief he rented Breakish and Pabbay, and here he lived peacefully and contented, respected by all, till the death of his beloved wife, some years afterwards. Her death was a severe blow to him. He could no longer stay in the place, and he removed to Kintail. This was but jumping from the frying-pan to the fire, and four years after he returned to Skye. While on a visit to Inverness twelve years after his wife died, to see some of his old school companions, he was prevailed upon to marry a widow of the name of Mackintosh. This wife seems to have been proud, peevish, and cross. The marriage was a very unhappy one, and the rest of his days were full of grief and misery. He died in the year 1734, aged 69 years. His funeral was the most numerous attended ever witnessed in Skye. Most of the Highland chiefs, with their retinue, were there, and seven pipers followed the bier to the old Churchyard of Cillechrist (Cille-Chriosda). Four of his songs appear in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," and a few in other collections, notably "Cumha Mhic Leoid Thalascair," in "The Gaelic Bards," a song composed to John 2nd of Talisker, who was married to Janet, only child of Alexander Macleod of Grishornish. One verse only will serve as a specimen :—

Gun robh thu ciuin is macanta,
 Gun sraing, gun chais, gun chriona,
 Gun tnu, gun fheall, gun seacharan,
 'S tu scapach, pailt is crionnta.

Bu tiodal ceart duin uasail sin
 Gun robh thu suaire ad ghiulan,
 Gu sunntach, suilbhir, failteachail,
 'S do chridhe blath gun lub ann.

One of his best is "Latha siubhal sleibhe." It seems to have been composed at a time when he was not so welcome in the halls of the chiefs as was the wont. He imagines he met in the fields, Generosity, Love, and Liberty, who for the time being were, like himself, neglected in the places where they used to be welcome.

Latha Siubhal Sleibhe.

Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh
 'S mi falbh leam fein gu dluth,
 A chuideachd anns an astar sin
 Air gunna glaic a's cu ;
 Gun thachair clann rium anns a ghleann,
 A gal gu fann chion iuil ;
 Air leam gur iad a b' aillidh dreach
 A chunnacas riamh le m' shuil.
 Gu' m b' ioghnadh leam mar tharladh dhoibh,
 Am fasach fad air chul,
 Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
 Gu' n tagha de cheann iuil,
 Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
 Gu' n d' fhiairaich mi—" Co sud ?"
 'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
 Am briathraibh mine ciuin.
 Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
 'Nur triuir gur e ar n-ainm,
 Clann nan uaislean curamach
 A choisinn cliu 's gach ball ;
 'Nuair phaigh an fheile cis do 'n Eug
 'S a chaidh i fein air chall
 'Na thiomnadh dh' fhag ar n-athair sinn
 Aig maithibh Innse-Gall.

And so they go on inveighing against the tyranny that exiled them from the hearts and halls of Highland lairds.

SHERIFF NICOLSON.

THE death of Sheriff Nicolson removes from our midst the most literary of our Gaelic scholars. He died suddenly of heart disease in Edinburgh on the 13th of Jannary, in the 66th year of his age. His life history is shortly told. He was born of a good Skye family at Husabost in that island in the year 1827. After his education in his native parish, he entered the Edinburgh University with a view of entering the ministry of the Free Church. There he took his degree of M.A., distinguishing himself in philosophy, a subject in which he acted as assistant to two of the professors. Changing his mind as to the Church, he read for law, and was called to the Bar in 1860, but he had little or no practice, his chief professional work being the reporting of legal cases for the law journals. In 1872 he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbrightshire, whence he was transferred, in 1885, to similar duties in Greenock. He finally retired from active duty in 1889 in failing health, and since then he has resided with his sister in Edinburgh. His *Alma Mater* conferred on him the degree of LL.D. about a dozen years ago; and he was both idealised and idolised by his Gaelic countrymen all over the world.

Sheriff Nicolson was a man of real genius in matters of literature, and he was equally successful in his efforts whether in Gaelic or English. His knowledge of Highland history and lore was great, and his love for everything Highland was even greater. One thing debarred him from reaching the highest rung of professional and literary

success, a position to which his undoubted genius could have led him, and that one thing was a tendency to lethargy which crippled his energy. He filled, however, several important public positions. He was assistant commissioner to the 1865 Education Commission, and his report on the educational state of the Highlands and Islands is a model of its kind even from a literary standpoint, having been pronounced the "most readable blue-book ever printed." He was also a member of Lord Napier's Commission of 1883 appointed to inquire into the condition of the crofters, and his knowledge of the country and its people was of immense service to his colleagues.

His literary labours consisted largely of fugitive pieces and newspaper and magazine articles, much of which must be lost. Many of his poems are well known and cherished by his countrymen. His great marching song, "Agus Ho Mhorag," to which he was adding verse after verse, was completed by the time of his death, and we hope soon to put it before our readers in its entirety, under the editorial supervision of Mr Magnus Maclean in connection with his "Skye Bards." It should be mentioned that Sheriff Nicolson was an enthusiastic Volunteer, and his marching song is full of fine touches, both stirring and pathetic. Among his other pieces we may note as having caught the popular fancy, his bilingual one, entitled an "Edinburgh Summer Song," where his passionate love for his native Isle finds fullest expression, and also the song of the "British Ass," written in connection with the visit of the British Association to Edinburgh in 1871. He wrote a memoir of his friend Adam Black, the publisher, a work which was nearly lost at the wreck of the "Lively" near Stornoway, when that ill-fated vessel jeopardised the lives of the Napier Commissioners and their press friends. His *magnum opus* is his "Gaelic Proverbs," professedly based on the Rev. Dr Mackintosh's collection, first published in 1785. Sheriff Nicolson's work is, however, practically an original work,

and it forms a valuable contribution to the "proverbial" philosophy of nations. Most genial and social of men, his memory will ever be green in the remembrance of his friends and his countrymen.

NOTES.

THE December number of the *Folklore* quarterly contains an important contribution from Dr Whitley Stokes. This consists of an edition of the "Dinnshenchas," or mediæval Irish topographical legends, as contained in an Oxford Gaelic MS. The legends are very interesting, and Dr Stokes has done the translations admirably.

THE dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, held on the 31st January, was a great success. It was presided over by Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, a name fraught with honour and affection wherever Gaelic is spoken. As it was the 21st, or Majority, Dinner, a special effort was made to get as many as possible of the members who were at the first dinner to be present; and in this the characteristic energy of the Secretary was successful.

MR NEIL MACLEOD'S new edition of his *Clarsach an Doire* is half again as large as the original volume. The book, which is handsomely got up, and which contains a portrait of the author, is published by Archibald Sinclair, of Glasgow. Of course the work contains all the author's poems up to date, and there are several good renderings into English, done mostly by that most deft of translators, our good friend "Fionn." Four Gaelic tales are also appended to the volume, composed in the best and raciest style of the excellent Gaelic spoken in Skye. Of the poetry we need not here speak; the public has already passed its favourable verdict on the majority of the pieces here published, and the new poems are not inferior to the old.

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The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

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VOL. IV.

FEAR A' GHLINNE.

CAIB. III.

IS ainneamh aite anns am bheil Taigh-Osda anns nach 'eil dithis no triuir, air a' chuid a's lugha, a tha gu math deidheil air a bhith cho tric 'sa dh' fhaodas iad anns an Taigh-Osda. Cha mhor nach bi iad a' dol ann a cheart cho riaghailteach 's a theid a' chearc thun na spiris. Thig iad as gach airde, agus coinnichidh iad a cheile. Air aon doigh no doigh eile gheibh iad leithsgeul air son a dhol a dh' ol. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh :—Is iomadh leithsgeul a th' aig an Earrach air a bhith fuar. Gheibh na fir so uine air a dhol do 'n Taigh-Osda ar neo bidh fios c'ar son. Cha chum caonnag an treabhaidh, no cabhag na buana fear seach fear dhiubh air falbh a bheag a dh' uine o 'n Taigh-Osda. Ma bhios an latha fuar feumaidh iad deur beag fhaotainn a chuireas blaths orra ; ma bhios iad 'nam fallus ag obair, bidh eagal orra gu faigh iad fuachd an deigh an fhalluis, agus tha iad cinnteach nach 'eil deoch eile air ur-uachdar an t-saoghail a leith cho sabhailte dhaibh a ghabhail ri glaine de mhàc na braiche. Ma thachras caraaid riutha nach fhaca iad o chionn leith bhliadhna, feumaidh iad drama math a thoirt dha air son

na tiom a bh' ann o shean. Bidh fear eile air fas seachd sgith de 'n trod 's de 'n chanran a bhios aig a mhnaoi ris a latha 's a dh' oidhche gun fhios c'ar son, agus air ghaol faighinn as a beul theid e do 'n Taigh-Osda, agus gabhaidh e lan no dha a chum am mi-thoileachadh agus an dragh-inntinn fhuadach air falbh. Is cinnteach gur e fear dhe na daoine so a rinn an t-oran anns am bheil na briathran a leanas:—

“ Ma theid mi 'n taigh-osd',
 Bidh mo bhean a' trod rium ;
 Ma dh' olas mi stop,
 Bidh mo bhean a' trod rium ;
 Ma bhios e ni's mo,
 Bidh mo bhean a' trod rium ;
 Air a h-uile doigh
 'S cinnteach dhomh bhith trod rium.”

Faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'm bi an gobha uair is uair a' fliuchadh a sgornain anns an Taigh-Osda. Co nach cuala iomradh air an t-sradaig a chaidh ann am beul a' ghoibha? Tha e coltach gu bheil an t-sradag so anabarrach doirbh ri' bathadh.

Feumaidh am piobaire uair is uair a bhith 'gabhail deur beag, cha 'n ann a chionn gur toigh leis drama, ach a chionn gu 'n dean faileadh an uisge-bheatha bhith bhar na h-analach aige, feum mor do ghothaichean, do ghleus, agus do mhal na pioba.

So ma ta cuid dhe na leithsgeulan a th' aig daoine air a bhith 'g ol. Cha leigheas an t-ol idir air na galairean a tha iad a' gearain. Ach nan gabhadh iad le beagan 'ol cha bu leith-ghearain. Feumar an da shuil a fhliuchadh, agus an uair a bhios an da shuil fliuch, feumar rud eiginn eile a fhliuchadh, Cha bhi guth no iomradh air riaghailt, ar neo ma bhitheas, 's i an riaghailt a leanas a bhios ann:—

Ol a h-aon, cha 'n 'eil e math,
 Ol a dha, cha 'n fhiach e,
 Ol a tri, 's cha bhi thu cli,
 'S e ceithir righ riaghailt.

Mar bu trice an uair a rachadh na ceithir ud sios druim air dhruim, dh' fheumadh riaghailt a rogha rathad a thoirt oirre, nam b' urrainn i idir a casan a sheasamh.

Cha robh muinntir nam bailtean a bha dluth air an Taigh Bhan dad ni b' fhearr no ni bu mhiosa na muinntir bhailtean eile na duthcha. Gheibhteadh a h-uile latha 's a' bhliadhna fir 'nam measg a dh' oladh, nam faodadh iad, gus am biodh iad air leith-iomall na daoraich. Is ann ro ainneamh, air a shon sin, a gheibheadh iad an cothrom air iad fhein a chur 'na leithid sin de shuidheachadh truagh anns an Taigh Bhan. Cha d' thugadh Callum Ruadh, no idir a bhean, boinne uisge-bheatha do dh' fhear sam bith air am faicadh iad coltas na daoraich. Is minic a thuirt Callum, an uair a chitheadh e fear sam bith a' fas tuilleadh is blath leis an uisge-bheatha:—"Cha 'n fhaigh thu deur tuilleadh an diugh. Tha mi am barail gu bheil gu leor agad, mur 'eil tuilleadh 's a' choir agad. Cha 'n 'eil dad a's lugha orm na duine sam bith 'fhaicinn air an daoraich a' falbh o m' thaigh. Agus rud eile dheth, am fear a's trice a chi mi 's a chluinneas mi 'san t-seomar oil, 's ann air is lugha mo mheas. Tha uair aig an achasan is am aig a' cheilidh. Nam biodh duine fliuch, no fuar, no sgith, no tinn, tha mi 'creidsinn nach bu mhisde e glaine de dheadh stuth; ach ni 's mo na sin cha 'n orduichinn dha a ghabhail. Gheibh mise reic do m' chuid uisge-bheatha gun teagamh. Mur faigh, is fhearr leam gu mor e bhith anns an togsaid gu socair, samhach, far nach cluinnear uaithe guth mor no droch fhacal, na e bhith ann am broinn a h-aon sam bith dhe do sheorsa-sa."

Theireadh Callum Ruadh so riutha suil mu'n t-sroin; ach ged a theireadh, leigeadh iomadh fear dhiubh a h-uile guth dheth a steach air an dara cluais agus a mach air a chluais eile. Tha 'n sean-fhacal ag radh gu bheil comhairle a thoirt air mnaoi bhuirb mar bhuille uird air iarunn fuar; ach faodar a radh le firinn nach fhearr na sin comhairle a thoirt air fear na misge.

Air feasgar araidh, co a bha 'nan suidhe mu 'n bhord anns an t-seomar oil ach Domhull Maor, Alastair Taillear,

Seumas a' Bhros-gail, Callum Seoladair, agus dithis no triuir eile dhe na fir bu trice a bhiodh a' tathaich an Taighe Bhain. An uair a dh' ol iad stop no dha chaidh iad, mar bu ghnath leotha, gu bruidhinn aird 's gu boilich 's gu brosgal.

"Ach am bheil fhios agaibh, fheara, co e an duine uasal a thainig a dh' fhuireach do 'n taigh so o chionn ghoirid? Tha e mar gu 'm biodh e car an aghaidh gu faigheadh daoine mach cia as a thainig e, agus ciod an gnothach a thug do 'n Ghleann e mu 'n am so de 'n bhliadhna," arsa Calium Seoladair.

"Cha 'n'eil fhios agam fhein gu dearbh," arsa Domhull Maor; "is tu fhein, a Challuim, an aon fhear an so aig am bu choir fios a bhith air a h-uile ni. Tha thu 'cumail a mach gu bheil fiosachd agad. Faigh a mach ma ta, anns an t-seasamh bonn co e an duine uasal a tha fuireach anns an Taigh Bhan."

"Tha aon ni air am bheil fios agam co dhiubh, agus 'se sin nach 'eil boinne de 'n fhuil uasail a' ruith ann ad' chuislean-sa. Neo-ar-thaing nach 'eil am pailteas de 'n uabhar 's de 'n bhosd ann. Cha ruig thu leas idir a bhith cho mor asad fhein 's a tha thu. A righ, bu bheag a b' fhiach thu a' cheud latha 'chunnaic mise thu. Bha d' ordagan mosach a mach troimh na brogan, agus cha robh de 'n aodach mu do chroit na chuirinn eadar mi 's a' phoit 'ga toirt bhar an teine. 'S ann a bha thu coltach ri ceard a bhiodh 'na shuidhe an oir an teine agus laghaid 'na dhorn a' deanamh spainnean. Tha thu nis 'nad' mhaor, agus tha do shron a cheart cho ard ri Beinn Nibheis leis a' mheud-mhoir. B' fhearr dhut gu mor, fada, fichead, deanamh air do shocair. Chunnaic mi da rud dheug a b' iongantach leam na ged a bhiodh do shron gle' iosal mu 'm fag thu an saoghal. O nach 'eil fearrann agamsa ri thoirt uam cha ruig mi leas eagal a bhith orm an fhirinn ghlan innseadh dhut suil mu 'n t-sroin. Cha 'n 'eil a chridhe agad fhein no aig fear eile dhe do sheorsa mo chur a mach air muir no air locha. Ach gu cinnteach ceart nam bodh fearann agam,

bu truagh a' chulaidh-fharmaid mi nam bithinn fìach suip 'nad' eisimeil," arsa Callum Seoladair.

Fhad 's a bha Callum a' labhairt nam briathran searbha so ris a' Mhaor, cha dubhairt fear seach fear de chach aon fhacal. Bha lan-fhios aca gu robh am Mhaor iomadh uair a' deanamh moran nithean nach fhuingeadh an solus fhaicinn. Cha b' urrainn iad seasamh air a thaobh le ceartas, agus idir cha labhradh iad 'na aghaidh. Cha robh diog a' tighinn a ceann a' Mhaoir; bha amhrus math laidir aige gu robh Callum Seoladair a' feuchainn ri' chasan a chur os a chionn. Mar sin b' fhearr leis fuireach samhach. Coma co dhiu, chaog am Maor a shuil ri Seumas a' Bhrosgail. Thuig Seumas gle' mhath gu robh toil aig a' Mhaor e'chur facal a steach air a thaobh. Rinn Seumas mu dheireadh casad, agus thuirt e:—"Is iongantach leam fhein, a Challum, do leithid-sa de dhuine aig am bu choir fiosrachadh a bhith, gu labhradh tu briathran cho dana 's cho mi-ìomchuidh 's a labhair thu 'n drasta fhein. Tha fhios agad gu bheil am Maor ann an suidheachadh moran ni's airde na thu fhein, agus air an aobhar sin bu choir dhut urram a thoirt dha a reir a shuidheachaidh. Tha e sgriobhte gur coir urram a thoirt dhasan do'n dlighear urram."

"Cìod e," arsa Callum, "a chuir esan ann an suidheachadh a's airde na mise? An e a' mhaoirneachd a bhith aige? Cìod e is fhiach sin? Am bheil e frinneach, onarach, dileas, durachdach, ceart, caoimhneil, cairdeil, cinneadail, trocaireach? Ma tha, bheir mise urram dha; ach mur 'eil, cha'n urrainn mise o m' chridhe barrachd urram a thoirt dha na bheir mi dhut fhein, ged nach 'eil thu ag itheadh greim, an latha bhios tu ann an cuideachd a' Mhaoir, ach bonnach a' bhrosgail. Ge b' e air bith co labhras, bi thusa 'na do thosd. Dithis a tha gun mheas anns an duthaich, thu fhein agus Domhull Maor. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag radh, Dithis tha coltach ri' cheile, Mo chu fhein 's mo shealgair'. Is fhad o 'n a chualas an rann a tha 'g radh:—

‘Maair is madaidh,
Saair is sagairt,
Coin is gillean is ceardanan’.

Sin agad, ma ta, mo bharail ort fhein 's air a' Mhaor."

Bha eagal air Alastair Tailleair, gu 'n eireadh tuasaid' eadar na fir, agus ghrad labhair e, agus thuirt e. "Tha iad ag innseadh dhomhsa gur e *foreigner* a th' anns an duine air an robh sibh a' bruidhinn o chionn tiotaidh. Bha e 'comhradh riumsa ann am beurla, agus tha mi 'smaointean leis an *tone* agus leis an *accent* a th' aige, nach buin e idir do 'n duthaich so. Cha chreid mi gu bheil e eolach air *climate* cho *damp* agus cho fuar ris a' *climate* a th' againne anns an duthaich so idir. Bha 'n *driver* a thainig leis a Ceann-locha 'g innseadh dhomhsa gu robh e dìreach a *shiveradh* leis an fhuachd. Bha eagal air an *driver* gu *starvigeadh* e mu ruigeadh iad an Taigh Ban. Bha 'n *driver* ag radh nach fhac' e duine riamh a' s mo-giulan aodaich na e. Bha *rug* anns an robh deadh callach m'a chasan; bha *plaid* mor glas *turn* no dha m'a chom air uachdar an *top-coat*; bha *muffler* mor, ciatach m'a amhaich; agus bha *sealskin cap* m'a cheann. Shaoilinn fhein gu 'n cumadh na bha sid blath e ged a bhiodh e ann a' *Hudson's Bay*."

Ma chuir a bhith 'moladh a' Mhaair dragh air inntinn Challuim Sheoladair, 's e chuir 'inntinn buileach troimh a cheile, an co-thlamadh a bh' aig Alasdair Tailleair air Beurla 's air Gailig. Cheangladh duine 'b' fhèarr ciall na e. Bhuail e' dhorn air a' bhord, agus thuirt e, "Alasdair, tha mise ag radh riut gu m' pronn mi na do chraicinn thu mur grad sguir thu 'bhith 'truailleadh na Gailig. Is gann a theid agad air do dhinneir iarraidh le do chuid Beurla mhosaich. Far am biodh daoine 'labhairt Beurla cha b' urrainn dhut do bheul fhosgladh. Ach tha thusa agus a h-uile amadan dhe do sheorsa an duil gur aithne dhuibh Beurla chruaidh Shasunnach a labhairt, ma thachras dhuibh a bhith leith-bhliadhna anns a' Bhaile-mhor. Foghnaidh e leam de chomharradh air gu bheil duine gun tur an uair a

chluinneas mi e 'cur a h-uile facal Beurla a's aithne dha, air feadh na Gailig. Na daoine a's foghlumte agus a's turaile a th' anns an duthaich, mar a tha Mr Seumas agus Domhull Sgoileir, bruidhnidh iad rium mu gach ni a thachras anns an duthaich, agus is gann a their iad aon fhacal Beurla ged a bhithinn 'nan comhradh o mhoch gu dubh. Cha bu tu mi fhein. Chaith mi dluth air fichead bliadhna dhe mo bheatha ann am measg dhaoine aig nach robh facal Gailig, agus cha do leig mi riamh fhathast as mo chuimhne a' Ghailig a dh ionnsuich mi an uair a bha mi og. Cha bhi aig Gall ri' innseadh do Ghaidheal gu 'm bithinn cho beag meas air mo chainnt fhein 's gu 'n deanainn a leithid. 'Am fear air am bheil sinn a' bruidhinn, tha Gailig aige moran ni 's fhearr na tha i agadsa agus 's i mo bharrail nach do chaith e a' bheag dha 'shaoghal anns a' Ghaidhealtachd."

Cha do chuir fear seach fear dhe na bha 'san t-seomar an aghaidh diog dhe thuir Callum Seoladair. Bha fhios aca gu robh Alasdair Taillear 'na bhauscaire gun tur, agus gle' mhor a's fhein. Agus ged a bha Callum Seoladair cas, crosda an uair a chitheadh 's a chluinneadh e rud nach cordadh ris, bha e 'na dhuine cho caoimhneil 's cho turail 's cho tuigseach 's a gheibhteadh dhe 'sheorsa ann an duthaich gu leir. Cha chualas riamh e ag radh facal cainidh air chul cinn duine sam bith. Neo-ar-thaing nach moladh e daoine air chul an cinn, nam biodh iad 'na bheachd-san airidh air am moladh; ach nam biodh ni sam bith aige ri radh an aghaidh duine, an aite teannadh ri ruith sìos air chul a chinn 's e theireadh e, "Stadadh esan gus am faic mise e, agus innsidh mise e fhein dha." Ged nach 'eil e taitneach do dhuine a bhith 'g innseadh dha suil mu 'n t-sroin co e fhein, is e moran is taitniche le duine na 'n cul chaineadh. Ged bu bheag air am Maor, cha b' aill leis aon fhacal a radh 'na aghaidh mur biodh e ann an larach nam bonn gu seasamh air a shon fhein.

Cha robh tlachd aig neach sam bith de'n Mhaor. Cha robh ann ach duine suarach 'na dhoighean. Dheanadh e

ni sam bith a shaoileadh e a chuireadh tasdan na phocaid, no a shaoileadh e a chordadh ris an Uachdaran. Chuir iognadh air moran de mhuinntir na duthcha an uair a chuala iad gu'n d' rinneadh 'na Mhaor e. Cha bhuineadh e idir do 'n d'uthaich. Cha b' urrainn neach sam bith a thuigsinn ciod air an t-saoghal a thug air an Uachdaran Maor a dheanamh dheth. Aig an am ud bha moran dhe na h-Uachdarain an duil gur e coigreach a b' fharr a dheanadh feum mar Mhaor, no mar Bhailidh, na fear a bhiodh air a bhreith 's air 'arach anns an duthaich. Cha do chuidich am beachd so leis na h-Uachdarain idir. Mar bu trice, bhiodh na daoine a gheibheadh a bhith 'nam Maoir 's nam Bailidhean gle' mhor asda fhein, agus ag amharc sios air tuath an aite mar nach b' airidh iad air meas sam bith fhaotainn. Ann am measg na tuatha, bha agus tha, daoine cho firinneach 's cho onarach 's cho maiseach caitheamh-beatha anns gach doigh ri daoine sam bith air am b' urrainn neach eolas a chur. B' ainneamh a gheibheadh a h-aon dhe na daoine coire, measail, a bha am' measg na tuatha, aite fhein o na Maoir. B'ann ris na daoine bu shuaraiche a bhiodh anns an duthaich a dheanadh na Maoir mar bu trice companas. Cha ruigear a leas iognadh a ghabhail ged a theirear, "Maoir is madaidh," mar ghnath-fhacal ann an iomadh aite de'n Ghaidhealtachd gus an latha 'n diugh.

Choisinn Domhull Maor deadh-ghean bean an Uachdarain le gnìomh a dheanamh nach fhuingeadh an solus fhaicinn. B' ann air son a' ghniomha so, bha cuid a' cumail a mach, a fhuair e bhith 'na Mhaor. Bha fhios aige gu aodadh e moran dhe 'thoil fhein a dheanamh. Cha leigeadh an t-eagal leis an tuath bhochd gearain a chur a steach thun an Uachdarain 'na aghaidh. Bha amhrus laidir aca gu 'n deanadh e dioghaltas orra cho luath 's a gheibheadh e an cothrom. An aon tuathanach a rinn-gearain 'na aghaidh, cha robh aige air a shon ach a chuid fearainn a chall, agus an duthaich fhagail. Thug so am misneach o gach fear, gu ire bhig, a bh' anns an aite. Neo-ar-thaing

nach robh e laghach, caoimhneil gu leor ris gach aon a bhiodh 'ga bhrot-bhiadhadh leis a h-uile ni a b' fhearr a bhiodh a staigh aca. Mar a dh' eirich de iomadh fear a bharr air, bu ghle thoigh leis biadh math sughmhor ; agus nam faigheadh e lan no dha na slige de mhac na braiche, cha b' ann bu lugha bhiodh de ghean air.

Bha ceathrar nighean aige, agus mu 'n robh iad ach gann aig aois posaidh, bha h-uile spalpaire bu phroiseile agus bu spaideile na cheile a' bristeadh an cnamhan as an deigh. Ri uine phos gach te de 'n ceathrar na h-oganaich bu treine 's bu dreachmhoire a gheibhtheadh anns an duthaich gu leir. Fhuair na fir so fearrann gu an aileas, air son fìor bheagan mail. O 'n a bha fhios aig na fir so gu robh am Maor air an cul, bha iad 'ga faireachadh fhein gle laidir. Is gann a dh' fhaodadh duine sam bith a shuil a chaogadh ri fear seach fear dhe na fir so. Nan abradh neach facal mar mhagadh no da rìreadh, ghrad rachadh innseadh do 'n Mhaor, agus a' choig uiread deug leis. Tha furasda thuigsinn nach b' urrainn a bheag de mheas a bhith air a' Mhaor, no air a chairdean.

A STRANGE REVENGE.

BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLOOM.

THE Castle was wrapped in the silence and gloom of death. Nature itself conspired to deepen the solemn eeriness of the circumstances, for not a breath of wind sighed among the turrets, whistled through the key-holes of the great oaken doors, or rattled the ill-fitting windows of the ancient building. Now and again a servant would tip-toe his or her way along a passage, a door would be closed softly, and again the stillness remained unbroken. Those who spoke did so in whispers. It was a smitten household; smitten from comparative gaiety and expectation into grief and deadening disappointment.

The laird, alone in his chamber, lay extended on a couch, his face blanched, endeavouring to comprehend the awfulness of the blow which had descended upon his house. Had it been he himself that lay stretched in his cerements, "he could have understood it," he argued with unconscious humour; for he was old, and the hand of death might be said to be upon him. But a young maiden, apparently in the enjoyment of a satisfactory measure of health, had been taken in a breath, just as he expected to be; and he was left! Truly, the ways of Providence were queer!

"Oh! Richard, my poor son," he murmured, "little do you know that, while your thoughts are turned to amusement, Death has snatched away your bonnie bride, without loving word or look being exchanged; without a soul to close her eyes. My poor boy—my poor, poor boy."

The laird was not a man addicted to emotional displays, but the cruelty of the bereavement, as he construed the situation, quite overcame him—he wept.

There was one in the Castle whose grief was still deeper than the well of tears. Having overcome the more violent manifestations of his sorrow, David walked about, or sat, as a man labouring under some heinous dream. Before evening fell, he had thrice secretly visited the chamber of death to convince himself of its grim reality.

Flora lay with a smile on her cold lips, an expression of happiness haunting every feature; a hundred-fold more lovely in that cold, statuesque condition, than when the life-blood coursed through her veins and mantled her cheeks. David had never seen death before; he could not have seen it under auspices less suggestive of its terrors. He gazed upon the picture as one fascinated. Then an impulse would come upon him to imprint a kiss upon her finely chiselled marble-looking brow; but he resisted the longing. His had not been the right to kiss her in life; he would not violate her sanctity in death. Thrice the desire came upon him with the strength of frenzy, and thrice he stole away awed at the very thought.

Love, like health, is never destitute of hope. With Flora beside him, and events drifting as they had been, David had, in these latter days, enjoyed a feeling of strange satisfaction. He ceased the effort to crush his love passion; and his imagination had begun to picture possibilities. To his brother he had done his duty. So he reasoned. He had remonstrated with him for neglecting his promised wife; but if Flora was to be supplanted by another lady, might not he aspire to take his brother's place?

He did not recognise that human nature is not logical except in its reasoning. With all his acumen, David had so far failed to understand the emotional anatomy of a woman who was purely womanly, and not a husband-hunter. How many do? In his case, the lesson of a woman's constancy, even to the heart that is no longer

hers, was to be life long and bitter. Strange that it should be needed in one who was himself a vivid illustration of the enduring power of a love which was practically hopeless. But who more grossly blind in these matters than self-sufficient man?

It was only now that David realised the full depth and breadth of his passion. What a dark, dismal mockery was the life that remained? He could have faced bravely Flora's marriage, for at least she would still be visible to him; and she knew he loved her! But death! and that just at the moment when hope had glimmered kindlier and brighter than it had ever done before! He felt crushed and unhinged; he shuddered at the long vista of years which lay ahead of his youth.

There are situations when the petty character of life appeals to one with demoralising force. As he sat there with rigid face, trying to contemplate the future, his thoughts pursued this train, and darkened with the deepening twilight. He might study and become a great scholar: what then? Nothing more than this, that after he had mastered the knowledge which people had been mastering in rotation for centuries, he would be humiliated with the littleness of it, and the worthlessness of it in contrast with the great Unknown!

What was life itself—life in our body? Would science ever be able to do more than quote from the Book of Books, "and God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life?" What was infinitude? Simply an idea that paralysed the brain. What of his favourite study, the philosophy of this, that, and the other school? Nothing more than the fictions of reason in conflict.

Life was eating and drinking, a little pleasure, and more sorrow, disease, and—Death! And then he paused—who does not at this, the awfullest of all the mysteries? Weary of life's futility as a solver of its own problems, a great Scottish lawyer welcomed death for the knowledge it would bring to him. An end to the flippant question: Is life

worth living?—a question which can never be answered by human lips, for death alone can yield the reply!

These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of John—dressed in his Sunday blacks, and looking as funereal as his smirking face made possible—with the night lamp.

“Only one light to-night, John.”

“Yes, sir,” was John’s whispered response; “an’ I’ll nae mak’ the lowe ower big.”

From his prolonged manipulation of the lamp, and the repeated glances he threw in David’s direction, it was apparent that John had something to say, but was undecided whether the solemnity of the occasion warranted his entering into conversation. At last, the light would admit of no further adjustment, and he stood irresolute.

“Don’t speak about *her*, John,” said David quietly, “I cannot bear it.”

“It’s about her, an’ it’s no about her,” said John, with a sigh.

“Then tell me what’s not about her; is there anything startlingly new?”

“It’s about the Witch, Master David—her ongaun’s are simply awfu’.”

“What’s wrong with poor Elspeth?”

“She’s gane clean dementit, an’ kickin’ up a shindie a’ ower the country side.”

“Is she intoxicated?”

“She takes a drappie, there’s nae doot; but it’s no the speerit this time—at least it’s no the speerit o’ whusky.”

“Well, John, I’m not interested in the doings of the crazy old creature.”

“Ah! sir, but it’s the terrible things she’s sayin’—I dinna mean the curses, sir, ’cause she’s gane the hale length o’ her tether in that line. She’s running about yellin’ that she is being hunted wi’ a ghaist.”

“Then she is quite daft.”

"An' it's *her* ghaist, Master David—it's *her* ghaist," said John in a stage whisper, his eyes staring in his head—for, like his class, he believed in, and had a wholesome dread of ghosts, goblins, and every other suppositious tenant of the Unseen World.

"Not an unusual form of hallucination, John, when the mind is both wicked and diseased."

"But, sir, whaever heard tell o' a ghaist bein' seen in broad daylight—the thing's preposterous," argued John, in the confusion of his mind on the subject.

"Daylight or dark, the brain conjures up its own phantoms, John. Now go, please."

"But I hav'na telt ye the queerest point o' the matter," John persisted, "I heard her wi' my ain lugs cryin' that Miss Flora was askin' her to save her life."

"She saved Elspeth's life some time ago—perhaps the poor, wicked creature has some qualms of conscience in the matter. She treated Miss Flora horribly on that occasion, I recollect."

"Jist listen tae her haverin's, sir, as I said, there's something sae awfu' terrible an' queer aboot them. The auld thing, rheumatism an' a', came skelpin' across the field like a fox wi' a score o' dogs at her heels. She cast her een ower her shoulders ever noo an' agin, an' at every look she gave sic an unearthly skirl! She made straight for the blacksmith's shop, yellin' at the tap o' her vice, 'she's huntin' me!—her ghaist's huntin' me!—tak' her awa! Look! she's at the door! shut it, smith—shut it!' The smith, thinkin' some mischief was on, ran tae the smithy door and shut it wi' a bang. Then the Witch gave a fearfu' yell. 'She's comin' through the door! Look! Look!' An wi' thae words, she ran ahint the smith an' cooried doon, clutching at his legs, an' screechin' till the hale neighbours were a' gethered roon' the door thinkin' there was murder goin' on. 'What d'ye see, ye glacket auld fule?' asked the smith. 'Miss Flora o' the Castle,' was the Witch's

reply, pointin' a shakin' finger at the anvil, whaur there was naebudy veesible, 'see, she's sittin' there glowerin' at me wi' they awfu' e'en o' hers! Hist! She says she's no dead, but that her body's cold and stiff, and that I can make it warm! But I'll no dae it, though she saved my life—I'll no dae it; I swore by the deevil I wadna. Gang awa' an' dee,' and risin' up she sprang, clutchin' like, at the anvil, an' gie'd her head sich a clure that she fell doon. It was a terrible sicht! It made me shivery, an' maist o' the neebours slippit awa' hame. 'Gang for the doctor,' says I tae the smith—an' 'certies, we a' went wi' him. Weel, when we came back, wha did we see but the Witch rinnin' like the diel, to whom she belongs, sir (as nane o' us can deny), tearin' at her hair, and cryin' that hell fire or no, she wud save Flora's—I beg yer pardon—Miss Flora's life! The doctor got haud o' her as she was fleeing past, but she struggled like twa men, and shoutin' that she was awa' tae get the med'cine, she went bang intae the plantation and disappeared. I declare, what wi' ae thing an' anither—I'll no mention parteeklars, sir—my nerves the day are no worth a preen's tap."

"I am afraid Elspeth must be sent to the mad house, and I hope that will be done before she injures either herself or others."

"Excuse me, sir, but d'ye mean tae say that everybody wha sees a ghaist, daylicht or dark, are lunatics?" asked John drawing himself up; "for, if that's the case, my father and his father afore him, wha baith saw the Speerit o' Murdered Man's Knowe, were daft! Daft!" he added with a toss of his head, "it wad be tellin' a hankle folk in this parish if they were half sae wise as *my* forbears."

"Perhaps, John—perhaps. This is not a time to pursue the subject; but when anybody pretends to have seen a ghost just express the wish that his brain may in future be truer to itself."

"I ken brawly that I'm speakin' ower muckle, sir, an death in the hoose—its no a day e'en tae speak o' death—

but I scarcely understand ye. Dae ye mean tae mak me believe that ye dinna believe in ghaists?"

"Certainly."

John gazed at David for a few seconds in order to comprehend the full depth of the heresy to which he had descended, and then, with a superior air, walked from the room; in doing which he forgot the solemnity of the occasion and gave the door a decided shake.

"Folks say that a little learnin's a dangerous thing; faith, an' I believe it," muttered John as he went along the passage leading to the kitchen, "a ghaist's a ghaist for a that," as Burns wad say.

A surprise awaited John when he reached the culinary department of the Castle, in the substantial form of Kirsty. At the unexpected sight of his wife to be, he did not rush forward and fold her in his arms, but drew himself up with the assumption of resenting an intrusion.

"You here again, Kirsty?"

"What for no, my dearie?"

"We canna coort an' death i' the hoose."

"I dinna want tae coort," pouted Kirsty with a toss of the head.

This statement quite non-plussed John; he quite expected her to come forward and coax him with a kiss and an embrace. Therefore he resolved, for once, to cast upon her a reflection.

"Perhaps ye e'en dinna want tae get marrit?" said he, thrusting both hands into his trouser pockets, attempting an incoherent whistle, and becoming suddenly interested in the condition of some crockery ware.

"John!"

"Well?"

"Ye ken fine!"

"Ken what?"

"That!"

John did not contradict this indefinite insinuation regarding his intelligence on matters matrimonial.

"I didna come tae force mysel upon ye," Kirsty continued, in a voice so tremulous that John at once wheeled about, "but things dinna seem tae be driftin' very sair in that direction."

"The auld story," said John, again turning his back and patting the floor vigorously with one foot; "the same as I cud mak' money ony quicker or help folk deein'; besides, this's a fine day tae talk o' marriage—it wad be wiser-like tae speak o' kirkyards an' read the P'salms o' Davit."

"It's no that."

"It's no what?"

"I dinna want ta hurry ye, I'm sure."

"No, ye canna; that's the best o't."

"John, dinna be sae ill-natured, for I hae bad news—that's what I came tae tell ye afore e'en I telt my faither—I've lost a' my siller!"

"What, Kirsty," questioned John, with a look of consternation, "lost yer hale £2 17s 3½d?"

"Every penny!"

"An' wha's the thief?" asked John with an air that meant the offender would have a hard time of it.

"Oh, it's this way, John: the Professor hasna paid a bawbee o' his debts, an' the lawyers o' Inverness have taken awa' every stick in the hoose, includin' my ain kist an' the money I've saved wi' the sweat o' my broo."

"Good gracious, Kirsty, yer money taen awa' by a when lawyer scoondrels? An' for that vagabond's debts! I aye thocht there was something queer about yon chap, wi' his sneakin' prowls in the wuds, an' keep mysel' tae mysel' kind o' style. What about yer half year's wages?"

"Not a penny hae I got."

"An' no' a copper need ye expect."

"What's the world comin' tae," soliloquised John, leaning up against the dresser and rubbing his stubbly chin, "death, ghosts, witch's gane daft, an' folk that dinna believe in ghosts—it'll be the millenium next."

At this point Kirsty broke into an hysterical sob; and John, behaving like any other rational male being in similar circumstances, began a series of affectionate demonstrations with a view to her comforting.

"Never mind, my lass, ye've lost yer money, an' I'll no' say it'll no put back oor waddin' a bit; but I aye said I wudna marry for a fortune,' an' though it's gane, yer here yersel', weighin' mair pounds than ye've lost."

"They're ye are," flared out Kirsty, "aye naggin' me about my fat; I think I'll gie ye up a'thegether, John Maxwell."

"Losh, woman, wull ye nae tak a compliment when ye get ane?—I meant yer worth mair cash than ye've lost, my bonnie doo."

"I think I'll dee tae—I'd be better awa'," was Kirsty's irrelevant and tear-emphasised remark.

A better understanding was, however, soon arrived at, and in a short time the pair were amicably discussing the affairs of this world as they particularly affected the Castle and its occupants. They recalled Elspeth's prophesy, now well-known in the countryside, that Miss Flora would never be mistress of Castle Stuart, and agreed that she had fallen a victim to the old beldame's black art.

"Jist like Alic Tamson's coo," said John, "she cursed it at nicht an' it was dead in the mornin'."

"There's ae consolation onyway," added Kirsty, "it's an awfu' punishment, that ghaist," and, at the remark, as the evening was now pretty well fallen, they drew closer together.

"Serves her richt," was the reply; "though I didna think there was so muckle in Miss Flora as tae think o' that."

As it became evident to both that something had gone inexplicably wrong in the conversation, it was by mutual consent dropped.

"Look here, John," resumed Kirsty, after a pause, "here's a letter I fund amang the Professor's books when I was cleanin' up; I wonder what it's about."

John procured a candle and succeeded in spelling out the short epistle, which we reproduce, as it throws some light upon a mysterious character in our story, has already had an effect in the working out of the plot, and gives a hint as to further revelations. It was dated from New York and signed "A. Z."

"Game up! Net profits, two million dollars (about), *which are safe*. As your last letter has not reached me, you had better look sharp. Safest plan (and if you want money) is to double upon them in disguise to this place. Be well armed wherever you go, as I gave L. the slip without a d——d dollar, and he's wandering about the earth with a butcher's cleaver and a six-shooter. Old diggings; 'pill's' the word."

CHAPTER XV.

A STARTLING EVENT.

DAVID'S private chamber in the Castle was in the corner of the east wing, on the ground floor, its windows commanding the lawn in two directions. It was the midnight hour, but the solitary lamp continued to burn, and the recurring shadow on the blinds would have indicated to the outside observer that the occupant of the chamber was making a weary patrol, with slow step and bent head. He was selfish in his grief; or was it that he did not wish to meet his father lest he might betray the real character of the feeling which he entertained towards Miss Flora? At any-rate, when summoned by the laird, he had pleaded excuse till the morrow. Even when the post arrived, and a solitary letter from Edinburgh, addressed in a strange handwriting, caused him to speculate who the writer might be, he sent John with it to the laird, and troubled himself no more about it.

As it proved, that missive contained the laird's death warrant; and innocent as he was of any unfilial intention,

the thought that his presence might have averted the dread catastrophe, knowing, as he did, his father's precarious condition, was an unhappy one to David, in a future which required no accentuation of its sorrows.

The last stroke of twelve was still vibrating when he was startled by a loud rapping at the side window of his chamber. He was not of a nervous temperament, but at that ill-omened hour, and in the suggestive circumstances, such an unexpected intrusion upon the silence of the Castle quickened his pulse. The knocking was repeated, and going to the window, he peered out into the darkness. What he saw made him start back in astonishment, for nothing could have been more unexpected and startling.

The Witch, pallid and staring, with hair dishevelled and streaming down both sides of her face, pressed her demoniac-looking countenance against the window pane!

What should he do? Elspeth was evidently, as John had described, mad as a March hare, else she would never disturb the Castle at this hour of the night—a place she had never come near since being evicted from the old hut. If she proved troublesome, it would be necessary to waken John and have the creature removed.

The knocking, louder and more prolonged, was renewed. He stood irresolute. That was a strange and weird account John had given of her ravings—that she saw a spectre; that Flora was not dead; and that she, at first, refused, and then resolved to resuscitate the dead. If there was one department of medicine he would prefer to specialise it would be that of mental diseases. For him the brain and its mysterious workings had a strong fascination, and his professional studies had been prefaced by a course in psychology, both exhaustive and distinguished. It might be interesting and instructive, as well as a distraction—for he felt sleep impossible—to diagnose Elspeth's case.

The window-rapping was resumed as he reached this conclusion. Drawing aside the blind, and raising the

window an inch or two, he demanded of Elspeth what she wanted.

“Quick an’ open the door,” was the breathless request ; “if ye waste a single meenit she may be deed !”

“My poor woman, she is dead already—dead, Elspeth, and certified so by the doctor.”

“The doctor !” and she chuckled derisively, “he only kills ; I can kill and cure tae—ha ! ha ! Up wi’ the window an’ let’s jump in or I’ll smash every pane o’t,” she threatened ; “if the deel gets me again she’ll dee, and I’ll be huntit ! huntit ! huntit !” she almost screamed, at the same time clutching the window and shaking it violently.

“Let her in !” The command was so peremptory that David turned sharply round ; but while he did so the conviction flashed upon him that the words had not a worldly origin. It seemed to originate in the brain itself, as if the receptive centre had been communicated with irrespective of the organ of hearing.

“Who knows but that some unseen influence is working here,” he argued, a feeling of uneasiness creeping over him. “Hamlet spoke truly about the narrowness of human vision ; I’ll indulge the whim.”

Elspeth scrambled in as if an army of demons were at her heels, and stood on the floor panting. Her face had grown sunken and pinched, and about her eyes there was an almost unnatural, restless gleam. She formed an unnerving picture ; involuntarily David drew back a pace, and began to regret that he had not fortified himself by summoning the presence of John. What if she carried some weapon, and had in her madness adopted this cunning ruse to carry out a diabolical scheme of revenge for treatment which had been so prolific of curses !

“Where is she ?” Elspeth asked in a grating whisper. Then she plunged a hand into the bosom of her dress : “Safe, safe,” she muttered to herself, as she brought out a small vial and thrust it back again.

"You cannot see Miss Flora's remains to-night, Elspeth; you must come to-morrow and take a last look. I believe——"

"The morn!" broke in Elspeth with an expressionless laugh, "I've tae meet Auld Nick the morn when Peter Ferguson's cock craws! Ken ye that? It's cauld an' deep; cauld an' deep—I saw't the nicht an' shivered—shivered! Quick, whaur's the room she lies in? Tak's till her, or her ghaist 'll come again; and I'll run, run awa'—*and she'll dee!*"

There was something pathetic and imploring in the witch's manner as she uttered the last of her incoherences.

"If I take you to see Miss Flora," said David, "will you promise to be quiet, and then leave the castle immediately."

"As still's the kirkyard—but they'll no bury me there, will they? Na! Ony thing'll be guid enuch for the Wutch," she went on in a moaning voice.

Every moment the conviction had been growing stronger in David's mind that he must comply with Elspeth's request, and now the impulse came upon him to do so with all haste. It was a peculiar feeling, but he had no time to analyse it.

"Quick!" shouted Elspeth, and the command seemed to echo and re-echo in his brain.

On the excuse of procuring a light, he took the precaution to arouse John, and that individual hastily appeared, half clad, and lantern in hand. When he saw the Witch, and noticed the open window, John, alarmed at the unexplained summons from bed at the ghostly hour, started back with a cry of amazement.

"Quick!" said Elspeth again, not heeding John, "the time's up."

"Lead the way to Miss Flora's chamber, John," instructed David, in reassuring tones, "Elspeth wants to have a last look."

"They's awfu' ongauns, Master——," expostulated poor John, his teeth clattering with cold and terror combined.

Before he could finish the sentence, the Witch sprang forward and literally pushed him from the room.

And so the ghostly procession started, up-stair and through passage—John with knees shaking under him, and keeping an eye in his neck, as it were, for the hideous face of the Witch pressed close upon him, and he could feel her feverish breath fanning his ear. The light fell fitfully on her features, exaggerating their ugliness by all manner of shading produced by the swing of the lamp. She had the appearance of an evil spirit leering out of the gloom. Reduced to canvas, the trio would have made a striking and eerie picture, illustrative of all that is superstitiously weak in human nature.

David brought up the rear, fidgetty and anxious, but strangely imbued by the thought that, outrageous as the proceeding was, he would have been wrong to refuse complying with the request of the poor demented creature before him. How the stairs creaked! And there was something uncanny in the sough of the rising wind John had never before experienced. A door clicked off the latch at his elbow and made the cold sweat stand like beads on his forehead; the rustle of a leaf, blown in at an open window, raised each hair till his head resembled an alarmed hedgehog. If only he could speak! The silence, broken only by soft and solemn tread, creak, and rustle, was intolerable. Now they were approaching the chamber of death. What if Flora's ghost were standing sentinel there? This thought was too much for John, and he fell back, with a look of such piteous appeal that David silently took the lantern from his shaking hand and led the way.

He paused with the handle of the door in his grasp and help up the lantern to Elspeth's face. Now that he was on the threshold of that sacred chamber, it struck him as sacrilege to intrude with such company. The thought passed away, swiftly as it came, as his eyes fell upon the Witch's face. A change had taken place; it now looked placid and set; the eyes were calm, as if once more

governed by reason; the whole countenance was expectant and purposeful.

"Quick!" she whispered.

The chamber was lit by two rush-lights, so placed that the features of Flora were visible from the doorway in their deathly repose. For a brief second Elspeth gazed upon the solemn scene.

"How like it," she whispered.

"Like what?"

"Her ghaist!" was Elspeth's reply, as she seized the lantern and rushed towards the bed. She held the light close to the face, and with the other hand raised an eyelid, her expression meanwhile betokening intense anxiety. It changed to one of satisfaction as she perceived that the eye-lid slowly closed of its own accord. Then she thrust a pin into one of the veins of the wrist, rubbed the part vigorously, and watched the result. A small speck of blood appeared on the surface!

"Leave the room," she said, turning to David and pointing her finger sternly doorwards. "Nane but Elspeth kens the cure, an' nae e'en but hers on this earth will ever see hoo it works."

Without waiting to see whether David complied, Elspeth turned and snatched the head cloth from the body.

David at once sprang forward with a cry of dismay and protest, seized the old woman by the shoulders, and hurled her to the floor.

"Do you mean to insult the dead with your mad pranks," he demanded fiercely, "begone this instant or I'll kick you to the door."

The Witch rose slowly, uttering a whine as of despair; then she fixed her eyes upon her assailant with a look which implied unuttered curses, long and deep.

"It's ye that are mad!—She's no dead yet, d'ye hear? She's no dead yet; but she'll be dead afore mornin'; aye, as dead as the wutch hersel'. An' listen: *you'll be her murderer,*" she hissed. "Ye think me mad; at times I

think I am ; but I'm wise the nicht, for I want tae save her life, seein' she saved mine. She needna hae fashed, for I'll be drooned after a', but she saved it an' that's enough. You love her—ye start, but well I jalouse yer secret—wha'll cheat the witch? Yet ye'll no let me save her life. Let me save her—Let me save her!" she cried, changing her tone from threat to entreaty.

"Save the dead! Woman, beldame, daughter of the very devil as you are, can you not even respect the dead and our sorrow," said David with clenched hands. "You do nothing but curse, curse! Go, and curse on to your heart's content, but for God's sake leave us to our grief in peace, or I'll have you dragged forth and put in a strait-jacket. You've played a diabolical trick upon me to-night; go, or, crazy as you are, I'll make you suffer for it."

"Hoo bonnie she is," muttered Elspeth, unheeding David's hot words.

David looked round; and no sooner did so than he staggered back, his eyes transfixed on Flora's body—the very embodiment of one who looks upon a manifestation of the unseen world. Then his terrified look softened, and the suggestion of a happy smile stole upon him.

"Yes!" was all he said; and he spoke in a soft, extatic whisper, while his eyes turned slowly from the bed as if following an indefinite something. "Yes!" he repeated, seeming to answer a question. Then he moved towards the door like one in a dream, while his face brightened up by the vision it furnished. At the threshold he paused, and his look was one of rapture; then, with a deep drawn sigh, he turned down the dark passage.

"John! John!" he called faintly; but John had long ago reached his room, where, head buried in the bed clothes, he lay quaking with terror.

THE LEGEND OF THE DARK LOCH.

“ **A** NNS a’ ghleann ’san robh mi og,
 Anns a’ ghleann ’san robh mi og,
 B’e mo mhiann a bhi ’san am sin,
 Anns ’a ghleann ’san robh mi og.”

These lines sung in a low, soft, and rather sweet voice—unmistakeably a man’s—to the air of “When the kye comes hame,” were wafted to my ears on the fragrant breath of a fine June morning, as, with fishing-rod in hand, and a fishing-basket slung over my shoulder, I was picking my way with difficulty among the large boulders that lie scattered near the southern shore of Loch Veyatie, in the west of Sutherlandshire. My first sensation on finding I was not alone was one of disappointment, as will be understood by every angler who, on proceeding to a favourite pool, has found himself forestalled by another, even though the latter has the same right there as he himself. Though the words of the song were distinctly audible, the singer himself was not in sight. About fifty yards in front of me rose a green knoll, covered with long heather and a few stunted willows. Thither I hastened to ascertain who the intruder—for so I designated him, though the term was more applicable to myself—might be. On gaining the top, however, I could see no one, and I was wondering whether my imagination had played me false, when again I distinctly heard, not far away, the words:—

“ Ach an diugh tha maor is lann,
 Air gach alltan agus ob ;
 Cha n’eil saorsa sruth nam beanntan
 Anns a’ ghleann ’san robh mi og.”

On looking more closely in the direction from which the voice had proceeded, I was surprised to see an old man seated on a mossy bank, resting his chin on the crook of a

shepherd's staff which was firmly fixed in the soil. At his feet lay two large, shaggy collie dogs. The latter, on observing me, commenced to growl and bark. Thus disturbed, the old man, having rebuked the dogs, was on the point of departing hurriedly, when I recognised him as an old friend whose acquaintance I had made several years before when spending a holiday in Sutherlandshire. The next moment we were shaking hands in the true, hearty Highland fashion, while the old man poured forth a torrent of questions.

“And is it really yourself, Mister Alick? And I thought it was only a Sassenach. Lie down, Gaisgeach! And where have you been all this time, and when did you come here? Come ahint, Rover! Ah! the poor brutes know you too. See how they jump and bark with joy at seeing you.” And he continued in this strain for fully five minutes before I had an opportunity of satisfying the curiosity he evinced regarding my doings and whereabouts since I saw him last. In a few sentences I gave him a brief account of my career during the past few years, and then we both sat down on the green bank—his former seat—for I would gladly have sacrificed even the day's trout-fishing for the sake of having a chat with old Rob Gordon.

Never shall I forget that June morning; and often since, on wild winter nights when the wind is howling round the corners of the house, and whistling at the doors and windows, and shaking violently the mighty trees in its fury, has that magnificent view I had from the shores of Loch Veyatie risen before my imagination, a view unsurpassed in grandeur, a view that can only be adequately delineated by the artist's brush.

In front of us stretched the loch like a huge mirror, reflecting, faithfully, not only the exact image and well-defined outlines of the hill that rose on its northern side, but even the various delicate tints of heather, grass, moss and bush in which the hill was arrayed. Away to the right we could see Cannisp with its grassy slopes and rugged

peak ; still further in the same direction lofty Ben More reared its hoary head against the blue sky. To the left, Suilvein with its twin peaks rose proudly, as if vying with its neighbours in gracefulness of form, and uprightness of stature, and immediately behind us Coulmore, rising abruptly from the shores of the loch, shewed its majestic slopes, on which we could see the " Antlered monarch of the waste " roaming at his sweet will, undisturbed till the Twelfth. These mountains, and many others not visible from the spot where we were seated, rising precipitously and individually from almost the sea level to the height of nearly 3000 feet, present a most unique appearance, and resemble a line of sentinels jealously guarding the approach to Assynt. A balmy breeze murmured softly through the small wood of birch, hazel, and mountain ash, immediately behind us, and the sound blended harmoniously with the singing of the mavis and the whistling of the blackbird. It seemed like nature singing a trio. At times we could hear the cry of the moor-cock, and the " oot by w-i-i-i-de, lass," of the shepherd " resounded up the rocky way." A tiny rivulet issuing from a small spring at our feet babbled merrily as it flowed into the loch, whose glassy surface was occasionally disturbed by a trout as it " rose " to swallow an unwary fly, forming several concentric circles that gradually widened till the wavelets settled down and the loch had once more assumed its unruffled appearance. On all sides we could see streams whose crystal waters sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight, flowing down the mountain sides, and one stream—the Big River—larger than the rest, formed a beautiful cascade, as it dashed itself down a perpendicular precipice into the Black Pool below.

Whilst I was contemplating this scene and drinking in all its beauty, my companion spoke not a word but continued to gaze abstractedly towards the blue mountains in the distance. He was to all appearance living in the past. The song he was singing when I disturbed him had evidently awakened memories of long ago, and his imaginative mind was no doubt colouring with a roseate hue scenes

of bygone days. For is it not equally true of the imagination as of the eye that "distance lends enchantment to the view?" The next words spoken by the old man proved that my surmises were correct. Turning to me, and offering me a large silver snuff-box, he said "Now, Mister Alick, have you seen a finer view than that since you were here last?" "No, indeed," I replied, "I have not, and I don't think a finer view can be had anywhere." My reply gave him evident satisfaction, for he smiled graciously and continued.

"Ah! but if you had passed as many days among those glens, corries, and mountains as I have, you would think them prettier still. Would you believe that every stream, and rock, and hill seem to me to be endowed with life? I was born among them, and I passed my youth, manhood and old age wandering among them, till now every object seems like the face of an old friend, and to smile a welcome to me as I approach it. Look at the corrie beneath that shoulder of Coulmore," he added, turning round to the mountain in question, "many a night have I passed there during the snows of winter and heat of summer with my terriers fox-hunting, and many a splendid fox have I both shot and snared there, for that corrie used to be a favourite haunt of these animals; and then when the sportsmen came north in autumn, who knew better than I where a 'royal' was to be found. But those days are past, never more to return. On fine days I still wander in the glens, and among the lochs and streams, for I cannot now climb the mountains." And he recited in a soft voice and mournful manner the following verse from Duncan Ban Macintyre's "Cead Deireannach nam Beann":—

"Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'Smo chiabhagan air tanachadh,
'S tric a leig mi mial-chu
Ri fear fiadhaich ceannartach;
Ged bu toigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha teid mi 'nis' ga 'n iarraidh
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach."

“I have only one desire now,” he continued, “and that is, when I die, I should like to be buried in the little churchyard yonder, within sound of the murmuring streams; where the strong gales of winter and the soft breezes of summer blow over me from the tops of these dear bens; where the mavis and the lark sing their morning song; and where the little children romp and play, as, on summer evenings, they drive the cows home from the hills.”

It was not often that Rob Gordon gave way to such fits of despondency. On the contrary, he was naturally of a very lively disposition. A stranger coming in contact with him for the first time would depart with an impression of a benevolent, genial, and hearty old man, full of humour, and not devoid of wit. He was passionately fond of children, and they adored him. He might often be seen followed by a crowd of urchins, who leaped and gambolled and screamed in childish glee to attest the pleasure they derived from the company of their aged friend.

He was a remarkable man. Considerably over ninety years of age when presented to the reader, he not only retained possession of all his faculties, but he was physically wonderfully lithe and active as well. In personal appearance he was somewhat below the average height, but sturdy and well made. A pair of beaming hazel eyes, fringed with dark lashes, a slightly aquiline nose, a massive forehead, and finely curved lips, were the salient features of a face that was very pleasing in its expression. When a young man he was appointed game-keeper on a part of the Sutherland Estate, and he served in this capacity till old age compelled him to retire, for though the “spirit was willing the flesh was weak.” On giving up his favourite occupation, he received a competent allowance, which enabled him and his wife to live comfortably in their neat little cottage on the brow of a green hill, where they were often visited by members of their large family, who had settled down in various parts of the Highlands.

When the old man had expressed himself as related above, he rested his forehead for a minute on his staff, then, recovering his usual equanimity, he looked at me, with the old familiar smile overspreading his face, and said, "Where are you going to fish to-day, Mister Alick?"

"I am going to try a few casts from the Maiden Stone to the mouth of the Big River, but I'm afraid it's too calm for fishing. See, there's not even a ripple on the water. But can you tell me why that boulder is called the Maiden Stone?"

"I remember many years ago," replied he, "asking my father the same question as I accompanied him one evening on a fox-hunting expedition. The legend, as told by him, is that two girls, sisters, were once washing clothes in the loch beside the stone, when a dreadful thunderstorm came on. One of the girls was greatly frightened, but the other continued her occupation with seeming indifference while the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, and was echoed and re-echoed by mountain and glen. At last a flash gleamed with unusual brightness, followed by a fearful crash which seemed to rend the mountains asunder. The more timid of the sisters burst into tears, and implored her companion either to run home with her or take shelter till the storm had subsided. The obdurate sister, instead of complying with the request, made a gesture indicative of the utmost contempt; and, at the same moment, another flash lighted up the sky with blinding brilliancy, followed almost instantly by a deafening peal of thunder. The earth shook; the waters of the lake trembled violently; and a huge chasm opened where the irreverent girl stood, and her horrified sister saw her disappear into the yawning fissure with a heart-rending cry. The girls' father, who had gone in search of them on the outburst of the storm, found the survivor lying insensible by the side of the loch. Ever since the stone has been called the Maiden Stone."

The boulder in question is a huge piece of granite that had evidently got detached from one of the many precipices

that frowned darkly above our heads far up the side of Coulmore, and had rolled down to the edge of the loch. Here it stood, overlooking a dark pool several feet deep, where, according to tradition, the abyss had opened its fatal jaws and swallowed up the ill-fated girl.

I had often been told that Robert Gordon was well versed in folklore, and that his fund of legends and traditions was simply inexhaustible ; but though I had on several occasions before now met him I never had the much longed for opportunity of having a quiet conversation with him. This morning he seemed to be in an unusually happy mood for my purpose, so I determined to take advantage of the occasion.

The absence of any wind precluded the very idea of fishing. The surface of the lake before us still wore its glassy aspect ; not a cloud darkened the blue vault above our heads ; the sheep and cattle on the surrounding hills overcome by the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, had lain down among the brackens, or in the shade of large boulders, and were lazily chewing the cud or, perchance, dreaming of fertile plains and rich pastures ; the concert in the grove behind us had suddenly ceased, and all Nature seemed to be enjoying a tranquil siesta.

I produced my flask and offered some of its contents to my companion, who, despite the warmth of the hour, drank it " neat ;" I then followed suit, diluting mine, however, with water from the rivulet I have already mentioned. Next I lit my pipe, and my companion helped himself to several pinches of snuff from his ever-serviceable silver box, and I was on the point of making some remark when a peculiar noise behind caused us both to turn round to see several rabbits scamper off in all directions as if they had been suddenly startled by some unexpected cause. I could not account for this strange behaviour on the part of the rabbits, and I turned to my companion for an explanation. " Let us go to yonder hillock," he said, " something has frightened the rabbits, and I am almost sure it's a weasel." On getting

to the top of a slight eminence near at hand, we were the spectators of a very interesting incident. The rabbits had all disappeared with the exception of one that continued to run up and down, and hither and thither, now vanishing into a hole, only to pop out of it again the next minute, and then doubling and turning with amazing rapidity.

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed Robert Gordon, "I knew it was a weasel. Do you see it, a brown one, near the big white stone yonder?" Looking in the direction indicated, I saw, sure enough, the little bloodthirsty animal in hot pursuit of its prey. The rabbit was a much faster runner than its pursuer. Indeed, the latter seemed to take matters very easily, as if quite sure of its victim. With its nose almost touching the ground and looking neither to right nor left, it followed every turn and movement of the rabbit with untiring persistency, and when the latter took a momentary refuge in a hole the weasel pursued it closely to its temporary retreat, imitating all its windings with the unerring doggedness of a sleuthhound, and ultimately driving it out, when the turnings, and windings, and doublings were again renewed.

"Do you think the weasel will succeed in catching it?" I asked Rob Gordon.

"Oh yes," he returned, "he has a very keen scent, and will continue the chase until the rabbit is tired out. I have often seen rabbits hunted to death by these vermin. They are very destructive to ground game. But see, the rabbit is in the act of giving up, and in a few minutes more will fall a victim to its bloodthirsty pursuer." As he spoke both animals disappeared behind a ridge of the mountain, and we saw them no more.

When we had again seated ourselves on nature's velvety couch, I asked my companion if he knew the legend in connection with a small and dark-looking loch in a lonely part of a moor several miles distant from us, about which various and conflicting stories were current. This loch is even at the present day regarded with dread by many of

the natives of neighbouring townships, and to approach it at night would be considered a very daring act indeed. It lies in the centre of a large tract of broken moorland, and its dark water gleams in the moonlight like the alluring Will-o'-the-Wisp. The scream of the curlew, and the wild cry of the heron, are the only signs of life that break the silence and loneliness of this dreary marsh. Tall grasses, reeds, and flags grow in abundance on the shores of the loch, and the wind blowing through these causes a moaning sound like the sighs of the unblest. A more fitting locality for the scene of a tragic event cannot be imagined. The legend as told to me by Rob Gordon is as follows :—

Many years ago when in the Highlands belief in the supernatural was universal, and superstition held despotic sway, two young women from a neighbouring township had early in the summer driven their cattle to the moors and taken up their abode in a shieling erected on a grassy slope some distance from the loch. They were to pass several months in this mountain hut, during which they were to be busily engaged in all kinds of dairy work, such as driving the cows to rich pastures in the morning and back to the shieling again at night, feeding the calves, and making butter and cheese. About once a week one of them went home for a supply of food, and they were often visited by young men from the township, who occasionally passed several days in the shieling before returning home. Various other huts of a similar kind and for a like purpose were scattered here and there over the moor at a certain distance from each other, so as to give the cattle as much ground to roam over as possible. Thus the proximity of the shielings to one another gave a feeling of security to their inhabitants, and was the means of dispelling any fears that would be likely to arise from their firm belief in the existence of uncanny beings. In this manner the summer months passed.

One moonlight night towards the end of August, these two girls, whose names were Morag Cameron and Molly

Graham, were sitting round the turf fire in one end of the hut, busily engaged knitting stockings after having finished their day's work. To wile away the hours they chatted pleasantly and sang shatches of Gaelic songs. Ultimately the conversation turned on their lovers, who would undoubtedly have been highly elated could they have heard the encomiums passed upon them by their respective fair admirers. Morag concluded a rather lengthened eulogium on her own "Jack" by remarking "How I wish they were both here now!"

"Hush!" replied Molly, "you should have added, 'with the blessing of God.'"

"Well, I wish they were here at anyrate," returned the other, "but as they left us only yesterday I am afraid we need not expect them to turn up to-night."

In a short time after, sounds of approaching footsteps were heard, and the next minute two goodlooking young men, strangers to the girls, entered the hut and asked permission to spend a few hours with the fair inmates. This was readily granted, for the girls were under the impression that their guests were ordinary travellers who had accidentally discovered the hut and wished to rest for some time before proceeding on their journey, and no suspicion of evil crossed their minds. The strangers made themselves very agreeable. They told amusing stories, and sang songs. In this manner several hours passed quickly, when Molly, searching for a knitting wire she had dropped on the floor, was horrified to see the feet of one of their visitors—he who had paid particular attention to herself—encased, not in boots but in hoofs! Glancing at the feet of the other stranger a similar startling sight met her gaze. Instantly the terrible truth flashed through her mind. She remembered the unguarded wish expressed by her companion immediately before the arrival of their guests, and she now knew that in response to that rash wish two water-kelpies—the dreaded *eich uisge*—had visited them in the guise of human beings. On making this awful discovery the poor

girl nearly fainted from fear, but the next moment she summoned all her courage to her aid, and began to revolve in her mind a plan of escape. She tried to attract the attention of Morag without rousing suspicion in the minds of their supernatural visitors, but in vain; for to her increased horror she observed that her friend seemed fascinated with her strange companion as her head lay resting on his shoulder, and her waist was encircled by his right arm. Molly saw at once that something must be done immediately if they were ever to get out of the clutches of the two monsters, and she determined to go herself to the nearest shieling to their own, where she knew several young men were expected that night, and with the help of the latter endeavour to rescue her companion.

But the difficulty was to get away from the dreaded gallant who was gradually getting more importunate in his attention towards her. At last she rose on the pretext of getting some turf for the fire, from a stack outside the hut. Her would-be suitor at first strenuously opposed her intention, and remarked that as the night was so mild, darkness was preferable to light. But Molly insisted on going out, and that he might not suspect her purpose she offered him one end of her plaid while she kept the other end in her hand, for the peat-stack being near the door the plaid was long enough to reach it. On this condition she was allowed to leave the hut. Molly, fully alive to the terrible danger that threatened Morag and herself, was wonderfully cool and self-possessed. So taking a long pin (prine broillich) from the bosom of her dress, she pinned her end of the plaid to the turf wall outside, and noiselessly and quickly divesting herself of her boots to facilitate her flight, she ran like a startled fawn in the direction of the nearest shieling, which was about a mile distant.

The mental agony of the poor girl during the race cannot be described. She expected every moment to see her odious admirer in full chase after her, and all the stories—and they were many—she had ever heard of water-kelpies

rushed through her mind and nearly made her shriek with terror. And still she ran on with beating heart and throbbing temples, at times floundering through dismal swamps up to her knees, and falling headlong into dark gullies, and again running with the swiftness of a deer over unbroken tracts, where her stockings were torn and her bare feet cruelly lacerated with the long heather. But she cared little for this as long as her flight was not impeded. Occasionally the shrill cry of the heron, or the whistle of the golden plover, reached her alert ears from the direction of the dark loch, and made her heart, for a moment, stand still, only to renew its wild beating the next minute with two-fold energy. At last, when she feared she could bear the mental and physical strain no longer, she perceived a few yards in front of her a dim light issuing through a low doorway; sounds of merriment reached her ears; and the next moment, panting, and with a face white as that of a ghost, she stood inside the hut and explained, in a few broken sentences, to a startled group of young men and women, the events of the night, her own miraculous escape, and the dreadful position in which she had left Morag.

The young men—there were six of them in all, and the same number of girls—at once resolved to attempt the rescue of Morag. They knew that in a trial of strength they would have no chance of success against their supernatural opponents, but they hoped to be able to drive them away by the use of spells and incantations, in the exercise of which the youth of those times were adepts. They also knew that their adversaries could not injure them except through some act of indiscretion on their own part. To this it must be added that the contents of a couple of black bottles had been discussed during the night, with the result that the young men's courage was increased four-fold; and, lastly, each was anxious to display his own bravery before the eyes of the girl he loved. In a few minutes after Molly's arrival at their shieling, the whole party, including

the women, who preferred to follow their male companions to being left behind exposed to all possible dangers, set out on their novel expedition, that of attempting to rescue a young and innocent girl from the power of two water-kelpies.

As the distance between them and their destination decreased, silence on the part of the rescuing party increased, till, when within sight of the hut, the only audible sounds were those of their own footsteps, and of an occasional half-muttered prayer. At last they could see a low and narrow doorway as, at times, it was lighted by a flickering, dull light from the turf-fire within, which immediately vanished, leaving the hut shrouded in total darkness. Slowly and cautiously they now approach, the men leading, till they are only a few yards from the door, when by common consent they all stand still and listen. Not a sound can they hear. The silence is truly ominous. Yet nearer the dreaded door they creep, until they stand on its threshold, and then the bravest of the men cranes his neck, and peeps inside. The fire has almost gone out, and he sees nothing distinctly. Yet, stay! what is that dark object lying on the floor a few feet from the door? Pushed by the now curious and more frightened party outside, the leader involuntary approaches the unknown object, touches it with his foot, and gives vent to his relieved feelings by a long-drawn breath on discovering that it is only a garment. He picks it up, and going outside, examines it by the light of the moon. Molly recognises it as her own plaid, by means of which she had managed to make her escape from the hut. The party re-enters, and having kindled a fire, inspects the interior of the shieling. The half-finished stockings that the two girls were knitting are lying on the floor. All else is unchanged, but there are no signs of Morag or her companions. The two cloven-heeled strangers had departed, carrying the ill-fated girl with them, and without leaving a trace behind them.'

And what had become of poor Morag? This was the unspoken question that could be read in the eyes of the group that now stood helpless in the shieling. They could do nothing for their lost friend. They had not the least doubt that she was carried off by one or both of the monsters. A general move was made into the open air, the women now leading. No sooner was the foremost outside than she uttered a piercing scream and fell back into the arms of the nearest of her friends. Almost simultaneously another woman's voice was heard—it was Molly's—not shrieking with terror like the first, but imploring the succour of the Almighty. Her words, which rose clear and distinct on the midnight air, were "Lord help us all!" Only four simple words, but they were enough. As the men hurried out they saw the cause of the scream and prayer of their more timid companions. A gigantic form, bearing all the outward semblance of a man, stood towering above them a few yards from the door. This form grinned hideously on hearing the shriek of the first girl, but the expression of his face changed instantly to one of extreme terror on hearing the simple prayer of the second. The Power of Darkness shrank and covered before that simple but sincere appeal to the Almighty, and the huge figure, assuming the form of a horse, disappeared in the direction of the Dark Loch and was seen by the terrified party no more.

Next day all the cows were driven home from the mountains, and the shielings in the neighbourhood of the dark loch were never utilised again. Search was made for the body of Morag, but in vain. No trace of her could be discovered.

Years passed, and the friends and companions of the lost girl had all died. A new generation had sprung up in this township, and the tragedy of the Dark Loch was all but forgotten, when one summer evening a shepherd, walking by the shores of the loch, found the dead body of a young girl lying in the water. No one was able to recognise it, and it was buried in a green knoll a short distance from

where it was discovered. It was then that the story of the tragic fate of Morag Cameron was revived, and it was generally believed that her supernatural abductor had taken her to his unknown realm, and, having tired of her, had put her to death and thrown her body into the waters of the Dark Loch.

By the time Rob Gordon had concluded the recital of the above legend, a light breeze from the west was blowing across the loch, a grey cloud occasionally obscured the sun and cast a light bluish colour on the water. It was one of those "model" days for fishing which are so dear to the heart of every angler. The sheep and cattle had awakened from their noonday sleep, and were quietly grazing on the hills, or browsing on the greener and more tender herbage by the banks of sparkling streams; the hoarse cry of the blackcock reached us from heathery corries in the distance, and the blackbird and thrush resumed their evening carols.

"I mustn't keep you any longer," remarked my companion, "you are to get a splendid afternoon for fishing, and I hope you will be successful. Thank you for listening to the foolish tales of an old man like me. Good afternoon, sir," and whistling for his dogs, the old man left me. I watched him till he disappeared behind the hillock, from the top of which I had first observed him. Then, seeing a trout jump right in front of me and only a few yards from the shore, I rose and threw my tail-fly, a small "Zulu," lightly over it. But just at that moment my attention was distracted by hearing the refrain of a well-known song sung by a familiar voice. I turned in the direction from which the words were borne on the breeze, and failed to "strike" the trout that rose to my fly at the same moment. I listened attentively for a minute and again heard in the words of Rob Gordon:—

"Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og,
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og;
B'e mo mhiann a bhi 'san am sin
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og."

D. M.

SKYE BARDS.

BY MAGNUS MACLEAN, M.A., F.R.S.E.

PART II.

REV. DONALD MACLEOD.

DONALD, third Macleod of Grishornish, composed several very good songs. The first Macleod of Grishornish was Donald, fifth and youngest son of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan. Donald, the subject of our remark, was educated at Aberdeen University, where he graduated in April, 1718, at the age of 20. He thereafter studied for the ministry. He was first settled in the parish of South Uist. In the year 1754 he was translated to Duirinish, in Skye, where he died on January 12th, 1760. In 1728 he married Miss Ann Maclean. It was a custom in the Island of Skye to meet the bride coming forth in the morning from her chamber, and to salute her with a poetical blessing. None having been found ready or worthy to salute his bride, it is related that he himself came forward and saluted her with the following beautiful song :—

BEANNACHADH BAIRD.

Mile failte dhuit le d' bhreid ;
 Fad' an re gu 'n robh thu slan.
 Moran laithean dhuit a's sith
 Le d' mhaitheas a's le d' ni 'bhi fas.
 A' chulaidh-cheile-s' a chaidh suas
 'S tric a tharruing buaidh air mnaoi ;
 Bi-sa gu subhailceach, ciallach,
 O thionnsgainn thu fein 's an treubh.
 An tus do chomh-ruith 's tu og ;
 An tus gach lo iarr Rìgh nan dul,
 Cha'n eagal nach dean E gu ceart
 Gach dearbh-bheachd a bhios 'n ad run.

Bith-sa fialaidh—ach bi glic ;
 Bi misneachail—ach bi stold' ;
 Na bi bruidhneach 's na bi balbh ;
 Na bi mear no marbh 's tu og.

Bi gleidhteach air do dheadh ainm,
 Ach na bi duinte 's na bi fuar ;
 Na labhair fos air neach gu h-olc,
 'S ged labhrar ort na taisbean fuath.

Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
 Falbh socair le cupan lan.
 Chaoidh do 'n olc na tabhair speis
 A's le d' bhreid ort, mile failt' !

Rev. Dr Stewart (Nether-Lochaber) has given the following translation :—

Comely and kerchief'd, blooming, fresh, and fair,
 All hail and welcome ! joy and peace be thine,
 Of happiness and health a bounteous share
 Be shower'd upon thee from the hand divine.
 Wearing the matron's coif, thou seem'st to be
 Even lovelier now than erst, when fancy free,
 Thou in thy beauty's strength did'st steal my heart
 from me.

Though young in years thou'rt now a wedded wife,
 O seek His guidance who can guide aright ;
 With aid from Him, the rugged path of life
 May still be trod with pleasure and delight ;
 For he who made us bids us not forego
 A single, sinless pleasure in this world of woe.

Be open handed, but be eident too ;
 Be strong and full of courage, but be staid ;
 Aught like unseemly folly still eschew—
 Be faultless wife as thou wert faultless maid !
 Guard against hasty speech and temper violent,
 And knowing when to speak, know also to be silent.

Guard thy good name and mine from smallest stain ;
 In manner still be kindly, frank, and free !
 If thou'rt reviled, revile not thou again ;
 In hour of trial, calm and patient be ;
 And when thy cup is full walk humbly still,
 A careless, proud, rash step the blissful cup may spill.

With this Bard's blessing on thy wedded morn,
 All at thy bridal chamber-door we greet thee ;
 May every joy of truth and goodness born
 Through all thy life-long journey crowd to meet thee ;
 And may the God of peace now richly shed
 A blessing on thy kerchief-cinctured head !

I may set against this the song composed by Neil Macleod, entitled *Beannachadh Leannain*, and in which the bride is invoking a blessing on the reverend bridegroom :—

BEANNACHADH LEANNAIN.

Beannaich thus, a Rìgh na cruinne,
 An t-Urramach Maigh'stir Dughall,
 Doirt a nuas bho dhriuchd nan speur air
 Na chumas a gheugan sughmhor—
 Dh' fhairich mise brìgh 'n a bheannachd,
 'Sgaoileadh tharam mar ol-ungaidh—
 Na feartan, nach fhaod mi' aicheadh,
 Thainig orm le blaths bho dhurachd ;
 Cha 'n 'eil ball na m' cholainn uile,
 Bho mo mhullach gu mo ludaig,
 Nach 'eil cho urail ri duilleig
 Riamh bho ghuidh e leam 'n a urnuigh—
 Beannaich e gach moch Di-domhnaich,
 Bi 'dol comhlath ris do 'n chubaid.
 Beannaich e fodh 'aid 's fodh 'chleoca,
 'S an treud gorach 'tha fodh churam,
 Thoir dha gliocas glan gun fhotus
 Gu bhi 'g an seoladh do d' ionnsuidh,
 'S ag arach gach meanglan breoite
 'Tha fodh iomadh leon air lubadh.
 Ach O ! dion e bho gach buaireadh
 A tha buailteach do gach duilidh,
 Gu h-araid bho shuil nan gruagach,
 Tha 'n an saighdean luaineach sugraidh ;
 'S 'n uair a bhios am muineil gheala
 'Sam bilean meala 'ga dhusgadh,
 Mu'm bi 'inntinn air a truaileadh,
 Sgaoil do bhrat gu luath mu' shuilean.
 Cum bho 'shealladh an suil lurach,
 'S an calpannan cruinne dumhail,
 'S an ciochan gucagach soluis
 A dh-fhaodadh a chogais a mhuchadh.

Na leig gu brath e as do shealladh,
 Cum gu caithriseach 'na dhuig e
 Air eagal gu'n caill e 'chota
 'G iarraidh phogan anns na cuilean.

DUGHALL LISEADAIR.

Dugald Macpherson or Dughall Mac-Mhuirich, from Troternish (1700), seems to have been more of a hymnologist. At anyrate, his best known composition is "Laoidh mu'n Bhas." There are thirty-six verses in it, from which I quote the first three :—

An cluinn thu 'dhuine, bi air d' fhaicill,
 'S madainn na h-aiserigh dluth dhut ;
 Eisd an trompaid 's thoir an aire,
 Guth an aingil 'thig dh' ad' ionnsuidh.

Ge socair thu air do leabaidh,
 Cuimhnich gur h-aithghearr an uine ;
 'S ma tha curam ort mu d' anam
 Greas ort gu h-ealamh 's dian d' urnaigh.

Cha 'ni 'n urnaigh ghoirid, fhionnar
 Cuimhnich, a dhuine, ni cuis dhut ;
 Bheir an urnaigh ni dhut buinnig,
 Ort gu 'n guil thu air do shuilean.

WILLIAM ROSS.

William Ross is a poet of a very high order of merit—"one of the sweetest minstrels the Highlands have produced." He was born at Broadford in the year 1762. His mother was daughter to John Mackay, the celebrated Piobaire Dall.¹

While William Ross was still young his parents removed to Forres. Here Ross attended school, and it is related that he made unusual progress in his studies. Thereafter his father started as a travelling pedlar, and William, his

¹ Professor Blackie makes a serious mistake about this, which he repeats twice in his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands;" "his mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, a daughter of the famous blind Allan the Piper," and again "*Ailean Dall* or Blind Allan, Ross's father-in-law." That is, in one place he makes Ailean Dall to be Ross's grandfather, and in another place to be his father-in-law. Ailean Dall was born in 1750, only 12 years before Ross's birth."

son, accompanied him. In this manner he acquired an extensive and accurate acquaintance of the various dialects of the Gaelic language, as well as useful knowledge about men and manners. During these wanderings he composed many of his songs. After some years of this sort of travelling he returned to Gairloch, where he was appointed to conduct the parish school of that place. He seems to have been exceedingly successful as a teacher. He was loved and esteemed by a large circle of friends, not only for his excellent playing on the violin and flute, his artistic singing of his own and other poets' songs, but for his pleasant humour, and good fellowship. But his career was cut short by a combination of asthma and consumption in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

John Mackenzie says of him :—" Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross, and fewer still possess his true poetic power. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. Macdonald's fire occasionally overheats, and emits sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the arcadian scenes which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If Macintyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower, irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that 'speech is the mind's image,' the same must hold equally true of a song—and, judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth,

pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem, *Oran an t-Samhraidh*, abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of Macintyre's verbosity and Macdonald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immovably upon his lips, and are allowed, at the beck of his finger, to feed our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension."

The songs of William Ross are well known, so I shall content myself by quoting two verses from "Cuachag nan craobh," a song in which he indulges in melancholy and painful reflections in consequence of his love disappointments :—

Thuit mi le d' ghath, mhill thu mo rath,
 Striochd mi le neart dorain
 Saighdean do ghaoil sait anns gach taobh,
 Thug dhiom gach caoin co-lath,
 Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
 'S mheudaich thu gal broin domh ;
 'S mar fuasgail thu tra, le t'fhuran 's le t'fhailt'
 'S cuideachd am bas dhómhsa.

'S cama-lubach t'fhalt, fanna-bhui 'nan cleachd
 'S fabhrad nan rosg aluinn ;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth garaidh—
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
 Bidh mi fo neart craidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shugradh ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blath'or.

Mr Pattison gives the following translation :—

Yet nought to me but a sting all her bright beauties
bring—

I droop with decay and I languish ;
There's a pain at my heart like a pitiless dart,
And I waste all away with anguish.
She has stolen the hue on my young cheek that grew,
And much she has caused my sorrow ;
Unless now she renew with her kindness that hue,
Death will soon bid me " Good-morrow."

The curl of her hair was so graceful and fair,
Its lid for her eye a sweet warden ;
Her cheek it was bright, and her breast limy white,
And her breath like the breeze o'er a garden.
Till they lay down my head in its stone-guarded bed
The force of these charms I feel daily,
While I think of the mirth in the woods that had
birth ;
When she laughed and sported gaily.

Neil Macleod in the song which he composed, " Aig
Uaigh Uilleim Rois," says :—

Am measg nam bard a thog ar tìr
Cha robh a h-aon dhuibh 'sheinn r'a linn,
A dhuisgeadh suas ar baigh 'g a chaidh
Cho seimh ri Ros.
An uine ghearr bha 'chlarsach bhinn
A' seirm a bhos.

NEIL MACNAB.

Neil Macnab lived during the latter half of last century. His great grandson, J. Macnab, is the present admirable teacher of Kilmuir, in Troternish, and it is from him that I got the following account of Neil Macnab. In his letter to me Mr J. Macnab says :—

" After some delay, I beg to send you the very few notes I have been able to gather of my great grandfather's life. My father knows less about his life than I would like, and, of his songs, he has plenty fragments, but no complete piece. A much rarer art than that of the rhymster, at least now a days, in the Highlands is that of musical composition.

There are in Kilmuir several lively Strathspey tunes on a peculiar musical mode, some of which were composed by the subject of Macnab's lament, and others by a young woman who was dairymaid in the Duntulm family, and to whom young Martin formed a romantic attachment which terminated only with his death. These tunes, I think, have not hitherto been published. They are known here as "Puirt Beathaig" (Beathag was the dairymaid's name); and our local fiddlers always raise the third and fourth strings of the fiddle a whole tone before commencing to play them. I am sorry I cannot take down music else I would "fix" them and send them to some competent authority to see if they are really original."

Neil Macnab was born at Bayhead, Waternish, about 1740. When he grew up he entered the service of Fear-a-Bhaighe, and became his manager. Master and man, however, quarrelled about a woman, and Macnab left that part of the country altogether, and went to Kilmuir, a part of Macdonald's estates. When Macnab was leaving his native place, or rather shortly after arriving at Kilmuir, he composed a song, still popular in Skye, and of which the following is one verse and the chorus:—

Mo chridhe trom 's duilich leam
 'S muladach a tha mi
 Bho 'n chuir mo leannan culthaobh rium
 Te ur cha teid na h-aite.

Marbhphaisg air a ghoraiche,
 Gur fhada beo gun bhas i;
 Gun shaoileam rinn mi teicheadh bhuaith
 Nuair ghabh mi m' chead 'sa Bhagh dhith.

Mo chridhe, &c., &c.

With all his *goraiche* he seems to have fallen on his feet in Kilmuir, for shortly after his arrival there, he was befriended by Martin Martin, chamberlain of the newly created Lord Macdonald. He enjoyed Martin's patronage, till the death of the latter, in the prime of life, plunged the whole countryside into mourning, and called forth from Macnab the

lament, of which several verses are given below. He had a piece of land at Kilvaxter, in the parish of Kilmuir, was married to a relative of the famous Doctair Ban Macleoid, and had a family of two sons and two daughters. He died about 1818.

Martin's lament, as it appeared in the *Northern Chronicle* eight or nine years ago, consists of twenty verses of eight lines each. This note is prefixed:—"Mr Martin Martin was a descendant of the old family of the Martins of Duntulm. He was popularly known as Martainn a Bhealaich, from his having occupied the lands of Bealach, near Duntulm. He was chamberlain of Lord Macdonald of the Isles, in which capacity he not only earned for himself great popularity, but even won the love and gratitude of all with whom he came in contact. He was remarkable for his great personal strength. He married a daughter of Macleod of Raasay, sister of the Countess of Loudon, and had by her two daughters—one who was married to Count Maurin, and the other to Mr Martin Martin of Tote. The well-known Rev. Donald Martin, first of Kilmuir, and latterly of Abernethy, Strathspey, was his youngest brother. This gentleman was grandfather to Sir Donald Martin Stewart, so well known to fame as Commander-in-Chief in India. The well-known and justly celebrated Sir Donald James Martin of Loudon, and formerly of Calcutta, was his nephew. At the time of his death Mr Martin Martin lived at Lachasay, near Duntulm." The air to which the lament is sung is of the most plaintive description.

Nam b' fhear focail na dain mi,
 Bho 'n la thiodhlaic iad Martainn 's a chill,
 Mar chuimhneachan bais ort
 Bheirinn greis air do nadur math inns.
 Na b' fhaide na d' colas
 Bha gach teisteanas coir a dol dhiot,
 'S maireg fin' as na dh' fhalbh thu
 Bha na h-uile deadh ainm air do ghnìomh.

Cìod a bhuaidh a bh' air duine
 Nach robh suas riut bho d' mhullach gu d' bhroig?
 Bha thu macanta, sìobhalt,
 Cha togadh tu stri san tigh-osd ;
 Lan ceille 'us gliocais
 An iomadaidh tuigse na 's leor,
 Cuimhneach, purpasach, ciallach,
 'S cha robh mealladh am briathraibh do bheoil.

Bha thu foghainteach. laidir,
 Bha thu spioradail, tabhachdach, ciuin,
 Dreach an t-samhraidh mar shnuadh ort,
 Cha robh naimhdeas no fuachd na do ghnuis.
 Fiamh a ghair air do mhalaidh,
 Pailt-bhlaths ann an sealladh do shul,
 'S mor a chlaoidh thug do bhas
 Do na mhuinntir a dh' fhag thu san Dun.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.

Rev. Norman Macleod, minister of Morvern, father of Caraid nan Gaidheal, and son of Donald Macleod of Swordale, near Dunvegan, who was there better known as Gobha Shuardail, composed at least two songs, which appear in Ronald Macdonald's collection :—

1. Oran a rinn duine uasal araid do dhuine uasal eile.
2. Oran a gabhail a chead do 'n Eilean Sgiathanach.

RONALD MACDONALD.

Raonull Mac Iain mhic Eoghain, or Ronald Macdonald, was a native of Minginish, Skye, and lived there as a grieve during the first quarter of this century. He composed several very excellent songs, and we may mention—

Marbhrann do Dh' fhear Thalascair (1798).
 Oran an Acras.
 Oran do dh' each crosda sa Chlaigionn.
 Oran do 'n Chreig Mhoir?
 Oran an Uisge bheatha.

Oran, a rinneadh do choille bhig a bh anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, mar gum b'i fein a bhi ga dheanamh.

The most of these songs are given in Donald Macleod's collection, published in 1811. In "An t-Oranaiche," at page 476, is given a song, entitled "Cuach Mhic-ill-

Andrais," which is a conglomeration of the song by Ronald Macdonald, "Oran an Uisge-bheatha," and of one other, or several others, evidently of a much inferior calibre. I shall give as specimens one verse from "Oran a Rinneadh do Choille," and two verses from "Oran an Acrais":—

ORAN A RINNEADH DO CHOILLE, ETC.

Bu bhadanach, soilleir, sughmhor
 An cruth a robh mi san am sin
 Gu fluranach, duilleach, aluinn,
 'S mi 'g eiridh ri blaths an t-shamhraidh,
 Gu miarach, meanglanach, duilleach,
 Gu h-ianach ribheideach, ceolmhor,
 Gu bocach, maoiseagach, meannach
 Nach iar 's an carrach an crodha.

ORAN AN ACRAIS.

Gur h-eolach air an acras mi,
 Tha theachdaireachd neo-inntinneach,
 Gur tric a thug e turraig orm,
 An uiridh roimh am-dinnearach ;
 Am fear a bhios na dhraghaire
 Neo-adhartach nec-inntrigeach,
 Cho luath 's a gheibh e colas air
 Cha deonach leis a chuidhteachadh.

Thug e na h-ochd seachduinean
 Air fasdadh na mo theaghlach-sa,
 Dh-fhiach e ri mo sporan,
 Fhuair e cothrom math air fhaochadh
 Thug e gach ni b' urrainn duine
 A bhuileachadh dhe 'n t-saoghal dhiom.
 Cha mhor nach d' thug e bas dhomh
 Ach gu' n d' fhag e na mo Raonull mi.

Ronald Macdonald was not only a real poet, but a great wit. One anecdote will suffice to carry out this remark:—He and Fear an Rudha met one day. "Ma ta Raonuill," arsa fear an Rudha, "'s e mo fhradharc fhin a tha dol air ais." "Ma ta," arsa Raonull, "nach neonach leibh e fhir an Rudha, 's ann a tha mo fhradharc-sa a' dol ni's fhearr." "Tha sin neonach gu dearbh a Raonuill," arsa fear an Rudha, "tha thu pailt cho sean riumsa." "Ma ta," arsa Raonull, "'s ann mar sud a tha. Am fear a

chithinn roimhe so na sheasamh leis fhein air cnoc, chi mi nise 'na dhithis na triuir e."

Fear an Rudha—My eyesight is failing me very rapidly.

Ronald—You may think it strange, sir, but my eyesight is getting better.

Fear an Rudha—That is strange, indeed, for you are quite as old as I am.

Ronald—Yet so it is. For the man that formerly I would see single on a hillock, I now see double or triple.

ANGUS SHAW.

Angus Shaw, Aonghas MacLighiche, was a native of Lynedale. He was a soldier. Many of his songs are still rehearsed in the west of the island. His song to Buoneparte is one of his most vigorous songs. It appeared in one of the Highland papers some years ago, with the following note prefixed :—

At the request of a recent writer in your columns, I beg to send the enclosed verses by a Skye troubadour on "the disturber of the peace of Europe." The warrior-bard must have suffered much at the hands of the French ere he expresses himself so bitterly towards their leader. The excess of vituperation displayed is apt to produce a reaction in favour of the object of it, and this is probably one reason why the song is not more popular, it being, in fact, very rare even in its native soil. *Piocaoid* in the sixth verse is a slight transformation of "picquet," *gasaidean* in the eighth refers to reports of casualties in the Army and Navy "Gazette." Other borrowed words explain themselves. I have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to adapt the spelling to the local pronunciation.

ORAN BHIONIPAIRT.

Na'm b'fhear-focail bhidh gear mi gun lochd na mo bhriathran,

Gu fiachainn am b'fhiach dhuinn a sgiala so th' ann,

Mas a h-cachdraidh tha fior i, thug a phacaid bho 'n iar i,

G'eil na naimhdean a phian sinn air an cioslachadh teann.

'S ann 's a mhile 's ochd ciad agus coig bliadhna diag

Thanaig neadhachd na sithe bho chrìocha na Fraing,

Bha sinn fada ga h-iarraidh, 's bha Breatunn lan riaraidh'

P'ha na naimhdean air strìochdadh le dìobhail ar lann.

Rinn lamhach fir Lunuinn is cabhlach ar luingis
 Bonipart chuir an cunnart ged a dh' fhuilig e stri,
 Neart laidir ar gillean anns nach tarmaicheadh giorag,
 'S nach saruicheadh fionnachd fo shileadh na' speur ;
 Rachadh dana ri teine, anns na blaraibh bu mhinig,
 Buaidh larach bu tric leibh, s' i 'g iomain nan treud,
 'S chaidh Paris a bhristeadh le stairn bhur cuid phiostal,
 'S ghabh Spainntich, is Pruisich, is Turcaich *ratreut*.

Gun do dh' islich sibh Boni, cho ard 's ga ro' choilear
 Le ailleachd, le 'ollachd, le 'chonas, le 'shannt—
 Thuit bearna na dhorus, 'n uair a dh' fhailig am balla,
 Chaidh a ghraine ri talamh anns a charachd a bh' ann,
 Cha robh sta na chuid chanan, chaidh a phartuidh a
 mearachd

Rinn danadas cearrail a chuid fearainn a chall,
 Chaidh Paris a glacadh, le h-earnais, le h-acfhuinn
 'S tha Spainn air a creachadh, 's' cha ro chasgairt ud fann.

Tha 'n Impir Napoileon air dibreadh dha aindeoin
 Ge bu rioghal a thalla cha do dh' fhan e na ceann,
 Chaidh a shinnteag a maillead, chaidh a phrisin an
 tainnead,

'S chaidh dibreadh air onair ge b' oil leis a call ;
 Cha do thoill e cus molaidh, si 'n fhoill a rinn cron da,
 Chaidh oighreachd a dholaidh gun chorum da chlann,
 'S tha broinn a chuid sporan 'n diugh gun doimean gun
 dolar

'S thuit an oidhch' air sa mhonadh 's gun a sholus ach
 gann.

Gach maighdeann is caileag is deir air am malaibh
 Bho mheall thu 'n cuid leannan a dh' aindeoin am bonn ;
 Gach og-bhean is sean-bhean a reubadh am beannag
 Bho sheol an cuid feara bho calla nan long ;
 Gach sean-bhean 's torrach, 's leat fuighleach a mallachd,
 Thug thu'n coimh-leapaich shona bho'm broillichean trom
 'S gach mathair is muime, le'n gasaidin duilich,
 Sgeul bais an cuid luran, fuar, fionnar, 'san tom.

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

Ruairidh Mac Chalum Mhic an t-Saoir, Roderick Campbell, was a tailor and crofter in Colbost. He might be styled a hymnologist. At any rate his best known composition is the elegy he composed on that eminent man,

Malcolm Macinnes (Callum Mac Aonghais), carpenter, Glendale. It consists of sixteen verses, but space can be given only to three verses as specimens :—

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Di-haoine
 'S goirt a' ghaoir a chaidh 'nar cluasan,
 Cha b'e naigheachd na faoineas
 A' chaidh innse 's an uair dhuinn,
 Gu'n robh Calum a' dhith oirnn,
 Ceann-iuil dileas nan truaghan,
 'S iomadh fear a' bha gun dinneir
 'Snidhe 'chinn air a ghruaidhean.
 Mo run geal og, &c.

A luchd-aitich ar glinne,
 A luchd a' mhire 's an t-sugraidh,
 A luchd briscadh na Sataid
 A luchd na meirle 's na cul-chaint,
 A luchd na mionnan 's nam breugan
 Na mi-bheusachd 's droch ghiulan,
 Bu tric bhur cuideam 'ga fhasgadh
 Aig Cathair grais air a ghluinean.
 Mo run geal og.

'S e do ghnuis a' bhiodh taitneach
 Nuair a' ghlacadh tu 'm Biobul,
 Suilean t-anam a' faicinn
 Gloir agus maise an Fhir-shaoraidh ;
 Uile bhuidhean na diadhachd
 B'e do mhiann bhi ga 'n innse',
 'Nuair a bhiodh tu co-dhunadh
 Co nach duraichdeadh gaol duit.
 Mo run geal og.

HYMNS BY JOHN MORRISON.

The following note in Reid was all I could gather about John Morrison :—“ Dain spioradail le Eoin Morrison o'n Eilein Sgiathanach. Glasgow: Published by Maurice Ogle, 1828. A. Young, printer; 12mo, 6d.” The above was the production of a blind man; they were copied from his mouth by a schoolmaster in the Highlands, and sent to Glasgow under the auspices of the Rev. D. Ranken, South Knapdale, and the Rev. Dr Macleod of Campsie, but the

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printer declaring the MS. unreadable, it was given to Mr Lachlan Maclean, who re-copied it, and obtained the author's consent to write three hymns himself, viz., the first two and the last.

Rev. Nigel Macneil says:—"The hymns of John Morrison, Skye (1828), are now scarcely read."

DONALD MACLEOD.

An excellent paper on Donald Macleod, the Skye Bard—his life and songs—has already been read to this Society by Dr Macdiarmid. The paper is published in our first volume, and hence I need not refer to him at any length. In 1811, when he was 26 years of age, he published a book of 272 pages, containing, not only songs by himself, but songs by other Skye bards.

Some of William Ross's songs are in it, and six by Ronald Macdonald already referred to. On page 210 is a song entitled "Oran do Throternish," the author of which, though a Skye man, I have been unable to trace. There are ten verses in it. In later collections it is called "Oran chlann Do'nuill nan Eilean." I shall quote the first two verses—

Beir soraidh uam gu m' eolas
 Gu Troiternish 's e 'b aite leam ;
 An talamh maiseach, boidheach,
 An tir ro ordail, mhearcaiteach :
 Far bheil na daoine coire,
 Dh' fhas fialaidh, mor, neo-acaineach ;
 Mnai-uaisl' is suairce comhradh,
 Gun ghruaim, gun phrois an taice dhoibh.

An tir ro fharmail, chliuiteach, ainmeil,
 Mhuirneach, mheanmnach, mhacanta ;
 Bu lionmhor sealbhach iasg na fairge
 Tric 'g a mharbhadh taice ri' :
 Thig bradan tarra-gheal, uineach, mealgach,
 Iteach, earra-ghlan, breac-lannach :
 Am fonn an dearbhte 'n cinn an t-arbhar
 Diasach, ceanna-mhor, pailt-ghraineach.

Donald Macleod afterwards published a small pamphlet containing songs of a more religious and sombre character. The best known of these is probably "Eildeirean an Loin Mhoir." Rev. Nigel Macneill says:—"Macleod's productions are rated very highly by his countrymen, who delight in designating him *Am Bard Sgiathanach*, or the Skye Bard. While Macleod is undoubtedly a man of good poetic parts, he ranks much below his far more distinguished and gifted son, Neil Macleod, whose songs have deservedly taken a high place in popular esteem."

A TRUE STORY OF THE BANSHEE.

The following story of the Banshee was related to me by an officer of the Navy, at Queenstown, Cork Harbour, some years ago. I give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, suppressing, for obvious reasons, the real names of people and places. R. G.

IT was just after I had passed the College of Surgeons, and was taking a short holiday before presenting myself as a competitor for an appointment in the Naval Medical Service, that I went to spend two or three weeks with an old family friend in Ireland. Good shooting and fishing were the inducements held out to me, as in other respects there was little amusement of any kind to be found at Kilcorrie. My host was an old bachelor, the last of his race, and his household consisted of an old butler and an equally aged housekeeper.

For the first week after my arrival, my host (Mr Moran) and I spent most of our time on the moors or by the river and glorious sport we had, the game and fish being plentiful, and the weather all that could be desired. One day during the second week of my stay, we were caught, while shooting on a distant moor, in a violent thunderstorm. The rain came down with a will, as it can do in the Green Isle, and there being no shelter within miles of us, we were soon drenched to the skin. Tim, the keeper, advised his master to mount the rough pony we had with us to carry the game bags, and make his way home as fast as possible. This he did, and I did not see him again till we met at dinner, when neither of us seemed any the worse of our wetting. In the course of the evening, however, he complained of feeling chilly, and next morning old Morgan, the butler, met me with a message from his master, saying he thought he had got a little cold, and would stay in bed, but would be glad to have a visit from me after I had

breakfasted. In passing through the hall on my way upstairs, I noticed the morning paper on the table. There was something of importance going on in the political world, in which Mr Moran was much interested, so I carried the paper with me. I found my old friend sitting up in bed, and looking as if there were little the matter. "Well, Frank," he said, "I am glad to see you are none the worse of the ducking." "Not a bit," I said; "but I fear you have not got off so easily." "Oh," said he, "there is not much the matter. I see you have the paper there; sit down, and let me hear what they did in the House last night."

I seated myself by the side of his bed with my back to the window, which I noticed was drawn down a little from the top. Opening the paper, I proceeded to read the Parliamentary news, and was just in the middle of a speech of Lord —, when I heard a *sound* that made me pause to listen, the sound of a *child crying bitterly* somewhere outside. As I listened the *sound* came nearer, and at last seemed to pause just outside the window. I cannot tell what it was that prevented me from obeying my first impulse to get up and look out of the window, but some unaccountable feeling of dread, or expectancy, or I know not what, kept me seated, motionless and listening. Then the sound of crying and sobbing seemed to rise from the garden below, and come right in at the open window, till I could have sworn that a little child in grief or pain was sobbing behind my chair. A minute more and the wailing came round in front of me, as if the child was standing at my knee, close to the bed, and yet I could *see* nothing. After remaining about a minute by the bed-side, the sobbing child seemed to go all round the walls of the room, until, coming to the window again, it passed out into the garden below, where I heard its wailing voice dying away in the distance, till all was silent again.

Although this has taken some time to tell, it all passed in such a short time that when I looked at Mr Moran he seemed only just to have noticed that I had stopped

reading. "Well, Frank," he said, "Go on ; why do you stop?" Then catching sight of my face—"Why, what's the matter ; are you ill?" "I think the heat"—stammered I, unwilling to alarm my old friend. "I daresay the room feels close," he said ; "never mind the paper. Go and get hold of Tim and amuse yourself. I hope I shall be able to join you to-morrow." I hurried down stairs, but did not feel inclined for Tim's society ; the sound of that dreadful *wail* was still in my ears. I took my rod, made my way to the river, and threw myself on the bank to think over what had taken place. I tried to persuade myself that my imagination had played me a trick, but I knew quite well that it was nothing of the sort. I had never been of an imaginative temperament, and my surroundings at the time were of the most matter-of-fact description. My mind was entirely occupied with Parliamentary details at the time when I first heard the *sound*, and although it began in a faint distant echo, it became so loud at last that the whole room seemed filled with it, and yet, strangest circumstance of all, my friend evidently heard nothing of it. I retraced my steps towards Kilcorrie, and as I approached the house saw the doctor's car at the door. On entering the hall I met the doctor himself descending the stairs. I found my old friend was seriously ill.

Proceeding upstairs I met old Molly, the housekeeper, wringing her hands, while tears streamed down her wrinkled cheeks. "Why, Molly," said I, "what's the matter?" "Oh ! the master, the poor master," sobbed Molly. "Oh, yes," I said, "the doctor told me he was not so well, but I hope he will soon be better. "Mr Frank," said Molly, "he will *never get better!*" Then coming close to me she whispered in an awestruck voice, "Tim heard the *Banshee wailing* under the bedroom window just at the time he took the turn." And Molly fell to weeping afresh, and wringing her hands. Within a week from that night my poor old friend breathed his last, and the Banshee's prophecy was fulfilled.

NOTES.

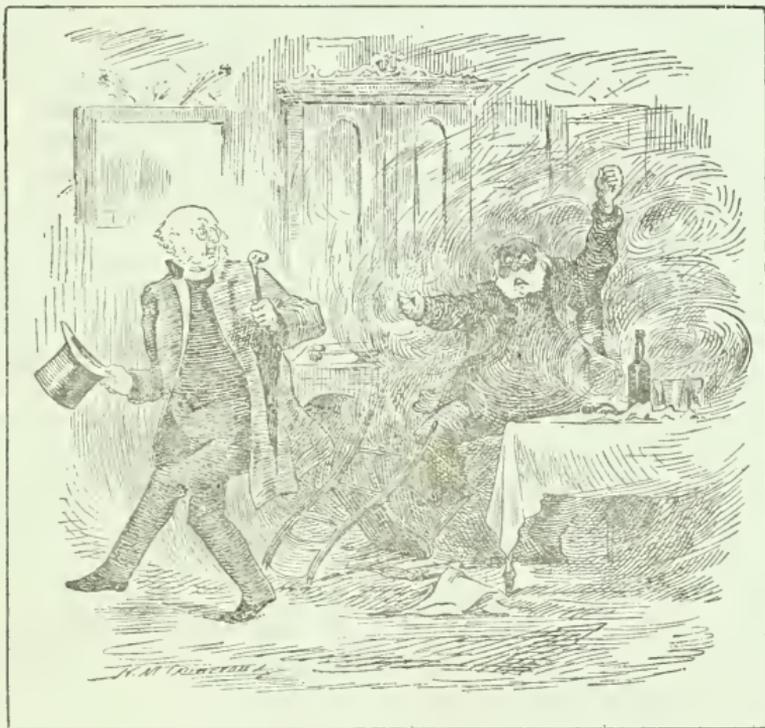
MR ALFRED NUTT has sent us a paper delivered by him before the Folklore Congress on the "Problems of Heroic Legend," which is to appear in the forthcoming transactions of that body. The paper is a marvel of condensation, and we cannot in a paragraph even indicate Mr Nutt's views. He points out that the anthropological school have done much to unravel the mysteries of the folk-tale by studying its appearances among modern uncivilised races; and he thinks that the problem of the hero-tale may receive light from the same source. He discusses the relationship of the heroic legends to real history, and shows, in the case of the great Germanic sagas, how distorted and utterly false our idea of King Attila and his contemporaries would be if we had only the heroic sagas to go upon. He says—"Had we heroic legend alone, we should know worse than nothing of history, we could only guess at false history. History may seem to give the form and framework of heroic legend, the vital plastic organic element is furnished by something quite different. Myth, like a hermit-crab, may creep into the shell of history, none the less does it retain its own nature." He illustrates his positions mostly by Celtic myth, and, besides the Siegfried saga and its class, discusses the miraculous birth of the hero—a feature equally prominent in Celtic as in Grecian myth—and the father and son combat, which appears in the story of Cuchulinn and his son Conlaoch. The Persians have a like myth, in the case of Sohrab and Rusten; but indications of it exist on Greek and Germanic ground. A very striking inverse parallel, so to speak, occurs in the legends of the Indians of British Guiana, where the son, born and reared in similar circumstances to Conlaoch, kills his father, "unknowing and unknown." Mr Nutt is inclined to believe that heroic legend originates mostly in nature myths, but that, as in the Ossianic or Fenian saga, history may influence its final form, just as the Norse invasions coloured the later mediæval form of our Ossianic story. So far as folklore scientists are at present agreed on the question of the origin and development of hero and folk tales, we think that the theory which holds the field may be expressed in Topsy's words, when a similar question was put to her, and her answer was—"I spees I growed."

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The Highland Monthly.

VOL. IV.

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