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THE LONG GLEN.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER TALK.

ON the conclusion of the long service of the day, the assemblage shivered, simmered, and broke up into groups and knots before finally leaving the ground. Duncan Ban stayed to the end, after having sent his son and daughter-in-law at the break between the communion, and concluding sermon, to dispense hospitality to Kilfaolain friends who had to cross hills and streams before reaching their homes. Calum, who knew all about it, thought it was a pity Duncan Ban had not gone away with the Kilfaolain guests himself, since Mr Macbeth rubbed him hard against his bristles, and ruffled his temper for many a day. On the breaking up of the meeting, he accompanied a Kilmachaoide friend up to the bridge, going a little out of his own way. Calum went with them, and Diarmad followed in company with Gregor and some of his effective partisanship companions, who were all lauding Mr Macbeth to the skies. Friends and acquaintances who had not met in the

morning were now busily seeking each other out, and those who had met, and were about to scatter in different directions, tried to foregather again to bid one another farewell. There was a rush by the younger men among the strangers to harness or saddle the horses which had spent the day in a hobbled condition in a park near the meeting place.

Ealag, diligent in her vocation, went from group to group to gather up what people said about the sermons and everything. She fell in with Duncan Ban talking with his Kilmachaoide friend, but the talk was all about auld-lang-syne, and she dared not put in her oar. Diarmad, who was with Gregor and his friends, was a safer subject to attack; and so she tried to get a "rise" out of him.

"Canst thou tell me, Diarmad," asked she, "if the people who go up to Jerusalem have Mount Gerizim on the left hand?"

"Indeed they have, Ealag."

"Oh! that is what I thought; and it was on the semblance of Mount Gerizim that you Moderates were sitting here to-day. Lo there! Is not your dunan on the left hand of those going up to the table, which, as Mr Logie said, the Lord has spread here for His Church in the Wilderness?"

"Why, Ealag, you are becoming as clever at *samhlachan* as Mr Logie himself; but for all that this one can be badly used against your own side."

"How dost thou make that out?"

"Jerusalem is on the druim (ridge) of a mountain range which rises from the Sea of the Gentiles and coast of the Philistines on the west, and from the Dead Sea and Valley of the Jordan on the east. Now you see the Israelites, who formed the Church in the Wilderness, came to the Promised Land from the east. When, therefore, they crossed the Jordan, took Jericho, and marched up the mountain range, they had Jerusalem on their left and Mount Gerizim on their right. So, you see, we Moderates to-day must have occupied the semblance of Mount Zion,

and you were the separated Samaritans occupying Mount Gerizim. But I think you were not so good as that. You were Philistines coming, not from the Valley of the Jordan, but from the Sea of the Gentiles."

"Is the lie of the Land of Canaan what he says, Gregor?"

"Indeed it is, Ealag. Your comparison is not good."

"It is not mine at all. It is Anne of Dalmore's; and I'll just go yonder and tell her it is a sieve that will hold no water."

"Are your folk going to make Ealag a deaconess, Gregor?"

"What foolishness thou speakest! Whatever put that thought in thy head?"

"Why, she is going about with a subscription book, and plaguing people to pledge themselves to pay so much per week, or per month, for the Sustentation Fund. Surely since you are to throw off the burden of supporting your poor, that is the work left for a Free Church deaconess."

"The poor will have to be supported by the rates, as in England."

"Aye, indeed—that is the most sure of the blessings you promise us. Truly we do not yet half understand the evil results of the Disruption."

"Nor half the good, man. You heard what Mr Macbeth said about what it will do for civil and religious liberty. Have you Moderates anything worth hearing to say in reply?"

"Much," answered Diarmad, "but we cannot hear ourselves with the braying of the Buntata Bruich's jackass."

"We should be thankful," said Gregor, "that he did not break out before."

The whole Glen seemed to be waking with a shake and a start from the exceeding solemnity of an epochal Sabbath. The evening lowing of cattle came from hill slopes and farm-houses. But loudest of all sounds was the braying of the "Buntata Bruich's" jackass from where he was confined,

near at hand, on the patch of green before Do'ull Uilliam's kiln. Every farmer in those days had a drying kiln for his grain, or a share of one, and tinkers, by customary right, could take up their quarters in any kiln which was not in use when they came to it, or soon to be. Why John Mac-laren, the most honest and industrious of the tinker tribe, and a capital maker of horn spoons, and mender of many things in silver, tin, and iron, was nicknamed the Buntata Bruich, or Boiled Potato, is difficult to know. Except that he occasionally indulged in a good spree, nothing could be said against his moral character. Nellie, his wife, had a raucle tongue, but she, too, passed for an honest woman. John, who could read his Gaelic Bible, and was by no means a heathen, went to the Burnside Communion in his best clothes, and remained to the conclusion. He left plenty of food for his jackass, and hoped it would keep him quiet, for the braying failing of the animal was notorious, and once that he began, nothing would stop him. Apparently, on this occasion, the horses he saw being taken out from the next field, excited him tremendously to claim obstreperous brotherhood with them. His owner went with all haste to silence him, but he had nearly to choke him with the halter before that could be done. He was still braying frightfully when Diarmad, Gregor, and those with them came up to Duncan Ban, who was bidding farewell to his Kilmachaoide friends at the end of the bridge.

"What did you think?" asked Gregor, with a triumphant smile, "of to-day's services?"

"It certainly was a privilege to listen to Mr Macphadrig. I never had but one opinion about him, and if he changed his kirk twenty times that opinion I would still hold. See that you keep up the breed of the Macphadrigs in the Free Kirk—if you can. I doubt it will not be possible for long. Hatch your chickens before you boast of them. You have none of your own yet, but have simply run off with too many of the Old Kirk's best chickens. Mr Logie, too, is a dreadfully devout man of God, although the glass through which he looks is very smoky."

“The piety of the North,” said Gregor, “is too apt to be zealous even to slaying. It is too apt to be narrowly intolerable and unreasonable, and I fear, indeed, that it is to have more than it should of domineering power in the Free Kirk.”

“Friend, do not frighten thyself with that foolish thought. If you have shining lights in the North, you have masses of cooling ice in the worldly wisdom of Dunedin. Fear ten times more mischief from the cunning of your play-actors than from the honest intolerance of Mr Logie and his friends. The religious soul is soon shaken out of dissent. It is the money-bag and speech-making men who will soon be ruling you for their own ends, and leading you comfortably on the broad way downwards.”

“Oh,” said Gregor, plucking up courage to come to the point, “there is no fear at all of that. Our young men will be an improvement on the old, in being men who will put in words what is in the mind of their hearers. There is Mr Macbeth, for instance; what did you think of his able soul-stirring sermon this afternoon?”

With a grand sweep of his arm kiln-wards, the jackass meanwhile excelling himself, Duncan Ban curtly replied—“What dost *thou* think of the braying of that animal? Come (to Calum and Diarmad) let us walk up the old road.”

The old road was steep, and Duncan Ban walked up so fast that he was glad when he got to the top of the height to rest for a little while. Calum feared, and Diarmad expected that he would begin denouncing the Macbeth breed of ministers in unmeasured terms. As it happened, he did nothing of the kind, but launched out into a sort of antiquarian monologue, which might be called a sermon of his own upon mairsinneachd (living continuity) and the innovations which broke the links of religious and social customs.

“Look to the other side of the river and you will see proofs of the close connection of Church and State in ancient times—aye, from the beginning of settled order

altogether. As you know, up on the nose of the lower range of hills is the terraced mound which was the Court-place and Parliament-place of the Glen from days of old, even as the Mound of Scone was the great law and Parliament mound of all Alba. But why was the mound placed there and no where else? Without doubt, because the circle of stones which was the worship-place of our heathen ancestors was at Clachaig just below, while a little eastward on the river bank you can find yet the ruins of one of the round castles of the Feinne. We may be sure our heathen ancestors worshipped at the stones before they went to the mound to settle their pleas, and to make or proclaim laws. We know that in later times our Christian ancestors worshipped in the old church which was over there before going up to the mound. And the Irish saint, whose bothan formed the original church, knew what he was about when he pitched his habitation close to the circle of stones. While the faith was changed, the *mairsinneachd* of religious order was kept up. Around the saints' bothan, which became a church in time, many, many generations of Glen people were buried, and in that church those many, many generations had been baptised and married. The living worshippers worshipped amidst their dead. A great mistake was made when our present church was built on this side of the river instead of in the old churchyard. It was last May easier for the people who went out to desert her, because they had not to sever the holy tie with their dead of past generations. It was also a mistake of a smaller kind to shift the manse and glebe from the *Bail' na h-eaglais* of more than a thousand years to a new place. It was much against Glen wishes that church and manse were shifted; but what did the Dunedin folks, who had the big say in the matter, care for the Glen folks wishes? I tell you I firmly believe this secession would not have been what it is if the new church had been built on the foundation of the old one in the abode of the dead. Truly this is the first time in Glen history in which the new-born is not the child of the dead

and gone. The change from heathenism to Christianity was a change from darkness into light, such as we can with difficulty understand, and that but imperfectly in the end. But it was a change which did not affect the people's worship-place and law mound, nor even destroy the circle of stones at Clachaig. The Reformation brought about another great change, but Church and State remained united as before, and the people continued to worship in the old churches surrounded by their dead of many generations. They did not, therefore, sever themselves from their national past. To do that must be a fatal thing—in short, nothing better than putting hands in one's life (committing suicide). The Reformers were, we are told, so foolish as to order all things, which they called "monuments of idolatry," in churches and churchyards to be destroyed. Well, how, think you, was it that the tombstones with Iona cross carved on them in the churchyard over there were preserved? Why, canny Duncan Macaulay, the first Protestant minister of the three parishes, said to the people who owned them, "turn them, keep the carved faces downward till the stour will pass." And by doing so they preserved them, while the standing crosses, even that which marked the spot where good Adamnan prayed that the Galar Mor (Great Plague) among cattle would be stopped, were smashed or mutilated. A more tolerant man than well-meaning Mr Logie, and truer-hearted than Mr Macbeth, or any of his kind, was the first Protestant minister of these three parishes—peace be with him!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ULAI DH HOAX.

AFTER the Burnside Communion the glen fell back again, for many months, into a sermonless condition. The Free Church elders, however, instituted something like regular worship of the Wesleyan order. They had no place of worship; but they got from the Marquis the use of a long

building belonging to a cleared farm. Here they met, they and their people, at customary worship hour every Sunday. An elder prayed. Then a psalm was given out and sung; after which there was another prayer. Some Scripture lessons were then read, and commented upon; those in the audience who liked to say a word being permitted to do so. The proceedings were conducted in a solemn, earnest manner; but the people in general after the first novelty wore off, became rather lax in their attendance; and some beating up and strong hints and calls were found to be needed. Gregor and the brogue-man took mightily to these exercises. Gregor did what might be called the secular business; that is, he gave a weekly summary of Free Kirk events, and blew the Free Kirk trumpet. The brogue-man, with half-shut eyes and much swaying of body, took so mightily to expounding Scripture, that he seemed to be in a fair way of usurping the place of minister.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate history of his father, there was really nothing against the brogue-man, except what might be called his feminine piety. The sisters treated him almost as if he were one of themselves; but he had few male supporters, except Gregor, who admired him for the fulness and facility of tongue in which he was somewhat lacking himself. As for Gregor's own position it was entirely different. He was a Glen man, and well enough liked on week days, but there was a general impression on Sundays that he was not in his proper vocation when taking up the word in the meeting. Gregor was exercising. He belonged to the Macbeth school, and did not care if people chaffed him about his Sunday performances.

The more, however, the two young men pushed to the front in the meeting, the slacker became the attendance. The elders did not like it, but neither did they like to try to muzzle the young spouters who were usurping their places. One Sunday assistance came from an unexpected quarter. Donald the Sailor had been for his pension in company with John the Soldier, and, as usual, they went

on a little spree, but came back to the glen together in a perfectly respectable state of sobriety. It was a custom with both veterans to go to church after every pension spree ; and as there was no church but the empty one in the glen at the time, they went together to the Free Kirk meeting to pray for Her Majesty and themselves. The prayer went all right. The elder who led the devotions—our young friend John's father—was as loyal as themselves, and he emphasised with a strong full voice the petition—"God bless our beloved Queen, and preserve her long to reign over us." He also prayed for councillors and magistrates, and army and navy ; for he belonged to the old patriotic school.

The veterans were delighted. They joined mentally in every word of the prayer, and said in their hearts it was good to be there. John the Soldier, being a good singer, entered into the psalm singing with enthusiasm, especially as the tune happened to be one of the old Covenanting ones, with a battle swell in it. Donald the Sailor, too, put in his oar, but in music he always caught crabs, which was a thing he never did at sea. The first lesson and the second prayer were listened to most reverentially. So was the next lesson, which Gregor read very well. It bore on the blessings of peace, and in his after commentary—much in the manner of a Sunday School teacher who is not master of his subject—Gregor made some remarks on the wickedness of war. John the Soldier frowned, making his two bushy eye-brows get into a straight line. Donald the Sailor gently patted his medals, looked down on his Trafalgar timber leg, and squirted out the juice of the quid which he chewed on Sundays and on no other days. Gregor did not dwell long on the wickedness of war, which he only wanted for a contrast to the bloodless triumphs of the Free Church. But the brogue-man followed with a Quaker address which was more than veteran flesh and blood could bear.

Donald the Sailor swore dreadfully in an audible whisper. John the Soldier whispered back—"This is not a

church, and we won't stand it." The vetrans got on their feet, each hurrying to have the first word. Donald the Sailor was the winner:—

"Belay that talk. It's cursed treason and black falsehood." Then John the Soldier struck in with rather more dignity: "My friend and I protest against the language of this person. It is neither sense nor scripture." Donald the Sailor: "He should have been sent over to France to make wooden brogues, and get kicks for payment. Nelson fought and died for nothing if we are to turn sneaks, slaves, and cowards at the bidding of preaching asses."

And with that, before anybody could reply, and before the brogue-man got over his first gape of mingled astonishment and fear, the two veterans walked out of the place shaking the dust from their feet.

The meeting that day was hurriedly closed, and people went home full of the affair, which, indeed, promised for a time to produce another schism. The brogue-man was first afraid of personal chastisement, for he held soldiers and sailors to be chartered murderers. The veterans, indeed, when they laid their loyal heads together on the way home, and discussed the bearings of the subject, took personal chastisement into consideration. It was the first idea which presented itself to Donald the Sailor's mind, but John the Soldier argued him out of it. They then resolved that their plot would be one to make both Gregor and the brogue-man ridiculous. But it took them some weeks and many consultations before they hit upon a scheme to give their purpose effect. At last a casual remark of the soldier gave the sailor a flash of inspiration, and lo! the plot was theoretically complete, and nothing was wanted but a fit time for carrying it out.

Meanwhile the elders had had a talk together, and a talk also with Gregor and the brogue-man. Gregor maintained stoutly that he gave no just cause of offence. The brogue-man, backed strongly by some of the good women, stuck to his Quaker opinions, and offered to prove them

from Scripture. The elders feared to push the claim of authority too far, lest it should produce division; and Gregor and the brogue-man clung with more audacity than ever to their expository and hortatory privileges.

The veterans did not muzzle their tongues. The whole Glen rang with their denunciations. They found also that, upon the whole, their very irregular conduct in the meeting-house was more applauded than condemned. As sentinels on duty for Queen and country, nothing escaped their notice; and some of the discoveries they made were rather curious. They found, for instance, that there was a tiff between Angus and his sweetheart, the elder's Grace. Angus was jealous of Gregor. But the elder's son, John, was also jealous of Gregor, or something like it, about another girl, and Rob Macarthur wished the brogue-man, on his Annie's account, seven feet under ground. The veterans got hold of Angus and the elder's John, and made them partners in their plot; for they could not carry it out as they wished without associates.

The circular misunderstanding among the parties interested in the sweethearting business arose chiefly from Angus's fault, who could not be got to go to the meetings. Neither could the elder's John very often. This vexed Grace, who was obliged to go regularly; and when Angus showed decided symptoms of jealousy, because Gregor and the brogue-man managed always to be going and coming with Grace and her pretty cousin, Rob Macarthur's daughter, she hardened her heart, and made fun of him. But in very truth it was the brogue-man who was trying all his unction to get into Grace's favour, and that he never could; while Rob Macarthur's mind would incline to universal charity if he only knew as well as Grace did that Gregor was cocking his best Glengarry at Annie. The elder's John, who certainly did not dislike Annie, and who was not disliked by her, was the only person who had reason to be jealous. Grace guessed the complication, and with a spice of avenging malice, cultivated a spirit of

reticence, which drove Angus nearly mad. There would not have been a bit of cloud at all if only Angus and John went to the barn meetings as they ought to have done.

Peter, the fox-hunter, came with his pack of dogs on his periodical inspection of vulpine strongholds, and Angus got word to gather the shepherds of his bounds, with as many other men as he could, to cover the range with sentinels before day break, and guard the garaidhs.¹ Angus took care that the veterans got word of this, and that not a whisper of it reached the ears of Gregor and the brogue-man.

The order sent through Angus was to gather at an old tree over against a fountain at the foot of Craig-na-h-ulaidh (rock of the treasure), where all would get instructions, and some guns, and some dogs, from Peter the Fox-hunter. Peter himself, with Angus, the elder's John, and three others first reached the rendezvous. The tree of the fountain had a story of its own; for it was a cairn tree which marked where a chief of ancient time fell in fight. It was called the Craobh Sheunta, or Charmed Tree. On getting to the top of the mound which flanked the hollow where the tree stood, Peter and the others who were not in the secret, including the dogs, were astonished to see lighted lanterns hanging from the lowest branch of the old tree, and two men, with pickaxes and spades, and coats off, digging at its roots with might and main. John did not say "uist, uist," or think of running away this time; but Peter the Fox-hunter was surprised into a loud exclamation of surprise, and the dogs strained at their leashes, and gave short yelps, which they ought to know to be contrary to their master's rule when out on the trail of a fox.

The noise disturbed the diggers. They paused, got out of their holes; for each was digging a separate hole on his own side of a crooked root which showed its back above ground. Angus and the elder's John, as if making a

¹ Fox lairs.

sudden discovery of identification, shouted out—"Gregor ; the brogue-man !" These were assuredly the two diggers. The brogue-man, abandoning coat, lantern, and digging implements, ran up the gully like a white hare taking to the hills. Gregor stood his ground, and was soon surrounded by the invaders.

"Is it digging for the treasure of the rock you have been?" asked Peter, to whom the legend of the fairy gold was well known.

Gregor—"Just that ; and I doubt we have been made fools of."

Peter—"What made you come ; a dream dreamed three times, or a voice coming thrice on the wings of the wind?"

Gregor—"It was the guth (voice) which brought us here. I found the brogue-man before me. It came to both of us about the same time."

Peter—"What did it say?"

Gregor — "Fo fhreumh cham craobh Sheunta gheibtear ulaidh—Eirich, buraich" (which, translated, is —"Beneath the bent root of the Charmed Tree, there is the treasure to be found—Rise, dig").

Peter—"And it came thrice!"

Gregor—"Yes ; it came thrice to me ; but the brogue-man only waited to hear it once."

Peter—"How did it sound?"

Gregor—"Like the storm through the mouth of a cave or between two narrow cliffs. But there it is," he added, as an unearthly flourish came from the gully.

The uninitiated were startled, and the dogs refused to be silenced. But very soon the mystery was solved. John the Soldier marched from the gully, leading the brogue-man like a most unwilling prisoner. Behind came Donald the Sailor, with the old worm of a whisky still for a trumpet. When explanations were given, it appeared that John the Solder had gone all the way to the Land of the Pines to borrow this instrument, which Donald the Sailor knew how to sound weirdly, from a smuggler then retired from business. By this time illicit distillation

which was prevalent enough at the beginning of the century, was as dead as a door nail in the Glen. But the worm of a small still was a thing not suitable for a pensioner to carry in open day-light from place to place, although it was borrowed for the loyal and patriotic purpose of putting the slanderers of army and navy and teachers of Quaker doctrines to public shame. So John brought the worm to the Glen by night.

The brogue-man, between fright and vexation, was a sight to see. The veterans asserted that, when he was caught in the gully and understood the hoax, he commenced to swear most profanely and profusely. Perhaps the Recording Angel could bestow a wiping-out tear on the entry, even if he did let a few improper words pass his lips; but he afterwards explained to the good women that he only used prayerful ejaculations. As soon as he could get away from his jeering tormentors, he slunk home through the darkness a wiser, if not a richer, man. Gregor refused to be chaffed out of good humour. As the hope of treasure faded into burlesque mist, he turned his mind to fox-hunting, and joined Peter's band, which raised him immensely in the opinion of the now appeased veterans, and of the others also.

The ulaidh hoax was a god-send to the perplexed Free Church elders. It extinguished the germ of schism by reducing the young usurpers to their proper level in the meetings, where their voices were no more heard as teachers in Israel. The incident was, of course, enshrined in a ballad, and the laugh against the treasure-diggers went round a wide district. The veterans were satisfied that they had done their duty by Queen and country, and given a much-needed check to pestilent doctrines. Donald the Sailor was so extraordinarily forgiving that he went to the brogue-man within a week, and ordered a pair of shoes—but both to be made for the same foot, which was Donald's usual order when the mate of the Trafalgar timber leg needed to be shod. When he needed stumps he ordered them also in pairs.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORE than a year has passed since the Disruption. The Free Church people of the Glen have meanwhile built for themselves a temporary place of worship, probably less ecclesiastical looking, but doubtlessly not less comfortable than the original Culdee Church. The Marquis of Inchaquin supplied them with timber from his woods and old windows from his stores. He likewise gave them full liberty to choose any site on his property they pleased, but of course they felt bound to select a site as convenient for the assembling of the congregation as circumstances permitted, and they consequently fixed on the nook of the Marquis's property which was nearest to the Parish Church. In winter the sun, intercepted by the steep overhanging ben, did not shine on this spot for many weeks in succession. But if the external light failed in dead winter, it was to be confidently expected, on Rob Macarthur's theory, that there would be always intenser light within. While the work was in progress, every house sent a man or two, on stated days, to build up the walls, and by requisitioning the men in relays, the work never came to a stand-still. The stones were quarried and "slyped" to the site, the walls were built up, and the roof was put on without recourse to hired labour. A paid joiner was got to make the pulpit and precentor's desk, and to direct the willing hands of many voluntary assistants in putting up seats. The finished structure was certainly a barn-like edifice, which, except about doors and windows, was built without lime. Although well-tarred, the wooden roof, after a week of rain, was never quite water-tight. Still the builders of this humble church had some cause to feel rather proud of the work of their hands. It was a proof of their zeal, and not a bad specimen of rustic masonry; for although

superseded in a few years by a slated, mason-built church, so solidly and honestly had its walls been constructed that they could well have stood for a century, barring accidents.

A year after this temporary Church was completed, the congregation at last got a minister. He was a young man who had never been placed before. He was praised tremendously above his merits, but after a dozen years or so he suffered, from some obscure cause, dire eclipse. It was his great misfortune that his people placed him on such a high pedestal, that, as he was not naturally of the winged race, a fall was inevitable. In the end he judiciously departed for another sphere, and was succeeded by an excellent and able man, who was not long left in such an obscure corner. And of the next comer the same might be said, with added emphasis. But this is going beyond our time and subject limits.

The small band of Moderates got a minister appointed by the Crown long before the Free Kirk people selected theirs. This new parish minister was a very eccentric being. The report ran that he had overworked himself when a student, and brought on brain fever, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. On his first coming he utterly disgusted Duncan Ban by his inability to speak good Gaelic. He was not at all the man fit for repairing the breaches of the Disruption ; but he possessed some qualities which disarmed hostility. He was a man of most kindly nature and gentlemanly bearing. Before the Disruption his oddities had kept him from receiving any Church appointment. He was, however, diligent in his vocation ; for he devoted the long years of waiting to study and miscellaneous reading. After the Disruption, when the loaves and fishes came back in a heap for redistribution, the small crumb of the Glen Parish was thrown to the odd probationer who had been waiting ten years for a chance of promotion. His moral character was as good as could be ; and peculiarities notwithstanding, he was in all respects preferable to many of the "shots" that were shot into richer

livings. He much bothered himself with metaphysics; and logical studies helped to make him illogical. He was a most enthusiastic classical scholar; and the greatest solace of his life during the first period of his incumbency was to get young men and big boys—several of whom were Free Kirkers—to the manse, once or twice a week in summer, and oftener in winter, to teach them lots of Latin, and as much Greek as they could be induced to swallow. These young men honoured him deeply for his learning, and loved him for his child-like simplicity. In the outside world they were his loyal defenders; but all the same they could not help laughing among themselves at his habit of loudly declaiming his sermons by the river side—preaching to the fishes like St Anthony—his thinking often aloud and at times most inconveniently, and his using his curly wig like a cap, which on warm Sundays he took off in the pulpit and put in his pocket, while on cold winter days he did not hesitate to stick his hat on the top of his wig, and preach away in that guise, sometimes even forgetting to doff the hat at prayers. It was a great pleasure to have him for a teacher. Pure-minded, modest, and gentlemanly, a recluse devoted to books, and painfully conscious of inability to discharge ministerial functions to his own satisfaction, his chief joy was to open his stores of knowledge to studious young men, who thus became not only his attentive pupils, but his life-long friends. Born and brought up on the Lowland border, his Gaelic at first was very imperfect, and as he wrote his sermons in English, he sometimes in his extempore translations fell into surprising blunders. But such was his diligence and capacity for learning languages, although no longer young, that ere he was many years in the Glen he spoke as good Gaelic as most of those who were to the manner born.

Iain Og slept, just as he predicted, with his fathers in the old Culdee Kil. He never went to another communion after the pilgrimage to Kilmachaoide. He lived to see the next new year in, and then painlessly died of natural decay.

Shonnie "carried" his head to the grave ; that is to say, he marched at the head of the coffin with the tassel of the black cord in his hand. A woeful boy, and not at all to be spoken to, was Shonnie that day ; although to his mother's great satisfaction he was left his grandfather's sole heir, after the grandmother completed her days. Shonnie holding it womanish to weep, had manfully repressed his tears, at least in public, when the old man died. On the funeral day likewise he conducted himself as a little stoic, until the Kil gate was reached, where a small halt took place while the bearers were being changed ; for it was the custom of the Glen that the first and last "togail" or lifting should belong to the clansmen of the deceased who were nearest in blood or represented the common ancestor. Shonnie now felt that the final separation was just about to take place, and his face worked strongly, and silent tears rolled down his cheeks. Still he struggled bravely to control himself at the grave, while the coffin brought to the bank *deiseil*-ways was being lowered ; and he emphatically pushed away a friendly hand which offered to relieve him of the cord which he was holding, without doing his part of working with the other five to place the coffin on the floor of the grave fair and straight, with feet to the east. When the other five dropped their cords, Shonnie, in a stupified sort of way, still retained his, till his father spoke to him in a whisper, and then he threw it down as suddenly as if it had been a viper. As the clansmen were placing the skulls and bones of former generations about the coffin, Shonnie at last broke out into loud weeping and wailing, which he could not stop until the work was finished, and his father stood by his side thanking friends and neighbours in the customary formula for attending the funeral, and wishing for all of them, when the time came, that they should, like the deceased, "be buried honourably in the sight of God and man."

The three Seanairean attended Iain Og's funeral, and they were all then apparently in pretty good health and strength

for their years. Yet before the primroses and anemones bloomed in the woods two of them were buried. About the same time Seumas Liath, the old elder, likewise disappeared from the land of the living.

It would seem that generations come and go with something like broad lines of time-separation between. This curious fact, for which no general cause can be assigned, is, of course, more visible in country places with stationary populations than in towns. Schoolmasters find scholars coming to them and leaving them in generations; and where there is a lot of old people about the same age, gravediggers expect a good business in a hard winter, as soon as they hear that one or two of the coevals have succumbed to the fate of mortality.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

TO EVAN MACCOLL

ON READING HIS VERSES IN THE *OBAN TIMES* OF
22nd FEBRUARY, 1890.

AIR—"Farewell to Finlary."

A CHARAID chaoimh tha fada bh' uam,
Gun sgrìobh mi null dhuit thar a chuan,
'N àm m' oige 's tric thog m' inntinn suas,
Le d' dhuain co ceolmhar fhinealta.

'S gu 'n d' thug e sòlas dhomh bha àrd,
An uair a leugh mi 'n drasd' do dhàn—
Gun gleus thu do chruit chuil mar 'b'a' uist,
A' seinn gu blà 's gu milis dhuinn.

'S ged tha an aois' tighinn air an fheoil,
Tha 'n oige fhathast ann a'd cheol,—
Thoirt sòlas do d' luchd duthch' 's gach seol,
'S gach cearn anns an do 'sgapadh iad.

A nuair bha Ghailig a dol sìos,
'S i thall 's a bhos ga call 's ga dìt,
Rinn thusa do chuid fein ga dìon,
'S ga 'togail nios 'n a' maisealachd.

Tha mis' a nis mar tha thu fein,
Dol sìos am bruthach ceum air cheum,
'S cha 'n fhad' gus am bi sinn le cheil,
Fo ghlais an éug gun charachadh.

Ach eiridh oigridh suas an ait
Gach aon a dh' ainmich thu a' d dhàn,
A sheinneas cliu ar duthaich ghraidh,
'Measg Ghaidhael 's gach ait' an tuinich iad.

'S a nis mo shoraidh leat 's an trà,
Is guidheam fhathast iomadh là,
Bhì agad chuir an ordugh dhàin,
'S a thoirt do d' chairdean toileachadh.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Ledaig, 4th March, 1890.

DR JOHN BROWN.

A LITTLE book has lately been published,¹ containing brief sketches of Dr John Brown, and his sister Isabella, done by a loving hand; and many even of those who only knew Dr John Brown through his writings will turn its pages with eagerness for the sake of breathing, as it were, once more the atmosphere of his mind. Nor will they be disappointed, for this thin volume, adorned by two admirable portraits, contains the faithful tender memory of many years of intimacy, transcribed with a rare simplicity, sincerity, and delicacy of touch. It brings one near to him once more—almost within sound of his voice. There must be many who could set down a deeply interesting record of what Dr Brown was to his friends—yes, even to mere acquaintances—and some idea might thus be gained of the many-sidedness, the life-giving power that made the world so much warmer and richer while he was there. But the same difficulty meets all who would speak of him—the difficulty of finding words that are in any degree expressive of him (except perhaps in some of his own vivid delineations of character). It is even as with descriptions of beautiful scenery, words that revive recollection and kindle delight in those who know the scene convey but faint impressions to those who must rely on imagination, unaided by memory.

My own impressions of Dr Brown belong only to the last two or three years of his life, and I should have missed altogether the privilege of knowing him but for the kind heart of a mutual friend that could not rest satisfied in a benefit unshared. Much had I heard of him (apart from what his works could tell), and from many an ejaculation of "Oh, if you could only *know* Dr Brown!" (with a look

¹ "Dr John Brown and his sister Isabella." By E. T. M'L. David Douglas, Edinburgh.

that told more than the words), I had formed the conception of a character and mind both rare and beautiful. It was not easy at that time to make his acquaintance, for illness had set its mark and created a great aversion to encountering new claims. At last an evening came when there was a fair hope of meeting him at the house of mutual friends in Edinburgh, and thither I went, half in fear, half in hope, expecting I knew not what—but at anyrate some one whose imaginary likeness was drawn more or less from past experience, for of what else can we conceive? There lay my mistake. I was to see someone for whom no past experience could in the least prepare me. There was great uncertainty as to his coming, but at length he entered, and I saw the finely-developed, venerable head and benevolent face rendered familiar by portraits. But what was altogether new and wonderful was the radiant expression that lit up his face as he came in—almost like that of a joyous child—a look which no portrait could render. It was then that I saw for the first time the union of high intellectual power and masculine sense, with a pure ray from the heart of a child. That first glance inspired the most unbounded confidence, and it only remained to delight myself in his presence, and watch the play of his glancing humour. There were no soundings to be taken, no barriers to be thrown down, for trust had sprung up full-blown, understanding existed already, enjoyment had begun. This was—to me at least—an absolutely new experience. I remember little of what he *said* on that evening, but I know that the sensation was somewhat as if a fairy tale had come true. So much of what one looks for and never finds in ordinary men and women, or at least what is only seen in them by flashes, there shone forth fully in him, that I was lost in wonder at the discovery of such a person. If anyone asks *what* all this was, then I must ask what is the *ideal*—the more than actual—which haunts us and will not let us rest; the *something more* of responsiveness, of life, of simple truth, of eagerness. All this was there in him, and brought with it joy as of a new dis-

covery—the joy of finding that such a thing could be. Herein lies also the difficulty of finding words for what was an emanation from the very being of the man—only to be described as an atmosphere of life and warmth in which all might expand and be their best, their truest selves—better selves, as has been well said in this little book, than but for him they would have been. It was this atmosphere about him of which I had not dreamed, and which can best be imagined by those who never saw him if they will picture him as even more ideal, more stimulating, than the best that is in his writings. His voice was very low and gentle, and the rise and fall of his Scottish cadence gave a plain-tiveness to his words, whether grave or gay, and even apart from this I would say that his voice was never without a ring of pathos.

It was with no small delight that I heard him announce his intention of coming to see us at our hotel next morning in order to show us some famous autographs which had been lent to him. (It has been well said in this sketch of him, "There was not a rare engraving, a copy of an old master, a valuable autograph, anything that anyone in Edinburgh greatly prized, but sooner or later it found its way to Rutland Street just that Dr Brown might see it.") He came and came again, for the cloud of illness seemed to lift just then; he was living in the sunshine, and he brought it with him. "Far more than I was wont myself I prize," was one's feeling when he was there. His power of penetration flashed down into hidden recesses, but his power of love raised and ennobled all he found. The very best within one sprang forth at his touch, understood, believed in, responded to. Yes, it was the *response* that was the happy marvel, and that we ask for now in vain, the intensity of interest, the flash of comprehension, one's own tentative struggling thought caught up and winged by him, here was the magic of his *genius of love*. A thoughtful and appreciative writer in the *Spectator* attributes Dr John Brown's magnetic power (apart from his great mental gifts)

to his gentle melancholy, and though there is truth in the ideas suggested, surely what distinguished him from other men, and drew all hearts to him, was his power of love, with the unerring insight and the intense interest in all living things which this gave him. He once replied to an observation of mine about Pet Marjorie (whom he has immortalised)—“You divine her, and her *genius of love*, that is the true and full expression,” and it was of him also the full and true expression. This it was that made him “act as a magnet in a room;” for gifts may dazzle, melancholy and pathos may interest, but love alone can attract—it is the true magnet of humanity. His love of humanity embraced all that was *sincere*; it needed not to be brilliant, hardly even original, in the ordinary sense (though is not every *true* character original?) but it must be sincere, and without pretence. His pure sensitive spirit shrank back at the contact with any form of egotism or self-assertion. It was as if a stone had been given him instead of bread, and he turned away more in wondering disappointment than in anger.

These intuitions of his must have been fraught with pain at times, and, perhaps, even the intensity of his *enjoyment*, the rapidity of his deductions must have passed the limit of what we can bear without some suffering. There was no protective interval between him and the impressions he was receiving, no gradual working from the outside to the inside of things, but a succession of vivid flashes. The delight that these sudden illuminations gave to others must have been dearly paid by him, and, perhaps, there was some sense of this (apart from the knowledge of his frequent sufferings) that blended with one’s wondering admiration, such a sense of tenderness and wistful sympathy. I remember during these interviews of which I have spoken, the rapid transitions in his talk, the continual play of fancy and humour, one anecdote suggesting another (surely something after the manner of Scott), yet all the time his keen observation awake to the smallest trait of character or token

of preference in those he was talking with. And best of all there was in him the joy in all things beautiful and true, the bright welcome for any touch of real feeling wherever he divined it—"Joy that ne'er was given, save to the pure, and in their purest hour." This kind of joy overflows in his writings, and, in fact, was the inspiration of nearly all he wrote. Nothing escaped his observation and his insight, yet he had not the keen searching look which we naturally associate with powers of this description. His eye was mild, benevolent, and thoughtful, but not penetrating or eager, so that one was entirely off one's guard in his presence, and rightly so, for his delight was in human fellowship, and not in the acquisition of psychological specimens. A curious little instance of his quiet observation has been told me by a nurse who was in attendance on a case he was visiting with another doctor, a very keen, observant man. The young nurse—a thorough Scotchwoman—was ironing out a neckerchief on a Sabbath morning, terribly afraid of being caught in the act, and labouring under a sense of guilt, yet determined to have it ready in time for church. When the other doctor arrived, the iron was hastily whipped out of sight, and after his departure replaced, when lo! Dr Brown's carriage drove up. She decided to leave the iron in the fire this time, "*because he did not look as though he saw anything!*" But just as he was going away, he turned to her and said gently, with a smile of comprehension, "What are you doing with the iron on the fire, lassie?"

It is very interesting to hear the impressions of those who regarded him more in an everyday familiar light than any other. A sagacious old friend of his remarked to me, "There was never a more honest truthful creature than John Brown; he just said out whatever was in his mind, and of all the men I ever knew he was the most lovable." That same friend (whose rugged, benevolent face is one of the pleasantest and most characteristic I ever saw) took his bride many many years ago to introduce her to Dr John

Brown, and his first greeting to her was "*What gar'd ye marry that hard-featured man!*" We can imagine the irresistible smile that accompanied the words.

After the too brief intercourse with Dr Brown in Edinburgh, I went to London, and never again saw him under the same happy circumstances, but during the remaining year or two of his life he sent me from time to time a letter which was like a visit from him—so direct, so "immediate, that is, direct from head and heart quarters" (to quote his own words), so quickening, so unforgetting, showing such a memory of one's circumstances and peculiarities, such an intensity of sympathy and comprehension. It is this precious personal element in his letters which makes it impossible—as many have felt—to publish any of them. I never felt it so easy to write to anyone as to him; in fact, so impossible to help writing. The spontaneity, the darting humour, the divining power, the undertones of melancholy—all were there in his letters as they had been in his talk, with exquisite touches of sympathy and friendship such as he alone could give.

I happened to be in correspondence with Sir Henry Taylor¹—who was greatly interested in hearing of my meeting with Dr Brown—and wrote this—"I have never seen Dr John Brown, but I have had a little correspondence with him, and I know all the interest that is felt in him, and share in it largely. It is only twice in my life that I have been in Edinburgh; long ago, in the days of Jeffrey and Wilson, both remarkable men, doubtless, but I should have cared more to meet Dr John Brown." In one of Dr John Brown's letters he thus responds:—"I am not going to answer your . . . letter now, or to scold you or hearten you—I'll do that. This is only to return your dear old friend's letter—it is pleasant to see how he spends his days and mind. I have never seen him, but still I think I may ask to be remembered to him by anticipation. Milton, in one of his noblest Latin poems, entitled *Naturam von*

¹ Author of "*Philip van Artevelde*," and other dramas.

pati senium — Nature suffers not old age — says of Eternity, *Otiosa Eternitas*—Leisureful Eternity—plenty of time there. May we hope to meet him—Sir H.—and many others there.” Into that eternal leisure both have now entered.

“Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
Which bends the branches of Thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.”

Some remarks of mine about genius being rather a power of *seeing* than of creating, drew from Dr Brown the following—“I am not sure about your notion of genius as power of seeing, though there is more in that than in the notion that it is power of doing work—that seems to me *talent* or faculty. If you can find it there is a fine contrasted parallel between genius and talent in one of Sir James Mackintosh's letters in his Memoirs. But genius has something more than seeing and work—it originates, it begets. There is bad genius and good—good does or feels or says something new and true. B. Franklin drawing the lightning down was genius, and so was Newton's apple, and Dante's book, and Shakespear's “Hamlet” and “Imogen,” and Sir Walter's “Wandering Willie's Tale” and his “Cuddie Headrigg,” and so is Cervantes' “Sancho” and his “Master.” And then (here is one of his abrupt transitions), “Do you like a Scotch story? Here is one—Two country lasses met at a hiring fair in Ayrshire. “Weel, Girzey, how are ye leevin?” “Me! am no leevin at a'—am mairt!” . . . Again in another letter—“As to our controversy on genius, I believe we are both right. Newton said the only difference between him and any other man was that he *looked* more, and therefore *saw* more, but there is a sense in which genius makes something new, nearly as new as a child—makker and poet, and genius all express this. In a true sense everything has from eternity dwelt in God. That is so true what you say of music like Beethoven's; it is a

glimpse (by the ear) of that eternal Psalm—the true music of the spheres and of the soul of man.” In another letter—“We were last night at the Reid Concert, and had Halle and his men, and Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony to perfection. Glorious and deep as the sea, there is no one like him; he is what Shakespeare and Turner are in their lines. He can express everything, sound every depth of sorrow and despair, and scale victoriously every height of victory and joy.” The following is very characteristic, and tells better than any description could do why it was easier to write and talk to him than to anyone else:—“Your letter made me happier than I had any right to be, or than is good for me! nevertheless I thank you for it, and much. I like you to like what I write, even though I know better. . . . (and again)—I know that loathing for one’s own words. It has kept me from much that might have made my words less worthless than they are, so do not follow my example, never mind continuity, give us the pearls without the string. *Horæ Subsecivæ*, a stupid priggish title, but explainable in a measure, means hours cut out of working hours—leisure hours. A lady asked at some country library for Dr Brown’s *Horrors of Society!* . . . I have just read Sir Henry Taylor.¹ It is beautiful and interesting, and in much just, but the quality of mercy is strained. He is too merciful to that sour thrawn (Scotch) man, who never should have felt, much less uttered, what he did of his friends, but it is delightful reading—Sir Henry’s and all his own bits perfect.” (Dr Brown remarked to me once that Carlyle was like a man who shuts one eye in order to take surer aim). Here is a vivid characterisation of a literary man who has also now passed away—“He is a transcendent intellectual ‘swell,’ and looks at the universe and its Maker through his eyeglass.”

The last letter that came bore little token of being the last, but soon after there fell the silence which endures, and by which, “without speech or language,” the voice of loss is

¹ An article on Carlyle in the 19th century, by Sir Henry Taylor.

heard. It was only silence, for one could never connect the thought of death with that bright spirit. The bird's song does not cease when it has flown away beyond our hearing—

“He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now
That is to him unknown.”

And those who loved him could bear the silence when they thought of his rest, his safety, his fulness of joy—

“Gain is not in added years,
Nor in death is loss.”

In touching words his friend has told all that can be said of the sudden, sharp illness that closed his life, of her last visit to him when she was privileged to thank him for all that his friendship had conferred on her—how many have longed to do that?—and then. . . his own words about Ailie will say the rest, as no others could do—

“The end was drawing on, the golden bowl was breaking, the silver cord was fast being loosed, that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque* was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter, and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.”

“And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.”

E. M.

NOTES ON THE BOTANY OF THE
REAY COUNTRY.

II.

THE North Coast of Sutherland presents two marked characteristics, which are interesting to all students of Botany. One is the great variety of species to be met with ; the other is the number of plants that are common in the Reay country, and rather uncommon elsewhere in Scotland. It is also to be noticed in the case of a few plants, that here they grow in places where we should not expect to find them, and where naturally they have no right to be. We shall perhaps be able to find some reasons for these apparent freaks, and to make a guess at reasons for some others.

In the late spring and in the beginning of summer, the country awakes from a sleep of half a year's duration. We know quite well that spring is the time when flowers grow, and when the earth is beautiful. That is the poet's dream of spring, but we have exploded that fiction long ago. It is gone as completely as last winter's snow. The calendar would have to be altered ere the seasons would agree with the conventional aspect of the earth's surface. Still, it is wonderful at what an early stage some of the jewels of the field begin to shine in their beauty unadorned. The common primrose comes out in January, if the weather be mild and open, as it was in the exceptionally fine winter of 1889-90. So does the snowdrop, the first-born of the year's delights, though that is less surprising, as the snowdrop is everywhere a plant that springs into life as early in the year as the frost is out of the ground. A more remarkable phenomenon is the appearance of apple blossoms, in a certain manse garden that we know very well, as early as the last week of December. Bad for the tree, no doubt

and not promising for the time of fruit, but still interesting from a scientific point of view, and as a sign of a very equable climate. However, it is none the less true that, here as elsewhere, spring flowers are a good deal of a snare and a delusion. The days have to grow long, and the sunshine abundant, ere we can bask in the smiles of the goddess of flowers, and enjoy the treasures that she scatters around.

First among the natural orders, and among the first in the order of the year's succession, we have the *Ranunculaceæ*. A mighty and numerous family are they, numbering, it is said, about a thousand species, of which more than nine hundred are a long way beyond the scope of the present enquiry. It is strange that such a lowly and even commonplace plant as the Buttercup should rank higher in the vegetable world than such giants as the oak and the pine—the latter of which indeed ranks so low as to have narrowly escaped classification with the Monocotyledons. Yet so it is. The family of which we may take the buttercup as the typical member is, by universal consent, classed first among all the plants that the earth produces. We do not claim for the Reay country anything special under this head. The *Ranunculaceæ* are cosmopolitan in their habits, only they have a preference for cold and damp climates, and in the tropics they betake themselves to the sides and tops of mountains, to get the conditions of life that they require. Here they have no need to banish themselves from the plains, and so they meet us at every step. Of course we have the Lesser Celandine, one of the earliest flowers of the year, celebrated by Wordsworth, the great poet of Nature. This is not to be confounded with the Celandine, which is a species of poppy, and does not grow here. It is the Lesser Celandine with which we are concerned just now. Though not one of our most beautiful flowers, it tends to make the fields look bright, when interspersed with the more beautiful daises, in April and May. Another species of the same order that flourishes here is the

Thalictrum, or Meadow Rue. A small inconspicuous plant it is, yet with leaves of a strikingly dark green. It grows among the grass, in the most unsheltered places, and seems to like the sandy soil near the sea-shore. Most beautiful, perhaps, of all the tribe is the *Trollius Europæus*, or Globe flower, one of the conspicuous ornaments of the wayside in the height of summer. There are not many flowers, either in the garden or in the field, that can rival the beauty of the *Trollius*. The flowers of it look like spheres of gold dropped down from the stars to make the dull earth look bright. It is, indeed, one of our choicest flowers, and one of those that seem to take most kindly to our climate and soil. Not very unlike it, though far less attractive, is the Marsh Marigold, which abounds in every wayside ditch. It is a bright, showy flower, and looks better at a distance than close at hand. So much for the *Ranunculus*, or Buttercup order, at present. We may have occasion to return to them by-and-bye.

Next comes the Water Lily, or *Nymphaea*, another of our aquatic plants that make a goodly show. Like the Marsh Marigold it looks best at a little distance and in its native element. Indeed, it seems to be the general rule with flowers that grow in wet places to lose their charm when brought to dry land. Distance in this case, as in many others, lends enchantment to the view. Look at the Water Lily as it floats on the placid breast of one of the hill lochs that meet us so often among the heather. That flower is in its proper place, where it really looks well, with its broad almost circular leaves forming a sort of groundwork to set off the white cups that we covet so much to possess. But it is a mistake to gather them. Looked at in the hand they are limp and moist; they hang their heads like nymphs of the water, grieving at having been taken away from their own loved abode. And so they pine and die. Better by far it is to leave them where they grow; there they are a delight to the eye, and there let them remain.

Very different from these brilliant gems of the floral kingdom is the next that we have to put upon the stage. This is the Fumitory, not a very common plant in the Reay country, but still to be found occasionally in cultivated places, such as cornfields. The flowers are small and numerous, growing close to the stem, and looking like little red beads among the corn stalks. Small as it is, it yet possesses a near relation that forms a handsome and graceful garden flower, that is the *Dielytra Spectabilis*, which is a species of Fumitory in cultivation, and whose peculiarly shaped flower is just an enlarged copy of that of its poor relation in the fields.

We now come to one of the most important of all the orders. The best known and most typical member of the family is the Cabbage, but others there are, very many, and some of them very well known. This order is specially interesting to us as containing the *Draba*, one of the special flowers of the Reay country, and of which we shall have to speak more particularly by and bye. Does the original wild cabbage grow in Sutherland? Not that we have seen, though the garden cabbage grows well, and though we have a species of cabbage that seems to be peculiar to the district. The Cruciferae are of interest to us for other reasons besides that which we have mentioned. For one thing they are easily identified; their characteristics are very clearly marked, and they are not likely to be confounded with any other order. The four petals placed in the form of a cross form a flower that any ordinary observer can recognise, and the cross arrangement has given the name to the order. None of the Cruciferae are poisonous, and many of them are very good food, such as cabbage, turnip, cress, and others. To this order belongs also the Wallflower, than which there is not a sweeter smelling flower in all our gardens. But the most important of them all for our purpose is the *Draba*, or Whitlow Grass. It is rather a rare flower elsewhere, and is one of those that seem to have a preference for our sandy downs on the

coast. The flower itself is small and insignificant, but not to be passed over by anyone who wishes to know the flowers that belong to the country. It is to be noted as one of the most characteristic of all our native plants. For the others of the Cruciferous family, we may say that the water-cress is not abundant, though it has lately been imported, and now grows very well in the ditches near the mouth of the Naver. The wild mustard is common in every corn field, and a very pretty flower it is, though generally called a weed. The *Capsella*, or Shepherd's Purse, is also a common and somewhat obstinate weed that persists in growing among the gravel of our walks, from which it could well be spared.

We come now to the Violets. Or rather let us say we wish we could do so. The true violet, so pleasant to two of our senses, is here, we are sorry to say, conspicuously absent. We find it not, or if we do, it is only in some favoured garden, where it is nurtured with tender care, and sheltered from every gust of rugged winds that blows from off each beaked promontory. The *Viola Canina*, or Dog Violet, does grow here and there among the thorns of the rocks, and serves, in form and colour, to remind us of the lovely Heartsease that fills the air with fragrance in more highly favoured climes. Another small, but rather pretty flower is the Milkwort, which grows among the heather, among which its little blue flowers may be seen any summer day. The Pinks and Carnations are a numerous tribe in the kingdom of flowers, but are not at all strongly represented in the Reay country. The flower called the Sea-pink does not belong to the same order as those that are called Pinks, and consequently does not fall to be mentioned here. But of the *Caryophyllææ*, by which euphonious name we designate the order at present under review, we have at least one that we would rather not have. That is the *Stellaria Media*, or common (rather too common) Chickweed. Of course we know that botanically there is no such thing as a weed. That may do theoretically and scien-

tifically, but how about our pleasant gardens, where so much of our leisure is spent? In these retreats from the noise of the world, there are many plants that, no doubt, have their own place in the economy of Nature, but which are decidedly and unmistakeably in the way. Notable among these is the chickweed. It is not so difficult to root out as the Bishop's Weed, which fortunately is rare, but it far surpasses the Bishop's Weed in rapidity of growth, and in the quickness with which it makes its appearance, when the earth has appeared to have been thoroughly weeded. Slender its roots are, like fine hairs, yet difficult to destroy. And all seasons seem to be favourable to its growth. In autumn, when we are tired with the summer's work that is past, then comes this first born of the year's cares, beginning to grow with as much of fresh vigour as if spring were only beginning. The chickweed we have with us always, and we have to make the best of it. Yet another, and a less objectionable, member of the order is the *Lychnis*, or Campion. It grows in waste places, and is itself rather an uninteresting flower of the desert. These we can claim, out of a numerous order. As for the delicious Carnations, we can only find them in well cultivated gardens.

The critic who, in the first scene of the "Taming of the Shrew," asked if there was any more of it to come, and was informed that the play was only beginning, was somewhat disappointed. We hope that our readers will not grow impatient when we tell them that we are only entering upon a pretty wide field. Even as far as we have gone, we have had to defer to the exigencies of space, in conditioning our remarks into small compass. Next month we hope to introduce a good many more of our summer friends to those who love to read in the book of Nature.

J. M. M.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAN MACKAY:

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY BY
WILLIAM MACKAY.

THERE is scarcely a clan in the Highlands of Scotland around whose origin fierce controversy has not raged. "Are we Gaels," asked the Clan Seanachie of the past, "or are we of the blood of the Norse or the Norman?" Too often the answer was furnished, not by the historical knowledge of the enquirer, but by his prejudice or fancy; and it is curious to observe that such clans as the Chisholms, who long boasted of the purity of their Gaelic descent, are now proved to have sprung from a Norman source; while the Mackenzies, who hankered after a Norman lineage, and committed forgery to support their claim, are as undoubtedly of Celtic origin.

The Mackays have never been suspected of having other than Celtic blood in their veins. So far as the question of *race* is concerned they have always been considered Celts—members of the great Gaelic race common to Ireland and Scotland. But who was the Gaelic personage who first founded our Northern Clan? Was he of the line of the almost prehistoric Maormors of Caithness, or a descendant of the equally remote royal Aodhs of Ireland? Did he come from the land of the Forbeses in the north-east of Scotland, or from the banks of Loch-Ness, where Conachar, son of Aodh, is said to have ruled in the twelfth century; from Kintyre or Islay, where Mackays long held sway in the olden times, or from the country of the Macgies on the shores of the Solway, where place-names are said to be still found strangely resembling certain names in *Duthaich Mhic Aoidh*? These questions have in the past been variously answered, and modern research

cannot be said to have solved them. All I shall attempt to do is to submit to you what certain authors have written on the subject, and to indicate what theory commends itself to me as the most likely to be historically true. And that you may the more easily follow these writers I may be allowed to state at the outset that in former times there was a pretty unanimous belief that the families of Forbes, Mackay, and Urquhart were descended from one common ancestor.

The first writer to whom I shall refer is the father of Highland history, Sir Robert Gordon, who, about the year 1630, wrote the "Genealogy of the Earls of Sutherland." This is his not too flattering account of the origin of our Clan:—

"One called Walter (reported by some to have been the bastard sone of the Lord Forbesse his Predicessour, who at that tyme wes not yit of the surname of Forbesse) came upon some occasion into the dyocie of Catteynes, and did so insinuat himself into the bishop of Catteynes his favour, that he obteyned of him to be his chamberlayne and factor for taking up of his rents. In end, he became so familiar with the bishop's base [*i.e.*, illegitimate] daughter, called Conchar, that he begat her with chyld, who wes called Martin; whereupon the bishop gave unto his bastard grandchyld Martin some possessions of his church-lands in Strathnaver. Martin (the son of Walter) wes slain at Kean-Loch-Eylk, in Lochaber, and had a sone called Magnus. Magnus died in Strathnaver leaveing two sones, Morgan and Farquhar. From this Morgan the whole familie of Macky is generally called Clan-wic-Morgan in Irish or Old Scottish, which language is most as yit used in that cuntrey. From Farquhar the Clan-wic-Farquhar in Strathnaver are descended. Morgan begat Donald. Donald mareid the daughter of Y-Mack-Neill-Ghika [Gigha] by whom he had a sone called Y, so called from his granfather Y-Mack-Neile-Ghika. Y begat Donald, who wes called Donald Mack-Y, that is, Donald the sone of Y; since which tyme (discontinuing to be of any other surname) that familie hath bene still called Macky, which from thenceforth turned into a surname to them and ther posteritie."

The learned and eccentric Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty fought for King Charles at the battle of Worcester in 1651, and, being taken prisoner, was kept in confinement by Oliver Cromwell for two years. In prison he beguiled the weary hours by writing the "True Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the Most Ancient and Honourable Family of Urquhart in the House of Cromarty from the Creation of the World until the year of God 1652." In that curious work he tells us that in the year 554 before Christ, his ancestor "Beltistos married Thomyris. This Beltistos was agnamed Chonchar, for which cause a certain progeny descended of him is till this hour called the generation of the Ochonchars, a race truly of great antiquity in the dominion of Ireland. Beltistos founded the Castle of Urquhart above Innernasse [Inverness], which being afterwards completed by his posterity, hath ever since been called the Castle Vickichonchar"—that is, the Castle of the sons of Conachar. Sir Thomas further states that another ancestor, Vocompos, whom he places in the eighth century of our era, "had to his second brother one named Phorbas Urquhart, and Hugh to the third; of whom, some few hundreds of years after that, the names of Forbes and Macky had their beginning." The Knight of Cromarty drew freely on his imagination, but it is evident that he believed in the common origin of the families of Forbes, Urquhart, and Mackay.

About the same time, Mr William Forbes wrote a preface to Mathew Lumsden's "Houss of Forbes," in which he says:—

"Others alleadge that the Forbeses are descended of the great Ochonochor; one who wes ane Lord in Ireland, he being a son of the said Ochonochor, came to Scotland to serve the King of Scotland in his wars, wherfor the King gave to him the Castell of Urquhart to keep, with ane possession thereabout, and the said Ochonochor going to batle with the King, was killed, leaving behynd him his wife with chield, who thereafter went to Irland to her husband's freinds, and was there delyver of a son, called

Ochonochoer, which Ochonochoer, when he became a man, came back to Scotland, and asking his father's lands from the King, the King shew to him that he hade disponed those lands to the Kirk and others, which he could not take back : but in lew of them the King gave him the lands of Logie, on Donside, which lands, on the Lord Forbes' ancient evidents, bounded those betwixt Assach and Massach, Bogie and Don ”

Forbes then relates how this Ochonochoer, of Logie, who “killed a great boare,” had three sons, from the eldest of whom the Forbesees were descended, the Urquharts from the second, and the Mackays from the third.

“Ochonochoer's third son,” he says, “called Walter Forbes, went to Kaitness, and attended the Bishope thereof, and he being familiar with the Bishope's daughter begate her with child, with whom, fearing the Bishope's wrath, he fled to Strathnaver, and possessed himself of the twelve da'ach and land of Dromesos, then belonging to the Bishope ; whereupon the Bishope, raising a number of men, went to Strathnaver, and possessed himself again of the saids lands. Walter and the Bishope's daughter being fled, left behind them ther little sone ; and it being told the Bishope that the childe was his daughter's, begotten by Walter Forbes, the Bishope caused immediatlie fenss the court in name of the child, who was called John Forbes, of whom is descended the hous of Mackay, who is now Lord Rea, as the Lord Rea his old evidents doe testifie, and that the first right of that twelve dauch of Druinness does flow from ye court act holden by the Bishope in the child's name, called J. Forbes.”

And, adds Forbes :—

“This narratone of the originall of the hous of Mackay, the first Lord Rea did relate to credable gentlemen who related the same to the writer heirof ; likeways I have seen ther letters, written to the Lord Forbes, acknowledging him to be ther chieff, which letters are in William Master of Forbes' custodie, the subscriptione being Macky *alias* Forbes ; as also they bear our arms.”

Nisbet (born in 1672) states in his “Heraldry,” that “Those of the surname of Mackay carry bearheads of the

same tincture and field with the Forbeses, upon the account they derive their descent from one Alexander, a younger son of Ochonacher, the progenitor also of the Forbeses, who came from Ireland to Scotland about the end of the twelfth century." And of the Forbeses, he says, "These of the name of Forbes are said by our historians to be originally from one Ochonacher, who came from Ireland, and, for killing a wild bear, took the name For-bear, now pronounced Forbes." There is here a substitution of bear for boar, which is probably to be accounted for by the resemblance of the letter *e*, as written in the seventeenth century, to the letter *o*. The arms of the Mackays are three *boars'* heads and not bears' heads, and so also are those of the Urquharts, who claim descent from the slayer of the boar; and, although the arms of Lord Forbes are recorded in the Lyon Register as three *bears'* heads, Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who published his "Hera'dry" in 1680, gives them as *boars'* heads. There were no bears in Scotland in Ochonacher's time.

The next writer to whom I shall refer is "An Impartial Hand," who, on the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745, wrote a history of that interesting struggle. "As to the people of Sutherland," he writes, "they are composed, first, of the Gunns, a clan of little or no property, and who, like the Mathesons, never made a figure either abroad or at home. The Mackays are, indeed, of a nobler race, being the same with the Forbeses, descended of an Irish Nobleman, who, about the year 1300, came into Scotland, had two sons, the younger of whom, by a marriage, procured the lands of Strathie; from his grandson Y More (*i.e.* great) the name is derived."

The Reverend Alexander Pope, who was Minister of Reay from 1734 to 1782, wrote an account of "Caithness, Strathnaver, and Sutherland," which is printed as an appendix to Tennant's First Tour in Scotland. "Lord Reay's family," he there informs us, "derive their original from Ireland in the twelfth century, when King William

the Lion reigned. The occasion of their settling in the North is mentioned by Torfaeus as captains of a number of warriors to drive the Norwegians out of Caithness."

Mr Robert Mackay, the author of the "History of the House and Clan of Mackay," refers to a manuscript which was in his day in the possession of Mr George Mackay, of Stewart Hall, in Bute, and in which it was recorded that Alexander, son of Conachar, "came with two of his brethren out of Ireland to Scotland in the reign of William the Lion, and resided in Caithness, where his son, Walter, married a daughter of Adam, bishop of that diocese, and went thence with his followers to Strathnaver, then possessed by Norwegians, whom he drove out of these bounds and possessed the lands they had held there."

The descent from Conachar's son, Alexander, is accepted as well founded by Robert Mackay himself. The learned Mr Skene, however, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," rejects the story, and contends that the Mackays were of the race of the ancient Maormors of Caithness.

"There are few clans," says he, "whose true origin is more uncertain than that of the Mackays. By some they have been said to have descended from the family of Forbes in Aberdeenshire, by others from that of Mackay of Ugadale in Kintyre, and that they were planted in the North by King William the Lion when he defeated Harold, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, and took possession of these districts. But when we take into consideration the very great power and extent to which this clan had attained in the beginning of the fifteenth century, it is difficult to conceive that they could have been a mere offset from families in the South of comparatively small extent, or to give credence to stories in themselves improbable, and which have nothing further to support them than similarity of name in the one case, and of armorial bearings in the other. It happens, unfortunately, for the solution of this question, that the Clan Mackay is not contained in the manuscript of 1450; and in the absence of direct testimony of any sort, the most probable supposition seems to be that they were descended from the ancient Gaelic inhabitants of the district of Caithness. If this conclusion is a just one, however, we can

trace the early generations of the clan in the Sagas, for we are informed by them that towards the beginning of the twelfth century 'there lived in the Dolum of Katanesi (or Strathnaver) a man named Moddan, a noble and rich man,' and that his sons were Magus, Orfi, and Ottar the Earl in Thurso.

"The absence of all mention of Moddan's father, the infallible mark of a Norwegian in the Sagas, sufficiently points out that he must have been a native ; but this appears still more strongly from his son being called an earl. No Norwegian under the Earl of Orkney could have borne such a title, but they indiscriminately termed all Scottish Maormors and great chiefs earls, and consequently Moddan and his son Ottar must have been the Gaelic Maormors of Caithness ; and consequently the Mackays, if a part of the ancient inhabitants of Caithness, were probably descended from them."

It will be observed that all these writers, with the exception of Mr Skene, agree in making the Mackays of the North immigrants from other parts. There are discrepancies between their accounts which it would be idle to attempt to reconcile ; but a comparison of what they have to say shows that from very early times it was believed that the Mackays, Forbeses, and Urquharts were descended from three sons of Conachar, otherwise Ochonachar, an Irishman who held sway in Urquhart Castle, Loch-Ness, in the twelfth century. Sir Robert Gordon and William Forbes both state that they received the accounts given by them from members of our clan. It is therefore not too much to suppose that the tradition which they record came down from the time of the founder of the clan—for tradition lived long before the days of the printing press. Mr Skene rejects the tradition, but does he give us sufficient reason for so doing? I do not think he does. He brings forward no evidence in support of his theory of the descent from the Caithness Maormors. The "Highlanders of Scotland" was the work of his youth, and his suppositions and conclusions in reference to our clan are, I venture to think, not such as he

would now—in the full ripeness of his Celtic scholarship—commit to paper. The objection which he founds on the great power and extent to which the clan had attained in the fifteenth century is weak altogether. The followers of the Mackay chiefs were undoubtedly numerous in that century, but no one can now suppose that every one of them was a lineal descendant of some former potentate from whom the whole clan sprang. The pleasing delusion under which our forefathers lived—that all the members of the clan had as their common progenitor some great chief of the past—is exploded for ever. We now know that surnames were scarcely known in the Highlands before the fourteenth or fifteenth century: in some districts they were not common till within the last hundred and fifty years. When a community did adopt a surname they took that of the owner of the land on which they lived. Thus, after the family of Gordon settled in Strathbogie, the whole people on their estates called themselves Gordon. The Southern family of Fraser acquire the Aird, and all their tenants and dependants become Frasers; and, notwithstanding that the chiefs of Chisholm became owners of their lands in Strathglass as late as the fourteenth century, we find the whole population on those lands figuring as Chisholms from the first day on which they use a surname. In the same way the family of Mackay, when they settled in the North, must have found their newly acquired territory already inhabited by a native people, who thereafter followed them in their wars, and sought their protection, and, gradually adopting their surname, became in time the Clan Mackay.

Where one's material for forming a well-founded opinion is so unsatisfactory, it would be improper to dogmatise; but it certainly does appear to me that the evidence which we possess goes a long way to prove the descent of the chiefs of our clan—as distinguished from the common clansmen, who, for the greater part, must have been of native origin—from Conachar; and my belief is that that

personage was one of those strangers who, in 1160, aided King Malcolm the Second in suppressing the rebellion of the Province of Moray, in which Urquhart lies, and who got the lands of the vanquished as their reward. Thirty years later, in 1190, William the Lion drove the Danes out of Caithness, and had in his army, according to the Orkneyinga Saga, men from Kintyre and Ireland. Conachar's sons would at that time have taken their father's place as leaders in war, and what more likely than that one of them followed the King in his expedition to the far north, and that having done good service there, he was rewarded with a grant of the territory of the expelled Danes, where, in the manner which I have already indicated, he became the founder of our clan? The theory that our chiefs were related to the Mackays of Kintyre, or Macgies of Galloway, is of recent date. But we know how intimate was the connection, and how constant the intercourse, between the Gaels of Ireland and the Gaels of Scotland in the remote past; and there is nothing in that theory inconsistent with the Conachar origin of the line. It is not improbable that he or others of his kith and kin founded small colonies in the more southern districts of Scotland before, or at the time, he settled in Urquhart; and if that was the case, what more natural than that the intercourse between these colonies and himself and his family continued for years, and that it fell to his son to lead the men of Kintyre and Ireland, who, as the Sagas record, fought under the banner of William the Lion?

The tradition common to the families of Mackay, Forbes, and Urquhart, to the effect that they are descended from Conachar, receives, I think, no slight confirmation from the armorial bearings of these families. In the olden times men adopted certain arms in allusion to some prominent event in the history of themselves or their ancestors. Conachar had made himself famous by slaying a wild boar of extraordinary fierceness and strength, and in commemoration of that exploit the three families

descended from him adopted in after years the three boars' heads so familiar to us. Strangely enough, the legend of his adventure with the boar still floats in Urquhart. It was taken down by me twenty years ago, and published in 1872, in the first volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. In the same Glen, too, is Innis-Ochonchair, where a large boulder—Clach-Ochonchair—is pointed out as the stone under which his bones and his sword lie buried. And, finally, it is interesting to note that Archibald Grant, the Bard of Glenmoriston, in the parish of Urquhart, who was born in 1785, gives expression to the tradition of the origin of our clan, as he found it, when he sings—

“Rugadh air a' mhuir a chiad fhear
O'n do shiollaich Clann Mhic Aoidh—
Conachar mor ruadh o'n chuan ;”

that is, He was born on the sea from whom the Clan Mackay are descended—Great Conachar, the Red, from the ocean.

Although Conachar's son Alexander settled in the far north, as I have endeavoured to show, some of his kin were left behind in the old home on the banks of Loch-Ness. The Rev. James Fraser, who was minister of Kirkhill, near Inverness, from 1661 to 1709, informs us in his “Wardlaw Manuscript,” that there were Mackays in Urquhart in the thirteenth century. Three centuries later we find—in 1545—a family of that name extensive holders of land in that parish, and their head, John Mackay, purchasing—in 1557—the estate of Achmonie there, which remained in the family till 1777; and, three centuries later still, the last man of that family who has now a habitation in Urquhart, is this evening humbly endeavouring to pierce the darkness of the past, and to throw some rays of light on the origin of that clan of which he is proud and privileged to be a member.

A' BHEAN NACH B' FHIACH.

[FROM KENNETH MACLEOD].

BHA ann roimhe so duine agus a bhean, agus a nighean. Bha leannan eile aig a' mhnaoi agus, rud nadurra, bha fear aig an nighinn cuideachd. Air an aobhar sin bha a' bhean anabarrach toileach faotainn caoiteas am bodach aice fhein; agus bha i daonnan a' feuchainn ga chur air falbh, ach gu ruig an t-am so cha deachaidh aice air sin a dheanamh.

Dé thachair m'an am so ach gun d' thainig rìgh ur thairis air an aite, agus, mar tha tric a' tachairt, cha robh e gle thoilichte le thigh-comhnuidh. Chual a' bhean, m'an robh sin a' bruidhinn, so, agus falbhadar far an robh an rìgh.

"Tha mi cluinntinn," ars' ise, "nach 'eil thu gle thoilichte le d' thigh-comhnuidh."

"Tha an t-aobhar sin agam," ars' esan.

"Agus car son nach fhaigheadh tu fear ur?"

"Cha'n 'eil gin anns an aite so a dheanadh fear ur dhomh."

"Mata, ni an duine agamsa duit e. Neo-ar-thaing mur 'eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is e cosnach math a tha ann. Ma dhiultas e thu, cha bhì agad ach an claidheamh a chur ri uchd, agus theid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh' iarras tu air."

"Mata, mo bheannachd agad," ars' an rìgh, "cuir nios an duine agad thugamsa a so."

Dh' fhalbh i, agus dh' iarr i air an duine aice a dhol suas far an robh an rìgh.

"Car son a bhiodh an rìgh ga 'm iarraidh-sa?" ars' an duine.

"Is coltach leam," ars' ise, "gu bheil e'n ti air thusa thogail tigh ur da."

THE WORTHLESS WIFE.

A FOLK-TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a man, and his wife and daughter. His wife had another sweetheart, and, a natural thing, the daughter had one also. For that reason the wife was very willing to get rid of her own old man, and she was always trying to put him away; and to this time she was not able to do that.

What happened about this time but that a new king came over the place, and, as generally happens, he was not very well pleased with his dwelling-house. The woman about whom we were speaking heard this, and went to the king.

"I am hearing," says she, "that you are not very well pleased with your dwelling-house."

"I have reason for it," says he.

"And why would you not get a new one?"

"There isn't one in this place who could make a new one for me."

"Well, my husband will do it for you. Indeed he is lazy; but for all that he is a good worker. If he refuses you, you have only to put the sword to his breast, and I can assure you that he will do anything you will ask him."

"Well, you have my benediction," says the king, "send your man up here."

She went and told her man to go up to the king.

"Why would the king be asking me?" said the man.

"It is very likely," says she, "that he wants you to build a new house for him."

"Well, that is a thing I cannot do."

"If you can't," says she, "run away, and let me never see you come this way any more."

“Mata, sin rud nach urrainn domhsa a dheanamh.”

“Mur a h-urrainn, thoir do chasan leat,” ars’ isc, “agus na faiceam thu tighinn an taobh so tuilleadh.”

Dh’fhalbh an duine bochd. Shin e e fhein ri taobh cuic, agus toisichedar ri caoineadh. An teas-mheadhon na caoinidh so, co thainig far an robh e ach an seann duine liath bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh.

“A dhuine bhochd,” ars’ an seann duine, “cha’n ’eil thu ach gu math tursach a’ coimhead.”

“O, gu dearbh, tha an t-aobhar sin agam.”

“De sin?”

“Tha an rìgh ag iarraidh orm tigh ur a thogail da, agus cha’n urrainn domhsa sin a dheanamh.”

“Mata, falbh thusa, ghille ghasda, agus tomhais leis an t-slataig so am meudachd a dh’fheumas an tigh a bhith.”

Dh’fhalbh an duine, agus cha b’fhada air falbh e. Thug e tomhas an tighe d’an t-seann duine.

“Faodadh tusa nis a bhi falbh,” ars’ an seann duine, “Bidh an tigh deiseal, air a thogail agamsa, mus eirich thusa am maireach.”

An uair a dh’eirich an duine an la’r na mhaireach, de fhuair e air a thogail roimhe ach an t-aon tigh-comhnuidh bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh. Leum a chridhe le toileachas agus chaidh e dhachaidh agus dh’innis e d’a mhnaoi gun do thog e paileas d’an rìgh, agus paileas briagha cuideachd. Bha ise air a dorrnachadh an uair a chual i so, oir bha duil aice nach b’ urrainn da an tigh a thogail, gum marbhadh an rìgh e air son sin, agus gum faigheadh ise an sin a leannan a phosadh.

Dh’fhalbh i co-dhiu an darna uair far an robh an rìgh.

Mata,” ars’ esan rithe, “is ann agad tha an duine snasail. Na faiceadh tu am paileas a thog e domh! Cha robh mi an duil gun d’rachadh aig duine nadurra sam bith air a leit a dheanamh.”

“Nach d’thuirt mi sin riut. Ach c’arson nach ’eil loch agadsa air mullach a’ chaisteil, far am biodh tu ag iasgach, mar a tna aig rìghrean mora eile?”

The poor man went away. He stretched himself by the side of a hillock, and began to weep. In the middle of his weeping, who came to him but an old gray-headed man, the best-looking he ever saw.

“Poor man,” said the old man, “you are but looking very sorrowful.”

“O indeed, I have a reason for it.”

“What is it?”

“The king wants me to build a new house for him, and I cannot do that.”

“Well, go you, my good fellow, and measure with this rod the size the house must be.”

The man went, and he was not long away. He gave the measurement of the house to the old man.

“You can now be going,” says the old man. “The house will be built before you rise to-morrow.”

When the man rose next morning what did he find built before him but the most splendid dwelling-house that ever he saw. His heart jumped with gladness, and he went home and told his wife that he had built a palace for the king, and a splendid palace, too. She was vexed when she heard this, for she thought that he could not build the house, that the king would kill him for this, and that she would then get to marry her sweetheart.

She went, however, the second time to the king.

“Well,” says he to her, “you have a clever man. If you would see the palace he built for me! I did not think that any earthly person could make the like of it.”

“Did I not say that to you? But why have you not got a loch on the top of the castle where you would be fishing, as other great kings have?”

“O, there is none in this place that could do that for me.”

“Well, my man will do it for you. Indeed he is very lazy; but for all that he is a good worker. If he refuses you, you have only to put the sword to his breast, and I can assure you that he will do anything you will ask him.”

“O, cha’n ’eil gin anns an aite so a b’ urrainn sin a dheanamh dhomh.”

“Mata, ni an duine agamsa duit e. Neo-ar-thaing mur ’eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is e cosnach math a tha ann. Ma dhiultas e thu cha bhi agad ach an claidheamh a chur ri uchd agus theid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh’ iarras tu air.”

“Mata, mo bheannachd agad,” ars’ an rìgh, “cuir nios an duine agad thugamsa an so.”

Dh’ fhalbh i, agus dh’ iarr i air an duine aice dol suas far an robh an rìgh.

“C’arson a bhiodh an rìgh ga ’m iarraidh-sa ?” ars’ an duine.

“Tha air son loch far am biodh e ag iasgach a dheanamh air mullach a’ chaisteil.”

“Mata, sin rud nach urrainn domhsa a dheanamh.”

“Mur a h-urrainn, is ceart cho math duit dhol agus thu fhein a riasladh agus gum marbh an rìgh thu ma dhiultas tu e.”

Dh’ fhalbh an duine bochd. Shin e e fhein ri taobh cnuic, agus thoisich e air caoineadh. An teas-mheadhon na caoinidh so, co thainig far an robh e ach a’ cheart seann duine liath a thainig far an robh e roimhe.

“Seadh, a dhuine bhochd, de tha iad a deanamh ort a nis ?”

“O, tha an rìgh ag iarraidh orm loch iasgaich a dheanamh air mullach a’ chaisteil, agus cha’n urrainn domhsa sin a dheanamh.”

“Mata, falbh thusa, ghille ghasda, agus tomhais leis an t-slataig so am meudachd a dh’ fheumas an loch a bhith.”

Dh’ fhalbh an duine, agus cha b’ fhada air falbh e. Thug e tomhas an loch d’ an t-seann duine.

“Faodaidh tusa nis a bhi falbh,” ars’ an seann duine; “bidh an loch deiseal, air a dheanamh agamsa, mus eirich thusa am maireach.”

An uair a dh’ eirich an duine an la’r na mhaireach, chunnaig e air a dheanamh air mullach a’ chaisteil an t-aon

“Well, you have my benediction,” says the king, “send your man up here.”

She went and told her man to go up to the king.

“Why would the king be wanting me,” says the man.

“He is wanting to make a loch where he could be fishing, on the top of the castle.”

“Well, that is a thing I cannot do.”

“If you can’t, it is as well for you to go and crucify yourself, as for the king to kill you, if you refuse him.”

The poor man went away. He stretched himself beside a hillock, and began to weep. In the middle of his weeping who came to him but the old gray-headed man who came to him before. “Yes, poor man, what are they doing on you now?”

“O, the king wants me to make a fishing loch on the top of his castle, and I cannot do that.”

“Well, go you, my fine fellow, and measure with this rod the size the loch is to be.”

The man went, and wasn’t long away. He gave the measure of the loch to the old man.

“You may be going now,” says the old man, “the loch will be ready, made by me, before you’ll rise to-morrow.”

When the man rose next morning, he saw, made on the top of the castle, the most beautiful loch he ever saw, full of salmon, and they were swimming and jumping lively in the water. He went home and told his wife that he made the loch for the king; certainly he would be satisfied now, for he did not know a king that had a palace and a fishing loch as grand as it.

When the wife heard this, she went the third time to the king.

“Well,” says he to her, “I am very much obliged to you for sending your man in my way. If you would see the loch he made for me! If I did not see it with my own two eyes, I would not believe that he could do the like of it.”

loch bu bhriagha a chunnaig e riamh—e lan bhriceanan agus iad a' snamh agus a' leumatraich gu beothail anns an uisge. Chaidh e dhachaidh agus innsear d' a mhnaoi gun d' rinn e an loch d' an rìgh—gur cinnteach gum biodh e toilichte a nis oir nach b' aithne dasan rìgh aig an robh paileas agus loch iasgaich cho briagha ris.

An uair a chual a bhean so, dh' fhalbh i an treas uair far an robh an rìgh.

“Mata,” ars' esan rithe, “is mi tha fada na do chomain air son an duine agad a chur na mo rathaid. Na faicadh tu an loch a rinn e domh! Mur a faicinn e le mo dha shuil fhein cha chreidinn gum b' urrainn da a leit a dheanamh.”

“O, cha'n eagal nach dean e rud an uair a theannas e ris. Ach c'arson nach 'eil *blaith-sheampuill* agadsa, mar a tha aig rìghrean mora eile?”

“O, cha'n 'eil gin anns an aite so a b' urrainn sin a dheanamh dhomh.”

“Mata, ni an duine agamsa duit e. Neo-ar-thaing mur 'eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is e an deagh chosnaich a tha ann. Ma dhiultas e thu cha bhi agad ach an claidheamh a chur ri uchd agus theid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh' iarras tu air.”

“Mata, mo bheannachd agad; cuir nios an duine agad thugamsa an so.”

Dh' fhalbh i, agus iarrar air an duine aice a dol suas far an robh an rìgh.

“C'arson a bhiodh an rìgh ga 'm iarraidh-sa?” ars' an duine.

“Is coltach leam gu bheil e an ti air thusa a dheanamh *blaith-sheampuill* da.”

“Mata, sin rud nach urrainn domhsa a dheanamh.”

“Mur a h-urrainn, bheirinn-sa mar chomhairle ort cur as duit fhein, agus gum marbh an rìgh thu ma dhiultas tu e.”

“O gu dearbh, cha chur mi as domh fhein, is mi nach dean sin. A' bheil thu an duil gu bheil mi cho beag faireachdainn agus gum fagainn thusa leat fhein anns an t-saoghal mhosach so?”

“O, there is no fear but that he can do anything when he tries. But why have you not got a Blaith-Sheampuill,¹ as other great kings have?”

“O, there is none in this place that could do that for me.”

“Well, my man could do it well enough, if he is not lazy; but for all that, he is a very good worker. If he refuses you, you have only to put the sword to his breast, and I can assure you that he will do anything you will ask him.”

“Well, you have my benediction; send your man up here.”

She went and told her man to go up to the king.

“Why does the king want me?” said the man.

“It is likely that he wants you to build a Blaith-Sheampuill for him.”

“Well, that is a thing I cannot do.”

“If you can't, I would advise you to do away with yourself, and that the king will kill you if you refuse him.”

“O, indeed, I will not do away with myself; I will not do that. Do you think that I am of so little feelings as that I would leave you alone in this nasty world?”

“Never mind me; I can take care of myself. But it is better for you to go to the king, before he will be thinking long.”

The poor man went away. He stretched himself beside a hillock, and began to weep. In the middle of his weeping who came to him but the same old grey-headed man that came to him before.

“Yes, poor man, what is wrong with you now?”

“O, the king wants me to make a Blaith-Sheampuill for him, and I cannot do that.”

“Well, my good fellow, I will tell you how you can do it. Your wife has a sweetheart, and your daughter has one,

¹ Blaith-Sheampuill, pronounced Blai-Hyampuyll. The meaning of this expression becomes clear at the end, but its origin is obscure, possibly intentionally so.

“Coma leat dhiomsa, theid agam air an aire a thoirt orm fhein. Ach is fhearr duit a bhi falbh far a bheil an righ, mus bi e gabhail fadachd.”

Dh'fhalbh an duine bochd. Shin e e fhein ri taobh cnuic, agus toisichear ri caoineadh. An teas mheadhon na caoinidh so, cho thainig far an robh e ach a' cheart seann duine liath a thainig far an robh e roimhe.

“Seadh, a dhuine bochd, de tha cur riut a nis?”

“O, tha an righ ag iarradh orm *blaith-sheampuill* a dheanamh da, agus cha'n urrainn domhsa sin a dheanamh.”

“Mata, ghille ghasda, innseadh mise duit ciamar a ni thu e. Tha leannan eile aig do mhnaoi, agus tha fear aig do nighinn cuideachd. Tha roic mor gus a bhi aig a' cheathrar aca an nochd, agus falbhadh tusa d'an bhathaich, agus stobaidh tu bior anns an tarbh. Toisichidh an tarbh ri geumnaich, agus thig do bhean am mach a choimhead de tha cearr. Ceanglaidh tu ise ri iarball an tairbh. Thig an uair sin a leannan am mach, agus ceanglaidh tu esan ri h-iarball-se. Thig an uair sin do nighean am mach agus ceanglaidh tu ise ri iarballsan. Thig an uair sin a leannan am mach, agus ceanglaidh to esan ri h-iarball-se. Stobaidh tu an sin am bior anns an tarbh, agus leigidh tu as da. Theid esan na dheann-ruith, agus iadsan a' slaodadh ris, suas rathad a' chaisteil, gus an tuit e anns an loch, agus an teid am bathadh uile. Bidh am *blaith-sheampuill* agad an sin ullamh.”

Thug an duine moran taing d'an bhodach, agus dh'fhalbh e dhachaidh. Chaidh e d'an bhathaich, agus stob e bior anns an tarbh. Thoisich an tarbh ri geumnaich, agus thainig a' bhean am mach a choimhead de bha cearr ris. Rug an duine oirre, agus cheangail e i ri earball an tairbh. Thainig an sin a leannan am mach, agus cheangail an duine e ri h-iarball-se. Thainig an sin a' nighean am mach, agus cheangail an duine i ri iarballsan. Thainig an sin a leannan am mach, agus cheangail an duine e ri h-iarball-se. Stob e an uair sir am bior anns an tarbh agus mach a ghabh e na dheann-ruith suas rathad a chaisteil, gus na thuit e anns an loch, agus an deachaidh am bathadh uile.

An ath mhaduinn chaidh an duine far an robh an righ a' dh'iarradh air thighinn a choimhead am *blaith-sheampuill*. An uair a rainig iad an loch, leig an duine na cuirp fhaicinn

too. The four of them are to have a great feast to-night, and you will go to the byre, and stab the bull. The bull will begin to bellow, and your wife will come out to see what is wrong. You will tie her to the bull's tail. Then her sweetheart will come out, and you will tie him to her tail. Then your daughter will come out, and you will tie her to his tail. Then her sweetheart will come out, and you will tie him to her tail. You will prick the bull, and you will let him go. He will go at full speed, and they hanging on to his tail, up the way of the castle, until he falls into the loch, and they all shall be drowned. Then the Blaith-Sheampuill shall be finished."

The man thanked the old man very much, and he went home. He went to the byre, and stabbed the bull. The bull began to bellow, and his wife came out to see what was wrong with him. The man caught her, and tied her to the bull's tail. Then her sweetheart came out, and he tied him to her tail. Then the daughter came out, and the man tied her to his tail. Then her lover came out, and he tied him to her tail. Then he stabbed the bull, and away he went at full speed up the way of the loch, and all were drowned.

Next morning the man went to the king, asking him to come and see the Blaith-Sheampuill. When they reached the loch the man showed the bodies to the king, and told him that was the Blaith-Sheampuill.

The king gave the man much riches, and, more than that, gave him his daughter in marriage. He had half of the kingdom as long as the king lived, and all the kingdom when the old man died.

I left them there.

d'an rìgh, agus dh'innis e da gum b'è sin am *blaith-sheam-puill*.

Thug an rìgh moran beartais d'an duine, agus a bharrachd air sin thug e a nighean da ri posadh. Bha leth na rioghachd aige fhad' agus bu bheo an rìgh, agus an rioghachd uile an uair a chaochail an seann duine.

Dh'fhag mise an sin iad.

NOTES ON THE "WORTHLESS WIFE."

MR CLOUSTON, author of "Popular Tales and Fictions," &c., has kindly given us the following notes on the foregoing tale:—This curious story at once recalls the *Fabliau* in Le Grand's collection, "Du Medicin Malgre Lui," which the old French minstrel may have adapted from a tale in Jacques de Vitry's *Sermones*, and which is the basis of a well-known comedy by Moliere. In the *Fabliau*, a rich peasant marries the pretty daughter of a knight, and soon becomes distrustful of the frequent visits of the curé to his wife during his absence—"for with parsons every day in the week is a holiday." Before going afield in the morning he gives her a good thrashing, in order that she should weep all day, and not think of gallants. When this treatment has continued some little time, and she is one morning bewailing her lot, as usual, a party of royal messengers ride up to the house, and request some food, which she sets before them, and they tell how they are in quest of a doctor who can extract a fish bone from the throat of the King's daughter—all those who had been called in having failed, and been therefore put to death. The lady at once sees here an opportunity for requiting her husband's ill-treatment of her. "My husband," says she, "is the most skilful doctor in the whole world; but I must tell you that, so averse is he from exercising his skill, you'll get no good of him unless you first give him a sound thrashing." The husband is forthwith seized in the fields, and when told the business for which he is required, he protests that he knows absolutely nothing of the healing art—just what the courtiers expected, so they shower blows on his shoulders until he promises to obey them in everything. To be brief, by playing antics before the Princess, in a room from which everybody else—including even the King—is excluded, he causes her to laugh so much that the fish bone is loosened, and jumps out of her mouth. The King is so delighted that he insists on the wonderful doctor becoming a permanent resident in the palace, and the fame of his cure of the King's daughter is soon noised abroad, so that crowds of the halt and the lame come to the gate of the palace, and clamour to be cured by him. The King threatens him with the rod once more if he won't cure them, and again he saves himself by another trick. He has all the patients brought into a room, in which a huge fire has been lighted, and

tells them that the only way they can be cured is for him to burn one of themselves on the fire, then mix the ashes with water as a potion for the others. In consternation all threw down their crutches and sticks, and, declaring themselves perfectly cured, they rushed out of the palace. After this the wonder-working doctor is permitted by the King, as a reward of his great cures, to return home to his wife, with wealth galore, and he ever afterwards lived with her in amity and happiness.

The story as told by Jacques de Vitry is somewhat different. A man had a wife who always contradicted him. One day, as they were coming from market, a hare crossed their path, and the husband remarked that if they had caught it, it would have been so nice, roasted with onions and stuffing. The wife preferred it with pepper. And thus they went on till at last the man beat her soundly. She wished to be revenged, and hearing that the King was very ill, she sent word that her husband was a very clever doctor, but he'd assist nobody unless moved by blows. The man was at once brought to the palace, and on his declaring that he was not a doctor, the King caused him to be beaten again and again. And thus ends the monkish version. Several other mediæval examples of women betraying their husbands will be found in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii. pp. 357-9.

The Gaelic tale of "The Worthless Wife," wheresoever it may have been originally derived, is decidedly "racy of the soil" in its present form. It is a very common occurrence in the folk-tales of all lands for brothers or courtiers envious of the King's favourite to seek his destruction by suggesting to the King that he should despatch the hero on a dangerous expedition in quest of some rare object, the possession of which should render the King the greatest monarch in the world; and when the hero returns (as he does always), they propose several still more perilous tasks, all of which the Favourite of Fortune (or of the Fairies) accomplishes triumphantly, by the aid of some grateful animal to whom he has been kind, or of some mysterious and apparently poverty-stricken old man, or old crone. In the Gaelic story, as above, the object of the *Bodach* in executing the royal tasks for the despairing husband does not appear, and probably something has dropped out of it in the course of oral transmission to many successive generations. The final task, which, however, is done by the husband himself, following the *Bodach's* directions, seems also imperfect. There can be little doubt, I think, that the husband was taught a magic spell by which the wicked wife was fastened to the bull's tail, her paramour to her "tail," the daughter to his "tail," and finally her lover to her "tail." There is a droll example of this in the old English "Tale of a Basin," and a not less amusing one in M. Carnoy's *Contes Français* (Paris, 1885), but not having the latter at hand, I cannot give its title.

STUDIES IN GAELIC.

ASPIRATION.

IN Modern Gaelic grammar, aspiration denotes the change that an initial consonant may undergo in the various syntactical relations of the word. It is now an adjunct and aid to inflection: it is used to denote, or help in denoting, gender, number, case, and tense. Thus, in *bean math* (good wife), where *math* appears as *mhath*, the aspiration shows that *bean* is feminine; in *cinn mhòr* (big heads), it shows that *cinn*, from *ceann*, is plural; in *do'n cheann*, the aspirated *c* helps to mark the dative; and in *bhuail e* (he struck), it differentiates the past tense from the imperative or conjoint future—*buail*. In short, aspiration in Gaelic is a grammatical engine of prime importance; yet, originally, aspiration is a linguistic accident—a sign of phonetic decay, and a loss in primitive purity of pronunciation.

What is its origin? That is easily answered. We must, however, begin with the phonetics of individual words, independent of syntactical relations. When we compare the word *mathair* (mother), pronounced *ma'air*, to the Latin word *mater*, we find that the *t* in the Latin is hard and fully enunciated, but in Gaelic this original *t* has been softened away to a mere aspiration, scarcely an *h* sound. We shall also find, by further comparisons, that all the mutes, the liquid *m*, also *s* and *f*, are aspirated in the middle or end of Gaelic words, when compared with their Latin equivalents; but, at the same time, we find that the consonant so aspirated is flanked by vowels; that is to say, it has a vowel before and after it, the after vowel, if final, having dropped away in the course of time. Thus we have *fichead* for *vicentas* (twenty); *brathair* beside *frater*;

piuthar, or *siur*, for *svesor* (sister), where *s* is represented by a mere hiatus ; *each* for *egos* and Latin *equus*, and so forth. The rule which we discover may be briefly expressed thus:—Vowel-flanked consonants, save *n*, *l*, and *r*, are aspirated in Gaelic. That is the rule, or law. The reason for it is one which always plays a potent part in linguistic history ; it is the principle of parsimony of effort, in short, it is laziness—a desire to save trouble by softening of sounds, and those sounds go first which are vowel-flanked ; they get “vowelised,” or vocalised, as it were. As a consequence of this law, the modern vowel-flanked consonants which stand forth unaspirated are found not to be simple consonants, but some double sound, as *cat* is for *cattos*, *ceud* for *centum* (*d* for *nt*), *eadar* for *inter*, and so on.

Once aspiration commenced in the middle of a word, it would soon spread to compound words, and then to words in very close syntactical relation. Thus the compound *aon-chasach* (one-legged) stands for original *oinc-coss-acos*, where the stem of *oinos* (one) is joined to the next word, and, as this stem ended in a vowel, the *c* of *cossacos* was vowel-flanked, and hence became aspirated. Two words closely connected syntactically, having practically one accent or stress, become, to all intents and purposes, compound words, and are so treated in Gaelic. Hence, if the first of such a couple of words ended in a vowel, the initial consonant of the second word came to be aspirated. Thus *mo thigh* signifies “my house ;” *mo* ended in a vowel, being, in fact, a genitive case ; pronounced rapidly along with *tigh*, the *t* of the latter became vowel-flanked, and was worn away to the aspirate from *th*, pronounced *h*. A great many Gaelic feminine nouns belonged to the *a* declension, which answers to the Latin first declension. These nouns ended in the vowel *a*. Now if an adjective came to qualify such a noun, the two became a rough compound word, and the initial consonant of the adjective was aspirated. Thus we have *bean mhath* for *bena-matis* (good wife). The genitive of nouns of the *o* declension, which answers to the

Latin second declension, and the nominative plural also, ended in the vowel *i*; hence the adjective is aspirated after these cases, and the final *i* is in this way remembered, though it has disappeared long ere now. The dative case of all nouns ended in a vowel; accordingly the adjective after every dative singular is aspirated. Prepositions ending now or originally in a vowel aspirate the word they govern. Thus *do thigh* is for *do tegos* (to a house). The preposition *air* is now a decayed form descended from three original prepositions; these were *are*, *vor*, and *iarn*, and only the first aspirates. Hence arises the fact that *air* sometimes aspirates, and sometimes does not. Thus we have *air chois* (afoot) parallel with *air cul* (behind). The article aspirates the next word in every case where it originally ended in a vowel—the nominative feminine, the genitive masculine and neuter, the dative case, and so on.

NEW BOOKS.

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF CELTIC TRADITION (under Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL'S Direction): Vol. II. FOLK AND HERO TALES, collected, edited, and translated by Rev. D. MACINNES, with Notes by the EDITOR and ALFRED NUTT. London: D. Nutt, 1890.

THIS is the most important work on Highland folklore and tales that has appeared since J. F. Campbell's world-renowned *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* thirty years ago. In materials it can bear comparison with any of Campbell's four volumes; in accuracy of text it is far superior to his Gaelic, and the translation is no less happy; the notes of Mr Nutt surpass anything that the best scholarship of thirty years ago could produce. The book ought to be no less welcome to the patriotic Gael than it must be to the student of comparative folk-lore. The Gaelic is excellent and excellently edited. As Mr Macinnes well remarks, the standard of excellence in Gaelic is the every-day speech of the people. "Now, these tales present the every-day speech of the people in all its idiomatic purity," he goes on to say. "I commend them to the study of all that desire to learn Gaelic. Those interesting young men that are preparing for the work of the ministry in the Highlands will find it their interest to give their days and nights to them. Thus shall they get their minds stored with a vocabulary of words and phrases, and acquire a knowledge of the structure of sentences, that will serve them in good stead in their subsequent labours." And this will be greatly facilitated by the very sensible arrangement of placing the English translation on the opposite pages to the Gaelic text.

The volume, which is large and handsome, extending to nearly five hundred pages, contains twelve tales, and a quarter of the book is taken up by Mr Nutt's valuable notes and his dissertation on the Ossianic Saga. The first nine tales were taken down in 1881-82 from Archibald Mactavish, shoemaker in Oban, who was at the time in his 74th year, and who heard the tales in his youthful days in Mull. The first tale belongs to the *Bodach Glas* class (Campbell's "Battle of the Birds"), where the hero wins the

youngest daughter of a king or giant, after accomplishing three herculean tasks, and then escapes with his bride, pursued by the father, who is stopped by three magic barriers which the couple are able to place between him and them ; and, finally, the hero, kissed by his hound, forgets his bride, who has to recall his memory of her miraculously. The second tale tells how Fionn Mac Cumhail hired a "Bent Grey Lad," who carried all the Fenian game home on his back and recovered the magic cup from the King of Lochlan ; and then the tale diverges into the story of the mysterious hand which steals the new-born infant of a king. The third tale (A King of Alban) deals with the sorrow of Erin's King, who has not smiled for seven years, but the young King of Alban releases him from it at much magic risk. The "Herding of Cruachan," which makes the fourth tale, is probably the best in the collection ; it is similar to Campbell's first tale—that of the "Young King of Ess-roy," when the hero at play wins a bride and horse, but loses latterly, and has to search for them, finding his bride in the power of a giant who has no heart in his body. "The Kingdom of the Blue Mountains" details the adventures of a hero who has rescued a heroine from spells, but she has to leave him, and the hero has to search for her abode, which is in the Blue Mountains ; it is like Campbell's tale of the "Widow's Son." "The Ship that went to America" forms the sixth tale, which relates how a childless couple bargain away a son unborn, and how this son was brought up and carried through stirring adventures by his magic master, somewhat like Campbell's "Mac Iain Direach." The healing of "Kian's Foot" is the seventh tale, a story famous for its "runs ;" in fact, a framework to fit into it any number of wild adventures by sea and land. The eighth tale concerns "Lod, the Farmer's Son," a strong young man who takes service as herd, kills giants, and latterly saves, Perseus-like, the King's daughter, although another for a while usurps the credit of the action. The next tale is that of the "Two Young Gentlemen," who escape from their homes, go through their money, and are beloved respectively by two maidens who win them by curious means. The tenth tale, that of "Manus, son of the King of Lochlan," is a very remarkable one—it is that of a strong youth laid under spell to find out his nurse, and in his quest he delivers his uncle from the ever-reviving enemies he

has been fighting with, then he finds his nurse, is bewitched into a pillar of stone, gets free and kills a monster by jumping down its throat and cutting his way out. The last two tales are not of so much importance or interest as the rest.

Mr Nutt's notes are a marvel of learning; he finds analogues for nearly every incident, not to speak of the completed tale. He confines his references mostly to Celtic ground—Irish, Welsh, or Breton tales and romances. We may make a few additions on this point. The opening portion of the tale of the "Bent Grey Lad" is paralleled by the burden-carrying powers and speed of the old man described in a story published in the third number of the *Highland Monthly*, entitled "Telling a True Tale." The King of Alban is forbidden to grieve too much for the dead, and for his conduct in this respect he has to undertake the cure of the laughterless King of Ireland. Now, it is a fixed article of Highland superstition that excessive grief for the dead is uncanny. "It is not right," an Eigg correspondent says, "to sorrow too much for the dead, for it is said that the lamentations of their friends are a source of great trouble to the dead in their graves;" and he relates a story of how a sister's ghost appeared to upbraid the living sister for her excessive sorrow. Mrs Grant of Laggan makes similar observations, and gives illustrations (*Superstitions*, vol. I., p. 181). The tale of the "Blue Mountains" is well told in volume six of the *Gael*, but it does not contain the incident of the old men—one old man having an older father living, and so on backwards for several generations. This appears in the story of the "Sleeping Fingalians," related by Dr Thos. Maclauchlan in the second volume of Keltie's "History of the Highlands." The Cliath-Sheanachair of the opening portion of "Kian's Foot" was a band of five hundred beggars of all sorts; now, it is evident, as Mr Nutt shows, that this company is a reminiscence of the "great bardic company" which oppressed Ireland in the 7th century. The Gaelic is an evident corruption of Cliar-Sheanachaidh—"historian band," which lends additional proof to Mr Nutt's view. The *béist* that swallows Manus is not only paralleled by Fionn's case, but we have heard another Highland tale which told a similar fact about Oscar, his grandson. The huge *béist* came open-mouthed towards Oscar, and the youthful hero jumped down its throat, and thereafter cut his way out. The great Odin was

swallowed by the Wolf, but the Norsemen, under Christian influences, left him in the Wolf's stomach to meet his fate. Manus was also changed into stone. This is a very common idea in the Highlands—that a blow from the druidic wand could change people into stone. It appears in Fionn's contest with Blar Biudhe, and in the story of Cuchulinn and Laogaire, as now sometimes related.—(*Celtic Magazine*, xiii., 515).

Mr Nutt has further enriched the volume by a dissertation on the "Development of the Fenian or Ossianic Saga." In this he tries to answer the question—"Who were the Fayn?" At present, we can only say that we are in hearty agreement with Mr Nutt's views as a whole. We intend to devote an article to the subject in the near future, and meanwhile commend Mr Nutt's essay to the readers of the *Highland Monthly*.

ERRATUM TO VOL. I. (P. 758).

THE last two lines of the first verse of the poem on "Cluny River," at page 758, contains a misprint, which was unfortunately overlooked. They should read—

"The golden sunlight all thy wavelets fills,
And deeper hues are thine from heathy hills."

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AND

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LAIRD'S HOME-COMING.

IT was nutting time when the young Laird attained his majority, and, after an absence of many years, came back to the Glen to take possession of his castle and estate. The stacks were thatched, and the potato pits were earthed up for winter. The shepherds and young men were smearing the sheep. The women and children, helped by the old men who were not thatching houses, and had not to go to the hill for sheep, were pleasantly employed, day after day, weather permitting, in the birch and hazel woods, pulling ferns for thatching, and cutting ferns for the winter bedding of cattle, and rolling them down in big tightly-bound cualan,¹ to places from which they could be carted home. They also took good care while in the woods to fill their bags with nuts for Hallowe'en.

This year it was a fine back-end. The long nights were dry and bracing, and although there might be white mist in

¹ Burdens—bound bundles fit to be carried on the shoulders.

the morning, the sun shone bright and warm later on in the day. The cattle were "raving their leather" on the foggage, and if the smearing troubled the sheep, and made them feverish for a day or two, it rid them of parasites, and gave them warm and waterproof winter cloaks. The sheep, moreover, now enjoyed descent from the bleak high hills to the more sheltered lower grounds, and to the richer herbage, which increased the fat about their kidneys.

Nature was reposing in serene calm before the winter storm. The Glen people sympathised with nature's mood, but expectation was on tip-toe regarding the young Laird's home-coming. The Maor was very busy with preparations for the great event. Materials for a huge bonfire were gathered and piled up on the "Sron," or nose of a hill, from which the flames of joy could shine far and wide. The tenants, their sons, and men-servants worked very willingly for several days at the construction of the pyre. They carried tar barrels, and dragged logs of wood up to the place, because it was inaccessible to horses. The old castle, which used for many years to be left in the care of the gamekeeper and his wife during the winter half-year, when it was not occupied by the former tenant of the fishings and shootings, was in the hands of whitewashers, painters, and upholsterers, who exterminated its moths, and even frightened away the owls of the turrets. The old flagstaff, too, was replaced by a new one, and a grand banner was made ready for it.

On the day appointed for the home-coming, the tenants went on horseback to meet their Laird at the estate boundary, and they escorted him home with much jubilation. On the castle lawn many of the remaining inhabitants of the estate gathered to swell the welcoming acclaim. The bagpipes were not silent, and altogether there was a considerable stir, which just fell short of being a "ceud mile failte"¹ affair, simply because the Laird was a stranger to the people, and could not speak Gaelic, although it was his mother's tongue.

¹ A hundred thousand welcomes.

What did the people think of their Laird? On comparing notes they were unanimously of opinion that he was "a nice laddie," and seemed as if he would also be a kind and just landlord. Much to their regret—for Highlanders have a weakness for stalwart and stately leaders—they had to confess that he was small, beardless, and with curly hair, in short, rather girlish, although he wore the kilt and plaid, and stuck an eagle's feather in the silver badge of his clan, which shone on the side of his Glengarry bonnet. The middle-aged people maintained that he was like his popular mother, while the older folk asserted he was much more like his little warm-hearted Irish grandmother. As his father inherited the Irish lady's type, perhaps there was truth in both allegations. The wish being father to the thought, it was unanimously decided by the jury of ancients that he was not the least bit like his grandfather, the light horseman, whose creditors harried the tenants so severely.

And what did the young man think of his property and people? Rumour hinted that he was disappointed with both, and still more strongly asserted that at anyrate the College friends who came with him, made fun of both, with no doubt the laudable intention of lowering the Laird's conceit, and perchance for repaying him for vapourings over Oxford wine-cups. As the people were shy of airing their imperfect English, and as he could not speak a word of Gaelic, there was between them a barrier to mutual expansion which only time and better acquaintance could overcome. The Laird retained a faint childish recollection of some of the old tenants; but with the exception of Duncan Ban, it happened that those he so remembered were men who joined the Free Church. Unless the Maor calumniated his young master, he cherished the most stupid illusions possible in regard to his position, and looked upon those who joined the Free Church, without asking his permission, as persons guilty of contempt against his High Mightiness. Had he let out his grievance he would have found out that the idea he had of laird or chief's power—

and to chiefship he could make no pretence—was in the opinion of all Highlanders supremely ridiculous. From Duncan Ban downwards there was not a man on his estate who would for a moment allow that the Laird had the smallest right to interfere in their religious affairs, especially as he was not a Presbyterian at all, and therefore could not claim the influence belonging to fellowship.

Trained up as an alien, mocked by delusive recollections of infancy, and misled by the fancy pictures of poets and novelists, the Laird, perhaps, thought every Highlander should be a submissive “Dougal Creature” to his born landlord, and on special occasions at least wear plaid and kilt, and make himself picturesque. Now as to the garb of “Old Gaul,” in the Glen, only boys—and young men, when hay-cutting—usually wore it. As to the Celtic race, it never, at any period of history, was slavish, but clannish it ever was, and remains to the present day. Duncan Ban, in half an hour’s free conversation, could have given the Laird a better idea of his own position and a better knowledge of the people than could be obtained, second-hand or by his own experience, during his whole mortal career—which was not of the longest. Unfortunately, although he read, wrote, and understood it as a book language, Duncan Ban was aware that his conversational English was not good, and he was shy about launching forth freely in such a leaky skiff. Unfortunately, too, those who did not suffer so much as Duncan Ban from the lingual impediment, and who ought, therefore, to have represented the popular interests, disgusted the Laird, as was natural for a young man fresh from Oxford, by Puritanic advice against strong drink, which he considered impertinent—not knowing his own family history half as well as they did—and which, in truth, though well meant, was very ill-timed, and as the advised had reason to suppose, rather hypocritical into the bargain.

The Laird commenced his house-warming by a dinner to friends and tenants. So many guests were invited that

the large castle hall could not accommodate them. There were a few lady relatives among the company at the castle, but the Laird and his college friends formed by themselves a big bachelor party. The tenants' wives were invited with their husbands, but they did not appear in equal force with their lords, because there were to be fireworks and a ball after the dinner, to which all the young people were bidden; and so, several mothers remained to see their daughters dressed in their white muslin, and to come with them to the ball.

Dancing had for so many years been under the ban of the pious that the daughters of the Glen, with few exceptions, were afraid of going to the ball to show their ignorance. Most of the Glen lads were as backward as the lasses in saltatory education. The ball therefore produced beforehand something like a feeling of consternation among those who should most enjoy it, both in prospect and reality. But, whatever their misgivings, lads and lasses went to the gathering.

The peat-house having been cleared of the remnants of "kane" fuel left unburned by the tenant of the shootings, was floored from end to end, decorated profusely with evergreens and flags, and converted, with great success, into a dining-hall and ball-room, for it was to serve both purposes in quick succession. The peat-house was a long building, which formed an entire side of the castle courtyard. The Maor had a perfect genius for decorations and transformations, and it was admitted that on this occasion he excelled himself.

The gentry and tenant folks dined together. The young Laird was evidently wishful to fall into old Highland ways, if he only knew how. His lady relatives knew how perfectly well, and kept him straight as long as they were present. They gave him a parting advice, too, which he followed. When the ladies retired, taking the farmers' wives with them, the men set themselves for a short time to

rather hearty drinking; and the Laird, following the cue given him, and wishing to be a hospitable host, left a friend to preside above the salt, and took a seat himself among the tenants at the other end of the table.

It was while he was thus making himself companionable, and playing the part of agreeable host, that a couple of good men, who at the very moment were doing full duty to their toddy, thought meet to give their young landlord—who was perhaps then less needing it than themselves—a double-stranded lecture on the dangers and evils of intemperance. He did not know, of course, that this lecturing was the untimely outcome of a feeling of anxious loyalty and fear in regard to the force of inherited tendencies. He naturally disliked to be at such a time lectured by his own tenants; but he bore it very well, too, until a couple of his quizzing Oxonian friends strolled down to listen. Then the young Laird's face flushed with vexation; but an abrupt end was put to the lecture by Duncan Ban, who growled to the sermonisers in Gaelic—"Drink your toddy, and hold your foolish tongues, which I wish were cloven." Then, trying his best to clothe his ideas in English words, which certainly fell from his lips in rather strange constructional forms, the old man talked to the Laird about his father, mother, and childhood times, and asked shrewd questions about the Great School of Oxford, which he did not hesitate to denounce as the new curse of Alba, which turned the natural leaders of the Scotch nation into Saxon foreigners. The Oxonians were amused, but they were surprised too. Lingual difficulty notwithstanding, they got, Laird and all, into a discussion with the old Gaelic patriot, and the arguments were becoming quite earnest, when the Maor came in to announce that the bonfire was blazing. Then the whole company turned out to see the blaze, and to give the Maor and his assistants time to remove the tables, and clear the peat-house hall for the dancing.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EWAN'S ESCAPE.

THE Maor had enlisted several young men to assist him in the various duties of the day. Two of these were guardians of the bonfire. Four were told off to help the gentlemen at the fireworks. He retained Ewan Mor and Diarmad to be his own immediate henchmen. The house-keeper had also prudently secured the help of Mary Macintyre, Jessie Cameron, and other girls for the day; but after the dinner things were cleared away, these girls were all to put on white muslin dresses, and to go to the ball with the others.

There came in the Laird's company a big man with an evil eye, from a large port town, who was invited because he was at the time engaged to the Laird's cousin; but the engagement afterwards was broken off by the lady, who married somebody else. This man was very different from the Laird and his Oxford chums. They were gentlemen, and *he* was not. Having a bad nature, no self-respect, and no faith in female virtue, this big man cast his evil eye on Mary Macintyre, whom he often saw flitting about during the day busy in her assisting vocation. After dinner, when the bonfire was beginning to pale, and when the Laird and the Oxonians were on the lawn amusing themselves and the crowd of people, by fireworks and coloured lights which caused the old keep and the grand trees to come out in strange hues and fantastic forms, the man of the evil eye lurked about the courtyard, like a spider waiting for his prey. He had taken more wine than was good for him; and he did not stop to consider the possible consequences.

In a corner of the courtyard—or rather in a recess of the corner—was the water pump; and to this water pump Mary Macintyre went to fill her pitchers. While standing

there working the pump, and humming a bit of song to herself, the man of the evil eye came behind her, and caught her round the waist before she suspected any danger, or knew any one was near. Her first thought was that Ewan was the culprit, because no one else had a shadow of a claim to take such unwarrantable liberties. Under this erroneous impression she gave her captor a hearty blow on the ear, accompanied with a sharp word of rebuke in Gaelic. The moment, however, she caught sight of a stranger's face in the dim light which struggled round the corner from the courtyard lamp, she screamed loudly and struggled fiercely to get free. Her assailant prevented her from screaming a second time; but once proved enough. Ewan, who happened to be crossing the courtyard, with a section of the extemporised dinner table on his broad shoulders, heard the scream, threw down his burden, and next instant the man of the evil eye was himself struggling in a giant's grasp and Mary was set free. Holding the man by the middle in a swathing embrace, Ewan, in a low and determined voice, gave Mary instructions in Gaelic, which the prisoner, of course, did not understand.

"Take up the pitchers, and go back to the peat-house, just as if nothing had happened. Tell Diarmad to shut the courtyard gates, and keep everybody out for a few minutes. Ten will do. I'll not kill the man; so don't be scared. Tell Diarmad that if he'll fail me, I'll never, never, forgive him. Now be off."

Mary was too much flurried to carry out Ewan's instructions to the letter. Rushing into the peat-house and finding Diarmad there, she told her story in the presence of the housekeeper and of the Maor, which was more than Ewan wanted. The housekeeper, with whom Mary was a prime favourite, expressed her sentiments by a sound and round banning phrase, which must have been a solemn church anathema in days of yore. The Maor invoked a legion of fiends, and impartially consigned

both Ewan and Mary's assaulter to their particular care. The Maor knew well enough that Highlanders resented insults to their women with ten times more violent indignation than even intermeddling with their religious freedom. He therefore became at once nervously afraid lest a scandalous row should break out on such an auspicious occasion. So, having summoned all the devils, and appointed them as special constables, he looked sideways at the floor, and then at Diarmad, seeking counsel. For a reply Diarmad emptied Mary's pitchers into the washing tubs, took them up, moved to the door, and then facing round said—

“I go to fetch water; and no one must pass into the courtyard until I return.”

“But, Diarmad, I don't think it is right to let them alone. The Laird——”

“Indeed, the Laird must know nothing about it. The brute is his guest. Ewan will not kill him. You may be sure he'll give him *cothrom na Feinne*¹—fairplay, and no hit below the belt. They are both big men; let them fight their quarrel out in peace.”

“I wish I knew nothing at all about it,” said the Maor. “If the man should tell the Laird, and I should be questioned ——”

“You can say, what is just the truth, that you could not interfere, or he either. If anyone offer to interfere, I'll pass the word to the lawn, and you may guess what will happen then. To make all safe, I'll lock the door on you, and things will go right enough.”

The Maor thought it best to submit to temporary imprisonment. Although barred from the courtyard, whose heavy gates he could hear closing with a bang, he could yet get out of the peat-house into the fields, and pass round the castle to tell the Laird; but he agreed with Diarmad that the Laird ought to hear nothing about it—and he never did.

¹The equal right of the Feinne.

As soon as Mary turned the corner of the pump recess, Ewan lifted her assaulter like a sack of flour, and placed him with his back to the farthest wall. He then stepped back himself, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, untied his collar, and politely invited the man of the evil eye to "come on." Ewan was not a scientific pugilist, and he would have much preferred wrestling, at which he was a proficient. He believed he was giving his opponent a great advantage; for, coming in the company of Oxonians, he thought the man of the evil eye was one of them, and he had heard about the boxing feats of the Great School students. But the man did not accept the fair challenge. He tried to rush past and to escape. Ewan tripped him up, and he fell on the ground with a heavy thud. Then the man raised his voice and shouted "Murder!" He did not repeat the cry, for Ewan's grasp was on his throat, and Ewan's voice sounded in his ear—"Be quiet, or upon my soul I may be tempted to throttle thee." The man was quiet, and Ewan, pulling him up to the pump, placed him in the position of a barrel that required to be filled.

"Now," said Ewan, with a terrible calmness indicative of intense passion, and further emphasised by slowness of speech arising from thinking in one language and speaking in another—"Now, a ghaolaich,¹ thou and I will get through our little business comfortably;" and he held the victim down with one hand, while he vigorously worked the pump with the other. When the mouth of the iron ogre gave forth the first splash on his head, the man attempted to rise, and commenced to shout "Mur-", but the second syllable of the word was itself murdered. When the water flowed in an even unbroken stream, Ewan talked, and the man groaned. He was graciously told he was at liberty to groan as much as he liked, but that shouting out was strictly prohibited. Ewan's talk, which cooled down his own white rage, as the water poured down the man's body, was ingeniously aggravating.

¹ "A ghaolaich," beloved.

“Thou wilt be washed as clean and cool as a dog that swims a broad loch at Christmas, a ghaolaich. And it is the sore need thou hast of being cooled and washed clean, a ghaolaich. It is the dirty stravaging dog thou art, full of fleas and scab and scratch, and mangy heat, a ghaolaich. It is thankful thou shouldst be for the good turn I am now giving thee. And didst thou think it a good joke to lay foul hands on a Highland lassie, without leave asked? Where wert thou bred when a little puppy? Surely if thou wilt ever get thee a wife—and I hope not—it is thy wife that must be the miserably suspected woman. Aye, groan away! It is in sackcloth and ashes thou shouldst be for thy vile opinion of women, and the blackness of thy wicked heart. But the blessed cold water, this fine frosty night, is doing thee a lot of present good whatever. Thou mayst talk now, without making a din, for all that remains to be done is to give the washing a few finishing touches.”

The man groaned, and said sullenly—“Fellow, let me go. If I tell the Laird, it will be worse for you; and if I bring you up before the magistrates, you will be severely punished.”

“Well, then, a ghaolaich, I’ll just take my full penny-worth first, and complete the washing. Then we’ll jog together to the lawn, where thou wilt be able to tell the story to the Laird and all the people. I’ll not correct thee more than necessary. Thou hast my full leave to haul me up before the Shirra also. I’m sure I’ll not be the person to make the smallest objection to the story being told from the housetops, and proclaimed from market crosses. The right was all on my side, and I offered thee fair fight. But fight thou wouldst not. Thou art a black-hearted scoundrel, a ghaolaich, and all scoundrels of thy sort are miserable cowards. Now, then, get up, and be thankful. Thou art washed as cool and clean as good water can do it. And it is my thought thou wert never so near Christian baptism in thy life before. Oh! but where is thy hat? Here it is, knocked out of its elegant shape, which is a pity,

for it feels as if it cost a deal of money. Nevertheless, just clap it on thy head as it is, and let us jog together to the lawn, to tell the gentry and commons there the whole story."

"D—— it. Say nothing about it, and I'll give you a couple of sovereigns."

"To the devil with thy sovereigns. It was not I that shouted 'murder,' and threatened to blab like a sneaking schoolboy. If thou art thankful for thy good washing, as in all reason thou shouldst be, and art not wanting the Laird and company to know, just shut thy own mouth, and nothing will be told to them by me. Really, now, I begin to think I can forgive thee! Shake hands, man, and go change thy clothes, for it is the dance that will soon begin; and I'll warrant thy decent and sober behaviour for the rest of this night."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WET AND DRY.

THE man of the evil eye felt compelled to shake hands with Ewan and be forgiven, although it was his private opinion that Ewan was not the person aggrieved. He had not the courage to ask by what right he made himself the girl's champion; perhaps he thought he was her brother. Having felt the bear's hug, and been dreadfully deluged with water at freezing point, he was glad enough to escape on any terms, and to get into the house unobserved by the back door from the kitchen end, through which he had come. With battered hat and dripping garments he looked a miserable enough object as he slouched past Diarmad, who stood under the shadow of the bell oak, faithfully guarding the courtyard's closed gates, and within hearing of Ewan's talk, although not within sight of the pump recess.

Happily the fireworks—which were very successful—had during the washing kept down on the lawn the prowlers and youngsters who might otherwise have inconveniently discovered Ewan's equally attractive performances. The old bellman was the only person who came to the gates while closed. He said through the wicket that he had to deliver a message from the fiddlers and pipers, and must see the Maor immediately. Diarmad told him to go round by the back, and that he would find the Maor and others making the peat-house ready for the ball. The bellman, intent on his own pressing business, which was to get, if possible, more drink for the musicians, whose appointed provider he was, asked no questions, and thought the gates were closed just to keep people from bothering the Maor and his assistants. So he went round by the back as he was told.

The Maor loved drink too well himself to be without sympathy for the same weakness in others ; but this night he was so cumbered with responsibility, and so much afraid of any hitch occurring, that he received the bellman's modest petition with a big volley of refusing oaths. The poor bellman was almost in despair ; for as purveyor of the musical mess he knew the petition he was entrusted with, or rather commanded to deliver, was perfectly just, because the quantity of liquor originally handed out was quite inadequate for quenching the thirst and meeting the inspirational requirements of his company.

After an interval of diplomatic silence to let the Maor cool down and soften a little, he was just about to repeat his petition in still humbler and more persuasive terms, when Diarmad unlocked the other door, and Ewan and he entered as placid and quiet-looking as if they had only been out to gaze at the stars. This advent was lucky for the bellman. The Maor was so anxious to hear Ewan's report of proceedings, that he stopped the second petition, and to get rid of the bellman at once, handed over a bottle of whisky, and some beer, accompanied with very superfluous expressions which were not of the benediction strain.

Having thus cleared the place of a person not in the secret, the Maor eagerly questioned Ewan, who told his story straight off the reel, not even omitting the provoking talk with which he kept up the internal heat of the delinquent while drenching him with cold water. The house-keeper declared that to her thinking the "trutar" or "dirty fellow" was not at all punished severely enough. Indeed, she would not dislike to pull his hair for him, and scratch his face herself—so much was she moved out of her ordinary mood by the unheard of insult to her favourite. The Maor, although he drew a favourable inference of perpetual silence from the man's offer of hush-money, was a little afraid of a second outbreak if he got tipsy at the ball, which he would no doubt attend, to prevent rumour or suspicion of something being wrong. Ewan was quite of a different opinion, and it was Ewan's opinion which proved to be right. The delinquent did come to the ball, after having changed his attire, and made himself smart, without having required assistance from his servant. In truth, he was much afraid of his servant finding out what had taken place; and he was fully determined, on the plea of urgent business, to leave the Glen next day with the wet evidences of his pump baptism locked up in a box, the key of which he kept suspended to his watch ring.

The ball was a much greater success than could have been justly expected, considering that the entertainer and the entertained were strangers to each other, and that very few of the Glen young people had ever been to such a gathering before. The Laird provided such excellent music, that after getting over preliminary awkwardness and hitches, those who never danced in public until now, were surprised and much pleased to find how rapidly they developed a new power, under the witching spell of the little fiddle of the little Dunkeld "Paganini," and the big fiddle of big John Macgregor, grey-haired hero of many Tinwald and Caledonian celebrations. These two men of renown were assisted by two younger men who splendidly

followed their leaders. At intervals also, Peter Maclaren and John Macgregor's nephew, played on their pipes in the courtyard ; and two better pipers were not to be met with every day. Peter's pipe indeed had a bad habit of getting drunk as often as it could, and when drunk it screeched and disgraced itself abominably. According to Peter's way of stating the case, it was the pipe which always got tipsy and caused him the undeserved loss of medals and prizes ; but in the opinion of a hard-hearted public, the fault lay with Peter himself ; and a grievous fault it was, whichever of the two was to blame, for Peter and his pipe, when on their good behaviour, were equal to a whole musical company. On the night of the Laird's ball Peter and his pipe were, by the vigilance and swearing threats of the Maor, kept uncommonly sober ; and so of course the notorious "sgriach" did not discredit their joint performances. Next day they were rewarded for exceedingly good conduct by an unlimited spree in a snug retreat near the stables. Then the horses were scared horribly ere midnight, for the tipsy pipe screeched and mewed like a thousand rats fighting with a hundred cats.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CREATAG.

THE Castle party stopped only about ten days. Before they left, the keen frost of winter set in prematurely, and the Maor got up a creatag, or shinty match, to amuse them. The Laird was captain of one squad, and a young Highland gentleman, who was one of his chums at Oxford, led the other. This was a game at which the Glen young men excelled. It had some way escaped the condemnation of the pious, perhaps because it kept schoolboys out of worse mischief. On Christmas Day and New Year's Day, boys and men played together, and the very Kirk elders looked

on approvingly. The game was new to the Laird, but not so to the leader of the opposition, whose side, to the vexation even of some of the winners, was victorious from first to last. The Laird bore defeat with gay good humour, and laughed at the injuries his legs received from hostile "camanan."

At the close of the unequal contest, Duncan Ban, who, being too old to play, was only a much interested and excited spectator, shouted out that the defeated were ready to fight the battle over next day. "So are we," replied the captain of the victorious squad. There was therefore next day a long, fiercely-contested battle, which resulted in equality, but did not reverse the first day's heavy defeat. The captain of the opposition, who was a good player himself, disposed his men with care and judgment, having well observed their different capacities on the first day. The Laird was an incompetent captain, and no player. His men therefore had to fight on Hal o' the Wynd's principle, each on his own hand; and on the second day they did fight exceedingly well, although they failed to obtain a decided victory. In the morning, the opposition would not grudge being beaten, if the other side could do it. Ere night something like a downright war spirit was evoked. The Laird's party clamoured for a third day, and the opposition now become very proud of their captain, and, loudly singing his praises, were most willing to accept the challenge. The Laird's stay, however, was too short to allow of a third day being devoted to a game which was turning into an earnest struggle, as if something of the greatest importance depended on the issue.

The Laird's party, who were all Episcopalians, either of the English or Scotch brand, went to the Parish Church on the only Sunday of their short sojourn in the Glen. There was quite an imposing turn-out of horses and carriages; but if it was supposed that such a demonstration by people who were not Presbyterians at all would help to bring back the Free Churchmen on the Laird's estate, the supposition

was a silly mistake, and showed profound ignorance of Scotch, and more particularly of Highland, character, and modes of thought on religious subjects.

The eccentric minister, however, was greatly elated at the coming of the Castle party, and, scorning manuscript on that special occasion, his sermon turned out a perfect jumble. During the performance, which was both painful and amusing, the Castle party exchanged quizzical glances and smiles. But while, as adherents of an Apostolical Succession Church, they could afford to laugh at such an odd specimen of the Presbyterian minister, they did not at all think it a laughing matter that, as the fragmentary congregation testified, the landlord had not a shadow of power in ecclesiastical matters over the people on his estate.

Probably at Oxford a Highland laird was supposed to possess unlimited power, in virtue merely of being a land-owner. Such indeed was then, and to a less extent is even now, in spite of many changes, the position of some South of England squires. But the influential squires are of the same faith as their people, and usually reside among them. Non-residence everywhere is, in the long run, fatal to the old, and, in many respects, beautifully human and politically useful, relations between landlords and tenants. From generation to generation the influential English squires discharge the duties of natural leaders, and they are, not only by education, but by superiority of race, better men than their Saxon tenants and clodhoppers.

The Saxons—Mr Freeman's glorified race—have left many descendants that require to be "squired" by men of a better race than their own. Among them also are people who will fawn on the landlord and fire his stacks, or plunder his hen-roosts and preserves, opportunity offering. And when they are honest, and religious in their way, they are still intellectually unenergetic, and without many ideas beyond beans and bacon. Mr Arch's clients shuddered at the bare idea of emigration, and made incursions upon the

manufacturing towns, parading their self-inflicted poverty and rattling their begging boxes.

The former noble tenant of the Laird's shootings, whose English home was on the better or north side of that line through Birmingham to the east coast, which roughly separates Mr Freeman's Saxon friends from the energetic mixed Scandinavian, Celtic, Norman, and Saxon population of the North of England, said publicly of the Glen people that for eighteen years he hung his beef, mutton, and game in an open shed outside his gates, from which nothing was ever stolen, while at home he could not keep such things safely for a night, except under lock and key and watch.

This high character for honesty did not exceed the truth; but with all their sterling worth the Glen people had also a good deal of proud, shy, awkward reserve towards strangers of the upper class, which made an unpleasant first impression on the Laird, especially as the almost deserted state of the Parish Church on the day on which he bestowed upon it the light of his countenance, disproved the boasting in which he too probably indulged at Oxford of being a little king in his "ain countree."

His English friends did not fail to tease the Laird about the cool, and if they looked at it rightly, the proper manner in which the people on his estate had utterly ignored the countenance and support he was pleased to bestow on a Church to which he did not condescend to belong. It was his misfortune that by the expiry of leases his *summum jus* as a landlord came into his hands before he knew well the old tenants or himself. He was sympathetic and well-inclined; and a little more familiar intercourse with the people would have shown him the noble difference between Highland loyalty and Saxon fawning. He would have discovered that while the Gael are always looking out for natural leaders, they have no overwhelming respect for mere soil-owners.

As bad luck would have it, the eccentric minister, who was daily invited to the Castle to make sport for the Philis-

tines, heard, and repeated outside, the thoughtless chaff of the Oxonians. The poor man cherished the vain hope of seeing his church well filled, and he had not common sense enough to doubt the right, power, or will of the Laird to bring about that happy consummation by persuasive or coercive means. Perhaps the Laird, with the rashness and inexperience of youth, purposely made use of the eccentric minister to make his feeling of displeasure and disappointment known. At anyrate it did become known, and he suffered in the public opinion of the Glen accordingly, although it was still sanguinely hoped he would see the errors of his views.

Subsequently the story ran that the Laird, in the year of the Disruption, when he was still under age, was entangled by older men, to whom anger suggested a tyrannic abuse of landlord power, into a formal engagement to drive back Free Kirk tenants into the Old Kirk, or to deprive them of their farms at the end of their leases. As it happened, the leases on the Laird's estate expired sooner than those on the estates of which the alleged co-engagers were owners or heirs. So, if the story was true, the poor young lad was made the blind leader of the forlornest hope the world ever heard of; and in the after time nobody followed him. Had he in a manful manner spoken to his people face to face, he could never have been so far misled.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE DEWARS, OR HEREDITARY KEEPERS OF RELICS, OF THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

THE word Dewar is the modern form of the ancient term *Doire*, applied in Scotland to the keepership of certain religious relics, of which the best known are the *baculs* or crosiers of St Fillan, St Mund, and St Moluag. In Ireland, from which the custom came, the word was *Deoraidh*, which, according to Dr Reeves, originally signified an "exile," "outlaw," or "pilgrim," but latterly assumed a religious limitation, and in Scotland became first an official designation, and finally a family name. When the Church of Mayo, called *Cill na n Ailither* or Church of the Pilgrims, was rebuilt about A.D. 1100, it was endowed *do deoradaibh De*—for pilgrims of God. In the *Senchus Mor* the rules of succession to a vacant abbacy, if a person fit to be an abbot has not come of the tribe of the patron saint, give this as the eighth alternative—"a *deoraid de* may assume the abbacy." There is difficulty in tracing the transition from the earlier to the later and purely official application of the term, but there is no room for doubt as to the nature of that application. It is in connection with the secularised foundation of St Fillan of Glendochart that we meet with the most abundant evidence of the nature of the office of the Dewar—the last survival of the wreck of the old Celtic system. In the time of King William the Lion the Celtic monastery presided over by the successors of St Fillan for so many centuries seems to have disappeared, and the last of its nominal abbots on record appears as a lay lord associated with the Earl of Athole in the administration of the law of *Claremathane*, which seems to have had reference to cattle stolen within his boundaries. In the reign of

King Robert Bruce the lords of Glendochart suffered forfeiture, and the barony was bestowed on Alexander Menzies, who, as lord of Glendochart, in 1336 gives a letter of confirmation of the lands of Eyich in Glendochart to Donald M'Sobrell *dewar Cogerach*. The document itself is lost, and only the title remains in an old inventory, but there can be little difficulty in assuming that this confirmation by the feudal successor of the lay Abbots of Glendochart carried on the rights and privileges of the *Cogerach* and its *dewars* in the main unimpaired. In the course of a century afterwards, however, it seems that the ancient rights of the *dewars* had begun to be questioned, and in 1428 we find them authenticated by the verdict of an inquest held by the bailie of Glendochart on the authority and privileges of a certain relic of St Fillan, commonly called the Coygerach, which we now know to be the silver crosier-head preserved in the National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh. By this inquest it was established that the bearer of this relic of St Fillan, who was commonly called *Jore* (the scribe's phonetic spelling of *Doire*), ought to receive yearly, from every one labouring a mark of land in the parish of Glendochart, a half boll of meal, and so in proportion for smaller holdings; that the office of keeping the relic had been conferred hereditarily on a certain ancestor of the present keeper, Finlay Jore, by a successor of St Fillan; and that the privileges attached to the office had been use and wont from the time of King Robert Bruce. On the other hand the Dewar was bound to render certain services to the community, as in case of goods or cattle being stolen from anyone in Glendochart, and he, from doubt of the culprit or fear of his enemies, did not dare to follow after his property, he could send word to the said *Jore* (*Doire*) of the *Cogerach*, with fourpence or a pair of shoes and food for the first night, and then the said *Jore*, on his own charges, was bound to follow the stolen goods or cattle wherever they were to be found within the kingdom of Scotland. In 1487 the privileges of

the *Cogerach* as they had existed from time immemorial were confirmed by letters under the Privy Seal of James III. From this document we learn that Malise Doire and his forebearis have had "ane relik of Sanct Fulane callit the *Quegrich*" in hereditary custody "from the time of King Robert Bruce and of before," and that "they have made nane obedienc nor answer to na person spiritual nor temporal in anything concerning the said holy Relik uther wayis than is contentit in the auld infestments thareof." These infestments are said to have been made and granted by the royal predecessors of King James, but all trace of them is now lost. The document goes on further to inhibit all persons from troubling the holder of the relic in his passing through the country with it as he and his forebearis were wont to do. Malise Doire appears as the Dewar of the *Quigrich* in the document of Feb. 14th, 1549, to be subsequently noticed, in which, along with two other Dewars of two other relics of St Fillan, he is charged by Hugh Currie, the Prior of the Priory of Strathfillan, to deliver to him in the church of Strathfillan the relic in his possession, "and not to be tane furth agane without license of the said prior." This was an attempt on the part of the regular superior of the existing foundation at Strathfillan to take the relic out of the hands of its lay custodian, and place it in the church under the guardianship of the successive Priors. But the Dewars were "absolvit" by the Privy Council "as the said absolution produced before the said lords bore"—implying that they had written documents proving their respective rights to the unchallenged custody of the relics in their possession. It does not appear whether these documents were extracts from former processes decided in their favour, or the findings of inquests similar to that respecting the *Quigrich* in 1428, when, by the testimony of the best men of the Strath, it was established that Finlay Jore had inherited the *Quigrich* and its privileges from his ancestors, to whom it had been given hereditarily by a

successor of St Fillan. In 1552 the lands held by the Dewars of the Quigrich, which are then described as having hitherto paid no dues to the Crown, were brought under the regular feudal tenure. In that year Queen Mary set in feu-ferm to Malise Deware and his heirs male and assigns, the 40 shilling land of auld extent of Eicht, Cryetindewar (Dewar's Croft), in Auchincarne, and half of the merkland called Craigwokin, in the lordship of Glendochart, "which have never been computed in the rental or any payment from them made to the Queen," but now they are to pay 40 shillings annually, with a duplicand at the entry of heirs. In 1575 Donald Dewar sold these lands to Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, and apparently as part of the title delivered up the papers relating to Eyicht and the Quigrich, as they are all entered in the chartulary of writs at Taymouth begun in 1587 and ending in 1612. By a charter of the same date, the lands of Moyerlonycht are conveyed by Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy to Donald Makindeora vic Cogerach, apparently the same person. In 1583 James VI. confirms to Duncan Campbell the lands of Eyicht, Cryetindewar, and the half-merkland of Craigwokin, sold to him by Donald Dewar, which are now to be held of the Crown. Thus the Dewar's Croft, originally attached to the keepership of the Quigrich, was finally alienated. The Quigrich itself, however, did not pass out of the possession of the family. It is significant of the tenacity with which they clung to the relic itself, that they got the missive letter of James III. registered as a probative writ at Edinburgh, 1st Nov., 1734. In 1782 William Thomson, M.A., a student of Christ Church, Oxford, wrote to the Earl of Buchan, the founder of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, as follows:—"At Killin, July 5th, 1782, in the house of Malice Doire, a day-labourer, I was shown what he called the Quigrich. It is the head of a crosier, formerly belonging to St Fillan. . . . A youth of nineteen, the representative of his father's name, and presumptive heir to this treasure, lay drooping in an outer apartment under the last gasp of a

consumption. I am induced to advertise the Society of this circumstance lest the relic should, at the death of the present owner, become a sacrifice to the neediness of his heirs, and find a ready passage to the melting-pot." In 1795 M. Latocnaye, who saw it at Killan, and was charmed to find such a relic among the Presbyterians, took notice of the superstitious uses to which it was then put—the owner, for a few pence, giving water that had been poured through the hollow interior of the relic to all who came for it to cure their cattle; and to show the strength of superstition among the Presbyterians, he adds that they would come for the water for more than a hundred miles. The failure of the line of Malise Doire, in the person of the consumptive youth above mentioned, brought the Quigrich into the possession of Malise's younger brother, Alexander, from whom emanated the following:—

“ADVERTISEMENT—That there is in the custody of Alexander Dewar in Straidglass, near Killin, one of the greatest pieces of antiquity that can be produced in Scotland, aud certified as such under the sanction and subscription of James the First, King of Scotland, and recorded in the General Register of Probative Writs in Scotland at Edinburgh upon the 1st day of November, 1734 years. It is unnecessary to enlarge further, for every nobleman and gentleman who may be desirous to see the foresaid piece of antiquity may be satisfied by calling for a sight of it, and Alexander Dewar before mentioned will attend them in Killin therewith for their personal inspection and satisfaction, and he means no more than to satisfy the curiosity of noblemen and gentlemen *gratis*, unless they shall please to consider him for his trouble. This foresaid piece of antiquity is known by the appellation of *Quegrich*, which has ever remained in the custody and keeping of the said Alexander Dewar and his ancestors as their sole property and right since the reign of King Robert the First of Scotland, and previous to that period since the days of that celebrated and well-known holy man St Fillan, who was the first propagator and establisher of the Christian religion in that part of the Highlands of Scotland called Strathfillan, in the shire of Perth.”

In the *Caledonian Mercury* of Monday, January 9th, 1808, the following advertisement appears :—

“TO ANTIQUARIANS AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.—To be seen, first entry below Covenant’s Close [Edinburgh] on Monday, the 11th curt., and for a few days afterwards, A most Curious Relic of Scottish Antiquity, which has been in the family of the present proprietor since and before the time of King Robert Bruce, and was confirmed to them by a grant from King James III. (a copy of which will be shown), being a relic of the famous Saint Fillan, under which the Scottish Army vowed to conquer or die, previous to the memorable Battle of Bannockburn.—Admittance 2s from 10 to 4 o’clock.”

Archibald Dewar, son and heir of Alexander, emigrated to Canada in 1815, and was followed by his son Alexander in 1819. This Alexander Dewar, with consent of his son Archibald, on 30th December, 1876, executed a deed of transference and surrender of the Quigrich and all its rights to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland and their successors, “on trust to deposit the same in the National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh, there to remain in all time to come for the use, benefit, and enjoyment of the Scottish nation.” The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland has thus succeeded in perpetuity to the office of the Dewar of the Quigrich, and the relic itself, after an exile of fifty-nine years, has returned to Scotland, never to be “tane furth thereof.”

But besides the Dewar of the Quigrich, there were other Dewars in Glendochart who had other relics of St Fillan in hereditary custody, and possessed crofts of lands attached to their offices. In the record of the process by which Hugh Currie, Prior of the Priory of Strathfillan, sought to get the possession and custody of the relics of St Fillan taken out of the hands of the lay Dewars or keepers, and transferred to the church, that is to himself as the Prior, the charge is directed to “Malise Doir of Quickreith, Archibald Doir of Fergy, and Malcolm Doir of Bernane, to deliver and present in the Kirkis of Killin and Straphillan certane reliques, and nocht to be tain furth agane without license

of the said Prior." We know what relic it was that was in possession of Malise, the Doir of the Quickreith, but there is no indication of the nature of the other two relics claimed by the Prior from the other two Dewars. That they were relics of St Fillan like the Quigrich is to be assumed, because they were sought to be placed in the churches of Strathfillan and Killin, both dedicated to St Fillan. That they had each not only a Dewar like the Quigrich, but like it also a croft of land attached to the keepership, is made plain by the terms of a much later document, the Retour of Robert Campbell of Glenurchy, as heir of his brother, in 1640, in which, among other lands enumerated, are the following:—"Three crofts of land undermentioned, viz., Deweris croft in Suy, called Dewar Vernons Croft, a croft in Auchlyne called Dewar-na-fergs croft, and a croft in Killin called Dewar-na-man's croft." There is no difficulty in connecting the Doir of Bernane of the document of 1549 with the Dewar Vernon (Bhernane) of the retour of 1640, who held the Deweris Croft in Suy. The relic called the Bernane, for the keeping of which this croft must have been granted by the coarbs or successors of St Fillan, is only to be identified by the analogy of the name. But there can be no doubt that the Bernane of St Fillan was a relic of the same kind as the Bearnan Brigde or Bell of St Brigit mentioned in the life of St Patrick, the Bearnan Ciaran and the Bearnan Ailbe, or the Bells of Ciaran and Ailbe recorded in the annals of the Four Masters, the Barnaan Evin or Bell of St Evin mentioned by Colgan, and the Barnaan Cuilawn or enshrined Bell of St Culan, formerly preserved in Tipperary, now in the British Museum. The Bell of St Fillan, which, according to the analogy of the name, was the relic called the Bernane, appears on record for the first time at the coronation of King James IV. in 1488, when the Lord High Treasurer gives 18s, at the King's command, to the man that beyris Sanct Fillain's Bell. It was also, according to the well-known practice of the Celtic Church, in the hereditary keeping of a family of Dewars who held, in virtue of that office, the Dewar's Croft in Suy.

It is uncertain whether this family was the same as that from which the suggestive name of Gillevernan, or servant of the Bernane, comes. It occurs in connection with the curious transaction of John Dhu M'Gillevernan, elder, and John Dhu M'Gillevernan, his son, taking Colin Campbell of Glenurchy as *filium adoptivum*, at the Castle of Glenurchy on the 21st June, 1563, the bond being witnessed, among others, by Paul Maclerycht and Duncan M'Gillellan. But John Dewar in Suy is a witness to the charter by which, in 1575, the Dewar of the Quigrich granted his lands to Duncan Campbell, feuar of Glenurchy. At what time after the Reformation the bell passed out of the keeping of its Dewars we do not know, but there seems to have been a failure of the line, for on the next occasion on which we hear of the croft, it has become (1640) part of the possessions of the Breadalbane family, and we subsequently find the bell without a claimant, left in the open churchyard and protected only by its own reputation for sanctity and miraculous powers. In the first Statistical Account of the parish of Killin, published in 1796, it is stated that the bell formerly lay on a gravestone in the churchyard, and that when mad people were brought to be dipped in St Fillan's Pool, they were left all night in the chapel bound with ropes, and the bell was set upon their heads with great solemnity, but that for some years past the bell had been locked up to prevent its use for such superstitious purposes. In 1798 it was again in the open churchyard, and it is stated by an English traveller that the mad people, after being bathed in the pool, were taken to St Fillan's Church, about a mile distant, and placed in a stone [coffin] with a hollow large enough to receive them, in which they were fastened down by means of a wooden framework, and left there for a whole night with a covering of hay over them, and St Fillan's Bell put over their heads. "If in the morning the unhappy patient is found loose, the saint is supposed to be very propitious. I was told that wherever this bell was removed, it always returned to a particular place in the

churchyard next morning. In order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the ridiculous story of St Fillan's Bell, I carried it off with me, and mean to convey it, if possible, to England." This was written at Tyndrum on the 9th August, 1798. In the New Statistical Account of Perthshire, published in 1845, the writer states that the bell referred to in the first Statistical Account was an ancient relic of the chapel about the size of a hand-bell, and was stolen by an Englishman forty years ago. The bell was never more heard of until in the autumn of 1869 the Bishop of Brechin, being on a visit to Lord Crawford at Dunecht, met with an English gentleman with whom he casually entered into conversation on the subject of the Early Celtic Church, and learned incidentally that in the house of a relation of his in Staffordshire there was preserved a bell which the father of that relation had brought with him from Scotland in the end of the last century. Inquiry established the identity of the bell through the precise narrative of its abstraction from the churchyard of St Fillans, which has been quoted from the traveller's journal, and the result was that the bell was sent back to Scotland, and with consent of all parties having right or interest in the relic, it was finally placed in the National Museum, after an absence from Scotland of over seventy years. It now stands in the same case with the Quigrich.

The Dewar-na-Ferg had a croft at Auchlyne for the keeping of the Ferg, which is also variously styled Farg or Farichd, and must have been specially associated with the chapel at Auchlyne, which was named from this relic *Caipal-na-farichd*. I am not aware of the occurrence of this term elsewhere in connection with the relics of Celtic Saints, and I am quite unable to offer a suggestion as to its probable identity.

The Dewar-na-Mayne, whose croft was at Killin, had the keeping of the *Mayne*, which, according to the analogy of the word, ought to mean the hand, and was probably the enshrined hand of St Fillan—the miraculous left hand which he was wont to hold up when writing in the dark, as

the servant who looked through the chink in the door testified that "the left hand afforded a clear and steady light to the right hand." The hand or arm, generally the fore arm with the hand, is not an uncommon relic of a saint, and was usually enshrined in a silver case made in the form of an arm and hand, with provision for being opened when it was desired to expose the relic to view. Well-known Celtic reliquaries of this kind are the shrines of St Lachtan's Arm, and St Patrick's Hand in Ireland, and the Arm of St Ultan, which so late as about 1600 was kept in its silver shrine by a gentleman of the family of Macdonell in the island of Sanda, in Kintyre. In all probability the arm of St Fillan was enshrined long before the date of its miraculous appearance to encourage King Robert the Bruce on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn. It has been conjectured that it was the crosier that was taken to the field of Bannockburn, but the statement of Boece is explicit that it was "the arm of St Fillan, set in silver, and closit in ane case." The Mayne seems to have been kept at Killin, and from its nature would probably fall into disrepute and be destroyed after the Reformation.

There was still another Dewar in Glendochart of whom we have an incidental notice in 1468, when Margaret Striveling, lady of Glenurchy, demanded from John M'Molcalum M'Gregor the rent of the lands of Coreheynan, to which demand the said John answered in open court that he did not hold the tack of these lands from the Lady of Glenurchy, but that he held it from the *Deore de Meser*, and that he was not liable for any by-gone rents because he had paid them to the said *Deore* from whom he held the said lands. The *Meser* is not known except from this single notice of its Dewar, but the presumption is that it was also a relic of St Fillan. I have not met with the precise term in connection with the relics of Celtic saints, but there may be some analogy between it and the *Misach* of Columcille, a famous relic of the Saint which had its hereditary keepers and its four gortes of land for the keepership in the parish of Clonmany, Inishowen. It still

exists, and is the *cumdach*, or shrine, or ornamental case of a manuscript psalter ascribed to St Columba. The Miosach of Cairnech is also mentioned as one of the three principal *vexilla* or battle-reliquaries of ancient Erin. There was also the *Mias Tighearnain*, which was in the hereditary keepership of a family of O'Flynnns, and was used for swearing oaths upon.

We meet with a Dewar and Dewar's land at Kilmahug, in Menteith, but not till the Reformation had intervened, and the charter which gives the notice is remarkable when taken in connection with the charter of Queen Mary before quoted, as showing how the tenure of the lands on a religious foundation was altered to holding of the Crown. In 1572 King James VI. set in feu to Donald Dewar the forty-penny lands of the lands of Garrindewar in the lordship of Strogartney in the seneschalship of Menteith, "which formerly for the ringing of a Bell before the dead persons in the parish of Kilmahug in the time of Papistry were founded, and fell to the King by reason of the alteration of the state of religion and the abolition of the foresaid service."

There was a Dewar in the parish of Muckairn, where there was a croft called Ballindeor extending to 7 penny lands. In 1518 Sir John Campbell of Calder took a bond of manrent from the Clan Doulane, which bears to have been subscribed "with our hands, togidder with our bodily aithis upone the mess-buik and the relic callit the Arwachyll, at the iil of Kilmolrue." Kilmolrue, or the church of St Maelrubha, is probably now represented by Kilvarie near the western boundary of the parish where there was once a church, of which no trace now remains. Close to Kilvarie is Ballindeor or the Dewar's town. The Arwachyll must have been a *bacul* or crosier, probably that of St Maelrubha. It is not now known to exist, and but for this obscure reference in the Clan Doulane's bond of manrent we should not have known of its existence. In the *Statistical Account* of Muckairn the family of the Mac

an Deoras is noticed as still remaining in the district a hundred and fifty years ago.

The Dewars of the *bacul more* or great staff or crosier of St Moluag, held the lands of Peynbachalla and Peynchallen, extending to half a merkland, in the island of Lismore, with the hereditary keepership of the crosier. In 1544 the Earl of Argyle, in honour of the blessed Virgi and his patron Saint Moluag, confirmed to John M'Molmore Vic Keuir and his heir male the lands above mentioned, with the keeping of the *bacul more* of St Moluag as freely as his father, grandfather, and other predecessors held the same. At a later period the hereditary Dewars, popularly known as the Barons of Bachuil, gave up to the Duke of Argyll the *bacul more*, which is now preserved at Inverary Castle.

There was a Dewar and Dewar's land at Strowan in Strathearn. In the rental of the Abbey of Inchaffray, in 1563, are entered the Kirklands of Strowane, with gleib, manse, &c., togiddir with the lands callit Dewaris lands, with yairdis, houssis, biggings, and of the croft callit Ballindewar, paying for Strowane xld, and for Dewar's lands xxd, set in feu to Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir. In a confirmation by King James of a tack by the commendator of the monastery to the same Patrick Murray, the lands are described as the Kirklands of the Parish Church of Strowane, with the glebe, manse, garden, orchard, &c., of the same occupied by Mr Patrick Rodgye, curate of the said church, with the lands called *the Dewaris-land*, with their gardens, houses, &c., occupied by Tho. Dewar, the croft called Ballindewar, lying on the north side of Ballochday, adjoining the lands of John Drummond of Leenoch, on the eastern side of the same. In an account of the parishes of Monivaird and Strowan, written by Rev. Mr Porteous, minister of Monivaird from 1730 to 1776, it is stated that the Dewars' land extended to three acres of good ground, and that the service required of the Dewars, by the charter on which they held their lands, was the ringing of the Bell of St Rowan, which was not the church

bell, but a fine hand bell. It is added, "this land pays nothing to the public, to the minister, or schoolmaster"—a singular instance of the late survival of a Celtic Church tenure, free of all exactions. It is also stated that about fifty years before the date of the notice, the rights of Andrew Dewar to the lands having been questioned, he produced in the Court of Session old records establishing his claims to the succession, by which he carried his plea.

There was a Dewar's land in the parish of Kilfinan in Cowal, Argyleshire. On December 3rd, 1599, Archibald Campbell is returned heir to his father, Duncan Campbell of Ennathane, in a piece of land called Aiker-in-Deoir, extending to half a merkland, lying in the lands of Balle-moir, in the lordship of Otter and bailliary of Cowal. The only indication I have been able to find of the presence of a family of Dewars in this parish is in 1452, when a charter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe is witnessed by Sir Robert Dewar, vicar of Saint Servan of Kilfynnan. Sir Robert, of course, was only a Pope's knight.

We have also Sir Alexander Dewar, a chaplain of the College of Kilmun in 1452, and Sir John Dewar, Provost of the Collegiate Church of Kilmun in 1497, in which year we learn from the Register of the Great Seal that John Colquhoun of Luss sold to the Earl of Argyle with the lands of Inverquhapill, "a half markland in the territory of Inverquhapill, occupied by a certain procurator with the staff of St Mund called in Scotch 'Deowray,' and one markland which Ivar Makanry held of the said John." In the retour of Archibald, Earl of Argyll, as heir of his father Archibald, in 1695 the same lands are still specified as "a half merkland within the territory of Inverquhappill in Glenfinfoord, and a mark of land possessed of old by Iver M'Canrie," but the reference to the tenure by the keepership of the *bacul* of St Mund has disappeared. In all probability the identity of the Dewar's Croft in Glenfinart might be established by a search among the estate papers.

ORAN DO THEARLACH NAN CLUAN.

LE FEAR DAIL-AN-EAS.

(From the Maclagan MSS.)

THA mulad orm fein,
 Tha m' inntinn gu leir fùì sprec,
 Mu'n nuadhachd so chual
 O Chaile-bhinne dhubh, chruaidh, nan cnoc—
 Thus a Thearlaich ghlain uir
 Bhi na d' luidhe 's an uir a nochd,
 Fhir a chridhe gun fheall,
 Dheanadh furan 'nuair tharlann ort.

Seal mu'n eireadh a ghrian
 B' e do roghainn bhi triall roimh lo,
 Le d' loghainn chuilein air eill,
 Agus mac I'n Duibh Cheir ad lorg,
 Gunna glaic ort nach duilt
 Air damh cabrach nan stuc 's nan sron :—
 Tha do chinne mor fein
 Lan trom' air do dheigh is broin.

Air Druim-uachdair nam beann
 'S tric a thachair thu ann da d' dheoin,
 'N aile b' iomhuinn leam fein,
 'Nuair a chifinn do cheum gu foil,
 Thu bhi teirneadh o'n ard,
 O aonach nan carn 's nan sron ;—
 Bu tu namhaid an fheidh,
 Ceanna-feadhna bu treun 's an toir.

Sgeul is ait leis na feidh
 Nach maireann thu, Thearlaich oig,
 'S trom 's is duilich leam fein
 Thu bhi d' luidhe fo dheilibh bord ;
 Thu gun astar gun luth,
 'S nach leig thu do chu air seol,
 An Gadhaig riabhach nan damh seang,
 'S tric a leag thu fear eang fùì leon.

Fhir a thain' as an Fhraing,
 Cha d' fhuair thu dheth sin ach cainnt ro og,
 Am dhuit tighinn d' an tir,
 Bu leir leat thuga¹ dhith gu mor ;
 'Nuair thig feum air an Diuc,
 Am togail a dhuthcha mor,
 Bearn a toiseach an t-sluaigh
 'Nuair nach seasadh tu shuas mu'n t-srol.

Tha fir Atholl nan ruag
 Ga d' ionndrainn-sa uath' gu mor,
 Thusa, Thearlaich nan Cluan,
 A bha furanach, suairc, am poit ;
 Cha mhaitheadh tu tair,
 O aon duine chuir sail am broig
 Ann ad choimbreaicibh fein,
 'S ge do bhitheadh iad ceum ni 's mo.

Tha mulad orm fhein
 Tha m' inntinn gu leir fui leon,
 Mu'n fhiuran ghlan ur,
 Bha d' an chinne nach cuinn an t-or.
 'Tha sar chinnt agam fein,
 Nach bheil sta dhuinn no feum bhi bron,
 Mu nith dh' orduicheas Dia,
 Ge d' tha taileachd bhochd riamh 's an fheoil.

Am Braugh Ghairidh so shios,
 'S beag mo sholas ri innse 'n sgeoil,
 An sgeul so dh' aithriseadh cach,
 Fhuair mise dheth barr 's ni 's leor.
 Ach, mo thruaighe ! do chlann,
 'S do bhean 's i na banntaich oig !
 'S ann aig tigh Dail-an-fhraoich,
 Ghabh mi cead do m' fhear gaoil 's e beo.

¹ Sic.

A SCOTCHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

II.—THE HOLY CITY.

IT is very difficult to give a graphic description of Kieff. I have heard strangers speak of its beauty and its picturesqueness with enthusiasm, and I have heard others depreciate it below its probable attractiveness. On approaching it from the railway station, one is conscious only of its yellow brick houses, its dusty ill-paved streets, its general aspect of untidiness and sorrowfulness. On looking at it from a large plain lying on the north-west of the city, it bears a striking resemblance to Twer, Orel, or any of the ordinary capital towns of the different Russian governments. There is a mass of yellow or gray houses, with green-painted roofs, and an immense number of whitewashed churches and monasteries, with gilded cupolas, or painted blue, green, or dark red, and besprinkled with gold or silver stars, which are, of course, invisible at so great a distance. In spring, all the buildings seem to be embedded in verdure, for there are a great number of gardens, squares, and open spaces in and round about the town. If, however, you would wish to call Kieff a thing of beauty, you must stand on the high ground overlooking the Dnieper, either near the striking monument of St Vladimir, which towers above the Jewish quarter of Podol, or at the celebrated monastery of Lawra, lying at some distance from the town, and commanding a view of both sides of the river.

But to see Kieff at its very best, you must take a passage on board one of the Dnieper steamboats, and steam slowly down the river, as it was my lot to do one May day, about four years ago. The towers and cupolas of the monasteries stand out in bold relief from a bower of

greenery on its high mud banks; the squalid houses and cottages look pretty in the bright sunshine, and the red shirts of the men, or the embroidered chemises of the women, give the necessary colouring to the picture.

The river itself presents a curious spectacle, with its numerous rafts of timber floating down stream, and bearing a living freight of men, women, children, and dogs, who lie placidly in the sunshine as the raft glides onward, or sit neck and knees together, at the doors of the funny little huts which are erected on the rafts to protect them from the weather. The course of the river is not according to our ideas of right. Instead of flowing majestically onward, it turns here and there, and round about, so that near the town there are several distinct streams, intersected by stretches of sand, which are covered in summer with rank grass, and are grazed by herds of cattle, that roam or swim at their own sweet will among the peninsulas or islands which abound on all sides. This division of the stream may add to the picturesqueness of the scene, but it detracts from its majesty and utility, for the city of Kieff, instead of reigning the river queen of one of the great water-sheds of Southern Russia, sits sad and melancholy amid the monasteries, that are a source of weakness, and will one day be her ruin.

As everybody knows, Kieff is supposed to have been Christianised about a thousand years ago by some disciples of the Greek monks, Cyril and Methodius, commonly called the Apostles of the Slaves, from their hearty labours in Bulgaria about A.D. 865.

According to the chronicler, Nestor, there were some Christians in Kieff even as early as the reign of Igor, the second king of the family of Rurik. This Igor married a young woman of low birth, but celebrated for her beauty and her virtues. She is said to have received her name, Olga, in honour of Oleg, her husband's uncle, and brother of the famous Rurik. Olga, however, was not a Christian at this period of her life, and when her husband Igor was assassinated in A.D. 945, she avenged his death in anything

but a Christian-like manner. Ten years later, in A.D. 955, when she had firmly established the authority of her son Sviatoslaf, she determined to become a Christian, and she took a journey to Constantinople for the purpose of being formally received into the Greek Church. This was done with great pomp, the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenite standing godfather for the illustrious stranger. Saint Olga, however, was unable to effect the conversion of her son, who continued to worship his idols with undiminished ardour, and when his mother expostulated with him, he replied, "Must I, alone, adopt a new religion, so that all my companions-in-arms may laugh at me?"

His illegitimate son, Vladimir, surnamed the Great, was, at first, a still greater idolator than his father. His favourite divinity was Perun, the god of thunder, who was adored under the title of "The Sovereign Master of the Universe," and to whom he erected a new statue with a silver head, on the sacred hill near his palace.

He was like Solomon, in his love for the fair sex. He had four legitimate wives, besides three hundred *others* at Vouichegorod, three hundred at Biel-Gorodok, and two hundred in the town of Bérestof. If we add to this that he caused one of his brothers, Yarapolk, to be assassinated; that he married the lady to whom that brother had been betrothed, after having killed her father and brothers; that he celebrated one of his victories by a human sacrifice, you will probably agree with me that his title of *Saint* is somewhat displaced.

Whether this good man got tired of his wives, or whether he had really strivings after a better life, it is difficult to say. One thing is certain, he determined to make himself a Christian, and for this purpose he set out to invade the Grecian territory, intending to make his conquests the price for being duly received into the bosom of the Greek Church. He took the town of Cherson (then belonging to the Greeks), and from thence sent an Embassy to the joint-Emperors—Basil and Constantine—intimating that he wished to marry their sister, the young Princess

Anne ; and that, in the event of their refusal, he would take Constantinople. This mode of wooing was unanswerable. The Emperors consented, on condition that Vladimir became a Christian. Thus began the early history of the Eastern Question, the Muscovite pretensions to Constantinople, and the adoption, at a later period, of the double-headed eagle, the standard of the Greek Emperors, as the national ensign of Russia.

As I said before, the statue of Vladimir stands, cross in hand, on the sacred hill overlooking the expanse of water, sand, and distant forest that stretches flatly and sadly away, on the opposite side of the river. On looking at the monument, which is remarkable, not so much for the beauty or grandeur of its execution, as from its isolated position, the spectator feels a sort of awe, mingled with pity for what might have been. Whatever was the motive that led to the conversion to Christianity of the great grandson of the Scandinavian Rurik, one thing is certain, he must have possessed some of the characteristics of a leader of men, to have induced the people of Kieff to abandon their idols, which were thrown headlong from the sacred hill, and to present themselves by thousands as candidates for baptism at the hands of the Christian priests. After the ceremony, it is related that Vladimir, raising his eyes to heaven, said—“Creator of heaven and earth, shed Thy blessing upon Thy new-born children ; may they acknowledge Thee as the true God, and be confirmed by Thee in the true religion. Come to my aid against the temptations of the evil spirit, and I will celebrate Thy holy name.” And the old chronicler, Nestor, adds, “that on this great day the heaven and the earth trembled with joy.” Such, in a few words, is the story of the introduction of Christianity into Russia. There had been solitary examples of conversion before that period, but as the reigning sovereign had always been an idolator, the great mass of the people continued to follow the religion of their forefathers.

One of the most notable features of the religious sentiment in Russia is the fondness of the common people for

going on pilgrimage to the shrines of the different saints, and as Kieff is pre-eminently the holy city of the Empire, this custom may particularly be observed and studied there from a psychological point of view. Every morning, from about the middle of April till the middle of June, new troops of pilgrims arrive, and hundreds of men, women, and children crowd the streets and the courtyards of the different monasteries. Some are on their faces before the images, some asking alms, some performing their ablutions at a well, and others munching their crust, or joking with the Monks, who drive a fine trade in tapers and little images, which are paid for with coppers green with age, that have been hoarded up for this long-thought-of journey. The dress of the pilgrims, both male and female, is of the scantiest description. Some of them are barefoot, but the majority have coarse linen bands crossed over their feet, and twined round their legs to the knees, and slippers called *lapti* made of the plaited bark of the birch or lime tree, which are tied on with strings, and are light and convenient to walk in. Their under garment is a long shirt or chemise of coarse linen, and their outer one a coat (?) of coarse whitey-brown linen or brown wool. Many of the men are bare-headed, the rest wear coarse felt hats. The women have a gaily coloured cotton handkerchief knotted under the chin, and the children and young girls a ribbon or garland rolled round the head. They have a long stout staff in one hand, and a wallet at their back containing a change of linen, &c., and a tin teapot, which is their most treasured possession. These people come from a long distance, some from Bulgaria or Serbia, some from the extreme confines of Siberia, thousands of versts away. Their ignorance is extreme, and their idea of the Divinity of the most elementary description, and one is often tempted to ask whether they are impelled to go on pilgrimage from some glimmering notions of religion, or whether it proceeds from an hereditary liking for a nomadic state of existence.

M. O. W.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE MSS. OF THE
LATE CAPTAIN MACPHERSON,
BIALLID.

[BY A. MACPHERSON.]

THE following paper has been selected from Manuscripts of the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson, of the 52nd Regiment, long so popularly known in Badenoch as "Old Biallid," who died at Biallid, in the parish of Kingussie, on 20th May, 1858, at the ripe old age of 89, and whose memory is still cherished with pride by every native of the district.

Of superior mental capacity and force of character, and as upright and true-hearted a Highlander as ever trod the heather, Captain Macpherson was widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch as one of the ablest and most patriotic men of his time in the north. No less distinguished—as he was—for his intimate and accurate knowledge of the history, traditions, and folk-lore of the central Highlands, the manuscripts left by him possess considerable historical interest, and have been kindly given to me by his grandson, Mr Macpherson of Corriemony, with permission to have such portions thereof as might be deemed suitable printed.

To the account of the Badenoch Deer Forests there is appended a jotting in pencil to the effect that it was written in 1838 "at Cluny's request, for a gentleman who intended to write a history of the Scottish Forests," but so far as I have been able to trace, the account has never been published.

THE OLD DEER FORESTS OF BADENOCH.

THE Earls of Huntly possessed by far the most extensive range of hills as deer forests in Britain. They commenced at Ben-Avon, in Banffshire, and terminated at

Ben-Nevis, near Fort-William—a distance of about seventy miles—without a break, except the small estate of Rothiemurchus, which is scarcely two miles in breadth where it intersects the forest. This immense tract of land was divided into seven distinct divisions, each of which was given in charge to the most influential gentleman in its neighbourhood. The names of these divisions or forests are—1st, Ben-Avon; 2nd, Glenmore, including Cairngorm; 3rd, Brae-Feshie; 4th, Gaick; 5th, Drumuachdar; 6th, Ben-Alder, including Farron; and 7th, Lochtreig, which extended from the Badenoch March to Ben-Nevis. The extent of these divisions was nearly as follows—Ben-Avon, about 20 square miles; Glenmore, 20; Brae-Feshie, 15; Gaick, 30; Drumuachdar, 25; Ben-Alder, 50; and Lochtreig, 60 square miles—in all, 220 square miles. The whole, however, were not solely appropriated for the rearing of deer, for tenants were allowed to erect shealings on the confines of the forest, and their cattle were permitted to pasture as far as they chose throughout the day, but they must be brought back to the shealing in the evening, and such as were left in the forest over-night were liable to be pointed. These regulations did very well between Huntly and his tenants, but they opened a door for small proprietors who held in feu from the Gordon family to make encroachments, and in the course of time to acquire a property to which they had not the smallest title. The old forest laws in Scotland were exceedingly severe, if not barbarous. Mutilation and even death was sometimes inflicted. It is related that Macdonald of Keppoch hanged one of his own clan to appease Cluny Macpherson of the time for depredations committed in the forest of Ben-Alder, and it is a well-known fact that another hunter (called *John Our*) had an eye put out, and his right arm amputated for a similar offence. It is also said that he killed deer even in that mutilated state. No alteration took place until after the Rising of 1745, when the whole were let as grazings except Gaick, which the Duke of Gordon con-

tinued as a deer forest until about the year 1788, when it was let as a sheep walk, and continued so until 1826, when the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) re-established it. It is now rented by Sir Joseph Radcliff, but, as he takes in black cattle to graze in summer, the number of deer is not great, perhaps not more than two or three hundred. The deer of this forest are small, and are principally hinds, but in all the other named forests it was not uncommon to kill harts that weighed twenty-four and even twenty-seven imperial stones.

The Forest of Ben-Alder is now rented by the Marquis of Abercorn, but as the sheep were only turned off in 1836, there are not many deer as yet; however, as the Marquis of Breadalbane's forest is not far distant, they will no doubt accumulate rapidly. This forest lies on the north-west side of Locherrichd, and contains an area of from 30 to 35 square miles. Its lie is in a south-west direction. The boundary on the south-west is the small river Alder; on the north-west Beallachnadui (the dark vale) and the river Caalrath, and on the north-east it is bounded by Lochpattag and Farron. The mountains are high, probably near 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and there is a lake about two miles in circumference, at an elevation of at least 2500 feet, abounding with trout of excellent quality. It is called *Loch Beallach-a-Bhea*. The legends connected with this forest are many, and some of them are interesting, for in Ben-Alder is the cave that sheltered Prince Charlie for about three months after he made his escape from the islands, where he very imprudently entangled himself. When he came to Ben-Alder he was in a most deplorable state, full of rags, vermin, &c., but there everything was put to rights, and during that period he made considerable progress in the Gaelic language. It is unnecessary to add that Cluny Macpherson and Lochiel were his companions, attended by three or four trusty Highlanders, who brought them every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life.

Cluny Macpherson had generally the charge of this forest in olden times, and upon one occasion a nephew of

his (a young man) met a party of the Macgregors of Rannoch on a hunting excursion. There were six of them, but Macpherson having a stronger party demanded their arms. To this the Macgregor leader consented, except his own arms, which he declared should not be given to any man except Cluny personally. Macpherson, however, persisted in disarming the whole, and in the attempt to seize Macgregor was shot dead upon the spot. The Macgregors of course fled, and effected their escape, except one that was wounded in the leg, and who died through loss of blood. This unlucky circumstance, however, was not attended with any farther bad consequences. On the contrary, it had the effect of renewing an ancient treaty between the two clans for mutual protection and support. When Cluny Macpherson resolved on going to France on account of the share he had in the rising of 1745, he called upon a gentleman with whom he was intimate, and who was a noted deer-stalker (Mr Macdonald of Tulloch), and said that he wished to kill one deer before quitting his native country for ever. The proposal was quite agreeable to Macdonald, and they accordingly proceeded to Ben-Alder. They soon discovered a solitary hart on the top of a mountain, but just as they got within shot of him, he started off at full gallop for about two miles. He then stood for a few minutes as if considering whether he had had any real cause of alarm, and then deliberately walked back to the very spot from where he first started, and was shot dead by Cluny, a circumstance that was considered a good omen, and which was certainly not falsified by future events. Mr Macpherson of Breakachy had the charge of this forest at one period. He went upon one occasion accompanied by a servant in quest of venison, and in the course of their travel they found a wolf-den (an animal very common in the Highlands at that time). Macpherson asked his servant whether he preferred going into the den and destroying the cubs, or to remain outside and guard against an attack from the old ones.

The servant said he would remain without, but no sooner did he see the dam approaching than he took to his heels, without even advising his master of the danger. Macpherson, however, being an active man and expert at his weapons, killed the old wolf also, and on coming out of the den he saw the servant about a mile off, when he beckoned to him, and without hardly making any remark upon his cowardly conduct, said that, as it was now late, he intended to remain that night in a bothy (*Dalinlineart*) at a little distance from them. They accordingly proceeded to that bothy, and it was quite dark when they reached it. Macpherson, on putting his hand on the bed to procure heather for lighting a fire, discovered a dead body, and, without taking any notice of the circumstance, he said, I don't like this bothy; we shall proceed to such a one, about a mile off (*Callag*), where we shall be better accommodated. They accordingly proceeded to the other bothy, and on arriving there, Macpherson, pretending that he left his powder-horn in the first-mentioned bothy, desired the servant to go and fetch it, and said that he would find it in the bed. The servant did as he was desired, but instead of the powder-horn, he found a dead man in the bed, which, to one of his poor nerves, was a terrible shock. He therefore hurried back in great agitation, and, on reaching the second bothy, to his dismay, found it dark and empty, his master having set off home as soon as the servant set out for the powder-horn. Terrified beyond measure at this second disappointment, he proceeded home, a distance of twelve miles of a dreary hill, which he reached early in the morning; but the fright had nearly cost him his life, for he fevered and was many weeks before he recovered. This Macpherson of Breakachy was commonly called *Callum-beg* (little Malcolm), and there is reason to believe that he was one of those who fought the famous battle of Perth in the reign of King Robert the Third.

Two children of tender age strayed from a neighbouring sheiling, and were found after a lapse of many days in

Ben-Alder, locked in each others' arms. They were dead of course, and the place is still called the Affectionate Children's Hollow. It is confidently asserted that a white hind continued to be seen in Ben-Alder for two hundred years.

Gaick.—There are many circumstances connected with this forest that give it an interest. Its lie is in a south-west direction—bounded on the south by the Braes of Athole, on the north by Glentromie, on the east by Corry Bran, and on the west by the Glentruim Hills. In the centre of Gaick there is a plain of about eight miles long, and in this plain there are three lakes—Lochintillich, Loch Bhroddin, and Lochindoune, all abounding with excellent trout and char, and another species of fish called dorman by the country people. This fish called dorman is large, with a very big head, and is believed to prevent the salmon from ascending into the lakes. Some of them weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The hills on each side of this flat are remarkably steep, with very little rock, and of considerable height, and in the south end there is a hill of a very striking appearance. Its length is about a mile. Its height is at least 1000 feet above the plain, and its shape is that of a house. This hill is called the Doune, and is the southern boundary of the forest. It was in Gaick that Walter Comyn was killed by a fall from his horse. He was probably a son of one of the Comyns of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined on causing a number of young women to shear stark naked on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Comyns in Badenoch. He was, however, called on business to Athole, and the day of his return was fixed for the infamous exhibition. The day at last arrived, but instead of Walter, his horse made his appearance, with one of his master's legs in the stirrup. Search was, of course, made instantly, and the mangled body was found with two eagles feeding upon it, and although nothing could be more natural than that birds of

prey should feed upon any dead carcass, yet the whole was ascribed to witchcraft, and the two eagles were firmly believed to be the mothers of two of the girls intended for the shearing exhibition. The place where Walter was killed is called *Leum-nam-fian*, or the Fingalian's Leap, and a terrible break-neck path it is. The fate of Walter is still proverbial in the Highlands, and when any of the lower orders are very much excited without the power of revenge—"May the fate of Walter in Gaick overtake you" is not an uncommon expression. Stories of witches and fairies connected with Gaick are numberless, but the following two may serve as specimens:—A noted stalker was one morning early in the forest, and observing some deer at a distance, he stalked till he came pretty near them, but not altogether within shot, and on looking over a knoll he was astonished to see a number of little neat women, dressed in green, milking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies, and one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and, when in the act of milking the deer, the animal made a grab at the yarn with its mouth and swallowed it. The fairy, in apparent rage, struck the hind with the band with which she had its hind legs tied, saying at the same time, "May a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night." Murdoch was the person listening, from which it may be inferred that the fairies were well acquainted with his dexterity at deer killing. In the course of that same day Murdoch killed a hind, and on taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. It is said that it was preserved for a long period as a very great curiosity, and no wonder, for it would make a most valuable acquisition to one of our museums had it been preserved till now. Upon another occasion the same person was in the forest, and having got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, he took aim, but when ready to fire he observed that it was a young woman that was before him. He immediately took down his gun, and

then it was a deer. He took aim again, and then it was a woman, but when the gun was lowered it became a deer. At last he fired, and the deer fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he slain the hind than he was overpowered with sleep, and having rolled himself in his plaid, he laid himself down in the heather. His repose, however, was not of long duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear, saying—"Murdoch! Murdoch! you have this day slain the only maid of the Doune," upon which Murdoch started up and replied—"If I have killed her, you may eat her," and immediately quitted the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. It may be remarked that this man was commonly called Murrach Machran, or Murdoch the Son of John. His real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son that took holy orders, got a living in Ireland, and it is said that the late celebrated Mr Sheridan descended from a daughter of his. The most extraordinary superstition, however, was that of the belief in a *Leannan Shith*, or a fairy sweetheart, and all inveterate deer-stalkers that remained for nights and even weeks in the mountains were understood to have formed such a connection. In these cases the earthly wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress. The forest of Gaick had also acquired notoriety from a melancholy event that happened in the year 1800. A Captain John Macpherson, with four attendants and several fine greyhounds were killed by an avalanche. The house in which they slept (a strong one) was swept from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile. This catastrophe also was ascribed to supernatural agency, and a great deal of exaggeration and nonsense were circulated in consequence, to the annoyance of Captain Macpherson's family and friends.

The principal quality required in a deer-stalker is patience, and a capability of enduring fatigue as well as all kinds of privations. No animal is more wary than a deer,

particularly the hinds. It is not enough that the stalker is concealed from their sight, but he must also pay particular attention to the wind, for they scent at a very considerable distance. They will also discover their enemy by the notes of the lark and the singing of various other little birds, so that it requires great caution and experience to become an expert stalker. The old stag greyhound is now nearly extinct, if not wholly so. It was an animal of great size, strength, and symmetry, with long wiry hair, and exceedingly gentle until roused. Its speed was great, and far beyond that of the common greyhound, particularly at a long run, and in rough ground.

JOURNAL DE MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

BY PATRICK J. BLAIR.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF is the name of a very extraordinary girl of Russian birth who died in Paris in 1884, aged 23 years and some months. In the course of her short life she managed to write two volumes of memoirs, which form the subject of this essay. That a person of what would appear so little experience of life should have written anything worth reading is strange enough in itself, but that she should, besides, have to some extent become famous in the profession of art which she in her last years adopted—so famous indeed that her pictures are now national property—causes her name to be included among the most interesting, even the most talented, of individuals recorded in history. But it is not with her pictures that I propose to deal, for she was an artist. She took to painting with that zeal and earnestness that she took to anything, and she achieved success there, as she had achieved success before, by sheer devotion, hard work, undoubted talent, and insatiable ambition. I am not even sure that the story of her short life conveys any moral, it is full of varieties, conceits, and contradictions, but there is much in it that is instructive, and nearly all is interesting. It is her inmost self laid bare, every thought, nay, almost her every action is there mirrored with realistic, almost brutal truthfulness. She conceals nothing, she discusses her relatives with the same frankness that she criticises a costume, and there is no sensation, no remark that is thought too trivial to record. She was born in 1860. Her father and mother both belonged to the Russian nobility, and were possessed if not of enormous wealth, of more than sufficient for their somewhat expensive require-

ments. Apparently poverty had no meaning for her. She seems to have dandled in the lap of that coveted dame, luxury, from her earliest year, and to have regarded money merely as a necessary possession for the sake of paying cab fares, and such trifles. What she would have been, or done, had she been poor is difficult to say. She could not have made herself more famous, or achieved so thoroughly her heart's desire to be some one out of the common herd. Her diary begins in her 13th year, and judged by ordinary intelligence at that early period of one's life, is a very remarkable production. It is preceded by a preface written later, shortly before her death, and there she fully explains her object in keeping her extraordinary diary. "*A quoi bon mentir et poser*"?—she begins, "yes it is evident I have the wish if not the hope to remain in this world by whatever means I can. If I don't die young I hope to become a great artist; but if I die young I wish to leave my journal to the public, whom it cannot fail to interest. The very idea that I shall be read, you say, spoils the merit of the book! Not at all. First of all I wrote without dreaming of being read, and latterly it is just because I hope to be read that makes me absolutely sincere. If this book is not the exact, absolute, strict truth, it has no *raison d'être* whatever. You may be sure, dear readers, that I shall expose myself in these pages, *toute entière*. *C'est tres interessant comme document humain*. It is interesting at least as a human document; when I am dead people will read my life, the life I found so remarkable. If I were to die suddenly, struck down by disease, and I should never know of the malady, for my family would hide it from me, my journal would be found, and to think that if they were to destroy it when read, nothing would remain of me, nothing, nothing. The very thought terrifies me. Life, ambition, suffering, tears, and hard struggles, all for nothing, forgotten, as if I had never lived. If I don't live to become famous, this life will interest students of human nature. It is always curious a woman's life, written day by

day without concealment, as if she intended that it should be read by no one—I shall tell you everything, everything. And what use, pray, if I do not? Well, you shall see if I do not tell you all.”

This preface is written in 1884. In July, 1874, occurs this passage with reference to her journal :—“I am rather out of sorts to-day—everything goes wrong. I shall be punished for my pride and arrogance. Read this, my fine friends, and learn. My journal is the most useful and most instructive of all writings that have been, are, and shall be. It is a woman with all her thoughts and hopes, deceptions, tricks, beauties, joys, and sorrows. I am not a woman yet, but I shall be. You can follow me from infancy to death. For the life of a person—a whole life—without disguise or falsehood, is always a grand and interesting thing.” Again, in 1875, she says :—“If I die soon, I’ll burn the whole, but if I die old, everybody will read me. I believe there is not yet a photograph, if I may call it, of a woman’s whole life, whole thoughts, whole existence. It will be curious!” And further on—“Whatever I become, I leave my diary to the public. The books one reads are all inventions, the situations are forced, the characters false, while this is the photograph of a life. Ah! you say, this photograph is tiresome, while the inventions are amusing. Well, if that’s your opinion, I have a very poor estimate of your intelligence.” Again, on page 208—“*Ce n’est pas ce journal qui me donnera la gloire!* It will be published only after my death, for I have made myself too naked in it to show in my lifetime; and, besides, it will be shown only as the complement of an illustrious life.”

These extracts will give you some idea of the character of the subject of this sketch. It is not difficult to gauge three of her most striking qualities—egotism, vanity, and ambition. These run through all that follows, are present in every page, and regulate her actions in everything. You can never lose from your mind her intense egotism throughout, and “her self-appreciation. She applauds herself as

much, if not more, than she condemns. At times, however, just to illustrate the contrariety of her disposition, she indulges in the most bitter denunciation of her nature, and complains of the impossibility of understanding a creature of such feelings and instincts as she has been endowed with. After all, it is only a contrast, and it helps only the stronger to impress the image of her individuality which she, for the time at least, longs to shatter. I may, perhaps, describe her appearance. There is a photograph of her affixed to the first volume. She is only 13 there. Her face indicates a precocious character; it is pleasing, fascinating, without being positively beautiful; and she even at that early age is conscious of the beauty of her hands, for she has placed them to such advantage that their exquisite shape may be well observed. The portrait is pleasing, and, of course, being a likeness, gives one a much fairer idea of the authoress of these remarkable volumes than what one might gather from having read them. About her own appearance she has plenty to say herself—"We were at Walery's, the photographers, to-day, and I saw the photo of G—— (that, I think, was the mistress of the Duke of H——, of whom I shall have something to say later). She *is* pretty. But in ten years she'll be old, and in ten years I'll be grown up. I would be prettier if I was taller." And again, elsewhere—"I am not pretty when overheated, but in repose, yes, I am good-looking; for then the colour of my skin counts for something." Again, page 64—"I commence to live, and to realise my dreams of becoming great. I am already known by many people. I look in the glass, and I see that I am pretty. I *am* pretty, and what more do you want? Is that not everything? *Mon Dieu*, in giving me this little of beauty (I say *little* through modesty), was giving me too much. I feel beautiful, and it seems that everything will succeed with me. Everything smiles on me, and I am happy."

"I am made for triumphs and emotions," writes the poor girl near the beginning (page 17), just after singing with

great success at the house of a Madame Howard, an English lady, "and the best thing I can do is to become a singer." Remember she was then only a child of 13, but so much did she believe in herself, and so well did she on this occasion use the marvellous voice which she then undoubtedly possessed, that she writes—"They were all in ecstasies about me, and kissed me over and over again. If I could produce the same effect on the public, I would go on the stage to-morrow." It is little to be wondered at that her head was turned. She *did* have a most beautiful voice, and, for a child of 13, sang with a sweetness and feeling far beyond her years. Her friends spoilt her, the servants flattered her, and she rehearsed on all these occasions when she sang at home all the fluttering sensations of a prima donna. But her anticipated success was never to be in her grasp. An insidious malady had laid siege to the throat, and for a time, at least, she was in the deepest despair about the loss of her voice, which, for the meantime, only proved temporary. Her one aim in life was to achieve distinction, honour, glory, fame, and she saw one means of securing these by becoming a splendid public singer, for which she undoubtedly had the talent. On page 92 there is this entry—"Facciotti (her music master) made me sing all my scales. I have three octaves all but two notes. He was perfectly astonished. As for me, I felt no emotion. My voice is my treasure. My dream to gain glory on the stage. It would please me as much as to become a princess." A year or two later, when on her way to Russia alone to effect a reconciliation between her father and mother, she went with her aunt and another lady to Wartel, the famous teacher of singing; but in order to get from him a true estimate of her talent, she went disguised as the Italian protegee of these two ladies. She admits she was a little nervous, but she sang before him, and got from the old man a very frank admission that there was talent, and that her voice would be worth cultivating. With hard work, he said, she might achieve anything, and he fixed the

minimum of study at three years, which enraged Marie to think that the limit for an ordinary pupil was to be the limit for her. She wanted fame in three weeks. However, she was so pleased with the discovery that she had a voice, which was not the flattered creation of her friends, that she insisted upon her aunt explaining to the professor who they and their protege really were. The object of the disguise was explained to him, but he refused to withdraw anything he had said. Her vocal triumphs, alas! were few. The malady which had shewn signs of existence before in her throat was soon destined to complete its work of destruction, not, however, without warning; and piteous are the appeals throughout the diary to the Diety to preserve her voice, until at last cure is hopeless, and she becomes reconciled to her loss. But the hardness of her fate shakes her belief in religion, and she gives vent to passionate remonstrances about Divine justice. "Can you expect me to believe in God when my voice, which I loved so well, he has allowed to be taken away?" The affection of her throat was only the forerunner of that disease to which she fell a victim, for it appears that, from about this time till her death, she suffered intermittently from the peculiar characteristic cough which marks weakness of the lungs. She would probably have died before she did had she been exposed to the rigours and inclemencies of northern winters. The family were constantly moving from place to place, now at Nice, Paris, and Rome, but principally at Nice, the paradise of sunshine and flowers. Marie herself regards Nice her home, and longs to get back again when tired of the excitements of Paris. But she no sooner gets there than she wants once more to be back in the salons of that brilliant capital, and living a life of steam pressure. So also with Rome; at first it is unbearable, then nothing will induce her to leave. Her restless, ambitious spirit was more suited for the excitements of a Parisian city, into which she threw herself with delirious enthusiasm. The very wear and tear of society life seemed

to give her some presentiment of an approaching end, for we find during her first visit to Paris that she writes thus—“I like Paris; it makes my heart beat. I wish to live quicker, quicker, quicker.” “I never saw such a fever of a life (*fièvre de la vie*),” says her cousin. “Well, it is,” continues Marie, “but I fear that this desire to live by steam is only the presage of a short existence. Who knows? Here I am becoming sad—I hate melancholy.”

Her first love affair was a very curious one, if it can be called a love affair at all. She was only 13 at the time but when staying at Nice she took a fancy for an English Duke, attracted perhaps as much by his four-in-hand as by his appearance, and managed on the strength of this secret attachment to fill page after page of the journal with reflections thereon. She did not even know him, except by sight, and her very existence he ignored, as appears afterwards from a margin note by Marie herself, put some years later. She had just heard of his engagement, and she soliloquises thus—after an outburst of passion, jealousy, and wounded pride—“I shall forget it all, no doubt, in time. To say my grief will last for ever is ridiculous. Nothing is eternal. But the fact remains at present that I can think of nothing else. They are making him marry her. It is all the work of his mother,” and so on. But here comes in the interlineation of 1880—“All this for a gentleman whom I had seen a dozen times in the street, whom I didn’t know, and who hadn’t the least idea of my existence!” She pictures to herself in the first notices of his Grace, imaginary results of her happiness with him as her husband, how first of all she will become famous and compel him to woo and win her. She fancies herself a prima donna, renowned for her beauty as well as her talent, then she writes—“The Duke who has spurned her (and who didn’t know her) will come with the others and fall at my feet. What a different reception I will give him. Darling, you will be bewildered by my splendour, and will love me. You will see the triumphs by which I am

surrounded, and in truth it is you alone who are worthy of a woman such as I hope to be. I am not ugly, I am even pretty, yes, rather pretty. I am extremely well made, like a statue. I have beautiful golden hair, and a fine coquettish manner, and I know how to behave with gentlemen. *Je suis honnête et jamais je ne donnerai un baiser à un autre homme que mon mari*, and I can boast of what few young girls of 12 to 14 can, of never having kissed or been kissed by anyone. He will know all this, it will astonish him, he will have me at any price, and will marry me through pride"—and here that extract ends.

The Duke kept a mistress. Marie, where she speaks of her, speaks charitably, admitting that she is beautiful, elegant, and graceful, and says that if she had horses, carriages, and every luxury, she would be as charming too. Such a passion never, of course, was a serious one. Her real mind on the matter is perhaps explained by this quotation on page 57—"I really never could marry a man below me in position (and she was of noble birth herself; that meant she would look pretty high). Common people disgust and upset me. A poor man loses half himself—he looks small and miserable, while a rich man, independent, carries with him his pride (with a big P), and a certain comfortable air. His confident assurance has an air of victory, and what I love in H. (the Duke) is his sure, capricious, coarse, and cruel manner. He should have been Nero."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FORTUNES MADE IN AMERICA ONE
HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE following letters, written by Captain Charles Williamson (grandfather of Mr David Robertson Williamson, of Lawers, Crieff), are interesting, as showing how easily large sums of money could have been realised in America about a hundred years ago. The first letter has no address, but the draft is endorsed, "Copy letter to John Duncan Cameron—1792." It was probably written between April and June of that year, as the titles to the property were only taken out in April, and in June Captain Williamson began to open roads and locate townships. The second letter is addressed to his father, and is dated Bath, August 30, 1795. The property referred to was a large tract of land in the western part of the State of New York, and was purchased by a Company—known as the Scotch Company—of which Captain Williamson was the managing partner. Copies of his letters were kept in the office of the Company in Bath, Steuben County,¹ New York. Many of the copies, or "drafts," are now in the possession of a gentleman in that town, from whom I got transcripts of the two, now, I believe, for the first time printed.

JOHN MACKAY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

MY DEAR CAMERON,—We had a very long passage to this country, but got to it at last. In place of finding things worse, on a nearer view they appear to me much better. Had you thought proper to have come to this country, I am certain your

¹ Steuben County is thoroughly Scottish. Some of the most enthusiastic "Scotsmen" I have met are from that part of the United States; and they speak of themselves as Scottish, although several generations have passed since their ancestors left "the old country."

expectations would have been fully answered, both as to conveniency of living, and the profits to be drawn from the scheme. If you have any sort of inclination to try it, either as an amusement or business, I can put you on a plan that will not only put money in your pocket with little trouble, but also secure you a property not unworthy of a Highland chieftain. From several channels I expect, in the spring, a large colony of Highlanders. I am convinced they will find all the advantage a man can find who leaves bad oatmeal to feed on turkeys, and the person who leads them out will make a little fortune by the transaction at no risque or outlay. I will state to you exactly what your profits will be if you enter with spirit into the business. I will sell you a township of land having every advantage, from 4s 6d to 6s 6d per acre, according to the goodness of the land. Suppose your township of 23,000 acres, to purchase it as a freehold, will cost at an average.....£5750 0 0

You bring over 400 men, who buy from you 50 acres each at 6s per acre, being 1s more than you pay....£6000 0 0

You charter two ships of 300 tons each, for £300 each, and for water casks, £30 each £660 0 0

And allow each person to come on board at 2½ guineas, they finding themselves victuals and bedding..... 1000 0 0

Leaving on the voyage..... 340 0 0
£6340 0 0

Total saving in money by the transaction..... £590 0 0
 And 300 acres of land valued at..... 750 0 0

Total saving on the transaction..... £1340 0 0

To accommodate you so as not to have one shilling outlay, and to put it in the power of the Highlanders to make the price out of the land, I have no objection to say that I will take from you, as cash, their separate securities, making the purchase money payable at the expiration of 3 years, they paying interest yearly, according to the interest of the State of New York; and upon

receiving these securities, payable in three years, I shall give you your deeds conveying the township to you and your heirs, so that you can convey to your settlers their separate lots.

From what I see of this country, I do think, where a man gets properly connected, he may make money with more rapidity than even in the East Indies, and may do it as a *benefactor*, not as a *scourge to mankind*. If you find any difficulty in the business that you cannot so well solve, be so good, if this reaches you in London, as to go to Mr Patrick Colquhoun, No. 21 George Street, Adelphi, London, and he will, on shewing him this letter, satisfy you as to every particular, and perhaps give you a better bargain than I now offer. But if you can have this profit with no outlay, only using a little exertion and making a proper use of your being born a Highlander, what more can any man desire? But if you were to choose to employ in this business some of your useless money, I could be answerable for your doubling your outlay in a year or two, whatever it was. But whatever you do should be done immediately, for the communications to the lands are penetrating in every direction, both by roads and canals. The expectation of these has already raised the price of lands. But their being put in execution next summer will make a material difference—perhaps double the price.—Yours sincerely,

CHAS. WILLIAMSON.

BATH, August 30, 1795.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had the pleasure of your two letters, one of April, the other the 1st of May. Preparing by every exertion to make ready for my voyage, which nearly approaches, I can only snatch a moment to write. All people have less confidence in such voyages than I have, and all those who have deeds for their lands are crowding in to receive them. I am just now setting out for Canandagua, to settle some business there, and take my place at our Circuit Court. I have almost sold all the lands—a good deal now as high as five dollars per acre. The success I have met with exceeds all description. I shall have realised of clear profit since I left you, on the most secure grounds, not less than one million and a-half dollars (£300,000), besides a valuable property yet for sale, worth not much under a million more (that is an additional £200,000). . . . I thank you for your atten-

tion to my affairs with Mr Hope. Should he not engage, I have another scheme ready to put in execution immediately with some Dutch gentlemen, whose lands I am engaged to settle, should I have no other employment, which I will explain to you. I have an invitation to go to Holland, which I most likely will do. I have made the business so much of a system that it can be carried to any extent. . . . Silcoth's son has made a handsome fortune. He will not be worth less than £10,000 sterling. He comes home with me to bring out his father's family. Mackenzie and Cameron have also done well; but Johnstone is a superior character. James Tower, notwithstanding all I did for him and *his*, has turned out very indifferent. I was forced, for my own sake, to take him into custody, where he now lays. I shall lose nothing, but he has lost credit and character. . . .

CHAS. WILLIAMSON.

NEW BOOKS.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE.

Edited by WHITLEY STOKES, D.C.L. Published in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia," at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1890.

IN this work—a marvel of research, industry, and learning—Dr Whitley Stokes has once more laid the Celtic student under a deep debt of obligation to him. The chief contents of the volume are the text and translation of the nine lives of ancient Irish Saints contained in the *Book of Lismore*, as it is called, a manuscript of the 15th century, which, however, must not be confused with our own Edinburgh manuscript of the same age, known as the Dean of Lismore's Book. The Book of Lismore is a large MS. of 197 leaves of vellum, containing, besides the lives of the nine saints, which occupy a fifth of the work, mostly religious stories, especially about saints, poetry of a more or less religious character, bits of folklore, Ossianic tales, and a copy of the Book of Rights. Dr Stokes has made an elaborate and useful analysis of the book in his preface, extending to over forty pages, where extracts are freely interspersed and translations given of the same.

The saints whose lives are here recorded are Patrick, Columbcille, Brigit, Senan, Finden, Finnchua, Brendan, Ciaran, and Mochua. The style of these lives is the usual mediæval miracle-mongering; there is generally little about the saint's real life, but there are plenty miracles recorded, some of them racy of the soil. Dr Stokes has done his translation of the Gaelic text admirably. Where, however, Dr Stokes always excels is in his prefaces, notes, and philological work. Here we have a grammar of middle Gaelic, and a list of words borrowed from the Latin, under the heading of "Language of the Lives" (preface, pp. 44-90). Thereafter come some thirty pages of excellent work dealing with the civilization and learning of the time, where, in a condensed form, we have a picture of mediæval Irish life in all its aspects—its religion, superstition, literature, medicine, food, clothing, &c. The notes are elaborate; stories are compared from all parts of the world, and customs find equally wide explanation and comparison. The whole book ends with full indexes. Especially

valuable is the index of Irish words, which is intended to add to and supplement Professor Windisch's *Wörterbuch*. Interspersed through the book are valuable philological observations and etymologies. Of the latter we may notice his connecting of *gearan* (complaint) with the old High German *quëran* (to sigh), Skr. *jarate* (roaring), from the root *ger*, which is allied to the root *gar* of Eng. *care*. The Gaelic *nighean* or *inghean*, which has been found in the Ogmic form of *inigina*, he correlates with the Gaulish personal name *Enigenus* and the Latin adjective *ingenuus*, from which we borrow *ingenuous*.

FLOWERS FROM A PERSIAN GARDEN, AND OTHER PAPERS.

By W. A. CLOUSTON, Author of "Popular Tales and Fictions," &c.
David Nutt, London. 1890.

THIS is a most enjoyable book and equally profitable as it is enjoyable. It is a collection of essays, all bearing more or less on Eastern literature and stories. The first essay, which is the longest and which very properly gives its name to the work, gives an interesting account of the Persian poet Saádi and his Garden of Flowers. From this essay, which quotes largely from Eastern poetry, we see how the love of outward nature, the springtide and the flowers for instance, was strong in the East in mediæval times, while in the West we have little or nothing of such poetry. Chaucer's May or April morning "with its schowres swoote" is but a "stock" scene, a dim background to the characters that are to play in front of it. However, we must except the Celts of Ireland and Scotland, among whom we find traces of this nature poetry at the very earliest period, and rampantly profuse last century before it was popular in the rest of Europe. Mr Clouston has got a racy chapter on Oriental Humour, with numberless examples, which make excellent reading. The "Parrot" tale is an excursion into Mr Clouston's favourite field of comparison and tracing of stories. Rabbinical tales, legends, fables, and aphorisms form another chapter of no less interest, and the book concludes with papers on clerical ignorance in the middle ages, and on the beards of our fathers—a racy paper, full of funny information. Altogether, Mr Clouston has put together a book of much interest to either the grave or the gay.

VARIA.

CLAN MACKAY.

THE Gaelic form is Mac Aoidh, son of Aodh. The name Aodh is common in the ancient history of the Gael, both in Scotland and Ireland. The diphthong *ao* of modern Gaelic appears in ancient Gaelic always as either *ae* or *ai*; thus, *craobh* (tree) appears as *cræb*. So for Aodh, we meet with Aed. In the 'Book of Deir' we have Aed, and the genitive Eda, with *e* long; in Irish it is Aed, genitive Aeda, pointing to a stem in *u*, that is, to Aedu- as the full stem form. Now, the great Gaulish people called the Aedui, who before Cæsar's advent held the hegemony of Gaul against the Arverni, have exactly the same stem (Aedu-) in their name. Aeduos, or Aeduus, is an adjective from the stem Aedu-, and therefore Aeduus, or Aeduan, means quite the same as Mackay, the former meaning 'belonging to Aedu-,' the latter 'son of Aedu-.' The further meaning of *aedu-s* is also known; the word means 'fire,' 'hearth.' It appears as such in Irish and Welsh, and is allied to the Latin *aedes* (house), *Aedilis*, the Roman Dean of Guild, and the Greek *aitho* (I kindle). See further Gluck's 'Die bei Cæsar vorkommenden Keltischen Namen,' pp. 9-15. The proper Irish form of the name Mackay is Magee, but, as the name Aodh has been confused with the Teutonic Hugh, the Continental Hugo, we find the name also appear as Mac Hugh. Hugh, in Gaelic, is represented by Uisdean, or Huis-tean, which is, possibly, a compromise between Aodh and the Norse name Eystein. Anyway, the name Uisdean is of Norse origin, the latter part being *stein*, or *stane*, or *stone*, in all of which forms the word for *stone* appears.

DR ALEXANDER CAMERON'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

It will be seen from the advertisement portion of the present *Monthly* that the long-expected literary remains of the Rev. A. Cameron, LL.D., of Brodick, are in the course of publication. Dr Cameron was at his death the greatest of our Scottish Celtic scholars, and it was expected that he had left a great deal of

materials in the ancient literature and philology of Gaelic. He had promised a Dictionary of Gaelic Etymology, and, as we see from the announcement now made, he had made considerable progress with that work before he died. Unfortunately, only something considerably less than half of the real work was accomplished, and the dictionary is but a great fragment. The other literary expectations held of him are only partially fulfilled also; but yet a good quantity of excellent Gaelic material is promised. The editors are Mr Alex. Macbain and the Rev. J. Kennedy. The latter gentleman was entrusted with the full charge of this duty by Dr Cameron on his death-bed, and the hope was expressed that Mr Macbain would help him—a call which the latter has not refused. In fact, we observe that he offers to give a complete Philological Dictionary of Gaelic, to be published in connection with Dr Cameron's literary remains, and embodying his work. This is all the more generous in that Mr Macbain was prepared to publish a dictionary of his own, and is now willing to forego a considerable portion of the originality of his work. The posthumous works are to be published under the title of *Reliquiæ Celticae*, in two volumes, the first containing heroic and Ossianic poetry and tales, with a fairly complete and accurate transcript of the Dean of Lismore's Book, the second volume containing philological papers of various kinds, together with the Fernaig MS., and a valuable unpublished collection of Gaelic poetry by Turner.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

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

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CHAPTER XL.

THE LAIRD A WILLOW WAND.

CALUM had not been to the dinner and ball, but he put in appearance at the creatag, and formed a very favourable opinion of the young Laird. He had not, however, much confidence in his own skill in judging men, although he would not yield the palm to anyone in judging tup lambs. He, therefore, on the first opportunity, asked Duncan Ban's opinion, and that ancient sage, drawing down his eyebrows—which meant doubt—said: "If he'll not turn out right it will all be the fault of the Great School of Oxford and the friends he made there."

"To me both he and his friends seem very nice young gentlemen in their way."

"Aye, aye, but their way is not the way of the Gael. As the Laird cannot speak a word of his mother's tongue, how can he know us? And how can we know him?"

"Hoot-toot, our young people are getting over that difficulty. There is no need now to send boys to herd in

the Lowlands to learn English as when I was young. They learn much better English in the schools at hand."

"So much the worse for the next generation. Good Lord! they'll not know themselves. People who of their own free will drop the noble language of their brave ancestors, from the days of the Flood, are poor degraded creatures, who deserve to be made to creep on bare knees through broken glass to dishonoured graves."

"Well, well, I know you will never be got to listen to reason on that matter; but what, on the whole, do you think of our young Laird?"

"I think, for sure, he is kind-hearted and well-meaning—so far, a right good lad in thought, life, and conversation. But he is of the willow wand sort of people who bend to every breeze. The breeze to which he is bending now is not a good one either. His English friends cannot understand the land of the Gael and the people thereof. So they cannot help being bad advisers."

"It is a great loss to him surely, that of the three good trustees appointed for him by his father—and it was the wise choice his father made—only one is now living."

"A loss, indeed! Well may you call it a loss. And the only one of the three left has his foot in the grave. Last time I saw him his face was of the colour of clay. He is almost past taking interest in earthly affairs. But were he stronger do you think the Laird would ask his advice? He has Great School of Oxford companions—lads of his own age and upbringing for counsellors. He is just like Rehoboam, who, I daresay, was not the bad lad by nature, although he was badly trained—which was the big shame to Solomon—and acted foolishly and wrongly when he found himself master."

"Our light-headed minister is harming the Laird's good name, I hear, by saying he means to do this and that to punish the people who go to the black-roofed Free Church, unless they turn back to the old Kirk like sheep which had gone astray."

“For sure methinks they are sheep which have gone astray; but the Laird has no colley dogs that can drive them back. The thought of such a thing is abominable, but who can be sure about the outcome of foreign teaching?”

“Things will not be mended by the wagging of the minister’s tongue—whatever.”

“The minister, poor soul, has a buzzing bee in his wig. He cannot help being foolishly uplifted, but there is no doubt that he is a great scholar. Yet I think he’ll learn to hold his tongue a bit tighter after the talk he had with me yesterday.”

“I hear they are making a sort of fool of him at the Castle, and getting great fun out of him.”

“Easy enough that. Although rightly considered it is a sad thing. The lads cannot be much blamed for their daffing. I cannot help getting a bit of fun out of the minister my very self sometimes, although I know it is wrong; nor can Diarmad, who upholds him for being such a grand scholar as the like seldom was seen since old Geordie Buchanan—and Geordie himself was called ‘the king’s fool.’”

“But when the Laird and his friends are thus making fun of the minister, is it likely the Laird should still feel affronted with the people who go to the black-roofed Free Church?”

“The fear is upon me that may be likely enough. The Laird has, poor fellow, been trained as a foreigner among foreigners. It is only too much to be feared, his head is so full of Saxon and Great School of Oxford maggots, that it has no room for the smallest mote of common sense in Scottish Church matters—which he cannot rightly understand. Why, look you, he does not yet as much as understand that he who wills to be a leader of the Gael, must himself be a Gael in heart, thought, and tongue. But there is no denying he is a pleasant-spoken, well-meaning, young man, and one thing might set him all right.”

“And what may that be?”

“Marriage. Early marriage with a sound, bonnie, whole-hearted Gaelic lady.”

“He is surely right young to marry yet.”

“Not at all. He is turned twenty-one, which is a bad age for a wealthy lad to be without chain and kippen of some kind. He has a good home and estate, as well as saved money, which it would be a great pity to waste upon amaideachd¹ or worse. He is likeable enough to win any lady whose heart is her own. He has no father or mother to guide him and keep him from breaking loose, as young lads and cattle are apt to do. He is of the willow wand nature, which is not the bad nature when it bends to the right breeze, and in the right direction. So, you see, a good wife might be his salvation. You know the history of his house as well as I do. Two good wives have saved it from destruction, and a third might crown it with honour. Let us then wish a good, and, if it may be, a Gaelic wife to our young Laird, and God’s good blessing on their marriage.”

CHAPTER XLI.

THE UNCO GUID SCANDALISED.

THE laird’s house-warming broke the monotony of glen life, and much scandalised the unco guid. Fiddling, piping, dancing! Surely the Evil One must have broken his chain and come off to the glen to enjoy himself! After so much stern discipline, doctrinal teachings, Sunday schooling, and prayer meetings, who could believe such things possible! Did not everybody say that John, the son of the elder, was one of the best dancers at the ball! Was not Gregor there also, enticed by the wicked Maor, and did not Gregor dance all night through, and show a worse backsliding than the greed which brought him to Craobh Sheunta! How did they learn to dance? How did girls, who never saw a ball before, learn to go through figure eight? As for black

¹ Folly.

Moderates, and old sinners far past redemption, there was nothing to be said about them, except that it was known they loved the darkness better than the light, and vanity and frivolity better than sermons and prayer meetings.

When dancing masters had for twenty years been kept out of the glen by dire anathema, and when even fireside fiddling and song-singing had been preached down, the outbreak of old world vanity was really very startling to the unco guid. All the sisters, with the exception of two who went to the ball with their daughters, and were meanwhile considered fallen, seemed quite thunderstruck by the sudden revelation of depths of wickedness which they had not hitherto suspected. There was, however, this much of consolation, that only Gregor and three or four more of the people who lived on the Marquis's land bowed the knee to Baal—because they had not been invited. The brogue-man recovered status among the unfallen by the high and holy tone he assumed on this lamentable occasion.

The horrified sisters, who saw the foundations of their power crumbling beneath their feet, got no help, but merely soothing words, from their new minister, who was at this time placed on his highest pedestal. The sisters wanted him to thunder forth from the pulpit against all transgressors; and he complied, but in such a general way that the transgressors did not feel in the least hurt. The minister, it is to be feared, rather sympathised with the transgressors. As for the elders, two of them could not condemn what they had countenanced and shared in to some extent. To be sure neither of these two committed the heinous misdemeanour of dancing; and if they took a liberal allowance of uncommonly good liquor, they carried it with the utmost discretion, and complained of no headaches next morning. The other elders, who had not been invited because they were not the laird's tenants, heartlessly turned a deaf ear to the lament of the sisters, who much missed the Elder Claon at such a time of trial, and found no true standard-bearer but the brogue-man. Evidently the

Free Church was already rapidly teaching worldly wisdom and greater tolerance in practice than in sentiments and theories to her men of authority, who needed constantly to keep ways and means before their minds, and therefore found it necessary to be all things to all men, so that the good cause might not lose the pecuniary contributions of the Sons of Belial.

The Sons of Belial, and his daughters, too, thought it possible that an invitation to the house-warming might have demoralised and yet done good to the sisters themselves. The two of them that went were said to be afterwards more tolerant without being less religious.

Ealag, whose efforts to collect information for the sisters were incessant and above praise, threw herself in the way of Diarmad to question him particularly. With Diarmad she felt quite safe in her natural gossiping character. He did not at all believe in her ultra high religious character; and as his unbelief was obdurate she did not try to remove it. So she went to him and asked plumply, "How did the elder's son, John, learn to dance?"

"Bless me, Ealag, what a blinking owl you are! You are not as good as 'Comhachag na Sroin'¹ for finding out secrets if you could not find that out."

"Did Angus teach him up in the shealing?"

"How could that be, when he never lived with Angus in the shealing?"

"Well, but he may have often stepped over the hill on Sundays."

"What! to learn dancing from Angus on Sundays?"

"There is no telling what young people may not do on Sundays as well as on other days, when out of sight."

"Oh, Ealag, but you must have been right wicked when young; and I daresay a smart lass, too."

"Come, give over chaffing, and tell where John learned to dance. Yes, and Gregor, too. They say Gregor danced all night at the ball. Is it true?"

¹The owl celebrated in a very old and fine Lochaber ballad.

“Gregor can dance very well. Ewan and I were not at the ball all the time ; we had to help the Maor a good deal.’

“But how did John and Gregor learn to dance?”

“You remember what a bad winter the one before last was?”

“Indeed, I have good cause. I was then attending Calum Crubach’s widow through her deathbed illness ; and after the funeral I was that ill myself, from chest cold and frost in the toes, that I had to take to bed for a fortnight.”

“That is quite true, and it was real good of you to help the poor lone creature out of pure kindness, at the time of her last flitting, as you did. I think worse people than you may get to heaven. If you would only give up the unco guid, and have a dance now and then——”

“Go away with thee ! But about the bad winter ; I think John and Gregor went to the Lowlands with the sheep.”

“Aye, to Fife. When there was not a tuft of heather near the top of the snow on their side of the Glen, they just had to lift the sheep, and off with them to the Lowlands. John and Gregor found bield at neighbouring farms near a town, and there they went in the long winter nights to the same dancing class. John’s mother knew all about it, and there was no need that the elder should be bothered.”

“And Gregor went to a dancing school in Fife, O shluagh !”

“To be sure he did. Gregor is quite capable of going any day a step beyond John in the matter of daffing, when the pious are out of sight. He is not the bad fellow Gregor, although a little double-folded. I think the ulaidh hoax has done him good.”

“Be that as it may—and for sure it was rare good sport to send the pair of greedy amadain to dig at the roots of Craobh Sheunta—yet he and John are not good friends about Annie Macarthur.”

“Why, I thought it was the elder’s, Grace, that Gregor was following. Angus was right jealous.”

"Angus was right foolish ; it was the brogue-man who was after Grace ; and when the ulaidh scandal broke out did not Grace plague him !"

"Well, I never heard of such a thing—the brogue-man after Grace ! Grace is as true as steel, and the brogue-man is—a saint."

"Oh yes, to be sure ; and he has now got the picture of a holy woman in his eye."

"Do you mean yourself?"

"Oh, do give up chaffing. I tell you—but don't tell that I told you—the brogue-man has the picture of Meg of Camus in his eye."

"Goodness keep us ! She is near fifty, and he is only twenty-five."

"Well, she might be nearly his mother for sure ; she is forty-two, and he is twenty-six."

"And has she got his picture in her eye, think you?"

"Without doubt, and they will be soon married. She has a bit of money, with much plenishing, and that will suit the brogue-man, since he did not get the ulaidh."

"Yes, for sure ; but is it not a world of surprises?"

"Well, don't tell I told thee. About the dancing, is it really true that everyone of the girls at the ball went on the floor?"

"Yes, first or last. It was not easy to get some of them to take the first step—they were so bashful."

"The wonder was they could do it at all. Dancing does not come by nature, like eating and drinking."

"I am not so sure of that. But really, Ealag, if you come over to our side you'll learn much. The holy folks never put down songs, ceileireachd, and dancing as much as they supposed. Our Glen girls are not good dancers, because they have not been properly taught, but they know something of it, and they take to it like ducks to water or cats to cream."

"We know that you black Moderates cling to old world vanities——"

“Now, drop that sort of talk at once—Cuimhnich daonnan.”

“Well, don’t blaze up about a word, like tow steeped in spirits. I mean to say we know that Duncan Ban plays the fiddle, and that his grandchildren and those who go air ceilidh (gossiping) to his house dance reels on long winter nights. Mary Macintyre has had chances, and ought to dance well. Long ago her mother was one of the best dancers I ever saw. I suppose thou must have danced at Duncan Ban’s house pretty often thyself?”

“Yes, oftener than I can tell, and as far back as I can remember ; but I am a poor dancer, compared with Ewan, Angus, and John.”

“And has not Jessie often been thy partner at the ceilidh dances?”

“Yes, to be sure—Jessie, Mary, and little Maggie, by turns.”

“Thou hast not forgotten the cliath?”

“Indeed, I have not. I feel quite grateful to Ewan for that business. It cured me of foolish bashfulness entirely. I used to blush up to the roots of my hair, and the more I tried to keep cool the more my face burned on the slightest provocation. I suppose I was so shy because I never had a brother.”

“O Righ! But thou art not weighed down with bashfulness now?”

“No, surely ; having ceased to be a boy, I have put away that boyish foolishness, which, believe me, was a sore trouble.”

“And Jessie is a good dancer?”

“Splendid ; she has a good ear for music, and is Duncan Ban’s favourite on a dancing ceilidh night.”

“And one may not ask if she is thine, too?”

“Come, come, that is not in the covenant ; but whenever I go to give in my banns, whoever the girl may be, I’ll let you know, as I pass your house on my way to the Session Clerk’s house.”

“Let that promise hold. But I don’t yet understand how so many of the Glen girls were able to dance at all. Only few of them go to Duncan Ban’s house, and they are never sent to Fife with the sheep, like John and Gregor.”

“Bless you, Ealag, don’t you know the bellman has a fiddle, John Inver has another, and the smith a third. Don’t you know that in almost every baile, on long winter nights, lasses like to gather with their spinning wheels in one house, that lads like to follow the lasses, with their brogue-making or stocking-knitting; and that when tasks are finished they often get up a dance? Don’t you know that at the peat-making, when the mid-day rest comes, some one plays the trump (Jews’ harp), or hums a reel tune, and the young ones foot it on the heather?”

“Except among the black—I mean the people on your side, we thought these customs were mostly put down.”

“They were only put out of sight of the unco guid, who have done much harm, by forcing young folk to practice hypocrisy and deceit in regard to the lawful pleasures of their age.”

CHAPTER XLII.

CASTLE PHILOSOPHY.

THE Laird and his friends spent some days of their short stay in walking on the hills and moors taking stock of game.

In regard to size and picturesque scenery the estate could well bear looking at. To Englishmen accustomed to large rentals from small ring fence estates of a few thousand acres, it seemed in its extent a principality, for it was as big as two or three of their parishes.

The rental, however, although fully up to the highest bidder level, seemed to the Englishmen, comparing it with the acreage, absurdly insignificant.

Several haphazard opinions, which, as he was of the

willow wand sort, unduly impressed the Laird, were pro-
pounded by his companions during their hill and moor
perambulations.

They were all of them young men without the slightest
practical knowledge, and wild enthusiasts for shootings and
fishings. At this time also the letting value of Highland
shootings and the letting value of Highland estates were
advancing by leaps and by bounds.

The farms into which the estate was divided were very
far from being small sized. But the chief sporting authority
of the Laird's party declared that they were not large
enough; and that if the estate were his he would reduce
the people on it by more than a full half, so as to free the
grouse from disturbance, and give the fish better protection.

They met with many peat stacks, and with still more of
places where peats had been made and removed; for the
stacks that remained on the moors during winter repre-
sented surplus fuel, for which there was no room in the
storing sheds at home.

To the chief sportsman of the party it was perfectly
clear that peat-cutting at the very time the birds were lay-
ing and sitting grievously disturbed them, and diminished
the number of coveys. True, the hills were very well
stocked—better than any in England—with fine strong
birds; but how immensely they would increase if carefully
protected?

He also pointed out that the heather was shamefully
burned. All the tenants had the right under their leases
to burn a fifth part of their moors every March, and they
used their right to the great advantage of the pasturage.
But the Laird's sporting adviser was horrified to see ten
acres here, twenty there, thirty in another place, full of
blackened "birns." He was sure the grouse would double
or treble if protected from disturbance and heather burning.
How could birds make nests where there was no cover?
How could they thrive and multiply when their food was
destroyed?

Hitherto the food of the grouse had in fact been kept good by the annual burning of old heather with fungoid growths. It was proved by disastrous experience a few years later, that the grouse sickened and died when the heather was not kept young and clean by annual "falaisgean." As soon as the burning was forbidden the grouse disease appeared, and the pasturage deteriorated; but the white hares so flourished and multiplied as to become an intolerable nuisance, which required the remedy of wholesale systematic slaughter.

Some fifty or forty-five years ago, the idea was common among the proprietors of sporting estates that farm rents could be nearly doubled by reducing the people, and that by preventing heather burning and disturbance during nesting time, the grouse would become as thick as midges, and yield a fabulous revenue. As for the interests of the people, who, except some few old-fashioned landowners, mostly of the hopelessly unprogressive Tory brand, cared a jot for them? Were not the rights of the tenants strictly measured by the terms of their leases? And when leases expired could not the landlords do what they liked with their own, with untroubled consciences?

The Liberal Marquis of Inchadin—could there be a better leader of reform?—reduced the time-honoured, kindly human relations which formerly existed between landlords and tenants, to the strict rules of Manchester political economy. He bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market. The old Tory lairds and lords could not, and they did not try to, divest themselves so quickly of the sentiments of chiefship, clanship, and shoulder-to-shoulder loyalty; but young Tory lairds moulded by English education, and carried off their feet by the destructive current of political coercive landlordism, then at its height, south of the Tweed, were ready enough, in not a few instances, to follow the example of the Liberal Marquis, and show practically that every man was entitled to do what he liked with his own. The young Tories, like Whigs

and Radicals, believed in the omnipotence of money, and looked upon the man who doubled his income by any means permitted by law, as a person to be envied and imitated.

Another of the Laird's friends, who, with a view to a future official career, was then studying political economy, demonstrated like a proposition of Euclid, that by increasing the size of the holdings, the fewer tenants could well afford to pay much higher rents, and still be gainers, because waste of power and food would be prevented. It was self-evident when the people were more numerous than the working of the land required, that the produce which ought to go to the making of rent and the feeding of the manufacturing towns, must be intercepted, and unprofitably consumed by an unprofitable, because super-abundant, population on the spot. Ignorant people, of course, were too apt to cling to their places of birth and ancestral habits, but they should be made to understand sound principles of political economy, and those who compelled them to break away from old habits, and to conform themselves to the altered, and still rapidly altering, conditions of national industry and organisation of labour, were the real philanthropists, although they might be reviled by sentimentalists, who were fools, and by old fogies who refused to fall in with the stream of modern life and thought. What could be a plainer proof of backwardness and wasted industry than the home-made clothes and linen which the glen people still continued to manufacture and wear? Could the women who toiled so diligently at their wheels compete with steam power and spinning frames? They were throwing away their time and labour for almost nothing, when they could earn treble wages by shorter hours of work, if they removed to towns and became mill hands.

A third young gentleman, who wished to be considered a rising authority on farming matters, thought the glen people kept too many horses and cattle, since it was evi-

dent full sheep stocks well managed would pay much better. He spoke also with far more contempt than they deserved of the thatched homes and out-buildings in which the tenants housed themselves, their corn, and cattle. There was no man with an artist's eye in the company to point out how the heath or fern-thatched houses harmonised with the surrounding scenery ; nor did the agricultural critic or his friends know anything at all about the interior life of these rustic homes, which, if not palaces, were far from being Irish cabins, or such over-crammed abodes as the dwellings of town artisans and mill hands. Slated farm houses and steadings would doubtlessly have been more convenient, if not more roomy, because a vast deal of annual thatching would be done away with. But the houses, such as they were, had not cost the Laird and his predecessors anything at all, except the wood for couples, roof-beams, and cabers ; and that had to be cut, dressed, carried, and placed by the people themselves. The thatching led also to one good result, which was quite overlooked ; it prevented the fern from extending indefinitely beyond the bounds of woods, and eating up the substance of the best pastures. Moreover, the tenants long ago would have gladly paid high interest on money laid out by the proprietor on better-class houses ; but before the present young man, no Laird of the dynasty had ever a penny to spare for such a purpose.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE NOTICE TO QUIT.

THE Laird advertised all his farms some six months before the termination of the expiring leases. This was the custom on the estate, although it was far from being the custom of old-fashioned landlords, who knew how to keep and find good tenants, and how to wait patiently for natural opportunities to effect such changes in the holdings as seemed to them expedient.

On large, and also on moderately sized estates, there was always by the exercise of patience, sufficient scope for the intelligent landlord to carry out desirable projects without oppressive proceedings. Farming families are not exempt from the fate of mortality. They rise and fall, come and disappear almost in the same way and same ratio as land-holding families. And, what seems to be most regrettable, the most industrious and saving among them are those that usually die out the more rapidly, because they often remain in celibate groups to keep their capital together as a sort of indivisible family fund which, on the death of the last survivor, goes, perhaps, in bulk to the son of the youngest sister who eloped with the shepherd, and was treated by her family as a person on the "black stool" ever afterwards.

Besides the openings created by dying out, and by the migrations of tenants who were pushing forward from smaller to larger undertakings, there were occasionally surrenders or forfeitures of leases caused by the break-down of persons who came to grief through misconduct, misfortune, or that insufficiency of capital, which was sometimes the inevitable consequence of the death of a father, and the sharing of his goods and chattels among many children.

However tightly farms might be held under leases these natural causes perpetually operated to give the patient and intelligent landlord full opportunities for exercising predominant and in the highest sense useful influence, and for accomplishing slowly, surely, and satisfactorily all desirable improvements without harshness or moral injustice. It might happen that the falling in of a few large farms in the middle of a leasing period, would give the landlord power to make changes in other twenty holdings, with the eager concurrence of tenants seeking to shift from smaller to larger, or from more risky to less risky farms.

The Laird's tenants were accustomed to see the whole estate advertised at the end of every leasing period. They were not therefore much surprised that the young man

followed the example of his predecessors. The public roup experience had shown them that there was a worse depth beyond ; and they were thankful they had no longer to bid for their farms about an auctioneer's rostrum against tipsy competitors, and men of straw, who did not much care what rent they offered because they speculated on profits which could be made out of well managed bankruptcies. Under the rule of the trustees the advertising system had worked in a fairly satisfactory manner. Certainly the farms were offered to the highest bidders, provided they satisfied the trustees in regard to having sufficient capital and knowing their business. But whenever eligible outsiders offered above old tenants, the latter always got an opportunity to mend their bids before the strangers were preferred. The result therefore was that under the trust there was no disturbance of the tenants at all ; and that yet the rents were higher than a less frugal and industrious set of men, with less knowledge of the land, could have managed to get out of stock and produce in bad years when wool was down to five or six shillings a stone.

Although they thought it nothing strange or startling that the Laird should advertise his land, and although they expected no reduction of rent or generous aid in effecting improvements, the tenants certainly hoped that on this, as on previous occasions, they should get the option of making a higher bid, if outsiders first offered above them. They had lately gone through a series of years of low prices and sheep losses from bad winters. In some respects things were now mending, but yet prospects looked far from bright. So the tenants thought the present rents as high as they could reasonably be expected to pay, and they offered accordingly. The Laird, who disappeared after the short house-warming visit, did not give the slightest hint of an intention to join farms together, nor did the advertisement suggest any such thing.

The weeks passed until the spring ushered in at last with mingled smiles and tears. The advertisement date

for receiving offers was now over ; and the Maor was summoned to Edinburgh to attend at the meeting of the Laird and his advisers for letting the farms. The Maor did not return to the Glen on the day he was expected back. But there was nothing strange in that, although the group of tenants, who awaited his coming at the inn, dispersed in rather low spirits, notwithstanding the whisky they drank—for the good of the house and their own. The worst they feared, however, was that they should have to advance their bids and engage to pay for the next leasing period somewhat higher rents than the farms could fairly yield—leaving the workers the barest living—unless markets and seasons very much improved.

Next evening several of them met again at the inn because the bi-weekly post was due. The post-runner came in late, in the midst of a blustering storm, with an Edinburgh stamped letter for every one of the Laird's tenants. When those present opened their letters they found that what they contained was a brief notification to the effect that their offers were declined and their farms let to other persons. To the Edinburgh lawyer who sent these notes, the matter was only a dry official business ; to the tenants and their families, it was a life-tragedy. This, then, was the way in which the young Tory Laird imitated the Liberal Marquis, and turned off, without a hearing, hundreds of people whose ancestors inhabited the glen from times before record and tradition.

The advance of rent which the Laird obtained by turning the old tenants adrift was so trifling that it would hardly suffice to support the menial who stood behind his chair—making allowance for pickings and perquisites. But would not the grouse be less disturbed and the fish better protected when the people were reduced to much less than a half ?

The new comers were men from a distance, who were themselves disturbed. They must have guessed most accurately, or been particularly well informed about the old

tenants' offers, since their bids were only a few pounds per cent. above them. Although, as things turned out, the new comers had a run of fair seasons and rising prices, they found the rents left a very narrow margin for profits, even in good years, and at the end of their lease term several of them declined to be offerers, and left the Glen in search of cheaper farms elsewhere.

Had the Laird, like his father's trustees, given them the chance, the old tenants would have outbidded the strangers, and in some way scraped through as they had done when the farms were roup'd. But it did not suit the Laird to give them the chance. He wished to make his holdings of very great size, and, *perhaps*, to get tenants who would go to the Parish Church. The new tenants were certainly all Established Church people, but the eccentric minister stood aghast at the practical results of the change of which he had theoretically approved. What he desiderated in his crazy illogical way was a different thing altogether. He never dreamed of driving off the old inhabitants, but of driving them back into the Parish Church by sham threats and harmless bullying on the part of the Laird.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

JOURNAL DE MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

BY PATRICK J. BLAIR.

PART II.

SOME years afterwards, when domiciled in Rome, she was to experience a more serious affair of the heart. It was during the time of the Carnival, and it was at one of the balls given then that she fell in with a young Roman, Pietro A., nephew of the Cardinal. But that was not the first time he had seen her; he had observed her enter her hotel from the station on arrival, and had importuned the Bashkirtseff maid when sent on an errand to convey some message to the fair Marie. The maid, with that honesty which is characteristic of servants, informed the whole family of the affair, and the gentleman's request that Marie should hang down a thread to take up his billet doux was regarded as a very good joke indeed, but nothing more. Marie was flattered that she should be the cause of so much distress to the unfortunate Roman, and made up her mind not to let him down easily if ever she should make his acquaintance. Who he was was known to the family. She met him during the Carnival, and her conquest was complete. At first she trifled with him as a kitten does with a mouse, for taken on her own confession she was an adept at coquetry. Pietro, bar his handsome face and dark eyes, had little to recommend him to one so full of romance as Marie. He was not clever, he had no career in view, in fact he was pretty well still in disgrace for some miserable escapade of a questionable character which had displeased his father. He was always joyous, merry, and entertaining, and a friendship that at first was a mere flirtation became a thing of sober earnestness, on the part of Pietro at least. He came constantly to their house, walked and

talked to her, and poured into her ears in the most passionate accent, the old old story that it was she, and she only, with whom he could ever be happy. An engagement followed—how or why it is difficult to say. Marie in her journal, with that pitiless insight which she had into herself and other people, discusses the situation aloud, and all but avows that it was merely her vanity, and that she did not care for Pietro. But the opposition of his parents on account of her religion, and perhaps foreign birth, stung her to the quick, and her attitude henceforth was one almost of defiance against his parents, and compelled the Cardinalino to negotiate with them upon matters he knew to be distasteful. Averse to incurring his father's displeasure, and afraid to face Marie without having arranged matters, he betook himself to a convent, and donned the robe for eight days, the good of which Marie never could see. The Bashkirtseffs in the meantime left Rome, and later returned. There was then a strange romantic meeting between Marie and her lover at midnight on the stair of the old Italian palace in which they were staying, where they sat for hours alone discussing what they thought were the serious problems of their future prospects, but were in reality gazing stupidly at each other. During one of these pauses the girl suddenly took her lover's head in her hands, and kissed him on the eyes and mouth. That apparently broke the spell of her supposed happiness, for long, long afterwards the memory of it remained a thorn in her flesh, and made her cry and shiver with rage.

This interview ended rather suddenly, for her aunt, seeing the light in her room still burning, called out to her to go to bed, and not write more. She rapidly dismissed her lover, ran to her aunt's room, and told her what had taken place. "I have not been reading," she said, "I have spent the night with A——." "I suspected as much," said her aunt. "I dreamed your mother came to me and said, 'Don't leave Marie alone with A——,'" and then Marie

felt a cold shiver go through her as she realised that she had run a real danger. Three days afterwards she writes thus about the incident—"My meeting him on the staircase he regarded only in the light of a rendezvous gallant. When I held him in my arms he trembled only with desire. When I looked at him serious, and caught his gaze (*féintrée*) like an ancient priestess, he saw only a woman and an assignation. I never loved him; I loved only the love he had for me. He loved me as he could. It was my business not to cast pearls before swine. I deny my love to him because he has done nothing for it, and if they had threatened to disinherit him, or curse him, would that prevent him from writing to me? No, no; he is a coward."

Three more years passed, during which the B—— pitched their tents now in Paris, now in Nice, or some other fashionable resort. In this period, Marie went to Russia to make her father's acquaintance. Her mission was a difficult one, but she undertook it bravely. She writes on parting from her mother in the most feeling terms. She acknowledges that there is such a thing as love for some one which she had almost doubted, and though her proud spirit would not permit to show her emotion, as soon as the train had moved off, and she found herself alone, she gave way to tears. She reached her destination in Russia safely; the journey, with its strangeness in passing through an unknown land, interested her. Her mind was full of what she would do to effect the reconciliation desired. But her plans were to receive a huge shock. No one was at the station to meet her, and she felt angry. Why her father had done so is not explained. He thought, perhaps, his daughter was the reflex of his wife, with whom he found it difficult to get on. Marie's imperious nature at once asserted itself. "Here I am," she wrote in a short note to her father. "I expect you at 12. Really you have given me a magnificent reception, and there is not even a carriage to meet me; come at once.—Marie Bashkirtseff." It brought her father at once to the hotel, no doubt much surprised by the

haughty tone of the epistle. This imperiousness, however, gave Marie the command over her father, and he rapidly became devoted to her, a power which she used to such effect that he at length consented to return to his wife. But not for long; dissensions broke out again, and General Bashkirtseff once more went back to Russia.

At 17 Marie took to painting, and what seemed at first merely the caprice of a rich young lady became the master passion of her life. In 1877 she entered Julien's Academy, and began to study in the life school. She now passed into the region of hard work, passing all her day in the atelier, and working with might and main to outdistance the others. What a contrast this to the whirl of change and excitement to which she had hitherto been accustomed. Her progress is noted step by step in her journal. Her teachers were amazed with her capacity and talent, and refused to believe she had never before been taught, except in the ordinary school-girl fashion. Sometimes she went forward by leaps and bounds, and sometimes she felt that her aims were a fraud, and her work a failure. She had every encouragement to persevere—her work was regarded by her masters as phenomenal. After three months in the studio, Julien and Fleury gave her the most extravagant but deserved praise for the powerfulness of her drawing. They could hardly conceive it done by a woman; it was so full, so strong, so "brutal" in the sense used by artists to indicate force. "Take your drawing," said Julien to her one day, "to any one of our great masters, and ask him how much time is required to draw like that from the life, and no one—do you hear?—no one will believe it possible in less than a year; and then tell him after a month or six weeks you draw from the life with that solidity and power." In a year she obtained the medal in the studio competition, adjudged by such men as Bougereau, Lefèvre, Fleury, and Boulanger. Her progress from that point onwards was uninterrupted; her zeal grew with her success, but it is not till we find her in 1881 in Spain subdued by the influence

of Velasquez style that she fulfilled the expectations of which she had given so much promise. She went in for painting prisoners at Granada, took to roaming the streets of Paris on her return for ragged urchins and ugly apple-women. She loved Zola for his realism, and admired L'Assommoir as much as any book she had read. It is not surprising then her instincts were realistic in art. Her first picture was in the Salon of 1883, and was called "Jean et Jacques." I have not time to describe them here. Her best known one was that of next year's Salon, called "Meeting," now in the Luxembourg. For this she received *medaille d'honneur* and fame at once. It was engraved for every illustrated paper in Paris as in Russia, and the dream of the young Russian lady that she should have the world at her feet was now true. To my mind, her best picture is "Spring."—a woman sitting by the side of a forest pathway, in an attitude of careless and complete repose—which is now in the possession of a cousin of the Czar's, some Russian grand duke.

Painting was merely one proof of her remarkable vitality; to express the beauty of the human form in its most absolute manifestation, she desired to become a sculptor. She did take lessons in anatomy, and in an odd moment produced a modelled figure of Nausicäa, which has the same characteristic of her other work, face, and form. The successful completion of this study, though only a study, thrilled her with pleasure. Her devotion to art was sincere, and if time permitted me, I would give many interesting passages upon her love of it from her journal. "Time," she says, "is too limited to reproduce the beauty of things. None, it seems to me, loves *everything* as much as I do. Art, music, books, men and women, dress, luxury, noise, silence, laughter and tears, love, melancholy, humbug, shower and sunshine, the seasons, spring with its caprices, calm summer days and beautiful nights with stars—I would see, possess, love them all, be absorbed in it and die, since I must, alas! so soon, lost in this final mystery."

Often had she coquetted with death, but now she started back in horror when she felt his cold hand laid upon her. Her intense and rapid life, the carelessness of her behaviour in her pursuits, her disregard for all weather in her devotion to art, all accelerated the disease which had been born within her. "I went to a great doctor," she writes on 16th November, 1882—"an hospital surgeon—and I went *incognito*, so that he should tell me the truth. Oh! *ce n'est pas un monsieur aimable*. He told me very simply—*I shall never be cured.*" But fits of recurrent deafness tried her much more than the illness by which they were caused. She could not bear the idea of becoming deaf and a burden to every one. "Such an affliction may be bearable to old people," she cries, "but can one get used to such misery in the heyday of youth, and just as one's career is unfolding?"

There is very much in the second volume that is interesting. It is all worth reading, and worth quoting perhaps, if space were larger, but it must be read for itself. It is chiefly devoted to her artistic life, and has fewer contradictions, fewer vanities than appear in the first. The first volume, I believe, she would have flung into the fire had she lived longer. The restless creature of 13 or 14 had then become a full woman, mature in mind, and sobered down by experiences of so turbulent a kind. But there is a tinge of sadness upon almost every page. She seems haunted by the shadow of her early death, and it is a piteous thing to look upon a doomed spirit struggling valiantly, ever and anon, to combat the inevitable, and enjoy still longer the life she loved so well. There is a curious light in the last days of her life, which burned brightly for some time, and whether it can be properly described as love or attachment, must have helped to have made her last days perhaps the happiest of her life. She was exceedingly devoted to Bastien Lepage, the great painter, then about 32. It would be impertinent and indiscreet to try and discover how much of the girl's boundless admiration for him was due to his work, how much to his personality. He was

very intelligent, a deep thinker, and a fine talker, and the apostle of a new school. She was much influenced by his art, and became a willing disciple. Her journal is full of much honest admiration for his work, his methods, and his aims. She devotes page after page to praise his greatest work, known as "Jean d'Arc," which marked a new beginning and a new school. And when sickness laid them both low, an invincible attraction drew them still further together. They clung to one another with the unquestioning trust of children in a dark night. Bastien Lepage was the first to fall ill, but the last to die. Marie went daily with her mother to sit with him. She dreaded his recovery lest these delightful visits should cease. Her turn was to come soon. She struggled hard with her picture, *La rue*, to get it finished in spite of pain and increasing weakness. "To die," she cries with agony, "Oh, my God, to die without leaving anything behind me! To die like a dog, as 100,000 women have done whose names are hardly engraved on their tombstones!" "Everything is ready," she says later, "for my picture; it is I only who am wanting!" Indeed she was very ill; she could then hardly leave her couch. But Bastien came and sat with her. She was worse than he, but he could go out of doors, while she could not. He had to be carried up stairs, as he was too weak to walk to the drawing-room where Marie lay. There, reclining on couches, the two young invalids could be near each other and discuss their art. "I was dressed," she says, "in a flowing gown of ivory plush, with billows of soft lace intermingling every tint of white. The artist's eyes looked up in pleasure. 'Ah! if I could only paint,' he said," struck with the beauty of her appearance, and the expression of her pale and ardent face. "'And I,' she adds, 'finish my picture of the year!'" On the first of October she writes—*"Tant de dègout, et tant de tristesse! a quoi bon, écrire.* Bastien goes from bad to worse, and I can do no work; my picture will never be done. He went away suffering horribly; in fact, he is dying. He is his shadow—I, I am

half a shadow too. Yes, he is dying, but it matters little to me now. I need not notice it, *c'est quelquechose qui s'en va. Tout est fini du reste. Tout est fini.* (It is only something passing away.) I too shall be buried in the New Year." But Marie was destined to precede her friend. The last entry is 20th October—"Bastien came here instead of to the Bois. He can hardly walk. How pitiable we both are, and to think that the concierges below enjoys such good health. For two days my bed has been in the drawing-room. It is hidden by screens, draping, and the piano, so that it can't be seen. It is *too much* for me to climb the stair." . . . The journal breaks off here, and Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days afterwards, the 31st October, 1884, just two months before the New Year dawned.

ON THE BOTANY OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

III.

AT this stage we ought to have something to say about the trees of the forest. Trees are, however, scarce in the Reay country, and we may for the present leave them out of account, and go on with the list of those plants that are abundant, viz., the flowers of the waysides and hillsides.

The next that invites our attention is the Geranium. This tribe flourishes and seems to be quite at home among the thorns and briars. We do not mean the garden Geranium, which is really a Pelargonium, and is of course not a native. The wild Geranium, or Crane's Bill, is evidently one of the aboriginal flowers of the country, and lowly as it is, it yet possesses a special interest of its own. It is one of the most noticeable of all those species that are classed in what is called the Cyanic series. What does this mean? So the reader asks naturally, and the question is one that deserves and requires a deliberate answer. The term is one of the apparent stumbling blocks of botanical science, which, when examined, turn out to be really very convenient way marks. It refers to the colours of flowers. Any one who begins the study of botany soon finds that colour is of little use in the classification of plants. We are apt at first to think that colour is very capricious, as we find for example roses, red, yellow, and white, while Geraniums may be any shade of blue, violet, or red. Yes, but no one ever saw a blue rose, nor does the Geranium ever produce a yellow flower. The Cyanic series, to which the Geranium belongs, has blue for the typical colour. The tint may change into red or white, but never into yellow. In the Xanthic series the colour is yellow, which

may change into red or white, but never into blue. Yellow and blue are the antagonistic colours that divide all flowers between them, while red is the neutral ground between the two, on which both can meet. It is not easy in some cases to determine to which series a given flower belongs, but there is little doubt that all of them could be classed under one or other, if we only knew enough about them. To the Cyanic series, then, belongs the Geranium, with all its pretty, numerous varieties. Nearly related to it is the *Oxalis*, or Wood Sorrel, one of the commonest, and at the same time one of the prettiest of our spring flowers.

Next comes in view the order of the *Leguminosæ*, one of the most important in the vegetable kingdom. This order is easily studied, for its outward characteristics are so clearly marked that they can hardly be mistaken. Everyone knows the prettily shaped flower of the pea, with its five petals, one above like a flag (*vexillum*), two side wings (*alae*), and two below, forming a keel (*carina*). That flower is the pattern on which we may assume the order to be built, and we can have no difficulty in recognising the various members of the family. Among these is one which is a special flower of the Reay country, viz., the *Oxytropis Uralensis*, or purple Oxytrope. It is a strong hardy plant that grows well on the sandy heights along the coast, sending out its purple flowers in spots that are very little favoured by nature. Not unlike it in appearance, though different in its habits, is the *Ononis*, or Rest Harrow, another of the well recognised inhabitants of the district. This is a flower of cultivated ground, whence perhaps its English name, if it be a fact that the roots of the *Ononis* have a tendency to impede the progress of the harrows. Another name by which it is known is the Wild Liquorice, suggestive of the medicinal virtue which it might be made to possess if treated in the right way. The luxuriant growth of Clover amid the stubborn lifeless Gneiss of the Sutherland rocks is one of the puzzles that have been alluded to in a former paper. For clover naturally loves the warm genial lime-

stone, and grows best in places where lime abounds. Here we find it, however, growing, and growing very well, in places where there is not a limestone rock within perhaps twenty miles. The reason probably is that the most of our cultivated lands are near the sea, and in fact within reach of the sea spray, as we sometimes know to our loss. The tremendous gales from the north and west that carry the salt of the Atlantic over the solid earth, have this benefit that they carry with them some of the sand of the shore. This sand is of course largely composed of sea shells ground to powder by the restless tumbling of the waves. The lime contained in these shells supplies what is wanted for the growth and encouragement of the Clover, and so the balance of power is maintained. It is a question whether the scarcity of snails here may not be connected with the want of lime from which their convenient movable houses might be constructed.

We have many varieties of Vetches—the Milk Vetch, the Lady's Vetch, and others. Most noticeable, perhaps, of all the Leguminosæ is the Whin or Gorse. It grows here, as it grows everywhere, rank and strong, and it may be added also beautiful. It does not possess the delicate beauty of many others that we could name, but for the richness of its golden colour, and the charm that it gives to so many hill sides, we may well call it a very charming plant. The Broom is less common, though occasionally to be found, and the botanical name for it, *Genista*, reminds us that it gave a name to a famous dynasty of English kings, from whom our present Sovereign is descended.

The Order of the Roses is not an expression that relates to the deeds of chivalry, though it sounds like one. It simply tells us that the Rose is, as it ought to be, at the head of a great family of flowers. Some readers may be surprised to find that most of our garden fruits are roses. Such are apples, pears, cherries, plums, raspberries, strawberries, besides the whole tribe of sloes, hips, and haws. All these are to be found, and for some of them, notabiy

the strawberry, best of fruits, the Reay country seems specially suited. Hawthorn flourishes in the neighbourhood of Tongue, and loads the air with fragrance during the first half of summer. Of the Roses proper we have many varieties. In the garden they grow luxuriantly, and there is one bush in a garden that we wot of, that has produced finer red roses than we have ever seen anywhere else, even in happy Surrey, where we have seen much finer gardens. Wild Roses grow at every road side—Dog Roses and Sweet Briar, the Eglantine of Shakspeare and Milton. Not inferior to the Rose in fragrance, though much inferior in beauty, is the Spirea, commonly called Meadow Sweet, or Queen of the Meadow. This is the flower of the Dog Days, one of those that come to remind us that the height of summer is past, and that the year is waning. It does not look at all like a rose, yet to the rose it is very nearly related, and the family likeness can easily be seen by the aid of a pocket lens, which is almost as indispensable in the country as a pocket knife. The sun does not shine on a sweeter flower than the Queen of the Meadow. Another of our characteristic plants is the Dryas Octopetala. It is one that seems to have a particular affection for the bare hillocks that overhang the sea shores. This is another of the plants that require the presence of lime in the soil where they grow. That lime is, of course, supplied by the sea, and so the Dryas sends out its white stars in great profusion. One slight eminence, near the left bank of the Naver, and facing the bay of Torrisdale, is for some weeks in summer whitened, as if by a shower of snow, by the abundance which it possesses of this member of the Rose tribe. The Potentilla is a pretty little yellow flower that adorns every wayside, and is apt to be taken for one of the Crucifers, as it has the four petals arranged in the form of a cross, just like the cabbage. One more of the Roses must be mentioned, and then we pass on. The Alchemilla, or Lady's Mantle, abounds on the margin of all the streams of which we have so many. Its leaf is more attractive than

the flower which it bears. The latter is hardly to be noticed among the multitude that the summer produces. But the leaf is not to be passed over in silence. Look first at the shape of it, just like the mantle from which the name is derived. Then take a leaf, and hold it under water, when the sun shines brightly. One side of the mantle looks as if it were made of gold, and the other shines with a lustre like silver. A pretty illusion, which vanishes as soon as the leaf is taken out of the water, when every drop falls off, and the mantle is dry again. It looks like the art of a magician. It is the magic of Nature.

Saxifrages claim next to come under notice. Some of them are very beautiful, and of these we possess a few. Others of them are good to eat, as the Gooseberry and Currant, and of these we possess still fewer. The *Saxifraga Oppositifolia* has a rich purple flower, and is a great ornament among the rocks that are moistened by trickling rills of water. This Saxifrage ought by rights to grow at a much greater elevation than that at which we find it here. Perhaps some plants of the family have discovered that it suits their constitutions to leave the mountains, and settle in the low grounds. The *Chrysosplenium*, or Golden Saxifrage, is also a very pretty flower. It is still more attached to wet places than the last-named, and its bright yellow cups serve often to relieve the deadness of what contains very few things of beauty. The Grass of Parnassus is well known to every one who knows flowers. It is one of the flowers of autumn, and shows its stars at a time when the beauties of July have passed away along with the heat of the Dog Days. Nearly related to the Saxifrages is the *Sedum*, or Stone Crop. Of this family we have one very striking specimen, the *Sedum Rhodiola*. It is very conspicuous amid high rocks and precipitous places, where it is more easily seen than touched. The rich green leaves and yellow flowers of the *Rhodiola* make an effective contrast with the weather-beaten rock that serves them for a background. The common Stone Crop is not

very common here, perhaps because there are not many walls upon which it can grow after the manner that seems best to suit it.

Drosera Rotundifolia is the scientific name of a very remarkable plant that is occasionally to be found in the Reay country. It is commonly called Sundew, from the dew-like drops that are distilled from its leaves. This is a flower of marshy places; not very beautiful, but interesting as a specimen of the Carnivorous plants. It looks harmless enough, with its leaves spread out like a rosette around the stem that rises in the midst. But it is a deadly snare to the insects that come within reach of it. Let any small creature, such as a midge, settle on one of these leaves, and instantly the dew-like secretion sticks to the visitor like glue, and holds him fast. Then the hairs with which the leaf is furnished twine round the captive, and the leaf itself curls over, making escape impossible. The insect in short is devoured by the plant, and the process furnishes a strange instance of a turning of the tables. The almost universal rule is that vegetables form, directly or indirectly, the food of the animal kingdom. It strikes us as wonderful when we find the process reversed, and when we forget that the whole life of the earth and its inhabitants is one continued wonder. This tendency displayed by the Sundew adds another to the series of arguments that tend to show that plant life is much more nearly related to animal life than was known, or even suspected, a generation ago. Another interesting question on this point is whether the carnivorous tendency of certain plants may not be an evolution of recent times. It is well known that there are birds in some of the islands of the South Sea that are not naturally carnivorous, but have become so by force of circumstances. This result is but one step removed from the developing of a similar tendency in plants, when forced, as they sometimes are, to adopt all sorts of devices for self-preservation in the struggle for existence.

THE MYSTERY OF ST MARY'S.

A ROMANTIC SKETCH. BY D. NAIRNE.

PROLOGUE.

FOR the last three generations and more St Mary's Hall has been allowed to drift into a state of irretrievable ruin. It will strike the visitor as strange and mysterious that so fine a mansion should have been abandoned and allowed to fall under time's slow but sure doom. It stands on a pretty slope, overlooking one of the finest of Scotland's agricultural valleys; it is a well-built, handsome building, beautifully environed; yet there it stands, as it has stood within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a desolate, melancholy pile. Bearded men will tell you that in their boyhood St Mary's was known as "the haunted house," and that after dark they used to slip past its ever-closed gates in fear and trembling, because tradition vaguely had it that the phantom of a wild-eyed old man flitted about its unfrequented walks o' nights; but beyond that, nobody seemed to know, or to care about investigating, the reason why St Mary's had been deserted. A more weird-looking, and ghost-suggesting place than it now is, it would be hard to find in the country side. The very birds have strangled themselves in their frantic endeavours to escape from its dark and mouldy interior. Between the chinks in the boarding which fills up the windows, the bleached skeletons of crows and sparrows can be counted in dozens, killed in all conceivable ways, as if they had been driven forth and cursed in their flight by some demon spirit. No bird was ever known to brood in St Mary's Hall. Around the damp walls outside, the beech and the ash are flourishing into magnificent trees; under their shade, the shrubbery has developed into a

jungle; and the trend of the winding paths and carriage drives is lost in a wealth of grass, upon which the kine graze peacefully to the herd-boy's cheerful whistle. What fate can have operated to condemn this fair Scottish home to ruin and oblivion?

Before me is a short manuscript written by a gentleman who, in a spirit of antiquarian research, visited the dingy interior of St Mary's Hall some years ago, and made some effort to clear up the mystery of its desolation.

"It was in the waning of a summer evening," he says, "and as I entered the building, by unwarrantably, I am afraid, forcing an exceedingly rickety back door, the wind was making dismal and eerie noises in the ruin, playing hide-and-seek through half demolished partitions, flapping great slices of plaster which hung on the walls, and generally suggesting by its wanton escapades that the goblins of the place resented my intrusion. Picking my way among the *debris* which littered the half-rotten floor, I somehow began to feel that I did not at all like the situation.

"I am not a believer in ghosts, but sometimes one's surroundings exercise a strange, depressing influence, and I was not five minutes inside when I became victim to a sense of nervousness which I never before experienced. A longing to rush out into the open air seized me, but I restrained myself for very shame. Everything was so indicative of *doom*! You may laugh, but decay, ruin, or any such synonym would not convey my meaning. As I stood in what must have been the dining hall, I tried to muse on the gay scenes those tumble-down walls must have witnessed, for I had just come across the incidental sentence in a history of the country that St Mary's was a centre of social life in Stratheden a century ago; but moralising did not overcome my growing sense of discomfort, and the impulse to get away from this melancholy chaos.

"There was nothing to be seen of the slightest interest, except a few fine remnants of the plasterers' art, but I was

determined to complete my inspection. I started a lively operatic air. The whistling sounded unearthly in that wreck of a home, and I ceased the diversion more fidgetty than ever. The noises behind and around seemed to get more ghostly in their character; the whitened skeletons hanging in the window chinks flapped in response to some queer wind, the breath of which I could not feel on my heated brow. One of them fell at my feet, and gave me a vigorous start. At last I reached the front door, and I longed to burst it open and flee from this oppressive, uncanny desolation, but it was locked, aye, and barred, and then nailed across with oaken beams, as if the last occupant had decreed that it was never again to be opened. Never again! What a curious vagary of the wind: I could almost have sworn that my thought had found a whispered echo through the building. Involuntarily I glanced up and around, and as I did so, some lettering on the lintel of the door attracted my attention. In the dim light it took me some time to spell out the words, which were roughly hewn into the stone, evidently by one untutored in the art. A cold shiver ran through me, and each hair of my head appeared to rise and form itself into a perfectly upright line, when the terrible nature of the curse became revealed:

THIS · HOUSE · IS · CURSED · BUT
THRICE · CURSED · IS · HE · WHO
BLASTED · YE · FLOWER · OF
ST · MARY'S ·

I fled, precipitately fled, from the sphere of that curse, which the very walls seemed to echo as I scrambled out. Between ourselves, and you know what a septic I am on these matters, there is something *strange* about St Mary's; I shall never explore it again."

The few facts which subsequent investigation brought to light, corroborated by the sad record of the village graveyard, shape themselves into what is, perhaps, one of the most pathetic love stories that family history can reveal.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAVEN AND THE BLASTED OAK.

THE Macdonald family were bachelorly inclined, and when Hector, the ninth laird of St Mary's, died single, it was predicted that the family was fated to extinction. His only brother, Allan James, was bordering on the two score and ten when he abandoned his prosperous commercial career in India, and came home to manage his property. It was unlikely, the neighbours said, that "the old Indian" would take unto himself a wife. But the new laird completely falsified this prophecy regarding him, by marrying, within eighteen months, one of those modest, unseeking, gentlewomen, who sometimes get passed over in the matrimonial market, not from lack of charms, but because of their own maidenly shrinking from the social highways. At thirty-five Lydia Husband was as comely a damsel as was to be found in the length and breadth of the Strath, and, by general consent, she presided with grace and singular dignity over the Hall, which was then quite a new building, and the envy of many of the surrounding lairds. Of the marriage there came one daughter, named after her mother, and as she blossomed into womanhood, the people called her the Flower of St Mary's. Beautiful in herself, peculiarly taking in her manner, and an only child, Lydia, as was but natural, became the one object of her parents' solicitude, upon which their love beat with exclusive intensity, round which their very lives were woven.

It is an afternoon in the month of May, and, in the words of the hunting song—a famous pastime in Stratheden—"All nature is smiling and gay." Lydia, attired in the sweetest of summer dresses, and swinging her sun hat by the strings, chases a butterfly on the lawn, while the laird and his lady sit in the shade watching her gambols with idolising eyes. She is indeed quite a queen of her sex. Lithe and shapely in figure, of medium height, oval face,

Grecian nose, large dark dreamy eyes, and a great wealth of dark auburn hair, which is streaming down her back—these are the charming physical qualities which strike one as she pauses for a moment with her fragile capture in her hand, and, with a gleesome laugh, lets it free again.

“Lydia, dear, there is Ronald,” cries Mrs Macdonald, and Lydia turns with a quick gesture in the direction of the carriage drive, while a blush heightens the colour which her exercise has brought to her cheeks.

Ronald is the proprietor of the neighbouring estate of Tarvat, to which he succeeded while but a schoolboy, through the death of his father by an accident in the hunting field. He came of age last fall. Popular among all classes, handsome and gentlemanly, kind hearted and affable, it was but “nature ower again,” the people said in their own doric, that Ronald and Lydia should “mak a job o’t;” and so it happened that, after much anxious consideration, he was recognised parentally as Lydia’s accepted suitor, but on the condition that he should prove his worth for such a prize by serving two years of probation. A year had now passed, and the old couple were beginning to prepare themselves for the ordeal of parting with their daughter. It would be a sore trial to both, and how quiet and deserted the Hall would seem without her!

“Never mind, dear,” the laird would remark with a sigh, “it will be a union perfect in love, perfect in everything; and you ken the lassie must not miss all the happiness we did by marrying late,” a little speech which always appeared to soothe Mrs Macdonald.

With a playful good-bye, Lydia trips across the lawn to intercept her lover, for she had confidentially warned her mother that, as this was to be a very *very* special meeting, she reserved the right of monopolising his company in the first instance. Their favourite resort was The Den, a romantic glade included in the policies, with grassy slopes, a tiny burn rippling between, and lots of fine trees to afford shelter in sunshine and storm, and thither Lydia directed their footsteps.

“Ronald, darling,” she says, throwing her arms impulsively about his neck, “do you know why I was so anxious you should come this afternoon?” Love, pure, almost solemn in its sincerity, fills those lustrous eyes as she puts the question.

“No, Lydia, dear, I cannot even guess ; but it’s something pleasant I’m sure,” replies Ronald, imprinting a long, fervent kiss upon her lips.

“I thought you would have remembered *very* particularly,” and there was a shade of disappointment in her voice. “It is a year to-day—since you first told me—you loved me,” and she buried her face in his bosom, blushing and crying together, for in her imaginings about this momentous interview she had not thought it possible she would have to tell him *that*. Our ideals always crumble away in the testing.

“Is it so long ago, darling,” he bent down and whispered in her ear, as he played with her auburn tresses, which hung over his arm in beautiful luxuriance. “I have been so happy with you, have lived in such a dream of bliss, that it seems but a month, a week, almost a day, since I told you—my story. And it is a whole long year since you promised to be my wife ! Why, Lydia dear, we must begin to think seriously about our wedding now, if time is to fly so quickly.”

“Truly, Ronald, has the whole long year—of summer, autumn, winter, spring——”

“Yes, they have all danced in a fairy ring for me, darling,” broke in Ronald, laughing, “while you have been moping, and thinking the time was never to pass ; what a tiresome twelvemonths you must have had, poor girl,” he added in mock seriousness.

“You horrid boy, don’t you know it’s because I have been counting the months which must pass till I become your—wife.” It cost Lydia an effort to use the word, and she blushed so painfully that Ronald, a pleased thrill shooting through him at the sound of it, drew her face tenderly to his bosom.

There was a long sweet pause, which was at last broken by Ronald.

"I wish we were married, dear, things would be sort of fixed up then, and I would feel more established at Tarvat than I do now. A young fellow is inclined to feel balloonish and unsettled without an anchor in life, Lydia."

"Ronald, have you ever experienced a vague sense of anxiety for the future, a dread that the *possible* might happen—I don't know how to express it, dear, but I mean that our great happiness might be interrupted."

"No; I never reflect upon these possible evils, Lydia. A man is content to take life more as it comes than a woman is, perhaps; at least I am."

"How beautiful the world has been made for us, Ronald. We are perfectly happy, are we not?"

"Perfectly."

"It is very hard to believe, what we read in books, that the world is full of sin and misery, isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, Lydia, *our* lives are a beautiful dream."

"It is because of this perfect happiness, Ronald, that, as I ponder over it, I dread sometimes that the only possible thing in this world which could separate us might happen—one of us might die."

"Hush, Lydia, or you'll make me quite melancholy. The truth is, Lydia, and I am going to talk seriously to your folks about it, you go far too seldom into society. Your quiet surroundings here bring out too much those sad and dreamy elements in your character upon which, you remember, I have chaffed you often. You were not at Lady Hazleton's garden party to-day, for instance, though you were quite expected, and it was so jolly."

"I could not go to-day, Ronald—I wanted to set this day apart for you only. Ronald, darling, tell me once again what you told me a year ago under this very tree. Don't you remember? You said you loved me deeply and truly, and would love me constantly and for ever and ever."

"Who could help loving deeply, and truly, and constantly, such a beautiful little sweetheart, the Flower of St Mary's, as the good people call her," he asked with smiling earnestness, proudly raising her face between his hands and gazing fondly into eyes "which spake again."

"Ah, if a little bird would come now—as one did a year ago, Ronald, you remember—and warble to us, give us its blessing, as you called it, our anniversary of love would be complete. It was one of the most innocent of God's creations, you said—I thought so beautifully—sent to bless the plighting of our troth."

"It was so late for a thrush to be out singing, and that so sweetly, and just above our heads too. It was a good omen, darling, and we've been happy so far."

"Yes, so far," she sighs.

"And for ever and ever," he adds.

"Oh, Ronald," cried Lydia in alarm, pointing up among the branches, "such a big ugly bird up there."

"It's a raven, Lydia."

"A bird of bad omen, people say."

"Yes, superstitious folks say that, but it is stupid."

"Come away, Ronald, it's such a solemn, melancholy bird. Let us go to the oak grandfather planted, by which you swore Romeo-like a year ago. You had to swear your love by something, you insisted, and I chose the oak, you know, because it would be always growing greater and becoming firmer rooted, as I wanted our love to be."

Hand in hand the lovers sauntered along the path which followed the serpent-like course of the stream. Then they climbed high up on the grassy slope till they came to a knoll occupied by a solitary oak tree, perhaps half a century old.

"How late its foliage is, Ronald; why, it is almost quite bare, while the others are so prettily leaved."

"The tree has been blasted by lightning, Lydia," rejoined Ronald, examining a branch. "That was a very severe thunderstorm we had a fortnight ago, and this oak is

more exposed than the others. See, what a narrow, clean strip is peeled down the trunk where the fluid went to earth."

"Oh, Ronald, will it recover again?"

"Not this year, perhaps never. It has got a severe scorching."

"Perhaps never!" as she said the words Lydia turned away, and stood looking dreamily down the ravine for a minute or two.

"Why so thoughtful, love?" asked Ronald approaching and stealing his arms round her.

"It seems so queer, Ronald."

"What?"

"The raven and the blasted oak."

"Tuts, tuts, another fit of the blues, I declare. Come and have a glorious romp."

Under the domination of Ronald, in his most spirited and playful humour, Lydia soon recovered her spirits; and the laird declared, as the shadows fell, and the time of parting came, that he had never seen the young folks "so terribly jocose."

But that night Lydia wept on her pillow. She did not ask herself the reason why—perhaps it was because of the raven and the blasted oak.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRACY.

LADY HAZLETON of The Beeches aspires to be the leader of social life in the county, and perhaps something more, for it is said the last Tory candidate was actually selected at one of her boudoir conclaves. Her parties are frequent, and always brilliant and successful. Good-looking, though middle-aged, lively in disposition, with conversational powers of the entertaining though shallow order, and blessed with abundant means, her principal aim in life

seems to be to extract the maximum of pleasure from the world, and it is generally conceded that her success is wonderful. One of her hobbies is to promote what she calls desirable matches, and she has been heard to boast that half the marriages in the shire were of her own arranging. One engagement, however, she has had no hand in bringing about, greatly to her chagrin, it is confidentially whispered. Ronald and Lydia owed nothing to her parties or to her cunning shaping of events. As a consequence, the match has excited no enthusiasm on her part; but, strange to say, Ronald never received more attentions from her ladyship than he has done within the past few months. Is there a meaning in it? Lydia is, she admits, extremely beautiful, but she is a recluse, a mere hothouse plant, and not the woman of sport and style the laird needs to draw him out, and make Tarvat the gay place it used to be.

There is to be a party at The Beeches on a more magnificent scale than usual, and Lady Hazleton has been busy all day with invitations and letters. Over one missive she bestows more care than is customary with her, and when, after spoiling several sheets of paper, the writing is finally adjusted to her mind, a passage reads thus:—

“One of the party will be a *most* desirable gentleman, excellent looking, with a big estate, full coffers, of old family, and young. He is engaged—on approval—to a pretty, spooney girl hereabouts, who will not be present. She moons at her mother’s apron-strings. All my scheming has failed to shake his allegiance *so far*, but he is an impressionable youth, and I do not despair. *It would be a feather in the cap of any young lady who won him against such odds.*”

The day of the gathering arrives—glorious summer weather it is, and the garden party which precedes the ball should come off swimmingly—with it, there appears at the Beeches the Hon. Maud Jones, eldest daughter of a somewhat impecunious nobleman across the border, and one of the successes of the past London season. Ronald is done for, Lady Hazleton predicts to herself radiantly as she follows with admiring eyes the movements of her graceful

and stylish guest. Miss Maud has indeed a powerful personality. No one could see her and doubt for a moment the rumour that she has already refused a dozen offers of marriage. Her figure is perfect, her carriage that of a queen; if her face is not exactly beautiful, it is full of character and fascination, while her smile is irresistible; and such eyes! How they flash and sparkle, or languish, or appeal—there is the working of a whole novel in those orbs. She is a woman after Lady Hazleton's own heart; pleasure-loving, full of worldly "go." They have had a long *tete-a-tete* the two of them, and it ends in peals of merry laughter.

"It *would* create a sensation, dear," Lady Hazleton is saying, as she reclines on a luxurious divan.

"I never fail," replies Maud, with a rippling laugh, "I was born to conquest, like Cæsar. How does it go? *Veni, vidi, vici*, isn't it, as old Sir Thomas said when he proposed to me. Ha, ha, ha! such a funny old fellow he was, to be sure."

"There is one thing, Maud; you must not break the boy's heart. I really like him. Should you not care for Ronald, I will sound the retreat, mind you."

"All right, and he'll go back to his darling Lydia. Ta, ta; I'm off to dress for this gallant rustic. What splendid fun!"

Lady Hazleton drifted into a more subdued and thoughtful mood when left alone. "I wish Maud had a little more heart," she says to herself; "Lydia and she are as the poles; I'm a little frightened."

The aristocracy of the county respond largely to Lady Hazleton's invitation; it is in fact many a day since the Beeches, or Stratheden even, saw a gayer or more fashionable throng. Many smart comely maidens with proud pedigrees are of the party; but the Hon. Miss Maud Jones has no rivals. She is the cynosure of every male eye, and the subject of every feminine whisper.

By a curious coincidence—was it part of the plot?—Ronald, though among the first to arrive, was the last to

be introduced to the brilliant guest. He had been watching with ill-concealed interest her progress through the crowd, and as her eyes flashed his way, apparently quite accidentally, he blushed to be caught "on the stare." Now that his turn had come, he blushed more than ever, and his clean shaven, handsome, manly face looked all the better for it.

"Now comes a very special friend: Mr Ronald Alastair Ferguson of Tarvat, the Hon. Miss Maud Jones," and with her sweetest smile Lady Hazleton sweeps past, and disappears among her guests.

Ronald utters a few appropriate words of greeting, in the expectation that the queenly creature will flit away in quest of better conversational entertainment. But she lingers! He stammers out his replies before those entrancing eyes, which look as if in him they found the most interesting being on earth; he is conscious that a hundred looks are bent upon him in envy; he fancies he hears the whisper all round, "what would Lydia say?" Still she lingers, this commanding being, and before he fully recovers himself he has actually promised to shew her the conservatories and the beauties of the policies, all of which she had already carefully inspected for herself.

"I do so love the country," she says half apologetically, "and especially Scotland, with its pretty hills and valleys, and its old turreted castles. I am sure Tarvat must be such an interesting place, with its battlements, and dungeons, and secret passages," and she rambles on until Ronald is delighted at the idea of this gay modern Englishwoman being enamoured of so much connected with the rude past of his native land.

"Are you a good horsewoman?" he asks, with more bluntness than grace.

"That is not a fairly put question, Mr Ferguson," she replies, with a little musical laugh, "I am excessively fond of riding, but I must really leave others to describe the quality of my performances, shouldn't I?"

"I am sure you are a graceful and daring rider, Miss Jones," rejoins Ronald, who at once blushes at his own boldness, as those eyes met his with quick, bewitching gaze.

"Thank you, Mr Ferguson, but you must judge for yourself some day. Stratheden folks are keen hunters, I am told."

"Yes, it is a very popular pastime, and we have some very plucky horsewomen."

"Oh, don't frighten me altogether, Mr Ferguson, or I shall not venture out at all; I forgot all about it, but I *do* hope Lady Hazleton keeps a good stud." This wily, artful daughter of Eve knew hours ago there was not a hoof on the premises.

"I am sorry to say her ladyship does not keep a single horse, Miss Jones. She is——"

"Too old for the exercise, you were going to say," and both break into a hearty laugh "Shall I tell Lady Hazleton?"

"Pray, Miss Jones, don't put me for ever in her black books. As for horses, why, I have one of the prettiest mares in the Strath eating her head off, in fact going a-begging, for a fair rider. You are welcome to the use of her during your stay, I am sure."

The offer is accepted with maidenly prettiness, and then she devotes all her arts of conversation to amuse this "kind-hearted and manly son of the soil," as she mentally designates him. As they wander aimlessly among the fine old trees, Ronald feels that this remarkable woman—be it by nature or art, or both together—is exercising a spell over him which he cannot and has no will to resist. He never imagined himself capable of such repartee as now comes so readily to his lips, or of the wit by which he entraps her into fits of silvery laughter. He is charmed with himself no less than with his vivacious acquaintance. When the demands of etiquette at last bring the chat to an end, Ronald slips away, unobserved as he thinks, to a secluded seat in the shrubbery, out of the prosaic hubbub,

to think over the advent of this fascinating stranger. Lady Hazleton is right ; Ronald is, after all, an "impressionable youth."

What of Lydia? quiet, beautiful, clinging, artless Lydia, who talks and dreams of nothing but love—love—love! whose companionship means sequestered nooks, rippling streams, sighing trees, and the joyousness of birds! Here, in sharp contrast, is a woman of infinite grace, of superabundant charm, who is absorbed in the great social world, and finds her paradise, evidently, in its excitement and whirl. And how interesting, captivating, stimulating she is? He must really teach Lydia, he tells himself, to sip more liberally of social pleasures—it would improve her so much. Has worldly glitter already gained a point?

"Yes, it is quite true ; Mr Ferguson is engaged to Lydia, the only child of the laird of St Mary's, and a beautiful girl she is, and a great favourite with the folks of Stratheden."

It is Lady Hazleton's voice, close by the shrubbery, and she is talking singularly loud ; can she intend Ronald to hear?

"Many people consider it an excellent match," she continues, "but I think they would prove quite unsuited to each other. Mr Ronald requires a lady of spirit and culture to bring out his good points, whereas Miss Lydia is a spooney young thing, who dislikes society. She would drive him melancholy. Did you notice how brightly he got on with my friend Miss Jones?"

"I observed they were chummy," carelessly responded her companion, a portly retired major, who was the privileged recipient of many of her ladyship's confidences.

"I really think—I know Miss Maud's ways so well—she is not indifferent to him already. It would be a magnificent match."

Ronald could endure it no longer ; he slipped away with reddened face and palpitating heart. He would go to

Lydia, his beautiful angel, and in the cloister, as it were, obliterate the memory of that afternoon. Perhaps he would have acted upon this impulse and relinquished the remainder of the evening's enjoyments, in the loyalty of his love; but he met *her* again, and under the bewitchment his resolution vanished like mist before the noon-day sun. Would she remember him at the dance? Aye, with pleasure; and she did, with a lavishness which made Lady Hazleton's countenance beam, and set the tongues of gossiping chaperons a-wagging busily. Ronald cares for nothing but the delicious glory of that waltz.

"Well, dear, what of thy Romeo?" asked her ladyship radiantly in the refuge of the boudoir, when the last guest has departed.

"I will be mistress of Tarvat," is the calm reply.

"If you can, dear!"

"I never fail—with men," and this time no careless laugh accompanies the words.

Poor Lydia; do the blasted oak and the raven still disturb thy dreams?

.

The old laird of St Mary's is pacing his library in a state of excitement and perplexity, a sheet of paper, bearing a brief note, crushed fiercely in his hand. Mrs Macdonald enters in response to a hurried summons, and appears to comprehend the situation at once.

"Is it another of those anonymous letters about Ronald, my dear?"

"Yes, the second within a week. Listen: 'Young Ronald is out daily riding in the society of the Hon. Maud Jones; for the honour of your ancient house, break off his engagement at once.' By heavens, I will; our lassie shall not be dishonoured."

"But is this dreadful thing true, dear?"

"That I shall hear this very hour from his own lips, straight, and categorically, yes or no," he exclaims excitedly.

He keeps his word ; and as the old-fashioned lumbering carriage rolls along to Tarvat with its irate but sad occupant, a pair of beautiful, cruel, malicious eyes watch its destination from a top window at Lady Hazleton's. Can such eyes belong to the Hon. Miss Maud Jones ?

CHAPTER III.

"THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN."

IT is the young laird of Tarvat's wedding-day ; another hour or so, and Ronald will be leading his bride from the altar in one of the great, solemn, London churches, amid the congratulations of a fashionable crowd. Society has passed the verdict that it is a brilliant match ; what say the folks of Stratheden ? There are flags about in plenty ; work has ceased for the day, and everybody is abroad in holiday attire ; at the mansion-house all is stir and bustle for the dinner and ball, on a grand scale, to which the tenantry and a host of other guests have been invited.

But the village bells, which never before were silent when a lord of the manor got wedded, why do they remain unringed ? Here and there, groups discuss the matter earnestly, and there is a general feeling that the bells should be pealed, but none covets the distinction of being the first to pull the ropes.

Old John, who has rung hundreds to the grave as well as to the altar in his time, and with equal readiness, to the surprise of everybody, has sentimentally struck work. He has declared he will not peal one single note "to hurt the sair heart o' the young leddy o' St Mary's, wha's richt it was tae hae her bridal dress on."

Many wistful looks are cast in the direction of St Mary's Hall, which stands boldly and proudly out amongst the trees on the other side of the vailey. "She's fair heart-broken," remarks an aged dame, who seems to be an authority on this world's troubles, "an jist like a walking

wraith. Puir lassie, her bit heart was sae sair set on him. Aye, it'll be a sad day for her. An' she so gentle, an' bonnie, an' angel-like, wi' her smile, her kind words tae a', an her visits to the puir an' the sufferin'."

These homely words elicit a quiet chorus of sympathetic expressions from the bystanders, male and female. It is evident there is a qualification to the joyousness of the crowds who have assembled in the village thoroughfares, most of them in the vicinity of the bell tower. The clock strikes twelve, and already, away in the vast city, the notes of the organ have hushed the crowded church; but the village bells ring out no gladsome peal. See! The belfry door stands wide open upon its hinges, and the ropes hang ready. Across the valley, the laird and his lady sit mutely at the window, expecting every moment to hear the merry clanging. Lydia has vanished, they dare not ask where, for they feel that to her it will sound like a death-knell. They listen, but still no ringing breaks in upon the quietness of the Strath.

Old John has closed the belfry door now; no wedding bells shall ring to-day.

It was the wedding of the season, the society papers say, and altogether a brilliant spectacle. "Miss Maud looked positively lovely in a dress of rich ivory satin; and the old family diamonds of Tarvat, which are of rare value, and were worn at the special request of the bridegroom, it is safe to say, never had a prettier owner, handsome as the Ferguson race has been. The bridegroom looked noble in the uniform of a captain of yeomanry, and quite worthy of his stylish and brilliantly endowed wife. Social life in the county should gain much by this happy union."

The picture has a sad and startling reverse.

While the Wedding March fills the church, and life appears so beautiful to those concerned, Lydia sits all alone beneath the blasted oak tree. No tears wet her cheeks, which are now thin and pallid, or moisten those great appealing eyes. Her trouble is too deep for that. She only sits

gazing across the ravine, heedless of the sunshine, of the blithe medley of the birds, the glory of the scene. Her world has become a dark dreary void, without sunshine, without even a hope, except it be that death may come.

“Ronald does not love me,” is her sad, heart-breaking refrain, as she sits there, her young life blasted like that of the oak above her, “and I love him.”

By and bye Mrs Macdonald comes down in search of her daughter, but her approaching footsteps are not heeded by Lydia. The cruel problem, the loss of her lover, absorbs her dulling senses. “He promised to love me deeply, constantly, for ever and ever.” Why does he not? She cannot comprehend.

Her mother hears the murmured words, and turns away with convulsive sobs; for even a mother cannot minister to a blighted heart, or relieve the deep, black gloom of despair!

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETRIBUTION OF LOVE.

SEVEN years have passed; and it is one of those calm, dull days in November which seductively combine the aspect of autumn with the feeling of winter. In the grey of the evening a solitary horseman appears on the principal highway of Stratheden; it is Ronald, laird of Tarvat. In their homeward trudge the field labourers salute him with marked respect, then, after a few paces, turn round for a second look, and resume their journey with a solemn shake of the head. Only seven years, yet his hair is tinged with grey, his young face is furrowed and gloomy, and his whole aspect is that of a man who has once and for all quarrelled with life's pleasures.

The night is closing in as Ronald directs his steed into a small plantation close by the village churchyard. Here he dismounts, and, after fettering his horse to a tree in the thickest part of the wood, looks cautiously around. No

one is visible. He enters the churchyard, and with hasty tread makes for the far-off corner, where generations of the lairds of St Mary's lie buried. He has reached the enclosure now, and stands with bowed, uncovered head before a tombstone on which the light still permits the inscription to be read :—

In memory of
LYDIA,
known as
The Flower of St Mary's,
by virtue of
Her loveliness of form and character.
Born 1791 ; died 1811.
“ A broken and a contrite heart.”—Psalm li. 17.
Erected by
The people of Stratheden
As a mark of love, sympathy, and respect
for the family.

Ronald sinks upon his knees at the foot of the grave, and his body heaves in the silent magnitude of his grief.

“ Oh, my love, my love, I killed you !” he mutters hoarsely, almost demoniacally, “ I, who loved you so madly, killed you ! Life has become a hell ! My darling, come back ! come back to me ! !”

He clutches the long damp grass on the grave as if he would tear it open. “ Come back to me !” How dreadful the words sound in the graveyard—dreadful and awe-inspiring because of the utter hopelessness of the cry ! When the seal of the grave has been placed on the past, the heart can but break over the agonising “ what might have been.”

The night falls fast, but he heeds not ; the murkiest hour will be as sunshine compared with the darkness which fills his soul. He hears the clang of the rusty gates as the old sexton locks up for the night, and feels glad that he has not been disturbed. Yes, glad, for he has come there to die ! He cannot live longer with the thought of what might have been, rending and maddening him.

A missive in Mrs Ferguson's boudoir will explain all when she returns from the dance in the morning. It is to be a very fashionable affair at the Hazleton's, and as Ronald, half ruined by his recent galloping expenditure, has just mortgaged the estate deeper, and given her plenty of money, she expects to create a sensation in her gorgeous apparel. There will also be there a certain gallant colonel to whom she is not indifferent. Oh, faithless wife!

Wife? no; she is a widow now, as she glides through the dance, smiling, laughing, flirting! The tragedy is over; the phial is empty; and the young laird of Tarvat lies cold and stiff upon the grave of the only woman he loved, whose life he blighted, because of the world's evanescent glitter. They will say he had been queer of late; and the now solitary and crazy owner of St Mary's will chuckle, and point with quivering hand to the curse he has chiselled on the lintel.

[THE END.]

A SCOTCHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

III.—THE HOLY CITY—(*Continued*).

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KIEFF is not only a holy city, it is a place of predilection for almost every Russian who has once inhabited it. This arises chiefly from the brightness of its spring and autumn, the two detestable seasons of northern Russia. Nothing can exceed the golden glory of the fall of the year in Kieff. The deep blue of the sky, the changing hues of the surrounding woods, the green-roofed houses, the white churches with their glittering domes, the shining silver of the lazy river, and the general veil of gladness over everything makes the casual onlooker ready to exclaim—"Behold it is very good." As to the spring, it is young and tender, and glowing with soft greenish lights, that at sunset fade from amber into silver, as the moon looks softly down upon the city and lights up all its shrines and fanes with fantastic glory. And more than this, it is the only spot in Russia where I have heard the song of the nightingale, revelled in the beauty of spring flowers, or tasted the luscious grapes in perfection, for which southern Russia is so famous.

The churches, as I said before, are very numerous. The earliest Orthodox place of worship of any note was the church of the *Dissatina* or *Tithes*, which was erected by St Vladimir, 994-996, and was dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*. The building was decorated by Greek artists, the icons, crosses, and vases, taken from the church at Cherson, were placed within it, the priests of the conquered town were ordered to administer the rites, and the direction of the whole was placed in the hands of the King's favourite,

Anastasius. This man was a native of Cherson, who, when the Russians besieged that town, had shot an arrow into their camp with these words attached—"You will find behind you, on the east, the wells that supply the city with water, by means of subterraneous channels. You can take possession of them." For this service he was richly rewarded by Vladimir, and he exercised considerable influence in the councils of that monarch. The present church of the Dissatina is a bare-looking and comparatively modern structure, with nothing remarkable in its appearance except an inscription over the principal doorway, which is said to have formed a part of the ancient building. Another early monument is the "Golden Gate," which formerly was one of the great entrances to the city; it is now an ugly ruin, in the form of two sides of an arch, and built of dirty reddish bricks. Its name was taken from the gate of the same name at Constantinople, the early Russians having done all in their power to render their favourite town as nearly as possible like that city. The Greeks were the foreigners who possessed the greatest attraction for the descendants of Ruric, and this fascination still exists in the universal desire to lay hands upon the city of the Sultan. Next to the Church of the Dissatina, in point of age, and far exceeding it in glory, is the Cathedral of St Sophia, which was built on the site of a battle, by Yaroslaf, a son of St Vladimir, about 1040, in thanksgiving for a victory which he had gained over his deadly enemies the Petchénègues. This people, supposed by some writers to be of Turkish or Hunish origin, made frequent incursions into the south of Russia, burning the towns and villages and devastating the country wherever they appeared. Yaroslaf surrounded the town with a wall of brick, and built the Golden Gate, but his chief architectural accomplishment is this Church of St Sophia, where his tomb may still be seen, of rudely hewn marble, and ornamented with primitive sculptured figures, representing birds and trees. The great charm of this church is its delicacy of tone. The

bell tower is coloured with very pale green, overlaid with white arabesques, and surmounted by a large gilt cupola, and there are from twelve to fourteen smaller ones upon the main body of the building. When these are lighted by a gleaming sun or a silvery moon, standing out, as they do, in bold relief against the sky, there is something irresistibly charming in their aspect.

The interior of the church is dark and gloomy, and the frescoes hideous, especially those in the galleries. One of the most remarkable is that of David dancing before the ark, which is represented as a comical square framework, while a very ugly Michal looks out at an impossible window in great disgust at her husband's uncouth antics. The representations of the arch-enemy of mankind are wonderful in their way, and, one would think, highly calculated to be a warning to evildoers. But this grotesqueness does not always offend the pilgrims, for a gentleman friend of mine one day saw a woman holding up her child before one of the frescoes, and bidding it "kiss the good god on the tail." At some future time I shall revert to the Cathedral of St Sophia in connection with the celebration of Easter. At present I must say a few words about the secular aspect of the place.

The town is built upon a series of little hills, which, by some odd freak of nature, form an isolated group, and are surrounded by a flat sandy plain. The principal street, which is called the Krestchatik, is tolerably broad, abominably paved, and has a decided tendency to a hollow in the middle. At one end are two immense square holes, surrounded by a species of barrier, which present a strange appearance, and seem to have no *raison d'être*. But let a heavy shower of rain come on, and the holes will be accounted for. On every side the water pours into the main street, and a swishing, swirling torrent rushes down the middle of it, and pours viciously into the holes aforesaid. There is a tradition to the effect that upon one dark night, a few years ago, a Jew was

caught in the current and drowned in one of the receptacles. This is quite feasible, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. If the rain continue, portable bridges are brought out and placed across the street for the convenience of pedestrians, but sometimes they happen to be too short, and then there ensues a most marvellous exhibition of feminine ankles, from the natural desire, inherent in all fair ladies, to avoid wet skirts. Another peculiarity of the town is, that when the calendar announces a full moon, the lamplighters enjoy several leisure evenings. There may be no moon visible—but as there ought to be, you cannot expect to have the gas lighted. If you break your limbs, or get your garments splashed through venturing into slippery places, that is of no account. You can carry a lantern if you choose to be fastidious.

The population of Kieff is decidedly nondescript—Poles, Germans, and Jews are the staple commodity, with a smaller contingent of Russians, and a very small sprinkling of Italians. The town is one of the most important in the empire, and takes rank, after St Petersburg, with Moscow and Odessa. The General-Governor of Kieff exercises authority over several governments.

The social aspect of the place is dull and simple, but, as a rule, the inhabitants are more sympathetic and kindly than their elegant cousins in the North, and exercise a more genuine hospitality. As a set-off to these good qualities, the Little Russians are, generally, sly, obstinate, and lazy. A man of forty usually retires from "the burden and heat of the day," to a life of somnolent tranquility. He will tell you, perhaps, that he has *worked* twenty years, or even less, and that it is time to enjoy himself. It is very difficult for us to look at life in this respect from the Russian standpoint. We are creatures of such insatiable activity that to us "a want of occupation is not rest," and we are apt to condemn the Muscovite for his slowness of movement and general indolence. Without doubt the climate is, in a great degree, responsible for this characteristic, and probably also

in a measure the old Greek influence of ostentation, cunning, and sloth. No people, not even the Americans, admire crafty dealing so much as the Russians do, and to be called *chitri* (sly) is quite a compliment. Perhaps also their constant dealing with the Hebrews modifies their character in this respect. With regard to the Jewish element Russia heads the list, as, out of the six millions and a half that recent statistics give as the sum total of the Semitic race, the Muscovite—"the persecuting Muscovite"—gives shelter to three millions. This seems, at first sight, to be puzzling, but the reason may be found in the crass ignorance of the Russian peasant, who falls an easy prey to the specious reasoning of his hook-nosed tempter. In Little Russia the Jew is at his lowest and vilest, morally, intellectually, and physically. Nothing can exceed the grease of his gaberdine, the hideousness of his ringlets, or the vulture-like expression of his hooked nose. It sometimes requires considerable moral courage to pass through the scattered groups of Shylocks that are congregated round the door of the Stock Exchange, or of some banking house belonging to one of their fraternity.

With regard to the persecutions of the Jewish race which have occurred at different periods in Russia, I believe them to be the result of some underhand denunciations, rather than the spontaneous action of an entire people. That the Russians and the Jews detest each other is certain; that the Israelite seldom retaliates is equally so, for, to slightly alter Shakespeare—"He will bear it with a patient shrug, for suffrance is the badge of all his tribe." Still, it is only fair to say that the Muscovite is not a persecuting animal. He will cheat, lie, make love to his neighbour's wife, and do many other uncomely things, but he is not cruel; and it is unjust to upbraid him for some act of private spite or governmental policy, by means of which he is incited to deeds of cruelty that are entirely foreign to his nature.

M. O. W.

TIGHEARN OG LOCHAIN-BHARR.

TRANSLATED BY I. B. O.

THAINIG Triath Lochain-bharr as an Iar oirnn gu grad,
 Air an steud-each a b'fhearr anns an crìochan air fad;
 Gun bhail air a ghiulan ach claidheamh deas, treun;
 A' marcachd gun armachd, 's a' marcachd leis fhein,
 Cho dileas an gaol, a's cho gaisgeil am blar,
 Chan fhacas riamh coimeas do Thriath Lochain-bharr.

Gun churam do bhacadh, gun eagal roimh namh,
 Far an doimhne an abhainn rinn esan a snamh;
 Ach Tigh a' Bhail'-shios m'an do rainig e thall,
 Thug a leannan a h-aonta 's bha shaoth'r-san air chall,
 Oir bha giugair an gaol, agus cladhair am blar,
 Dol a phosadh na h-ainnir aig Triath Lochain-bharr.

Do Thigh a' Bhail'-shios gu neo-sgath'ch ghabh e steach,
 Am measg fhleasgach, a's chairdean, a's bhraithrean, 's gach
 neach.

Arsa athair na gruagaich, 's a lamh air a lann—
 ('S fear-na-bainnse air chrith, 's e gun smid as a cheann)
 "An d' thainig thu 'n sith, no an d' thain' thu chum air,
 No a dhanns' aig a' bhanais, a Thriath Lochain-bharr?"

"Bha mo chion air do nighinn ged bhac thu mo ghradh;
 Ach tha 'n gaol mar a' mhuir, ni e lionadh a's tragh'dh,
 A's thainig mi dh' ionnsaidh a' phosaidh gun sion
 Ach a dhanns' leis an og-mhnaoi, 's a dh-ol do chuid fion'.
 Tha pailteas an Albainn de dh-oighean is fhearr,
 A ghabhadh gu deonach Tighearn Og Lochain-bharr."

Bhlais ise ; ghlac esan an cupan gu teann,
A's thilg e a 'laimh e 'n uair dh' ol e na bh' ann ;
Chrom ise gu malda 's a h-aghaidh fo nair',
Le deur air a suil, 's air a bile fiamh-ghair'.
Ghabh e greim air a laimh dh'aindeoin bacadh a math'r—
“ Nis theid sinn a dhannsadh,” thuirt Triath Lochain-bharr.

A dhealbh-san cho flathail 's a dreach-se cho briagh,
Chan fhacas aon charaid thug barr orra riamh ;
Fo chorruich bha h-athair, a math'r, 's a luchd-daimh,
'S fear-na-bainnse trom, dubhach, 's a bhoineid na laimh ;
Rinn na maighdeanan cagar, “ B' e moran a b'fhearr
I dh' fhaotainn r' a phosadh Tighearn Og Lochain-bharr.”

A' beantainn d' a laimh 's a' cur facail na ceann,
A mach air an dorus a ghearr iad le deann ;
Thog e suas air an each i, 's am priobadh na sul',
Bha esan 's an diollaid, a's is' aig a chul.
“ Tha i agam gun taing ! Beannachd leibh !” thuirt an sar ;
“ Bidh iad tapaidh a ghlacas Tighearn Og Lochain-bharr !”

Chuir na cairdean le cabhaig an eachraidh air doigh ;
Cuid a' ruith, cuid a' marcachd, a ghlacadh na h-oigh' ;
Bha ruagadh a's reiseadh thar raointean a's shliabh,
Ach sealladh d' an og-mhnaoi chan fhaca iad riamh.
Cho treubhach an gaol a's cho gaisgeil am blar,
Am facas riamh leithid Tighearn Og Lochain-bharr !

TREASURE-TROVE.

THE following paper is from the graceful pen of the late reverend and greatly beloved John Macintyre, D.D., of Kilmonivaig. In the too often stormy meetings of the "Joint Committee on the Gaelic Bible" his voice was all for peace. The weight of his authority, as a ripe and cultured Gaelic scholar, was readily acknowledged on both sides of that bitter controversy; while the purity, at once of his motives and of his chaste and beautiful Gaelic idiom, stood ever confessed even by the most cantankerous of self-asserting controversialists.

As a warm and powerful Gaelic preacher, Dr Macintyre will long be remembered in Lochaber. His interest in the young, and his powerful patronage, so kindly and wisely extended to young Highlanders of "pregnant parts," will enshrine his memory with undying affection in the hearts of many a prosperous Gael, at home and abroad, now gladly doing for others what long ago Dr Macintyre so kindly did for him and others like him.

But it was ever as the Highland *Seanachaidh* that the late minister of Kilmonivaig was at his best. What stores of old family lore were his! What tales of foray, clan battle, and blood feud, he could unfold to the fascinated listener, when time and place were suitable—now around his own festive board, now on the deck of the Glasgow steamer, with the glittering stars of a late harvest night overhead, now as with some kindred spirit he paced his favourite walks, along the streams, and threading the glens and corries, he loved so well.

Of his poems and songs, in English and in Gaelic, some few have been preserved, only to whet our appetite for more.

The paper which follows cannot fail to interest many readers of the *Highland Monthly*. The subject is confessedly a difficult one, on which few men were better fitted to speak with authority than Dr Macintyre. His intimate acquaintance with the clan history of Lochaber, his accurate knowledge of local Gaelic idioms, and his delicate ear for the minutest distinction of the peculiarities of local pronunciation—these all combine to give him rare qualifications for such an inquiry as that which here he so charmingly handles. Long years ago the paper appeared in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*. But it well deserves to be put on permanent and *patent* record in the pages of the *Highland Monthly*.

DONALD MASSON.

EDINBURGH, May 20, 1890.

THE CLAN BATTLE ON THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH, 1396.

WHO WERE THE COMBATANTS?

“THE history of that bloody combat at Perth appears but dimly in the vista of our chronicles. The barbarous orthography tends much to increase the darkness, as well as the variety of conjectures, as to who the combatants really were. Sir Walter Scott, in the ‘Tales of a Grandfather,’ designates them Clan Chattan and Clan Kay, while in the ‘Fair Maid of Perth’ he calls them Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele. Clan Kay or Dhàl was a branch of the Clan Chattan, the Davidsons, and I presume a small sept, not likely *per se* to resist for any length of time the powerful Clan Chattan—far less to raise such a commotion in Scotland as to excite alarm or concern on the part of the Government. I am disposed to think that the feud which led to the famous combat was that between the Mackintoshes and the Camerons. Ruari Mòr Mac Ille Chatain was the proprietor of a great part of Lochaber, now possessed by Lochiel. He was old and blind, and lived with an only daughter, Eva, at Tòr Castle, on the banks of the Lochy. The Lord of the Isles intimated to Ruari, by his nephew, Shaw, that he was to pay him a visit; but the old chief, anticipating no good from this honour, advised the nephew to run off with Eva; and thus Shaw, by his marriage with the heiress of Mac Ille Chatain, succeeded to his possessions in Lochaber, and was progenitor of the Clan Mackintosh.

“The Camerons in course of time became occupants of these lands of Mac Ille Chatain, and disputed the rights of their owner. Hence arose a sanguinary warfare, which endured, more or less, for above three hundred years, and was only composed towards the end of the seventeenth century by the interference of John Glas, the first Earl of Breadalbane, who was related to both Lochiel and Mackintosh. Many battles were fought during this long period of feud. Mackintosh at length resolved to assert his rights in earnest. He advanced into Lochaber at the head of 1500 men, his clan and allies. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel mustered 900. When on the eve of battle, Breadalbane appeared, leading a considerable force, and insisted on the parties coming to a settlement. They submitted to his arbitration, and the lands in dispute—Glenloy and Locharkaig—were awarded to Lochiel on condition of his paying a certain sum of money.

“During the fierce and protracted struggle between the rival clans, there were frequent reprisals. The Camerons on one occasion made a raid on the lands of Mackintosh, and, returning with the *creagh* or spoil, were pursued and overtaken at Invernahavon, in Badenoch. Mackintosh called to his aid his kindred in that country, the Clan Mhuirich, or Macpherson, and the Clan Dhàì. Invernahavon belonged to the latter, and the post of honour, the right hand in the battle, was conferred on them, upon which the Macphersons refused to fight. The result was that the Camerons were the victors. Mackintosh, thus defeated, endeavoured by stratagem to accomplish what he had failed to effect by force of arms. Cluny and his clan waited as spectators of the fight at the foot of Craigdhu, on the north side of the Spey. On the following night Mackintosh sent to them a bard with an insulting lampoon, ascribing the inactivity of the Clan Mhuirich to cowardice. The insult was believed to come from the Camerons, and while these rested on the field deeming themselves secure after their victory, the Clan Mhuirich attacked and completely discomfited the Camerons, their leader, Charles Mac Illonaich, being slain. This is an old tradition. I remember when a boy hearing the narrative from a respectable tacksman, Mr Ewen Clark of Nisantullaich, sitting on a spot where we had a bird's-eye view of the whole scene of the conflict; and a sword dug up in the field was at the same time presented to the late Captain Peter Macintyre, who I have reason to believe deposited it in the museum of the Northern Institution at Inverness.

“This defeat of the Cameron's would, of course, add fuel to the flame, and the death of their leader, Charles Mac Illonaich, must have heightened the spirit of revenge in that sept of the Camerons to which he belonged. The great Clan Cameron was not then homogeneous. There is a tradition that a Lochiel would not permit any one but a Cameron to dwell on the banks of the

Lochy. By force or policy he succeeded. He expelled some, and others adopted his name through fear or friendship. He drove away Mac Lean and Mac Gillies; the Camerons of Letterfinlay were of old Mac Martins; the Camerons of Glennevis were Mac Intyres; the Camerons of Strone were Mac Illonies. This union of septs is indicated by the crest or symbol of the Camerons, namely, a *dòrlach*, or handful of arrows.

“Charles Mac Illonaich, killed at Invernahavon, or on the retreat therefrom, must have been the head of the Strone family, or at least a principal man among that tribe, seeing that he was entrusted with the leadership of the Camerons in this foray against the Mackintoshes. His death would naturally stimulate his followers to avenge it, and to claim the post of honour in the combat at Perth, while the Clan Dhàì of Invernahavon (in all probability the greatest sufferers in the conflict) would cherish similar feelings, and claim the same perilous honour of position. The number of combatants being limited to thirty on each side, could be the more readily furnished by these comparatively small tribes. Keeping these particulars in view, let us look at the designations of the parties. The Clan Dhái was a branch of the Clan Chattan, and the Clan Mac Illonach or Gillonaich a branch of the Clan Cameron. The Camerons of Strone, or the Mac Illonies, are distinguished in Lochaber from other branches of the Camerons, as Clan Dhùghail na Sròine, and their chieftain is Mac Dhùgail na Sròine.¹ We have thus two tribes, Clan Dhàì and Clan Dhùghail. In the county of Perth names and terms beginning with the consonant *D* (when aspirated, *Dh*) are pronounced like *Ch*. Thus, a *Dhònuill* is pronounced as a *Chònuill*, and a *dhuine*! (O man) is pronounced a *chuine*. *Clan Dhùgaill* would, according to this analogy, be *Clan Chughail*, or phonetically, Clanwhewyl,

¹ The following anecdote goes to illustrate this. Macbean's grave is seen at this day in the Craig's burying-place, near Fort-William:—We have a tradition in Lochaber of a single combat, which took place between a celebrated Italian swordsman and Donald Mòr Macbean, some time before 1745. The Italian was victorious in all his encounters, till, throwing down the gauntlet to Lochiel's man, Macbean undertook to measure swords with him, and deprived him of his championship and his life. On the point of engaging he poured forth the following apostrophe to his absent friends:—

“O bao thu! 's mi 'm' ònar!
 C'ait' am bheil na fir mhòra?
 Mac Eobhain 'ic Eobhain,¹
 Mac Dhùghaill na Sròine,²
 Mac 'ic Mhàrtuin na Leitreach,³
 Luchd a sheasamh mo chòrach.
 O bao thu! 's mi 'm' ònar!”

¹ The son of Ewen son of Ewen, *i.e.*, Cameron of Earachd.

² The son of Dugald of Strone.

³ The son of the son of Martin of Letterfinlay.

The vindicators of my rights.
 I am alone, where are they?

Clanquhele, or Clanwhiell. The Clan *Dhài* would fall to be written *Clan Chai*, or, softened, *Cai* or *Kai*. Thus you have Wyntoun the chronicler's two names of Clan Quhele and Clan Kay.

“Sir Walter Scott suggested that the Clan Quhele meant Lochiel, but such a title for the chief of the Camerons was unknown to the Highlanders, and never applied to them until lately. The title is Mac Dhònuill Duibh. Lochiel is a territorial appellation. The Davidsons are, as I have said, the Clan Dhài—properly Clan Dhàibhidh. With regard to the names of the leaders, Bower, the continuator of Fordun's History, calls the leader of the Clan Kay, *Scheabeg*, that is, little Shaw. Wyntoun adds the name of his father, calling him ‘Scha Farquaris Son.’ Hector Boece (the most incorrect and fanciful of our early historians) has ‘Stratberge’—evidently a blunder for Shàthbeag, the proper orthography. Shaw, being his Christian name, was appropriate as one derived from his ancestor, who married Eva, the heiress of Clan Chattan. He is, therefore, called by Sir Robert Gordon ‘Shaw Mackintosh.’ The leader of the other party is called Christie Mac Ian, or Johnson, but this name is in no respect characteristic of the Camerons. Gillechrist is common among the Macraes of Kintail, and these being neighbouring clans, it might have got in among the Camerons through intermarriage—a common enough occurrence. But the old chroniclers were most splendidly careless and indifferent as to orthography, names, and dates; and George Buchanan, who follows them in his account of this Perth affair, does not venture to give any Gaelic designations, but, in his lofty Latin, says the combatants were two powerful races in the wild and lawless region beyond the Grampians! Sir Walter Scott, in his ‘Fair Maid of Perth,’ introduces the names of Eachin, Torquil, and Tormot—a truly poetic licence as relating to the clans Chattan or Cameron, located in Inverness-shire, not Perthshire. The first belongs to the Macleans; the two others to the Macleods. The *Sìol Torcuill bhò'n chuan* (the race of Torquil of the ocean) belongs to the Macleods of Lews and Raasay, and refers to their insular position or Sandinavian origin. *Sìol Toromait*, or the race of Norman, is the appellation of the Macleods of Dunvegan. Finally, and to end this long story, I believe the principals in the great feud were the clans Chattan and Cameron; the actual combatants, the Clan Dhùgail of Sròine or the Macgillonies, and the Clan Dhàibhidh or Davidsons of Invernahavon in Badenoch.”

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EDITED BY

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AND

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THE LONG GLEN.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

OCHOIN-A-RIGH!

ON the Laird's estate there was little of sound sleep and peace on that black night when the post-runner brought the worst news that ever came to the Glen since many of its sons fell at Culloden; and since, thirty years earlier than that, the then laird and forty of his men were taken prisoners at Preston. The men who were now, at the high behest of an inexperienced lad, to be driven from the glen of their sires and affections were peaceful, law-abiding, religious people; but they still retained many strong traces of their warrior descent. Their Christian creed even assumed a military cast. As soldiers of the Cross, they deemed it their sacred duty, whatever occurred, to fight faithfully to the end, and to submit to the heaviest chastisements without rebellious murmurings. On that black night, inexpressibly sad as their hearts were, their eyes were dry when they broke up their little meeting at the inn, and took their several ways home to tell the evil news to their families.

The women when told were not ashamed to weep and wail. The little children, without fully realising the calamity which had come upon them, lifted up their voices, weeping in chorus with momentarily despairing mothers, and with older sisters whose secret romances were about to be interrupted, and whose maiden loves were probably to be plucked up by the roots, in consequence of the sudden collapse of their little social system, and the terrible sense of insecurity and unreality which it was calculated to produce.

Next day, which chanced to be Saturday, the poor people went about their usual work in a stunned and listless manner ; but they were outwardly very composed and silent. They hoped God would help them, if they submitted to His will, sincerely asked His aid, and did the best they could to help themselves. This belief was strengthening and comforting them already, although, as yet, they saw no road of safety open, nor where a place of earthly refuge could be found.

Conversation Bench, notwithstanding that several of its former frequenters had passed away—taken from the evil to come—continued still to be the Saturday meeting-place of Duncan Ban, Calum, the surviving Seanair, and the young men who were following in the old men's footsteps. In the common misfortune, Moderates and Free Churchmen no longer remembered their ecclesiastical bickerings ; they were now Children of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder. So on the afternoon of this black Saturday almost all the heads of families, without any previous concert, but moved by the social instinct which naturally impels human beings to mutually share joys and sorrows, drifted together from all points to the well-known rendezvous of the old men.

All wished to hear Duncan Ban's opinion of the state of affairs ; and they also hoped the Maor would turn up, for they were anxious to hear about the Dunedin meeting, and to get information about the new tenants ; all they yet knew being that they were Highlanders and Established Churchmen.

The Maor, however, did not show his face in the Glen for many days ; and when he came back at last he had his own six months' notice to quit in his pocket. The Laird revolutionised from top to bottom, and yet nobody cursed him. Very little at all was said about him, and that little was more in pity than in anger. When the Maor came back, he said a good deal to relieve his feelings ; for he was a miserably self-accusing and downcast man. He never meant to do the least harm to the tenants—not he—but in the Free Church matter, acting, he said, on superior authority, and guessing the danger ahead, he tried to bully them for their own good. Still he knew that his despatches to the young Laird on that occasion would not, if published, redound to his credit. When he attempted in Edinburgh to undo the old mischief, he was silenced by his own letters. The dismissal, although a sore blow, was not so hard to bear as the prickings of conscience. Ample and humble were the poor man's avowals of indiscretion and remorse. To some extent, indeed, he made himself out to be a blacker sheep than he ever was ; for although his pen and tongue, when inspired by toddy, were apt to be unruly, his heart was free from malice. He went to Duncan Ban, confessing his errors, and begging for consolation ; and the old man, with an irrepressible touch of contempt, said to him—"Be sure it was a bigger pair of devil's bellows than thine which blew the blast that bent the willow-wand."

But where was Duncan Ban on this dismal Saturday afternoon, that he did not appear at Conversation Bench for hours after his time? Calum was quite anxious about him. Something he feared must have happened—something worse than the notice to quit, if that could be. Nobody present had seen Duncan Ban that day ; but he was well enough the day before, although it was his son who went to meet the post. The anxious inquiries of Calum were soon answered in the most satisfactory manner possible ; for in the midst of them Duncan Ban hove in

sight, with Diarmad and Ewan Mor. The whole three seemed to be in excellent spirits, for the sound of their laughter preceded their steps, and there was sunshine on their faces.

The sad crowd greatly marvelled, and felt disposed to resent this untimely mirth. When the old man took up the word and made his explanations, that feeling was changed; but we must leave Conversation Bench at present, and go back on the trail of some events which occurred earlier in the day.

The letter which his son brought home to Duncan Ban the previous night was very different from the other notices to quit. It gave him indeed notice to quit his present farm, which was henceforward to form the fourth part of a large holding some six thousand acres in extent. But it told him also that there yet remained unlet a farm which formed at present two holdings, and which it was thought desirable to make into one; that neither of the present tenants could be accepted as the one tenant of the consolidated holding; and that if he, Duncan Ban, made a satisfactory offer, it would be favourably considered, as the Laird felt very unwilling to part with a man whom he so highly respected. Having read this decidedly kind and flattering letter aloud to his assembled family, the old man looked over his spectacles at his son, who shook his head; and the son's wife promptly translated that head signal into words—"It cannot be. It would be a dreadful shame for us to turn out the present people." Duncan Ban quickly seized hold of the hand of his son's wife and said—"It is the glad man I am to feel we all have the same thought. It is not for us to be like strangers to our neighbours and kinsmen too. That poor misguided Laird, however, will turn the old men out, if not just now, yet as soon as he can find a new tenant. But it is not for us, although he means it kindly, to take his hint at all, at all. My curse on the great school of Oxford and Saxon friendship; but may the Lord forgive me, an old sinner, when it is

praying I should be this night, and not banning; yet the provocation is strong, and Gaelic blood is apt to boil like mad even in aged veins."

CHAPTER XLV.

DUNCAN BAN COMFORTED.

DUNCAN BAN, in his humble sphere of life, possessed a knightly warrior's heart, which was as true and tender in domestic and neighbourly relations as it was brave in face of danger and temptation. He felt most severely the sudden blow, by which the little community amongst which he had always lived was about to be broken up. It likewise deeply wounded his Gaelic patriotism and dearest prejudices. On the night of the notice to quit, he slept not till cock-crow; and when he did sleep at last, he had a feverish dream about the sons of the Gael rising on their oppressors, and driving the Saxons far back beyond the English border. But, lo! in the crowning moment of victory, some huge unshaped misfortune happened, and the sons of the Gael were broken and slaughtered worse than at Flodden! The sleeper, fancying that he was fighting for an honourable death, struggled himself awake, and found strength and hope gone out of him. After having mechanically attended to the cattle and byre in the morning, according to his custom, he went back to his armchair by the fireside, and sat silent and moody, till his old wife, who had never seen him in such a broken down state before, hinted, out of sheer pity, that it might do him good to go for his weekly allowance of snuff, and that Calum and many more would be expecting him. He only replied "Aye, aye," got down his cloak and "camag"¹ from the "ealachain"² of the "trause," and went slowly out of the house.

As he came out at the door, he saw Ewan Mor talking with his grand-daughter Mary, at the water-spout below the garden. He turned his steps that way, but ere he got

¹ Crook. ² Peg, hook.

round the garden corner, Ewan was gone. He asked Mary if she had seen Diarmad with Ewan that day? Mary, with cheeks so red that he noticed the fact without speculating on the cause thereof, replied that Ewan had just told her Diarmad was then at their house—that is, old Cameron's house.

So Duncan Ban took the path to the house of the Ciotach, although it was not on the way to the smith's; for he felt he sadly needed the cheering support and inspiration of active young brains, and a resolute will to chase away the febleness which seemed to be closing round him.

When he entered the house with the usual blessing, he found old Cameron and his wife in apparently cheerful confabulation with Diarmad and Ewan, and no other person present. Diarmad held a stout black volume open on his knees, from which he seemed to have been reading to an audience of two; for the old man was sure that Ewan could not have come in many minutes before himself. When Diarmad rose, book in hand, to give Duncan Ban the chair nearest the fire, the latter snatched the volume from him, and, seeing it was not a Bible, threw it angrily into cuil na moine, or the peat corner, saying—"Thou wouldst be trying to read even in thy coffin, if thou didst but get a ghost of a chance and a candle."

The impenitent reader laughed cheerfully, and asked—"What fault have you to find with Guthrie's 'Grammar of Geography?' It is a right good book, although somewhat old and behind the age, like yourself. You ought to have some fellow-feeling for it."

"What comfort canst thou find in reading about foreign lands, when the question for us is, where are we to find a resting place in our own?"

"It would, I think, be wiser to look to other countries, and see where we can get the best resting and working place in them."

"Oh, I understand. Thou art for emigrating. Well, there may be much sense in that. The same thought

passed through my own mind in the long watches of last night, but I did not get a firm grip of it. Let us hear what thou hast to say. It is better, for sure, to be up and busy about anything which is not downright wicked, than to sit with folded arms, like the women on Christmas Eve, since it is not pleasuring, but moping and eating our hearts we are."

"My advice is that we all make ready to go to Canada without delay. We have already many of our people there before us. There is plenty of wild-wood land yet to be got near them for very little price; and very good land it is, when it is cleared. To buy it out and out costs something between four and five shillings the acre. The payment need not all be made at once; but I think every tenant family turned out by the laird will be able to pay down for 200 acres at once, and have sufficient means for seeds, stock, and maintenance, until a crop will be reaped."

"Aye, perhaps we could all do that much, thanks to our careful thrift and the present prices for stock. Well it is for us our turning-out did not happen two years ago. This is not the bad year for delivering stock—which is one comfort, whatever. We know the cost of getting from here to Canada well enough from the friends who have gone there. Allowing, then, for the cost by sea and land travel, I believe we all could manage the price for the acres, the keep till we reap our first crop, and the money for seeds and a few beasts. We have stores of house clothes, thanks to our women and their wheels. Go on."

"They divide the wild lands into concessions, and these are again divided into farms. So if we take to the wild wood, we can all settle down side by side, and call our place the Long Glen, just as Glengarry's folk did, who have their new Glengarry in Canada."

"That is a good thought—and yet it seems the foolish thing, too, to call places as flat as the Carse of Stirling and Gowrie, Glen this and Glen that."

"The sooner we buy the land and take possession the better."

“Without doubt; but all things do not come by wishing. We have to roup our beasts, deliver our sheep stock to the new-comers; and reckon for our field crops at Martinmas; get in our money, and settle our affairs. We cannot march off in a regiment to Canada the day we are out of the farms.”

“Not all. Fathers, mothers, unmarried lasses, and young bairns must stop in Alba for perhaps another year. But the young men should be sent off at once to take possession of the lots, and begin clearing and building a few log-houses. They will get assistance and good advice from the friends already there.”

“Thou hast a good uncle there thyself, besides Calum, brother of Ealag, who is thy clan kinsman. Ewan has an aunt there. My wife has a sister there. Almost every one amongst us has one or more near relatives in Canada. Our people have been going in that direction ever since I can first remember—aye, and before then. Many a winter fireside story of the country, the Indians, and the rebels—that is, the people who rose against King George—did I hear in my early days from my father’s cousin, who was a soldier through the American war. Then in my own time, when the war with Bonnie was ended, many officers and soldiers of disbanded regiments got free land in Canada; two of my own kindred being among them. But I misdoubt the early emigrants and their descendants got much scattered, and lost their Gaelic. It is sure, however, that the big band of Glen emigrants who went away some twenty-five years ago, and got farms in the wild woods of Upper Canada, still live close together and speak the Gaelic. If we go it is to their neighbourhood we ought to turn our faces.”

“For sure. And do you know they have a Gaelic minister from Easter Ross-shire?”

“I wish he was from somewhere else. I don’t like the Easter Ross-shire sing-song bad Gaelic.”

“And a Gaelic schoolmaster from Lochaber—a Cameron too!”

“That is better.”

“I have been to Ealag this morning, and her brother Calum’s letters give better information than can be found in printed books. Ealag says she’ll be off with the first band, and that for many a year she has only been waiting for company.”

“Ealag has plenty spunk, and it is natural she should like to go to her brother and his family. Calum is a fine fellow. But who else will be in the first band?”

“All of us who will be of use in cutting wood in Canada, and of no use in settling accounts in this country. Ewan and I are ready.”

“And Ealag will be your housekeeper. She counts thee for the head of her house, I know. Well, the plan is not bad; and I like the spirit of it. But, lads, if you keep Ealag in a lonely corner of wild wood, she’ll just die from want of news and gossip, unless the birds and squirrels of that country are able to talk.”

“Ealag is going into the bosom of her own family, and her tongue will be kept going for many a day, telling Calum and his wife all the history of the Glen ever since they went away. Ewan and I will have housekeepers of our own. We are going to get married off-hand, and we each hope to have twelve children, for the more the merrier, where the waste land is crying out night and day for more people to clear and till it.”

“Air m’anam! but this is a good hearing—twelve children, ha! ha! ha! Why, I do believe Ewan is blushing at the very idea; and Diarmad, who used once to be red-cheeked with bashfulness, is as cool as a water kelpie, and settles things out of hand like the Bailie Macintosh who hanged a man every court day to keep the others quiet. And what wife hast thou got in view, Diarmad? Bless me! thou art but a wee step over twenty-one, and thy father was full forty before he thought of marrying.”

“My father has got the grace to repent of the error of his ways, and he wishes me to repair it as much as

possible. The wife is to be Jessie, who feels yet so bashful about it, that I believe she has just run out of your way."

"Give me thy hand, man. May God bless thee and Jessie, and the twelve children—ha! ha! ha! If the Glen folk be wise and trustful enough to follow thy lead, whether at home or abroad, sure I am it is not into the quagmire thou wilt ever bring them. Twelve children! I hope I may live to see a few of them. Twelve children!"

"Yes, twelve, without including twins, and for Ewan the same; and may you live to see the whole of Ewan's, for they will be your great-grandchildren."

"What dost thou say? Surely it is in clouds of surprises we are this week. Dost thou mean that Ewan Mor and little Mary have been making up like thee and Jessie?"

"They have been doing nothing else all their lives—at least all Mary's life; for Ewan is so much older that perhaps he had another sweetheart before Mary was born."

"What amaideachd!" exclaimed Ewan. "I am barely seven years older."

"That is good, he has found his tongue at last. If I had not told you their secret, I think neither he nor Mary, though wishing it ever so much, could have brought it out for days. But it is in the battle we are, and no shilly-shally will do. That the four of us should marry some time—perhaps a long time hence—was pretty well understood among ourselves long enough before the Laird sent his folk notice to shove off. Well, the sooner the wood-cutting band shove off the better, and we must have decent house-keeping in the wild-wood."

"Come here, Ewan Mor, and shake hands with thy grandfather-in-law that is to be, who could wish his darling grand-daughter no other husband if she had all Adam's race to choose from. Man of Mary's heart, and of mine too, may the All-father abundantly bless thee and her; and surely it is a thing to be felt that there is a blessing yet for us all, notwithstanding the tribulation which this morning was heavy as lead, but is already getting much lighter."

“It will get as light as a feather, or rather turn into a downright good, if the people join in a body to buy up a block of wild-wood, and send off tree-cutters without delay.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

BE OUR CHIEF!

OLD Cameron and his wife had very readily agreed to Diarmad's emigration and matrimonial schemes. He was obliged to speak for Ewan, as well as for himself, and the assent was equally cordial in both cases. The wife, indeed, had observed the tendency of things long ago, and given useful hints to her husband. Nor was Diarmad's mother taken a bit aback, for she, too, had open eyes. But his father was both surprised and delighted; for, as his own father's family of four sons had all come to depend for representation and succession upon his only son, he was almost as much troubled as if he were a peer of the realm with a large entailed estate, lest the light of his line should be extinguished. Old Iain was a silent man, but he for once became loquacious on this occasion, and he and his daughter Maggie—only a lassie yet—made Jessie quickly understand that she no longer belonged to her father's folk, but to them for ever and ever. Duncan Ban was the most surprised of all the relatives, because he never opened his eyes until they were opened for him. So unobservant of love-making signs was he that, although he kept a fiddle, and the young folk had done a good deal of their courtship before his face, the result came upon him as a great and pleasant surprise in an hour of feebleness and darkness. His son and daughter-in-law were much more observant; but being sensible folks, and well content to let things take their natural course, they neither meddled nor marred.

Duncan Ban now remembered the taming of the bull, and wondered that it never occurred to him at the time

why Ewan risked his life. He was told how Ewan served the man with the evil eye, and the story made him laugh away all the remains of his sadness.

After all this cheering talk, the Ciotach's wife expressed a doubt as to whether a band of young people should be sent away, without some wise old heads to guide them. Her husband, the good, easy-going man, reposed unbounded confidence in the young men of the Glen, and was sure they would work as steadily, live as honourably, and keep their Sabbaths as religiously alone in the woods of Canada as when under the eyes of fathers, mothers, elders, and holy sisterhood at home. Duncan Ban also stoutly maintained that, with Diarmad for captain, Ewan for lieutenant, the two mothers of prospective twelves for housekeepers, and Ealag for newsmongering and general helping purposes, the pannan—or band—would be as well and completely organised as heart could desire. He was sure Ealag, although she might go first to her brother Calum's farm, would be certain to act for them as unpaid post-runner and special correspondent, and that she would keep them by her useful tongue and sharp eyes under the moral influence of the neighbouring settlement of old Glen emigrants and their Gaelic minister, who would be, doubtlessly, of honest Mr Logie's sort, as he was from Ross-shire. He summed up :—

“By Mary and Martin,¹ it is Diarmad's plan that is the great hope-fountain for us; and with God's blessing it will be the grand success too. I should not wonder either, if other young men should follow Diarmad and Ewan's example, and take young wives with them to the wild woods. So they should. Is the race of the Gael not the best in the world, and why should it not be increased where there is plenty room for growth? Calum-Cille, good man as he was, did not speak words of wisdom when he ran down marriage—but perhaps he only meant his words for his manich (monks)—by saying, where there will be a

¹ “Air Moire's air Martainn” was not an unusual asseveration in the mouths of old Glen Presbyterians.

cow there will be a woman, and where there will be a woman there will be mischief. The sooner the glen young men will have wives and cows in the wild woods of Canada, the better it will be for them and for us all. The family tie is the anchor of human life. Our race will not perish utterly whatever landmasters may do. When our young men have wives of their own race in the wild woods, their hearts will not be going astray after strange women, and they will settle down, and hold together as a Gaelic community. Then look you, the twelves, not counting twins, ho! ho! ho! will aye be coming to strengthen the settlement."

"Diarmad is foolish," said old Cameron, "to count his chickens before they are hatched."

"He is the big amadan," said Cameron's wife, crossing the floor, however, to where her prospective son-in-law was sitting, and kissing him between the eyes, which for such a douce body was an extraordinary outburst of feeling, "He is the big amadan, but he is also our laoch gaolach,¹ who brings sunshine into darkness, and gladness to hearts weighed down with a great sorrow."

Mrs Cameron went back to her seat rather ashamed of herself, bowed her head in her hands, and indulged in a little flood of tears which were not at all bitter.

Diarmad confessed that he had not, in his first conception of the pioneer emigration, duly considered the question of moral control. He had too readily assumed that every member of the band could be a good law unto himself. Now that the contrary idea was suggested, he thought it a matter of serious importance, and one which should be very seriously dealt with at once.

"We want," he said, "the wisdom and influence of age to guide the unwisdom and levity of youth. Neither Ewan nor I can assume authority to which years and experience do not entitle us. We want a chief. The sons of the Gael always want chiefs. It is a great mistake to suppose that true chieftainship goes by hereditary right or by the mere possession of property. That may have been the case indeed just for

¹ Beloved hero.

a little intermediate space of time, when, between the long ago past and the present, landlordism, feudalism, and clanship seemed to form a triple-stranded cord; but it was not so from the beginning, nor during the long centuries of warlike times. It cannot be so now when those who ought to be chiefs are worse than Saxon strangers for turning the Gael off the land. We, the pioneer band, must have at our head a chief of venerable years—for ours is to be a peaceful war with trees and soil—a man of approved worth, great good sense, and fatherly weight of character. Such a man I know, and we must, I think, bear him away with us, shoulder high, and against his will if that be necessary; for all must see it will be for the public good.”

He paused, looked at Duncan Ban, and added, “You are the man we want and must have. Be our chief.”

Ewan, who had hitherto been very silent, and in his silence very happy, turned to the old man with glowing eyes and said—“Yes, surely, we must have him with us. Oh! but that will be grand; and if he’ll say ‘No,’ we’ll just *lift* him and off with him, yellow fiddle and all. Come, say ‘Yes.’ Be our chief.”

Old Cameron gave up smoking to give judicial decision with more solemnity, and his sentence was—“That will just put the steel clogaid (helmet) on Diarmad’s grand scheme, and make it all right from head to toe.”

His wife added—“Surely it must be the Lord’s will, and it is Duncan Ban who will be like Moses, leading the children of Israel out of Egypt.”

Ewan, who wished for a decent excuse for relieving his exuberant gladness by dancing the Tulaichean, said—“Yes, for sure, he must be our Moses, and the yellow fiddle will beat Miriam’s timbrel easily.”

At which sally they all laughed, although Mrs Cameron declared it was wicked for Ewan to speak in such a way.

Duncan Ban was naturally pleased to find in what great esteem he was held by those who best knew him; but he held back a little, saying he was too old to march forth at the head of the young men.

Diarmad scouted the objection of age, and affirmed that the old man was as strong as Benmore, and would last a good twenty years yet.

Duncan Ban could not deny that he was very hale and hearty for his years, and that he also felt much inclined to take his pilgrim camag in hand, and march away with the young men.

But when things were coming all right a damping thought occurred to Mrs Cameron, and she expressed a fear that Duncan Ban's old wife would not perhaps like to go before the general exodus next year.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AN EMIGRATION STORY.

“THERE is no fear of that at all, at all,” replied Duncan Ban promptly. “Air m'anam, these two sons of Seruiah, Diarmad and Ewan, have managed their courtship affairs so well that my old Catherine—yet she is not, by a good few years, as old as myself—will not be either to hold or bind any longer in Alba, when Mary, who is just the apple of her eye, will be following in Ewan's big shadow in the first pannan. Well, I may just say at once, my mind is now made up, and I will go with you lads.” (Hurrahs from Diarmad and Ewan). “Yes, my old wife and I will both go. I am sure I can answer for her willingness without asking her. Why, look you, Mary, if she chose to be so wicked, could draw her grandmother down the Eagle's Cliff after her. But that is not all. My old Catherine has a living sister and the children of a dead sister in the very place we wish to go to—that backwood part of Upper Canada—to which the big swarm of Glen emigrants went twenty-five years ago. The sister who is now living was the youngest of a large family, and so there are many years between her and my wife, who was the first child of her parents. Effie was a bonnie, bonnie lass, and had many

woopers. But when scarcely woman grown, she made a moonlight elopement with the brother of her sister Janet's husband. She had to go to be wed with one brogue, because the other could not be found in the dark without risk of waking her mother. And the one brogue seemed to be a sign of the wierd she had for many years to dree. She had to be forgiven, and her blankets and things packed in a hurry, because the emigrants were leaving their native land a few days after the elopement. When they reached Montreal her young married man caught a fever of the country and died, leaving her the few pounds which, with a right to a piece of wild wood, were all he possessed in the world. Her own chests were full of good clothing and blankets, but money was not plentiful with her people, and she left, moreover, under a cloud, which prevented her father from giving her what in other circumstances he would have given her, if he had to borrow from twenty friends' purses. But she was among kindly neighbours and friends, who took her with them the far way up the country, and looked after her chests, and did all which could be done to cheer her sore heart. From Montreal to their piece of wild wood was a long difficult journey in those days, when there were no roads, nor vapour ships, nor railways, and the weather, too, happened to be uncommonly bad. Yet they safely reached the place at last, and no life but that of Effie's husband had been lost by the way. They got there in autumn, and you may be sure they lost no time in beginning to build timber houses, and clearing land for spring sowing. The poor lassie-widow got possession of her lot like the rest; and her neighbours built for her a house like their own, and cut down trees, that she might have her little crop in due season. We got word sent from Montreal about the death of her husband; but she was then about to start with the party to the far-up country, and we could send her no help until she could send us the name of a settled abode. We were perfectly sure that, in a case like hers, it would be 'Children of the Gael, shoulder-to-shoulder;'

but still we felt it would be great relief if we could send her straight off a little money. It was a long time before we heard from her again, and what she had to say was that a baby girl had come to her in her own house, and that the kindness of her neighbours was just past telling. We then opened our purses, and sent her so much help in money, that, although not a large sum either, she wrote back saying it was enough to last her for years. We were afraid lest, in her foolish pride, she would half starve and work herself to death—for the good spinner and needlewoman she was, and to that work she set herself—and so we continued to send her a few pounds at Martinmas, when accounts were made up, until she would take it no longer, and sent back the last bank letter unused. Her little girl grew, and was sent to school; and it was the good schoolmaster the emigrants took with them in Archie Crubach, although the body was very snippity-snappity, and not very temperate either whenever he got on the leese of a greybeard. Effie prospered well, fending bravely with needle and wheel for herself and child. She was a widow for many years, and, I should think, the bonniest widow in the wild woods; but at last the soft tongue of Ranald Macdonald, from Cantyre, a thriving farmer, who had emigrated with his people when a boy, got on the right side of her, and, although Ranald was a Papist, she married him, and a right happy marriage it was I believe. She had no children to Ranald, which, pernaps, was not a great misfortune, as he and she were of different faiths; and when he died, a few years ago, he left to her and her girl all he possessed in the world, which, I believe, was a good deal. The girl herself is now a wife and a mother. It must be four years since Iain Og's grand-nephew, Calum of Canada's eldest son, married her; and Seumas (that is the lad who married her) afterwards sent word they had twins, which Diarmad will be surely glad to hear, as nothing less than twelve, not counting twins, will content him. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs Cameron—"It is your wife who will be glad to see

her sister. So will I also if spared to go out next year. Effie and I, although I am some years older than she, were school and youth companions. Eh! but she was the bonnie gladsome lassie in the far-off days."

Duncan Ban—"Aye, Catherine will be glad to see Effie and her dead sister's children. Let her alone for being willing to go to Canada. Why, she wanted us to go with the others a whole age ago."

Diarmad—"You see, we will all be just leaving an unfriendly country to go to a friendly one."

Duncan Ban—"Thou art the lad for riveting thy nails. Man, let it content thee to drive them into sure places with wood overhead. God forbid we should call the land of our fathers an unfriendly country, because the necessity has come upon us to seek a resting place elsewhere. Nothing at all can ever take the undying love for the hills of heath out of the hearts of the Gael who were born in their shadow. If things without life could feel, I should say the bens and glens and streams lament the departure of the Gael, and ban the incoming of people who are strangers to the soul of the land. I count it the only thing lucky about the young Laird's mistake—poor ill-advised lad—that those who are coming in our places are Gael like ourselves, although, to be sure, the Glen will never speak to them as it spoke to us, nor can they ever speak for the Glen as we could."

Diarmad—"It is just a mere accident that the newcomers are Gael. Evicting land-masters do not care a bodle what language tenants speak, or of what race they be, provided they pay them rents ever so little higher than they got before. But truly I did not mean to call the land of our fathers 'unfriendly' in any sense, except that it is made so to us and others by losing our places in it. I have no doubt that the greed of land-masters will some day be punished by natural sequels. Men who skinned loyal tenants and even clansmen in bad times, and trampled on them afterwards to make room for game and roving tenants,

will be sure to find the roving tenants leaving them in the lurch some day. And both land-masters and roving tenants will have to reckon with servants, which reckoning will ever become more and more difficult as small tenants and crofters disappear, and eye-servants take the place of honest ones from the nearest village or toon. We who are driven from the homes of our birth and the graves of our sires, may well say that our native land has been made unfriendly to us for the time, and that we go to a friendly land, since the place to which we are going is partly held by our own kinsfolk, and people from other glens who are of our race and speak our language. We cannot take our heath-clad bens with us except in our hearts; but there does not at first sight appear to be any reason why we should not hold our own in Canada, and so multiply and extend our borders as to establish there in a certain sense a new Land of the Gael."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE SURVIVAL OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

IT is commonly believed that superstition is a thing of the past, and that belief in fortune-telling, witchcraft, and the evil eye was a peculiarity of the middle ages; but upon closer examination we are surprised to find how many superstitious practices and remains of heathen worship exist amongst us still—customs and sayings which have been steadily transmitted through the ages from father to son, independently of science and education, and quite regardless of the railways, daily papers, and telegrams which are said to have frightened away the fairies from the dwellings of men. Though the greater number of these superstitions are no longer actually credited, as the saying, for instance, that the moon is made of green cheese (!), they can generally be proved to have some sort of foundation in history, or else to originate in a widely-spread myth.

In the South of England the man in the moon is still held up as an example to youthful Sabbath-breakers as being he who gathered sticks on the Sabbath (Num. xv. 32-36), and the Teutonic version goes further, and gives the curse pronounced upon him—"As you regarded not Sunday on earth, you shall keep a perpetual Moon-day in heaven."

In Iceland they believed the man to be Adam, while Dante writes of him as Cain with a bush of thorns, emblem of the curse:—

"and under Seville
Touches the ocean wave, Cain and the thorns,
And yesternight the moon was round already."

—*Inferno* xx. 125.

The Greeks said that he was Endymion, taken there by Diana. A North Frisian version gives him cabbages, and in Sanscrit fable the man is replaced by a hare.

It was a common belief among the Norwegian peasantry that Russians and Muscovites could warm themselves in the moonlight as well as in the sunshine, and in many places the moon is supposed to exercise a pernicious influence upon sleeping persons, hence the expression "moon-struck."

The days of the week retain the names of the heathen gods to whom they were dedicated—Sun-day, Moon-day, Tuesday, from Tiw, the god of war; Wednesday, from Wodin or Odin; Thor's day, Freya-day, Saeter-day; and what is of still greater import, the old heathen worship itself is retained in many of our popular sayings and customs. It is supposed to be unlucky to look at the new moon for the first time through a glass window, and on the other hand to be very lucky to see it in a mirror or through a silk handkerchief, by which means a person may tell for how many years they will remain unmarried, by counting the number of moons seen in the reflection. It is also considered very lucky to curtsy three times and to wish, or to turn any silver coin that they may have about them at the time; this is undoubtedly a survival of moon-worship, silver being the metal offered to the moon, just as gold was sacrificed to the sun-god, only that in this case the wish has taken the place of the prayer. Kissing the hand to the moon is also a common practice, and one which is mentioned in the book of Job (xxxii. 26-28).

In the same way we shall find that most of the customs which are considered of good and evil omen are grounded upon the faiths and creeds of the past. Thus Baal, or Bel, was the sun-god, called in Asia, Belus, in Scandinavia, Balder the Beautiful; and, according to Virgil,¹ Gryneus (derived from the Gaelic, Grian) was one of the names of Apollo, the Grecian sun-god. Everywhere in the north we find customs which clearly point to the worship of the sun. In the Highlands, *Latha Bealtuinn* was held in honour of Baal; and the yule log, the lighted fir-tree, the mistletoe, the plum-pudding, and the English custom of eating hot

¹ "Atlantis," by Ignatius Donnelly.

cross buns on Good Friday, are all relics of the old Baal worship. Balder's ring was placed in the mystic cake, and laid upon his tomb—the ring, or circle, being the emblem of the sun, of eternity, and of the cycle of the year, and therefore consecrated to the sun-god.¹ In Yorkshire the yule log is still burnt at Christmas, and in the cake are placed a ring, a thimble, and a sixpence. The finder of the ring will marry, the thimble betokens a life of single blessedness, while the sixpence is a sure sign of wealth to come. By these means the mystic rites of our forefathers are made to serve the purpose of common fortune-telling.

The mistletoe has been considered a plant of evil omen since the days when Balder, the sun-god, was slain, and Hermodr went down to Hell with a lighted pine to seek him. The gods bade all creation weep, men and animals, earth, stones, trees, and all metals, which they did, "as you may have seen them do when they come from the frost back into warmth." But the mistletoe, the evergreen, refused to weep, saying—

"With dry eyes must I weep
Over Balder's death.
Not in life and not in death had I need of him,
May Hela keep what she has."—*Edda*.

By the death of Balder we understand the winter, when in the far north the sun-god is slain in very deed, and in Hermodr's lighted pine we recognise our Christmas tree. The evil spirit of the mistletoe has to be propitiated by a human sacrifice, and hence the custom of kissing the maiden who passes beneath it. The Gaelic name for mistletoe is *an t-uil-lòc*, lit., the all-medicine;² Irish, *uile-iceach*, all-heal. This is the ancient Druidical name for this plant. Pliny tells us—"The Druids (so they call their Magi) hold nothing in such respect as the mistletoe and the tree upon which it grows, provided it be an oak. And, having prepared sacrifices and feast under the tree, they bring up two white bulls, whose horns are then first bound. The priest in a

¹ "Driftwood from Scandinavia," by Lady Wilde.

² Macalpine's Gaelic and English Dictionary.

white robe ascends the tree, and cuts it off with a golden knife; it is received in a white sheet. Then, and not till then, they sacrifice the victims, praying that God would render His gift prosperous to those on whom He had bestowed it. When mistletoe is given as a potion they are of opinion that it can remove animal barrenness, and that it is a remedy against all poisons." *Druidh-lus*, the Druid's weed, mistletoe, and ivy were credited with similar powers (as the leaves of the elder, gathered the first day of April, for the purpose of curing wounds and disappointing the charms of witches). "The inhabitants cut withies of mistletoe and ivy, *make circles of them*, keep them all the year, and pretend to cure hectic and other troubles by them." (See Appendix to Pennant's "Tour.") "The mistletoe," says Valancey, in his "Grammar of the Irish language," "was sacred to the Druids, because not only its berries, but its leaves also, grew in clusters of three united to one stock."—*From Cameron's "Gaelic Names of Plants."*

The hot cakes on Good Friday were eaten by the Saxons in honour of their goddess Eastre, and the priests, finding it impossible to put an end to this ceremony, made a cross on them in order to compromise the evil of idolatry, and in this form they are still eaten all over England, while the name of the goddess is retained in the word "Easter."

In "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," we have the description of a game called "servant of ite-a-gochd," played with a lighted stick which is passed round in a circle to the left, *sun-wise*, and the person in whose hand the flame goes out has to pay a forfeit. This game is known in parts of England and Germany; it is sometimes played by children with a piece of lighted paper, instead of a torch or stick, and they pass it on from one to the other, repeating—

"Jack's alive and in very good health,
If he dies in your hand you must look to yourself."

In France it goes by the name of "petit bonhomme," and is supposed to originate in a religious formula called

Boni Homines, consisting, it is said, in throwing from hand to hand a live boy until he died.¹

Very numerous are the superstitions relating to times and seasons, lucky and unlucky warnings, and the hundred smaller sayings concerning good and evil fortune which were taught us in our infancy, and which have become so much a part of our education that we find it impossible to shake ourselves entirely free of them now. Although we may not believe that it is really unfortunate to sit down to dinner thirteen, or to walk under a ladder, or to spill the salt without throwing a little of it over our left shoulder, yet there are few of us so reckless that we would not put ourselves to a slight inconvenience rather than challenge fate to do its worst.

Some of these superstitions are of Roman origin. May was considered an unlucky month to be married in long before the time of Mary Stuart. It is accounted for by Ovid as being the month when the funeral rites of the Lamuralia were celebrated; a very excellent reason for the Romans no doubt, but scarcely of sufficient importance to warrant its interference with marriages in the nineteenth century.

The custom of saying "God bless you," when a person sneezes, refers to a plague at Rome, the first symptom of which was sneezing. From this a mass of similar superstitions have grown up, *i.e.*, it is unlucky to say "the children are well," without adding a blessing, and the Germans will never say that they are free from illness or sorrow, without adding "unberufen!" (uncalled for), and knocking three times under the table. And of course we are all well aware that it is not the right thing to count the chickens before they are hatched, but in Skye it is not thought safe to do it afterwards, and the man who counts his fish will certainly catch no more that day.

White is unlucky, especially to the Royal Family. Charles I. was clothed in white at his coronation, and executed at Whitehall. Prince William, son of Henry I.,

¹ Tyler's "Primitive Culture."

was drowned in the White Ship. The white rose was the conquered one. The Jacobites wore the white cockade. Albert means white; Albion, "of the white cliffs;" Alps, "eternal snow."¹

It is unlucky for any one to kill a spider, particularly so for a descendant of Robert Bruce, as it was a spider who taught him perseverance, without which he would never have achieved the deliverance of Scotland. It was a spider who saved Mahomet's life when he fled from Mecca, by weaving its net over the entrance of the cave where he lay hidden; the Koreishites when they saw it, passed on, assured that no one could have entered the cave because the cobweb was unbroken. This same legend is very prettily told of King David in the Talmud, proving the moral that nothing in the world is without its use.

In France there is a rhyme to the effect that a spider in the morning brings sorrow; at mid-day annoyance; in the evening hope. The small red spider is called the money-spinner, and is lucky at all hours of the day. A spider enclosed in a quilt (quill pen?) and hung round the neck is a cure for ague. See Mrs Delaney, in a letter dated March 1st, 1743.

It is unlucky to kill robins, or to turn away swallows and crows, for they bring good fortune.

In France, as in the Highlands, it is a bad thing to hear the cuckoo for the first time in the year before breakfast:—

“Chual mi' a' chuag gun ghreim 'nam bhroinn,
Is dh' aithnich mi fein nach rachadh a' bhliadhn' so leam.”

“Without tasting of food, lo! the cuckoo I heard,
Then judged that the year would not prosperously go.”

Those who would be rich should turn their silver three times when first they hear the cuckoo (same as the new moon). The Swedes listen to the direction in which they hear the cuckoo: if in the west it is for luck, east for comfort, north for sorrow, and south for death.

Magpies are lucky or not, according to their number;

¹ “The Rosicrucians,” by Hargrave Jennings.

“One’s joy, two’s grief, three a wedding, four a death.”
But the old Scottish rhyme gives a different version—

“One’s a sorrow, two’s a mirth,
Three’s a wedding, four’s a birth,
Five’s a christening, six a dearth,
Seven’s heaven, eight is hell,
And nine’s the devil his ain sel’.”

The raven is a bird of ill omen ; his croak is a sign of death, and is mentioned in one of the Icelandic sagas. When a dog is heard to howl in the night it is a death-warning to someone in the neighbourhood.

In Iceland they may have all they wish for, if they stand in the rainbow ; and the German children tell of a golden key, buried at the foot of the rainbow, which unlocks the treasures of the world. The Karens of Birma say it is an evil spirit, or demon, who devours men ; and when one of their people dies suddenly, or by an accident, they believe that the rainbow has devoured his ka-la, or spirit. To the Greeks it was a sign of war or tempest. To the South Sea Islander it was the heaven-ladder where heroes climbed up and down. In Scandinavia it was the “Bifröst,” a bridge for the spirits. In Germany, likewise a bridge, where the souls of the just are led by their guardian angels. In England there is a weather prophecy concerning it—

“Rainbow in the morning, shepherd’s warning ;
Rainbow at night, shepherd’s delight.”

The ways to foretell the future are manifold, and the second-sight itself may be got by looking through the key-hole in a church door, through an elf-hole in a tree, or under the left arm. The Brahan Seer obtained it by looking through a stone, and we know that Fingal had a tooth on which he had but to place his finger to be endowed with all wisdom. It would be curious to trace the origin of this last legend, and discover if there is any connection between it and our “wisdom teeth.”

The four-leaved shamrock is lucky, but one with five leaves brings misfortune. A four-leaved shamrock, or a daisy-root, placed under the pillow, will cause a girl to dream of her lover.

On New Year's Day the Sicilian maiden throws an apple from her window into the street, and waits to see who will pick it up. If it is a woman, she knows that she will not be married that year.

Look in the mirror on New Year's Eve, and you will be sure to see your future wife or husband.

A dream dreamed three nights running, with a piece of wedding cake under the pillow, will come true.

When you see a piebald horse, wish, without looking at its tail.

If an eyelash comes out, put it on your thumb, and wish; but beware of thinking of foxes' tails.

Friday is an unlucky day to be married. A double wedding is unlucky; one of the brides is sure to die before the year is out.

She who is three times bridesmaid will never be a bride.

Whoever breaks a looking-glass will be unlucky seven years.

In Shetland, and elsewhere, it is unlucky to save a drowning man.

A man who sits at dinner between two sisters will not be married for seven years; but if he sits between a mother and daughter he will certainly marry one of them.

Rock the empty cradle and there will soon be a baby in it.

Those who are lucky at cards are unlucky in love, and *vice versa*.

These are but a few of the many sayings and superstitions which we daily hear and repeat, without ever asking why they are and where they come from. Few people who use the expression "sowing his wild oats," have any idea that they allude to Loki, the evil genius of Scandinavian legend, of whom it is said in Zutland that he sows his wild oats, *avena fatua*, called by the name of "Loki's oats;" or when they speak of "hauling someone over the coals," that they allude to the old Irish custom of making a suspected witch stand on the burning coals to discover if she were mortal or not.

THE LORDSHIP OF BADENOCH.

BADENOCH is one of the most interior districts of Scotland ; it lies on the northern watershed of the mid Grampians, and the lofty ridge of the Monadhliia range forms its northern boundary, while its western border runs along the centre of the historic Drum-Alban. Even on its eastern side the mountains seem to have threatened to run a barrier across, for Craigellachie thrusts its huge nose forward into a valley already narrowed by the massive form of the Ord Bain and the range of hills behind it. This land of mountains is intersected by the river Spey, which runs midway between the two parallel ranges of the Grampians and the Monadhliia, taking its rise, however, at the ridge of Drum-Alban. Badenoch, as a habitable land, is the valley of the Spey and the glens that run off from it. The vast bulk of the district is simply mountain.

In shape, the district of Badenoch is rectangular, with east-north-easterly trend, its length averaging about thirty-two miles, and its breadth some seventeen miles. Its length along the line of the Spey is thirty-six miles, the river itself flowing some 35 miles of the first part of its course through Badenoch. The area of Badenoch is, according to the Ordnance Survey, 551 square miles, that is, close on three hundred and fifty-three thousand acres. The lowest level in the district is 700 feet ; Kingussie, the "capital," is 740 feet above sea-level, and Loch Spey is 1142 feet. The highest peak is 4149 feet high, a shoulder of the Braeriach ridge, which is itself outside Badenoch by about a mile, and Ben Macdui by two miles. Mountains and rivers, rugged rocks and narrow glens, with one large medial valley fringed with cultivation—that is Badenoch. It is still well wooded, though nothing to what it once must have been. The lower ground at one time must have been

completely covered by wood, which spread away into the vales and glens ; for we find on lofty plateaux and hill sides the marks of early cultivation, the ridges and the rigs or *feannagan*, showing that the lower ground was not very available for crops on account of the forest, which, moreover, was full of wild beasts, notably the wolf and the boar. Cultivation, therefore, ran mostly along the outer fringe of this huge wood, continually encroaching on it as generation succeeded generation.

The bogs yield abundant remains of the once magnificent forest that covered hillside and glen, and the charred logs prove that fire was the chief agent of destruction. The tradition of the country has it that the wicked Queen Mary set fire to the old Badenoch forest. She felt offended at her husband's pride in the great forest—he had asked once on his home return how his forests were before he asked about her. So she came north, took her station on the top of Sron-na-Bàruinn—the Queen's Ness—above Glenfeshie, and there gave orders to set the woods on fire. And her orders were obeyed. The Badenoch forest was set burning, and the Queen, Nero-like, enjoyed the blaze from her point of vantage. But many glens and nooks escaped, and Rothiemurchus forest was left practically intact. The Sutherlandshire version of the story is different and more mythic. The King of Lochlain was envious of the great woods of Scotland ; the pine forests especially roused his jealous ire. So he sent his *muime*—it must have been—a witch and a monster, whose name was Dubh-Ghiubhais, and she set the forests on fire in the north. She kept herself aloft among the clouds, and rained down fire on the woods, which burnt on with alarming rapidity. People tried to get at the witch, but she never showed herself, but kept herself enveloped in a cloud of smoke. When she had burned as far as Badenoch, a clever man of that district devised a plan for compassing her destruction. He gathered together cattle of all kinds and their young ; then he separated the lambs from the sheep, the calves from the cows, and the young generally from their dams ; then such a noise of

bleating, lowing, neighing, and general Babel arose to the heaven that Dubh-Ghuibhais popped her head out of the cloud to see what was wrong. This was the moment for action. The Badenoch man was ready for it; he had his gun loaded with the orthodox sixpence; he fired, and down came the Dubh-Ghiubhais, a lifeless lump! So a part of the great Caledonian forest was saved among the Grampian hills.

Modern Badenoch comprises the parishes of Laggan, Kingussie and Inch, and Alvie; but the old Lordship of Badenoch was too aristocratic to do without having a detached portion somewhere else. Consequently we find that Kincardine parish, now part of Abernethy, was part of the Lordship of Badenoch even later than 1606, when Huntly excambed it with John of Freuchie for lands in Glenlivet. Kincardine was always included in the sixty davachs that made up the land of Badenoch. The Barony of Glencarnie in Duthil—from Aviemore to Garten and northward to Inverlaidnan—was seemingly attached to the Lordship of Badenoch for a time, and so were the davachs of Tullochgorum, Curr, and Clurie further down the Spey, excambed by Huntly in 1491 with John of Freuchie. On the other hand, Rothiemurchus was never a part of Badenoch, though some have maintained that it was. The six davachs of Rothiemurchus belonged to the Bishops of Moray, and at times they feued the whole of Rothiemurchus to some powerful person, as to the Wolf of Badenoch in 1383, and to Alexander Keyr Mackintosh in 1464, in whose family it was held till 1539, when it passed into the hands of the Gordons, and from them to the Grants.

Badenoch does not appear in early Scottish history; till the 13th century, we never hear of it by name nor of anything that took place within its confines. True, Skene, in his *Celtic Scotland*, definitely states that the battle of Monitcarno was fought here in 729. This battle took place between Angus, King of Fortrenn, and Nectan, the ex-king of the Picts, in which the latter was defeated, and Angus shortly afterwards established himself on the Pictish throne.

We are told that the scene of the battle was "Monitcarno juxta stagnum Loogdae"—Monadh-carnach by the side of Loch Loogdae. Adamnan also mentions Lochdae, which Columba falls in with while going over Drum Alban. Skene says that Loch Insh—the lake of the island—is a secondary name, and that it must have originally been called Lochdae, that the hills behind it enclose the valley of Glencarnie, and that Dunachton, by the side of Loch Insh, is named Nectan's fort after King Nectan. Unfortunately this view is wrong, and Badenoch must give up any claim to be the scene of the battle of Monadh-carno; Lochdae is now identified with Lochy, and Glencarnie is in Duthil. But Dunachton is certainly Nectan's fort; whether the Nectan meant was the celebrated Pictish King may well be doubted. Curiously, local tradition holds strongly that a battle was fought by the side of Loch Insh, but the defeated leader was King Harold, whose grave is on the side of Craig Righ Harailt.

From 729, we jump at once to 1329, exactly five hundred years, and about that date we find that Walter Cumyn is feudal proprietor of Badenoch, for he makes terms with the Bishop of Moray in regard to the church lands and to the "natives" or bondsmen in the district. It has been supposed that Walter Cumyn came into the possession of Badenoch by the forfeiture and death of Gillescop, a man who committed some atrocities in 1228—such as burning the (wooden) forts in the province of Moray, and setting fire to a large part of the town of Inverness. William Cumyn, Earl of Buchan, the justiciar, was intrusted with the protection of Moray, and in 1229 Gillescop and his two sons were slain. Thereafter we find Walter Cumyn in possession of Badenoch and Kincardine, and it is a fair inference that Gillespie was his predecessor in the lordship of Badenoch. The Cummings were a Norman family; they came over with the Conqueror, and it is asserted that they were nearly related to him by marriage. In 1068, we hear of one of them being governor or earl of Northumberland, and the name is common in

English charters of the 12th century, in the early part of which they appear in Scotland; they were in great favour with the Normanising David, and with William after him, filling offices of chancellors and justiciars under them. William Cumyn, about the year 1210, married Marjory, heiress of the Earldom of Buchan, and thus became the successor of the old Celtic Mormaers of that district under the title of Earl of Buchan. His son Walter obtained the lordship of Badenoch, as we saw, and, a year or two after, he became Earl of Menteith by marrying the heiress, the Countess of Menteith. He still kept the lands of Badenoch, for, in 1234, we find him, as Earl of Menteith, settling a quarrel with the Bishop of Moray over the Church lands of Kincardine. Walter was a potent factor in Scottish politics, and in the minority of Alexander III. acted patriotically as leader against the pro-English party. He died in 1257 without issue. John Comyn, his nephew, son of Richard, succeeded him in Badenoch; he was head of the whole family of Comyn, and possessed much property, though simply entitled Lord of Badenoch. The Comyns at that time were at the height of their power; they could muster at least two earls, the powerful Lord of Badenoch, and thirty belted knights. Comyn of Badenoch was a prince, though not in name, making treaties and kings. John Comyn, called the Red, died in 1274, and was succeeded by his son John Comyn, the Black, and in the troubles about the kingly succession, at the end of the century, he was known as John de Badenoch, senior, to distinguish him from his son John, the Red Comyn, the regent, Baliol's nephew, and claimant to the throne, whom Bruce killed under circumstances of treachery at Dumfries, in 1306. Then followed the fall and forfeiture of the Comyns, and the lordship of Badenoch was given, about 1313—included in the Earldom of Moray—to Thomas Randolph, Bruce's right-hand friend.

The Cummings have left an ill name behind them in Badenoch for rapacity and cruelty. Their treachery has passed into a proverb—

“Fhad bhitheas craobh 'sa choill
Bithidh foill 'sna Cuiminich.”

Which has been happily translated—

“While in the wood there is a tree
A Cumming will deceitful be.”

It is in connection with displacing the old proprietors—the Shaws and Mackintoshes—that the ill repute of the Cummings was really gained. But the particular cases which tradition remembers are mythical in the extreme ; yet there is something in the traditions. There is a remembrance that these Cummings were the first feudal lords of Badenoch ; until their time the Gaelic Tuath that dwelt in Badenoch had lived under their old tribal customs, with their *toiseachs*, their *airés*, and their *saor* and *daor* occupiers of land. The newcomers, with their charters, their titles, and their new exactions over and above the old Tuath tributes and dues, must have been first objects of wonder, and then of disgust. The authority which the Cummings exerted over the native inhabitants must often have been in abeyance, and their rents more a matter of name than reality. However, by making it the interest of the chiefs to side with them, and by granting them charters, these initial difficulties were got over in a century or two. It was under this feudalising process that the system of clans, as now known, was developed.

Earl Randolph died in 1332, and his two sons were successively Earls of Moray, the second dying in 1346 without issue, when “Black Agnes,” Countess of Dunbar, succeeded to the vast estates. The Earldom of Moray, exclusive of Badenoch and Lochaber, was renewed to her son in 1372.¹

¹ Sir W. Fraser, in his “History of the Grants,” says:—“After the forfeiture of the Comyns, Badenoch formed a part of the earldom of Moray, conferred on Sir Thomas Randolph. In 1338, however, it was held by the Earl of Ross, and in 1372, while granting the Earldom of Moray to John Dunbar, King Robert II. specially excepted Lochaber and Badenoch.” Sir W. Fraser’s authority for saying that Badenoch was in the possession of the Earl of Ross must be the charter of 1338 granting Kinrara and Dalnavert to Melmorán of Glencharny ; but a careful reading of that document shows that the Earl of Ross was not superior of Badenoch, for he speaks of the services due by him to the “Lord superior of Badenoch.” Besides, in 1467, when Huntly was Lord of Badenoch, we find the Earl of Ross still possessing lands there, viz., Invermarkie, which he gives to Cawdor as part of his daughter’s dowry.

Meanwhile, in 1371 Alexander Stewart, King Robert's son, was made Lord of Badenoch by his father, as also Earl of Buchan; and he had besides the Earldom of Ross through his marriage with the Countess Euphame. His power was therefore immense; he was the king's lieutenant in the North (*locum tenens in borealibus partibus regni*); but such was the turbulence and ferocity of his character that he was called the "Wolf of Badenoch." He is still remembered in the traditions of the country as "Alastair Mòr Mac an Rìgh"—Alexander the Big, Son of the King—a title which is recorded also in Maurice Buchanan's writings (A.D. 1461, Book of Pluscarden), who says that the wild Scots (*Scotis silvestribus*) called him "Alitstar More Makin Re." Naturally enough he gets confused with his famous namesake of Macedon, also Alastair Mòr, but the more accurate of tradition-mongers differentiate them easily, for they call Alexander the Great "Alastair Uabh'rach, Mac Rìgh Philip"—"Alexander the Proud, son of King Philip." This epithet of *uabh'rach* or *uaibhreach* appears as applied to Alexander the Great in that beautiful mediæval Gaelic poem that begins—

"Ceathrar do bhi air uaighan fhir
 Feart Alaxandair Uaibhrigh :
 Ro chausat briathra con bhreicc
 Os cionn na flatha a Fhinngheic."

Translated—

Four men were at a hero's grave—
 The tomb of Alexander the Proud;
 Words they spake without lies
 Over the chief from beauteous Greek-land.¹

The Wolf of Badenoch's dealings with his inferiors in his lordship are not known; but that he allowed lawlessness to abound may be inferred from the feuds that produced the Battle of Invernahavon (circ. 1386), and culminated in the remarkable conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. We are not in much doubt as to his conduct morally and ecclesiastically. He had five natural-born sons—Alexander,

¹ See "Dean of Lismore," p. 84; Ranald Macdonald's Collection, p. 133. The above is from a British Museum MS.)

Earl of Mar, Andrew, Walter, James, and Duncan—a regular Wolf's brood for sanguinary embroilments. He had a chronic quarrel with Alexander Bur, Bishop of Moray, which culminated in the burning of Elgin Cathedral in 1390. But in nearly every case the Bishop, by the terrors of the Curse of Rome, gained his point. In 1380, the Wolf cited the Bishop to appear before him at the Standing Stones of the Rathe of Easter Kingussie (apud le *standand stanys* de le Rathe de Kyngucy estir) on the 10th October, to show his titles to the lands held in the Wolf's lordship of Badenoch, viz., the lands of Logachnacheny (Laggan), Ardinche (Balnespick, &c.), Kingucy, the lands of the Chapels of Rate and Nachtan, Kyncardyn, and also Gartinengally. The Bishop protested, at a court held at Inverness, against the citation, and urged that the said lands were held of the King direct. But the Wolf held his court on the 10th October: the Bishop standing "extra curiam"—outside the court, *i.e.*, the Standing Stones—renewed his protest, but to no purpose. But upon the next day before dinner, and in the great chamber behind the hall in the Castle of Ruthven, the Wolf annulled the proceedings of the previous day, and gave the rolls of Court to the Bishop's notary, who certified that he put them in a large fire lighted in the said chamber, which consumed them. In 1381, the Wolf formally quits claims on the above-mentioned church lands, but in 1383 the Bishop granted him the wide domain of Rothiemurchus—"Ratmorchus, viz., sex davatas terre quas habemus in Strathspe et le Badenach"—six *davochs* of land it was. The later quarrels of the Wolf and the Bishop are notorious in Scotch History: the Wolf seized the Bishop's lands, and was excommunicated, in return for which he burnt, in 1390, the towns of Forres and Elgin, with the Church of St Giles, the maison dieu, the Cathedral, and 18 houses of the canons. For this he had to do penance in the Blackfriar's Church at Perth. He died in 1394, and is buried in Dunkeld, where a handsome tomb and effigy of him exist.

As the Wolf left no legitimate issue, some think the Lordship of Badenoch at once reverted to the Crown, for we hear no more of it till it was granted to Huntly in 1451. On this point Sir W. Fraser says:—"The Lordship of Badenoch was bestowed by King Robert II. upon his son, the 'Wolf of Badenoch,' in 1371, and should have reverted to the Crown on the Lord of Badenoch's death in 1394. But there is no evidence in the Exchequer Roll, or elsewhere, of any such reversion, and Badenoch seems to have been retained in possession by the Wolf of Badenoch's eldest son, who became Earl of Mar. . . . Alexander, Earl of Mar, and his father, were therefore the successors of the Comyns as Lords of Badenoch."

The Lordship of Badenoch was finally granted to Alexander, Earl of Huntly, by James II., by charter dated 28th April, 1451, not in recompense for his services at the Battle of Brechin, as is generally stated, but upwards of a year before that event. The great family of Gordon and Huntly originally came from near the Borders. They obtained their name of Gordon from the lands of Gordon, now a parish and village in the west of the Merse, S.W. Berwickshire. There, also, was the quondam hamlet of Huntly, a name now represented there only by the farm called Huntlywood. The parish gave the family name of Gordon, and the hamlet of Huntly gave the title of Earl or Marquess of Huntly. Sir Adam de Gordon was one of Bruce's supporters, and after the forfeiture of the Earl of Athole he got the lordship of Strathbogie, with all its appurtenances, in Aberdeenshire and Banff. The direct male Gordon line ended with Sir Adam's great-grandson and namesake, who fell at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402, leaving a daughter Elizabeth, who married Alexander Seaton, second son of Sir W. Seaton of Winton. Her son Alexander assumed the name of Gordon, and was created Earl of Huntly in 1449. His son George was Lord Chancellor, founded Gordon Castle, and erected the Priory of Kingussie (Shaw's *Moray*). The Gordons were so pre-

eminent in Northern politics that their head was nicknamed "Cock of the North." In 1599, Huntly was created a Marquis, and in 1684 the title was advanced to that of Duke of Gordon. George, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, died in 1836, when the property passed into the possession of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, as heir of entail, in whose person the title of Duke of Gordon was again revived in 1876, the full title being now Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Save the Church lands, all the property of Badenoch belonged to Huntly either as superior or actual proprietor. The Earl of Ross possessed lands in Badenoch under the lord superior in 1338, which he granted to Malmoran of Glencarnie: the lands were Dalnavert and Kinrara, and the grant is confirmed about 1440, while in 1467 we find the Earl of Ross again granting the adjoining lands of Invermarkie to the Thane of Cawdor, in whose name they appear till the seventeenth century, when Invereshie gets possession of them. The Laird of Grant, besides Delfour, which he had for three centuries, also held the Church lands of Laggan and Inch, that is, "Logane, Ardinche, Ballynaspay," as it is stated in 1541, and he is in possession of them for part of the seventeenth century. Mackintosh of Mackintosh has in feu from Huntly in the sixteenth century the lands of Benchar, Clune, Kinraig, and Dunachton, with Rait, Kinrara, and Dalnavert. The only other proprietor or feuar besides these existing in the 16th century seems to have been James Mackintosh of Gask. The Macphersons, for instance, including Andrew *in* Cluny, who sign for Huntly the "Clan Farsons Band" of 1591, are all tenants merely. We are very fortunate in possessing the Huntly rental of Badenoch for the year 1603. Mackintosh appears as feuar for the lands above mentioned, and there are two wadsetters—Gask and Strone, both Mackintoshes. The 17th century sees quite a revolution in landholding in Badenoch, for during its course Huntly has liberally granted feus, and the proprietors are accordingly very numerous. Besides

Huntly, Mackintosh, and Grant of Grant, we find some twenty feus or estates possessed by Macphersons; there was a Macpherson of Ardbrylach, Balchroan, Benchar, (in) Blarach, Breakachie, Clune, Cluny, Corranach, Crathie, Dalraddy, Delfour, Etteridge, Gasklyne, Gellovie, Invereshie, Invernahaven (Inverallochie), Invertromie, Nuid, Phones, and Pitchirn. There was a Mackintosh of Balnespick, Benchar, Delfour, Gask, Kinrara, Lynwilg, Rait and Strone—eight in all. Four other names appear once each besides these during the century—Maclean, Gordon of Buckie, Macqueen, and Macdonald. The total valuation of Badenoch in 1644 was £11,527 Scots, in 1691 £6523, and in 1789 it was £7124, with only seven proprietors—Duke of Gordon, Mackintosh, Cluny, Invereshie, Belleville, Grant of Grant (Delfour), and Major Gordon (Invertromie). The “wee lairdies” of the previous two centuries were swallowed up in the estates of the first five of these big proprietors, who still hold large estates in Badenoch, the Duke of Gordon being represented by the Duke of Richmond since 1836. Only one or two other proprietors on any large scale have come in since—Baillie of Dochfour, Sir John Ramsden, and, we may add, Macpherson of Glentruim. The valuation roll for 1889-90 shows a rental of £36,165 11s 7d sterling.

BRYTHONIC AND GAELIC PLACE- NAMES IN LANARKSHIRE.

THE Brythonic languages embrace the still living Keltic languages of Wales and of Bretagne or Brittany in France, termed Armoric or Breton; the Cornish language of Cornwall, which became extinct in the reign of George III., but has left a considerable amount of literary remains; the ancient dialects of South and North-east Britain; and the language of the kingdom of Strathclyde. Of these nothing remains but the names of mountains, hills, valleys, plains, and rivers. In the counties which once constituted the kingdom of Strathclyde, Gaelic was introduced chiefly by ecclesiastical settlers from Ireland, priests, monks, and their followers; after Strathclyde had become a part of the kingdom of Scotland during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; nevertheless, Scottish or Gaelic ecclesiastics were settled there in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, in the time of the alternate sway of Britons and Angles.

LANARKSHIRE — PARISH OF AIRDRIE. — *Brythonic Names*—Cromlet, Welsh, *Crom*, bending; *Llethr*, a slope; so Cromlet signifies a bending slope. Pinwinnie, Pin for *Pen*, head or end; Welsh, *Gwyn*, white. Pinwinnie therefore denotes white head or white end. *Gaelic Names*—Airdrie is equivalent to Gaelic *Ardairidh*; G., *Ard*, high; and *airidh* equivalent to *airghe*, a place for summer grazing in the mountains; a herd, *O'R.D.* Airdrie then means high summer hill pasture. Glentore, G., *Gleann*, glen, and *tor*, a shrub; so Glentore signifies Shrub Glen. Drumbreck—G., *Druim*, a ridge, and *breac*, speckled; Drumbreck consequently denotes Speckled ridge. Raebog—G., *Rae*, a field, and *bog*, soft; Raebog then means Soft field. Balloch-

ney—G., *Bealach-an-fhéidh*; *Bealach*, a pass; *an fheidh*, of the deer; *fhéidh* (aspirated), gen. s.g. of *fiadh*, a deer; Ballochney is, therefore, equivalent to Pass of the deer, or Deer pass. Arden—G., *Ardan*, Little height. Gartcoulter—G., *Gart-cúl-tíre*; *Gart-cúl-tíre*, Field of back land. *Gart* is found in the Zeuss MSS. and glosses *hortus*. It takes the form *gort* in modern Irish place-names, but retains the old form *gart* in Scottish place-names; it originally meant a tilled and enclosed field. In Islay there are *Gart-an-tiobair*, Field of the well; *Gart-a'-chaibe*, Field of the spade; *Gart-an-eas*, Field of the waterfall; *Gart-a'-charra*, Field of the pillarstone; and *Gart-meadhoin*, Middle field, anglicised, Gartmain. It is clearly cognate with Latin *hortus*, Fr. *jardin*, Sax. *geard*, Eng. *garden*. According to Joyce's "Irish Names of Places" (first series), p. 229, the names of 1200 townlands are formed by, or begin with, Gort and Gurt, its usual modern forms. Gartmillan—G., *Gart-maoilein*, Millans field. Cullochrigg—Culloch is G., *Cúl loch*, Back of lake, Eng., rig. Drumbowie is G., *Druim-buidhe*, Yellow ridge. Annothill—G., *Annoit*, a parent church (Dr O'Donovan's Sup. to O'Reilly's Ir. Dict.); so Annothill is equivalent to Parent-church hill. Inchnock—G., *Innis*, grazing ground, *cuoc*, a hill; so Inchnock is equivalent to Hill grazing ground. Garn-gilbock—G., *Garán Ghilbeag*, Rag thicket; *gilbeag*, a rag, *garán*, a thicket. Glenboig—G., *Gleann-boig*, Bog glen. Airdrie hill—G., Airdrie, *Ard-airidh*, High summer hill pasture. Drumshangie—G., *Druim-seang*, Slender ridge. Drumgray—G., *Druim-greadh*, Ridge of horses or Horse-ridge; *greadh*, a horse. Drum-brow—G., *Druim-bruaiche*, Boundary ridge; *bruach*, a boundary. Blairlinn—G., *Blár-linne*, Plain pool; *blár*, a plain, *linne*, a pool. Clachan—A church or kirkton.

BLANTYRE PARISH.—W., *Blaen*, fore; *tír*, land. Blantyre is, therefore, equivalent to *blaen-tír*, foreland. Coatshill, Cornish *Coat*, wood; Coatshill then signifies Woodshill. Letterick hills—Letterick equal to G. *Leitireach*, Sloping ground.

CARLUKE PARISH.—Carluke is derived from W., *Caer*, fort, city, or town; and *luke* for St Luke, and denotes tort or town of St Luke. Straven house, from G., *Svath*, a river holm, and *abhann*, of river. Drums is from G., *Druim*, a ridge. Auchengray is equivalent to G., *Achadh-nan-greadh*, Field of the horses or Horse field. Gowmacmorran is derived from G., *Gobha-mac-mhoirein*, "Smith son of Moirean." Kinshellwood—Kinshell is equivalent to G., *Ceann-scallaidh*, Head of view or prospect.

CARSTAIRS PARISH.—Carstairs is derived from W., *Cors*, a fen, and *traws*, across; so it signifies cross or crossing fen. Colombie is named for St Columba. Govanhill—*Govan* is equivalent to G., *Gudhbhan*, diminutive of *Gudhbh*, a schoolhouse or study. Kilmuir is *Cille-mhuire*, St Mary's Church, Anglicised in form. *Cill* or *Ceall* from the Latin *cella*, a cell.

OLD MONKLAND PARISH.—*Brythonic Names*—Coatbridge, Cornish, *Coat*, wood. Carmyle is equal to W., *Caer*, a fort or city, and *moel*, conical hill. Drumpark, G., *Druim*, a ridge. Blairtummock, G., *Blar-tomaig*, Plain of little bush or hillock. Ramoan, G., *Rae mona*, Plain of Peatmoss. Gartverrie is from G., *Gart-bhearraidh*, Field of rock top; *bearradh*, top of a rock, hill, or mountain. Daldowie is from G., *Dail-dubhthaigh*, Field of Duffy, or Duffy's field. Dubhthach is an old Gaelic man's name, denoting primarily a black-haired and dark-complexioned man. Kenmuir, equivalent to G. *Ceann-muir*, Head or end of wall, or Wall's head or end; *mur*, a wall or bulwark or house. Rhindmuir may be from Gaelic *Rinn*, a hill or headland, and *mur*, a wall; or the latter part of the name may be the Scotch *muir*, a moor. Bargeddie, equivalent to *Barr-gheodaibh*, Top of small arable spots. Gartliston—Gartlis is from G., *Gart-lios*, Field of fort or fort field.

CALDER OR CADDER PARISH.—Drum-sack is from G., *Druim-sac*, Sack ridge. Achengeoch, equivalent to G., *Achadh-an-gciaich*, Field of the mist or mist field. Auchingree is from G., *Achadh-na-geriche*, Field of the boundary

or boundary field ; *Crioch*, a boundary. Eclipse or nasal infection, appears in these two last names. Auchinloch is from G., *Achadh-an-locha*, Field of the lake or lake field. Auchenairn is from G., *Achadh-an-fhearna*, Field of the alder or alder field. Auchenleck is from G., *Achadh-na-lice*, Field of the flag-stone or flag-stone field. Balmuilly is equivalent to G., *Baile-muil-tigh*, Townland of assembly house ; *muil*, an assembly ; *tigh*, a house. Garnqueen is from G., *Garràn Cuinn*, Conn's grove or wood. *Conn*, an old Gaelic man's name, whence the surname MacQueen. Drumbottie is equivalent to G., *Druim-bóta*, Ridge of fire or fire ridge ; *bót*, fire (*Cormac's Glossary*). Gartcosh is from G., *Gart-cóis*, Field of cavern or cavern field ; *cós*, a cavern.

DOUGLAS PARISH.—The village of Douglas is situated nearly in the centre of the parish, on the south side of the Douglas water. Glespin—*Gles* is equivalent to Welsh, and Cornish *Glas*, green or blue ; pin is equal to *pen*, a "head" or "end" in the preceding tongues. Douglas is so called from the stream passing at the south of the village. *Glaise* means a streamlet in Gaelic ; and Douglas is equivalent to G., *Dubh-glaise*, Black streamlet. The Douglas is a stream in Argyllshire. Douglas is a very frequent name of townlands and streams in Ireland, and in several parts of that country it takes the forms of Douglasha and Dooglasha. Glentaggart is from G., *Gleann an t-sagairt*, Glen of the priest or priest's glen.

BOTHWELL PARISH.—*Brythonic Names*—Raith equal to W., *Rhath*, a cleared spot, a plain, probably cognate with G., *Rae*, a plain. Both equal to G., *Both*, a hut or tent.

DALSERF PARISH.—Cornsilloch is from G., *Carn-seileach*, Cairn of willow or Willows' Cairn ; G., *Seileach*, a willow ; gen. pl., the same as nom. sq., Dalpatrick, equal to G., *Dail Phádraig*, Patrick's field.

EAST KILBRIDE PARISH.—Kilbride equivalent to G., *Cille Bhrighde*, St Bridget's Church. This is one of the most frequent place-names in Scotland. Cairnduff is from G.,

Carn-dubh, Black cairn. *Logach*, a place abounding in pits, derived from G., *Log*, a pit. *Skeoch* is from G., *Sgitheach*, Hawthorn. *Knoweglass* is from G., *Cnoc-glas*, Greenhill; *Cnoc*, a hill, and *glas*, green. *Ardochrigg*—*Ardoch* is equivalent to G., *Ard-achadh*, High field; *Ard* high, and *achadh*, a field.

CARMUNNOCK PARISH.—*Carnbooth*—G., *Carn*, a cairn. *Cathkin* is from G., *Cath-cheann*, Battle head or end; G., *Cath*, battle, and *ceann*, head or end.

LANARK PARISH.—*Lanark* is equivalent to W., *Llan*, a church, *erch*, dun; that is Dun church. W., *Erch* is cognate with G., *Riabhach*, brownish grey. G., *Lann*, in old Breton *Lann*, and in old Gaelic *Land*, seems to signify primarily an enclosed piece of land. It is common to several languages, and is *landa*, *lande*, in French, Italian and Provençal, and *land* in Gothic and English. In its ecclesiastical application, it was borrowed from the Welsh at an early period, but when it simply means "house," it is certainly purely Gaelic and not borrowed; and, as a pure Gaelic word, it forms with other words, these compounds, *Bolann*, an ox-stall or cow-house, a fold; *gabharlann*, a goat-fold or stable; and *iothlann*, a granary or corn-yard. It does not occur but rarely in Irish local nomenclature, and hardly ever in the south of Ireland; nevertheless, it has given origin to the names of a few celebrated places in Ireland. In these names it is usually anglicised *lyn*, *lynn* or *lin*, from the oblique form *lainn*. *Lynally*, near Tullamore, is formed from *Lann-Elo* or *Land-Éalla*, a monastery erected by St Colman—*Elo*, who was the son of a sister of St Columba. The place wherein this monastery was erected was, at the time, a large forest named *Fidh-Elo* [*Fee-Elo*], that is the wood of *Ela*; the parish of *Lynn*, in Westmeath, derives its name from *lann*, as the old church was designated; there is the *Landmore* (*An Land mhór*, the large church) in Londonderry; *Landahussy* or *Lannyhussy*, O'Hussy's house or church, in Tyrone; *Lanaglug*, *Lann-na-gclog*, in the same county; *Landbrock*,

Láunbroc, the name of a badger warren in Fermanagh. In this name, *lann* simply denotes a habitation of badgers. In Glenavy, in Antrim, the *g* was subsequently prefixed to *Lenavy*; the earliest authority which Dr Reeves finds for its insertion is a visitation book of 1661. In the taxation of 1306 it is named *Lennewy*, and, according to the same authority, in other early English documents, *Lenavy*, *Lynavy*, &c. The original Gaelic name is *Lann-abhaich*, as given in the calendar; which means Church of dwarf or Dwarf's Church. According to Colgan, when St Patrick had built the church in this place, he left it in charge of Daniel, one of his disciples, who, in consequence of his low stature, was called *abhac* (avak or ouk) which signifies "dwarf." *Lan* denotes enclosure, or church, in Cornish, There occur in Cornwall these place-names:—*Lanarth*, High(arth) enclosure; *Lancarf*, Body (corf) enclosure or grave-yard; *Lancarow*, Deer Park, *Carow*, hart or stag. *W.*, *Carw*; *Landare*, Oak(dar), enclosure; *Landicle*, Church of St Tecla; *Landuff*, Church of St Ulf or Olaf.—"Bannister's Glossary of Cornish Names."

Gaelic Place Names in the Parish of Lanark.—*Nemphlar* is equivalent to *Neanh-bhlár*, Heaven flat ground. *Tullyford*, *Tully* is from *G.*, *Tulach*, a knoll. *Auchenglen* is from *Achadh-an-ghlinne*, Field of the glen or glen field.

Carmichael Parish.—*Brythonic Names*—*Ponfeigh*, *W.*, *Pon*, what is puffed up or blistered; *Gaelic Names*—*Drumalbin*, equal to *Druim-Albann*, Ridge of Alban or Scotland.

Crawford-Join Parish.—*Brythonic Names*—*Troloss* is from *W.* *Tro*, a turn, and *llos*, burning; so it means "burning turn." *Gaelic Names*—*Glencapie* is derived from *Gleann-ceapaigh*, glen of tillage plot or garden plot. *Ceapach* denotes a plot of land laid out for tillage or for a garden. It is yet a living word in Connaught, but does not so often occur in Ulster as in the other Irish provinces. *Cappa* and *Cappagh* are the most frequently anglicised forms. There

are Cappoquin, Conn's garden plot in Waterford, Cappagh-white in Tipperary, Cappanageeragh (Ceapach-na-gcaorach) in King's County, Cappateemore (Ceapach-tighe-moir) in Clare, and Cappaghmore (Ceapach-mhor) in Galway. The word is occasionally made Cappy, which is the name of a townland in Fermanagh, and there is Cappydonnell (Ceapach Dhomhnaill) in King's County. Glenochar is from G., *Gleann-ochar*, glen of shoes, or shoe glen; G., *Ochar*, a shoe—(O'Reilly's Dict.). Lettershaw—first part of this name *Letter* is equivalent to *leitir*, a hill-side or slope. Glentewing is an anglicised form of *Gleann-teimhin*, glen of darkness or dark glen. We have in "Cormac's Glossary" *Teim, each ndorchai*, that is *Teim*, every darkness, *ut dicitur*, as it is said, *teimean dorchi no odar*, that is *teimean*, dark or dusky—(Stokes' "Three Irish Glossaries," p. 42). Glendowran is equivalent to *Gleann dobhran*, glen of otters, or otter glen. Auchendaff is derived from *Achadh-nandamh*, field of the oxen, or oxen field.

LESMAHAGOW PARISH.—This parish is situated in the north-west of the upper ward of Lanarkshire. The ancient parish church was dedicated to a St Machute or Mahago, who is said to have settled here in the sixth century. Lesmachute was the ancient designation of the parish. David I., King of Scotland, founded an abbey here in the year 1140, and dedicated it to St Machute. The first syllable of the name *Les* is equivalent to W. *Llys*, a court, a hall or palace, and to G., *Lios* or *leas*, house, habitation, court, palace, fort. *Brythonic Names*—W., *Tan*, fire, in Tanhill. Kerse equal to W. *Cors*, a fen. *Gaelic Names*—Auchrobert is from G. *Achadh-Raibeart*, Robert's field. Auchtose is equal to G. *Achadh tuas*, field above or upper field. Auchtygemle is equal to G. *Achadh-tighe-geimhle*, field of chain house or house of restraint. *Geimheal* or *geimhiol*, chain, gives, fetters, restraint. Affleck equivalent to *Abh-leac*, river of flag-stones or flat stone stream. Auchmeddon is from G. *Achadh-meadhoin*, field of middle or middle field. Auchren is equivalent to *Achadh-raoin*, field

of road or road field. Auchnatroch equal to *Achadh-nathrach*, field of serpent or serpent field. Auchiafein is equivalent to *Achadh-iadhadh-Feinne*, field of the environing of the Fenians or Scots. Clanachdyke, G., *clannack*, bushy. Darnfillan equal to *Darn-Faolain*, St Fillan's School. Dunduff equal to G. *Dun-dubh*, black fort.

DALZIEL PARISH. — Dalziel equal to G. *Dail-gheal*, white field. Carfin is derived from G. *Carragh-fionn*, white pillar-stone.

AVONDALE PARISH.—*Brythonic Names*—Cauldcoats—Cornish *coat*, a wood; Craig, W. *Craig*, a rock. Torfoot—Cornish *Toor*, prominence or hill. Colinhill—Colin equal to W. *Collen*, hazel-wood. *Gaelic Names*—Cairnduff—G., *Carn-dubh*, black cairn. Drumclog—G., *Druim-clog*, ridge of bells, or bell ridge. Drumboy—G., *Druim-buidhe*, yellow ridge.

GLASSFORD PARISH.—Drumboy — G., *Druim-buidhe*, yellow ridge. Drumloch—G., *Druim-locha*, ridge of lake, or lake ridge.

CAMBUSNETHAN PARISH.—Cambusnethan—G., *Camus-Neathain*, Nethan's bay or bend. Garrionhaugh—G., *Gearran*, a work-horse. Dunty—G., *Dun-tigh*, house or dun or fort. Kepplehill—Kepple equivalent to G. *Capall*, a horse or mare, always a mare, now, in the Highlands. Darngavel, from G. *Darn-gabhail*, school farm; *Dar.t*, a school, and *gabhail*, a farm. Govan—This name is a modification of G. *Gudbhan*, diminutive of *Gudbh*, a study or schoolhouse. Govan is situated on the south bank of the Clyde, about three miles from Glasgow, but there is a continued line of houses connecting it with the city. Glasgow is called in Knapdale and some other parts of Argyllshire *Glasachadh*, which means Green field, that is, a green grassy field or plain, in which daisies, buttercups, and such bright-coloured flowers are absent, and this name applies to Glasgow Green. So this name might have been applied to the town by the Gaels who were intruders on the older inhabitants, the Strathclyde Britons. The name Glasgow

is more likely to be of Brythonic origin. The ravine, a little to the east of the Cathedral, might well be designated in Welsh, *Glasgau*, Green hollow, from *glas*, green, and *cau*, a hollow. The diphthong *au* in Welsh is nearly pronounced like the English affirmative *ay*, which approaches closely to the pronunciation of the *ow* in the name by many of the natives of the city. Kelvin Grove.—Kelvin, the name of the river that passes through this beautiful grove, is explained by Welsh *Celli*, a grove, and *afon*, a river. The name of the grove, like many other place-names, is tautological.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

ON THE BOTANY OF THE REAY
COUNTRY.

IV.

THE high latitude in which this country lies makes itself known in a very appreciable manner in the height of summer. In that season there is hardly any night at all. The sun drops into the Atlantic, looking like a great globe of fire, and his departure is followed by a twilight of three or four hours, which really does not end until the rosy streaks of dawn make their appearance in the north-east. It is extremely probable that the amount of sunshine poured forth on the earth during seventeen or eighteen hours daily tends to increase the brilliancy of the flowers of June and July. As nature is so kind as to grant some alleviating circumstances amid the greatest adversity, so it is in this case, that the poverty of the soil is compensated by the amount of light that comes down from the sky. We do not often have a very hot summer, though that of 1889 was certainly hot enough, nor do we greatly delight in such a season, as the soil is so light that a dry summer means light crops. But the great charm of the climate is its equability. The two extremes of heat and cold are seldom experienced—the winter does not often blockade us within doors, nor does the summer make us fly from the sunshine, to seek the friendly shade.

The golden days of midsummer have come again, and the riverside meadows are carpeted with all the colours of the rainbow. Flowers many have opened their eyes since winter lingering chilled the lap of May. The plants of the order of *Umbelliferae* are specially strong. These are easily known by the arrangement of their flower stalks like the spokes of an umbrella. Most of them also have hollow

stems. They have a strong aromatic smell and taste, and while some of them are poisonous, as the Hemlock, others are useful vegetables, as the Carrot, Parsley, Parsnip, Celery, Caraway, &c. We do not find any striking beauty to admire in this order. The *Conium*, or Hemlock, is common enough, but not at all a subject about which to go into raptures. Still less attractive is the odious *Aegopodium*, or Bishop's Weed. Fortunately it is not common in the Reay Country, and as it is perhaps, without exception, the worst weed that grows, we have no desire to see it increase. Rather a pretty flower is the *Conopodium*, or Earth Nut, which abounds in all our pastures. Boys dig up the roots and eat them, with doubtful advantage, but what will not boys do? Closely resembling the Umbellifers, but forming a separate order, is the *Hedera*, or common Ivy. This is a denizen of the rocks, except where we train it (with some difficulty) to adorn our walls, and relieve the eye, by its rich green, from the grey monotony of stone and lime.

Descending in the ranks of the vegetable kingdom, we now come to the second division of the Dicotyledous, namely, the Monopetalae. The flowers that have hitherto passed under our view have all been those that have many petals. Now we have to notice those that have but one. The first order in this division contains two plants that flourish exceedingly on the shores of the Pentland Firth. One is the Elder, a shrub that might almost pass for a tree, where trees are scarce. The other is the beautiful *Lonicera* or Honeysuckle. This is one of our specialties, and one on which we distinctly pride ourselves. Certainly there are few flowers more attractive, and few that show to greater advantage, among the crags where it makes a home. But it takes kindly also to cultivation. It can be taken from the wilds, and planted with great advantage to itself in a sunny corner, with a southern exposure. The benefit is not only to the plant, but also to him who has taken possession of it. In the early summer the graceful form of the shrub, with its innumerable flowers of yellow and pink, fill the air with

fragrance, and the hum of busy bees makes a sound as pleasant to the ear as the sound of music on the waters. The Honeysuckle has an evident partiality for our coasts, and there are few visitors whose arrival is more welcome. No less interesting, though much less conspicuous, is the *Galium Verum*, or Lady's Bedstraw. This is a flower of the meadows, and not of the rocks. It grows abundantly in the height of summer, and the small yellow florets have a strong sweet smell that is very suggestive of a sunny sky and a green-carpeted earth. Passing from the grassy fields to the ditches and water courses, we encounter the *Valeriana Officinalis*, Cat's Valerian, or All-heal. This is another of the strong scented plants of summer, and the odour of it is not quite so agreeable as it is strong. Cats are said to find it very attractive, and it has some medicinal virtues of which the apothecaries avail themselves. A much more common, and a much more attractive plant is the Scabious. It grows in greater abundance and in greater vigour on our seaside plains than we have ever seen it elsewhere. The great tall lilac heads which it sends aloft give a great deal of beauty to the fields of natural hay that come to maturity in autumn. Along with it is constantly to be found the *Centaurea*, or Knapweed, a plant which has a good deal in common with the Scabious, by the side of which it is so often to be found. But the mention of the *Centaurea* reminds us that it is time to begin a new paragraph, as we have come to one of the most important families in the whole kingdom, and one which it becomes us to approach with the respect which is due to the dignity of their position.

The order of the *Compositae*, or Composite flowered plants, is, as we have indicated, one that deserves special attention. It includes about ten thousand species, among them being many of the best known flowers, and many of the best known weeds too, we may take leave to add, speaking from a utilitarian point of view. The *Compositae* are also, perhaps, the most easily identified of all the orders,

owing to the formation of the flower head. We say the flower head, and not the flower, advisedly, and it is important to remember that this is a distinction with a difference. Take a Daisy, *Bellis Perennis*, if you must have it called by its scientific name, and look closely into the yellow circle that is surrounded by the fringe of white and red. Take the whole to pieces, for that is the rude treatment that the fairest things in all Nature receive from us when we wish to know more about them than we can see at a glance. Here we find, then, that the golden centre of the flower is composed of a great number of very small flowers closely packed together, so that they looked as if they were only one. This composite arrangement is what gives a name to the order. It is to be seen in a great many of the commonest plants besides the Daisy, such as the Thistle, Dandelion, Goat's beard, Hawkweed, Burdock, and so forth. Of all the *Compositae* that haunt this coast, the most noticeable is the *Hieracium*, or Hawkweed. The varieties of it are numerous, but most of them are so much alike that it requires sharp eyes and a good deal of botanical skill to distinguish them. With some of them there is the additional difficulty that they are apt to be mistaken for dandelion. The *Hieracia* of the Reay Country form an interesting study, and anyone who can classify them has made considerable progress in the science of flowers. Other plants of the same order we have in great variety. There is the *Centaurea Nigra*, or Knapweed beautiful with flowers of a deep purple, surrounded by a rough panoply (involucre) of hard scaly bracts. Also the *Centaurea Cyanus*, Blue Bottle, or Corn flower, still more beautiful than the last-named, with flowers of a bright blue, delightfully suggestive of the summer sky. We have at least three kinds of Thistle, beautiful also in their way, and interesting as the emblem of Scotland. Coltsfoot grows abundantly wherever there is sufficient moisture in the soil, and the *Achillea Ptarmica*, or Sneezewort, makes a living

whether it can find moisture or not. So does the *Achillea Millefolium*, Yarrow, or Milfoil, neither very pretty nor at all fragrant, but very much the reverse. The *Senecio Jacobea*, or Ragwort, is a hideous and pestilent weed, useless to man and beast, a waster and cumberer of the ground. *Tragopogon*, or Goat's Beard, is less common, and more attractive than the *Senecio*. It looks something like a cross between a Thistle and a Dandelion, but is easily distinguished from both. So much for one of the most important of the natural orders.

Of the *Ericaceae*, or Heather tribe, we have thousands and tens of thousands of acres. The hillsides are aglow with it for several weeks in autumn. A very pretty member of this family is the *Arctostaphylos* or Bear berry. Bright green leaves like small laurels, with berries red as coral, make it a conspicuous ornament in many rocky places that stand in need of something to relieve their bareness. Of the *Gentians* we find at least one, the *Gentiana Campestris*, a flower of late summer, that grows in every meadow, and with its flowers of lilac or purple is a very pretty object. The *Borages* are an interesting family. Among them we find the Common Borage, which is not very common here, however, and the *Myosotis Palustris*, which is not so common as we could wish. *Myosotis* is not the name of a river in North America, as some people vainly suppose. It is the Greek name of the beautiful Forget-me-not. This treasure of the world of flowers is to be found in the Reay country, but it requires looking for. It is like those of the family of mankind, who do not obtrude their merits upon the attention of the public, but allow the world to seek them out, or leave them unsought as the case may be. *Plantago* or Rib Grass is as little noticeable as the last named, but not nearly so pretty. We do not readily admit its claim to be called a flower at all, and its chief use appears to be to afford amusement to children in playing at what they call "soldiers." It is common enough everywhere among the grass.

The *Scrophulariaceae* are burdened with a hideous name, but include some very charming flowers. They are easily known by the mouth-like form of the corolla, as may be seen in such old-fashioned garden flowers as the Snap Dragon and *Mimulus*. Chief among them stands forward the *Digitalis Purpurea*, or purple Foxglove. A very fine flower is this, and one that grows well here in places where the sea spray does not come. For the Foxglove does not like the taste of lime, and shuns the blast that blows the powdered shells of the sea over the land. Poisonous the Foxglove is said to be, but, like many of the deadly things, it has great attractions for the eye. Very different from it is the modest *Veronica* or Speedwell. Blue it is as the sky, and yet hidden away very often under some friendly shade. Let it not lose its just meed of admiration. Nor shall we forget to delight in the *Euphrasia* or Eyebright. This is another of the very small but very pretty flowers of the field. Whether or not it be a cure for blindness, as its name implies, it is certainly a pleasure to the eye to behold it. Last of this order we notice the *Rhinanthus* or Yellow Rattle. There is nothing very attractive about it, unless it be the peculiar flat daisy form that is assumed by its seed capsules. These are the chief specimens of the *Scrophularineae* that we have to show. Many of them are extremely beautiful, but most of them are under a cloud of suspicion of poisonous qualities. There is surely enough of deception in this world, when we have to be on our guard against the flowers that add so much to the pleasure of life.

Of the *Labiatae* we have plenty of Mint, and we know several banks whereon the Wild Thyme blows. Few plants are more fragrant, though many are more showy. Very common also is the *Prunella* or Self-heal, and the Dead Nettle, both of which deserve a great deal more admiration than they ever get. One other flower we must notice, and then draw to an end for the present. It is the *Pinguicula* or Butterwort, not one of the *Labiates*, but a

species of a different order. The bright blue flower that it bears has a peculiar shape, not unlike that of a petal of the Columbine. This Butterwort is often to be found among the heather and whins of waste places, and looks like one of nature's gems hidden away where it has to be diligently sought for. We ought now to place the primroses on the stage, but they are far too important to be dealt with at the close of an article. They must have the privilege of taking the first place in the next selection of notes.

J. M. M.

DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR ALBA.

THE following poem was transcribed from the Edinburgh Gaelic MS. 48 by the late Dr A. Cameron of Brodick, and the transcript, with the translation, which is also from his pen, was intended for one of the editors of the *Highland Monthly*, though only delivered after his death.

The poem belongs to an episode in the Tragedy of the Sons of Uisneach, one of the famous Three Sorrows of Erin. Deirdre is represented as uttering the lament after the death of her lover Naois. Her "Farewell to Alba," which must not be confused with the present lay, was spoken on leaving Scotland with the three brothers, the sons of Uisneach. It is preserved in the Glenmasain MS., which, however, does not contain the following poem; nor indeed does any other version have our poem, save O'Flanagan's, published in 1808 (Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and republished in 1884 (*Gaelic Journal*), from an eighteenth century MS. The Edinburgh MS. 48 belongs to the seventeenth century. There is an interesting reference to Inverness; it is the only case known to us where a modern Scottish town is mentioned in the Ossianic and heroic literature of the Gael:—

Soiridh soir go halbain uaim,
fa maith radharc cuan is gleann
mar re clann uisneach aig seilg
baoibhin abheth os leirg abenu

Tharra maithe alban ag ol
7 clann uisneach dar chóir cion
ninghin iarla dhuntreoir
go tug naoise pog gan nfios

Do chuir se chuige ealta bhaogh
agh alluidh 7 laoch le cois
agas do gabh-se chuige ar chuairt
ag tfiladh ó shluagh inuerneise

Nuair do chuala mise *sin*
 lingis um chen doigh don ned
 chuaidhis acurach air tuinn
 fa coma liom beo no eg

Leanuid mise amach air snamh
 enle is ardan nar ghnath breag
 tpillad leo me ar mais
 dias do chuireadh cath ar ched

Tug naoise a bhriather go fìor
 luighis fa thri afiaghnuis arm
 nach curadhse oram gruim
 no go rachadh ar sluagh na marbh

Tug anbhen sin o Dhuntreoir
 breathar ro mhor is moid mher
 no go rachadh naoise deg
 nach rachadh si fein adfer

Och da cluinadh isi anochd
 naoise ar n dol fuigh bhrot acre
 do ghuiladh isi go bechd
 7 do ghuilimse fa shechd le

[Ni] hiongnudh cion bheith agam fein
 ar crìch alban fa reidh rod
 budh slan mo cheile na mesg
 budh liom a heich 7 a hor
 Soridh soir go halbain maim

Farewell eastward to Alba from me,
 Pleasant was the sight of its harbour and vales,
 With Uisnech's sons pursuing the chase,
 'Twas delightful to be on the slopes of the hills.

It happened that the nobles of Alba were drinking,
 And Uisnech's sons who love deserved ;
 To the daughter of the Earl of Dun-Treor
 Naoise gave a kiss unknown.

He sent to her a *frisking herd*¹—
 A wild hind and a fawn at its foot ;
 And he went to her on a visit
 As he returned from the host of Inverness.

¹ These words were left untranslated.

When I did hear of this
My head filled full of jealousy ;
I went in a *curach* on the wave,
'Twas the same to me to live or die.

They pursued me out to sea—
Aindle and Ardan, who spoke not falsehood ;
They turned me with them back—
Two who would to a hundred give fight.

Naesi gave his word in truth—
Thrice he swore upon his arms—
That he would not cause me grief
Until he should go to the host of the dead.

[Then] gave that maid from Dun-Treor
Her solemn word and wanton vow,
That so long as Naesi lived
She would not wed a man

Alas ! were she to hear this night
That Naesi is under a shroud of clay,
She assuredly would weep,
And I would weep with her sevenfold.

'Tis not strange that I have love
For the coast of Alba of smooth ways ;
Safe was my love among them—
Mine were its horses and its gold.
Farewell eastward to Alba from me.

SCRAPS OF GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

THE love of etymologising is innate in the Scottish Gael. The number of contributions which we receive bearing on Gaelic etymologies, and the confidence of the etymologists, begotten, we are sorry to say, not of knowledge, but of a vivid imagination, untrammelled by musty philologic rules, raise within us pathetic feelings, especially as the ultimate destination of such papers lies in a certain basket at hand. One worthy contributor—an excellent Gaelic scholar—sends us his etymology of *Beurla* (English). He has no doubt that it is allied to French *parler* (to speak), whence came the English *parlour*, *parliament*, and others. Yet if he had known that the oldest form of this word—a thousand years old—is *bélre*, signifying “language,” he would have been saved much bad philogising, such as comparing a *p* to a *b* initial, not to speak of the vowels and terminations. From the form *bélre*, signifying “language” in the present-day Irish, and especially the English language, we can see that the derivation is from *bél* (mouth), with the common abstract termination *re*, as in *luibhre* (leprosy), *buidhre* (deafness), and such. The following letter comes from a good friend in Manitoba, and as he has as many cases of philologic doubt as he has of confidence, combined with much suggestiveness, we are happy to reproduce it, with some comments thereafter:—

Strathclair, Manitoba, June 3, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I send you for your *Highland Monthly* two or three scraps of Gaelic Philology:—

1st. Take the following sentence:—*Co e so, a chairid, a thog a lamh agus le neart a dhuirn a bhual thusa air mullach do chinn?* In this sentence all the italicized words are of a common origin. They are related to the Greek article. One therefore realises the

wonderful extent to which languages must have developed from something very small to something very great, and likewise the extent to which words are the common inheritance of at least many languages.

2nd. There are two words in Gaelic—two anyway—which affix the letter *r* before attaching *an* to form the plural. These words are *gnìomh* and *rìgh*. Is that *r* of the same origin as *r* in the English plurals, children, &c.?

3rd. Has the etymology of “eireag,” a chicken, been ever determined? If not, I offer the following:—The Welsh has a word *ire*, a hen, to which add the diminutive *ag*, and you have *eireag*, literally, a young hen. From the same I should also take *iris*, a roost.

4th. As far as I have noticed, our English lexicographers adhere to the old etymology of the word *lunacy* as a word connected with *luna*, the moon, because supposed to result from the moon’s influence. I suggest a different account. The connection with *luna* is correct, but it is not one of *cause and effect*, but of *comparison*. *Lunacy* is, therefore, acting *like* the moon, changeable, fickle, unstable.

The evident origin and meaning of the Gaelic word *luaineach* (equal to *lunacy*), is the ground of this suggestion.

J. M.

Taking “J. M.’s” points *seriatim*, we answer his number one as follows:—All the italicised words in the sentence he quotes are by no means from the same root.

co, for *kro-s*, is allied to the Latin *quo-d*.

e (he), for *ei-s*, is allied to Latin *is*, especially to *ea* for *ei-a* (she).

so (here) is allied to English *she* and the nominative *mas.* and *fem.* of the Greek article, as “J. M.” suggests.

a, sign of vocative, for *ō*, is allied to the Greek and Latin *ō*. Long *o* appears in modern Gaelic as *a*, long if accented, short if before or after the main accent.

a (who, that) is like the English relative *that*, the neuter of the article *an*, which is for *sindas*, and contains the two demonstrative roots of *so*, and *do* or *de*; see *so* above, and compare Lat. *i-dem*.

a (his), for original *esyō*, Sanscrit *asya*, is the genitive masculine of the pronoun *e* (he) discussed above. Ending originally in a vowel, it aspirates the next word, unlike the feminine *a*, which ended originally in a consonant (*esyos*, Skr. *asyas*).

The *a* at *dhuirn* and *bhual* are included above.

Thusa (*thysel* or *thou*) is made up of *thu* for *tu*, which is allied to the Eng. *thou* and Latin *tu*, and cannot be equalised with the Greek article *to*; and of *sa*, for emphasis, as it were “*thou there*,” which is from the root of *so* above.

do is the genitive of *thu* or *tu* (*thou*). Being unaccented, or rather before the accent syllable, the *t* becomes *d*. It is a genitive (*tu-syo*) like *a* (*his*).

2nd. The plurals of *gniomh* and *righ* are *gniomharra(n)* and *righre(an)*, the forms ending in *n* being peculiar to Gaelic as compared to Irish. The Early Irish forms of these so-called plurals will at once explain the anomalies. We have the abstract noun *rigrad* (kinghood) in Early Irish used in a collective sense for “*kings* ;” it is similar with *grimrad* (deed or deedship) the plural of which, however, is also used, as we might expect. So, too, we meet with *macrad* (youth) for “*young men*” and others. The termination *rad*, which Professor Zimmer equates with Gaulish *rēda* (waggon), Anglo-Saxon *rād* (journey), and Eng. *road*, has the sense of way or state, like the English, *hood* or *ship*. It has nothing to do with the *er* in Middle English *childeren*, now *children*, which is a double plural, one in *er*, as in modern Gaelic, one in *er*, as often appears in German. Both these terminations are the old stem-endings, which were dropped in the nominative and reappeared in the oblique cases and in the plural. We may illustrate the process thus:—Latin, nom. sing. *hom(o)*, nom. plu., *homin(es)*; nom. sing., *gen(us)*, nom. plu., *gener(a)*. The stems, pure and simple, do duty for the plural.

3rd. No etymology of *eireag* (chicken) has yet been published. The Welsh word for “*hen*” is *iār* rather than *ire*, the Breton being *iar*; the Welsh for chicken or pullet is *iaren*, and the Breton, *iarik*. All these are etymologically allied to *eireag*, Welsh *ja* being Gaelic *ei*. Both point to an original Celtic *jār* as root; *jaris* would mean the “*noise or jargon maker*.” Nearly all words for domestic fowls seem to come from roots signifying sound or noise—*hen* (*cano*, I sing), *gallus*, root of “*call*,” and *cearc*, “*the cryer*.” As to *iris* (*hen-roost*), the allied meaning of “*basket-handle*” or “*shield-grip*” must be kept in view. The Middle Irish *iris* signifies a suspender or strap. The word must be divided into *ir-is*, the *ir* being merely the prep. *air*, as in *iriosal*, “*humble*.”

The *is* is for *isti*—and that probably is for *sisti*—an extension of the root *sta* (stand).

4th. J. M.'s argument that *lunacy*, derived from *luna* (moon), signifies "acting like the moon, *i.e.*, changeable," reminds one of the words of Shakespere's Juliet, who thus adjures Romeo:—

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable"

Nevertheless, the Gaelic *luaineach* (restless) has nothing to do with the moon. Its derivation is peculiarly easy. In Early Irish it is *luamnech*, signifying "valatile" as birds, an adjective from *luamain* (flying), and this last is made up of a root, *lua*, and the stem, *men*, so common in Gaelic words. The root *lua* has lost a *p.*, a letter which is lost nearly altogether in Celtic. This *lua* or *plua*, which also appears as *luath* (swift), is allied to the English *fleet* in all senses, Greek *pleo* (I sail), the root being *plov* or *plev*, signifying movement, especially of or on water.

NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF TWO CENTURIES: CHIEFLY CONNECTED WITH INVERNESS AND THE HIGHLANDS FROM 1616 TO 1815. EDITED, AND EACH INTRODUCED WITH EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS, BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH OF DRUMMOND, M.P., F.S.A. SCOT. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie. 1890.

THE quaint idea which underlies the construction of the work before us—that of reproducing a series of letters extending over two centuries, and connected only by the circumstance of being dated one for each year of that period—must appeal to all lovers of the artistic in book-writing. The book-lover, however, is not the only person who must be pleased with Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's volume: the prosaic student of history owes him a debt of gratitude not merely for the letters—which are the raw materials of his study—but even more for the excellent editorial comments which introduce each letter, and which are marked by all that fulness of historic knowledge and accuracy of genealogy and date for which the author is famed among writers that deal with the Highlands. Doubtless, the same prosaic individual whom we have mentioned would be much better pleased if the letters were classified rather than that any artistic plan should interfere with the dry-as-dust and orderly presentment of historic facts. We confess to liking the work both for method and for matter.

The letters are written by divers important personages that lived in the Highlands or were connected with the country from the year 1616 to the year 1815—from Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver to Coll Macdonell of Barisdale. Kings, princes, dukes, barons, knights, burgesses, and men of some degree, and men of no degree appear as the correspondents; and there is a considerable sprinkling of the softer sex among the writers, whose letters range from high politics, through details of cookery and other household duties, to affairs of love and the heart. The whole life of the Highlands appear in these letters—its politics, intriguing, wars, feuds, loves, and last, but not least, the continual impecuniosity that haunted high and low.

Of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's own editorials and comments we have nothing to say but praise. Nearly every family in the north gets a touch-up in his remarks, nor does the writer strive to hide his personal likes and dislikes, mild as they are. The Frasers and the Mackintoshes are naturally favourites, and even when errant, are leniently dealt with. To other clans an attitude of indifference or even-handed justice is maintained, notably in the case of the Mackays, Macdonalds (except the Keppochs), and Campbells. In the case of one or two clans, there is an evident want of sympathy manifested, and among these we may mention the Grants, Gordons, and Macphersons; but yet there is nothing but fairness in the record of fact dealing with them. This touch of feeling adds value to the book; it makes it more human. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's judgments on individuals are usually sound. The great Sir Robert Gordon, the first historian of the north, is described as "deep, subtle, and experienced," not only managing the Sutherland and his own affairs to admiration, but actually writing a history for the benefit, though not enlightenment, of posterity, "just as much to be depended on as Macaulay's Romances, published under the names of Histories." A sufficiently vigorous *obiter dictum* this! Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and his novel of "Lochandhu" are characterised as the "impudent production of that unctuous placeman." Much interesting information is given about the people of Inverness and the families immediately adjacent—the Cuthberts and Robertsons more especially. The book is one which no one wishing to understand or study Highland history within the last three centuries can afford to do without, be he antiquarian or other.

FOLK-LORE: A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF MYTH, TRADITION, INSTITUTION AND CUSTOM. Vol. I., No. 2. June, 1890. London: D. Nutt.

THIS number of the new quarterly entitled *Folk-Lore* has been sent us, doubtless, for the sake of the article which it contains on "Celtic Myth and Saga"—a report of progress made in these studies during the past eighteen months, written by Mr Alfred Nutt. There are, however, one or two other articles in the number that ought to interest northern readers. Not to mention Mr Gomme's discussion of "A Highland Folk-tale and its

Foundation in Usage," the first article is one that should attract any reader. It deals with "Some Popular Superstitions of the Ancients," and it is from the pen of Mr J. A. Frazer, the famous Cambridge scholar, who has just issued from the press a learned treatise on tree deities under the title of the "Golden Bough." He points out that ordinary scholars in reading the usual classical works—such as Horace, Livy, Thucydides, or even Homer or Xenophon—can have no idea how little these writers reveal the actual amount of superstition that existed among the common people. Works by the ignorant vulgar have not outlived the many centuries between our time and the Classical epoch. Yet there are books that contain, amid more philosophic material, much that is purely superstitious. Such are works on religious controversies, on agriculture, and on medicine. Mr Frazer makes excellent use of all these more or less obscure books, and a readable and most important article is the result. In his report on Celtic Myth and Saga, Mr Nutt rapidly reviews some thirteen books that have appeared within the last two years bearing on the subject. The most important of these are Professor Zimmer's studies on the *Brendan Voyages*; Dr Whitley Stokes' *Lives of the Saints*, and Mr Macinnes' *Folk-Tales of Argyllshire*, both reviewed recently in the *Highland Monthly*; Lady Wilde on the *Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland*; Lady Ferguson on *Ireland before the Conquest*; Mrs Bryant on *Celtic Ireland*; Archdeacon O'Rorke's *History of Sligo*, and Mr J. Curtin on *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*. The views expressed by these various writers are, with the exception of Archdeacon O'Rorke, classed by Mr Nutt as Liberal-Conservative; that is to say, the writers try to find history underlying the legends and myths. The Archdeacon is iconoclastic, and, like the late James Ferguson, brings all the old monuments within Christian times as to date of erection. Mr Nutt himself is sceptical as to the historical character of the various cycles of ancient Gaelic myth, saga, and legend. He prefers to compare them with those of related nations of the Indo-Celtic stock. It is a very readable and interesting article of close on thirty pages.

The Highland Monthly.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

PLAN AND PURPOSE.

"DON'T you think of going down to the Smith's to see the people and speak words of comfort to them?" asked Ewan, who feared an outbreak of the old man's extreme Gaelic patriotism and prejudices, and who was anxious to float the emigration scheme without delay.

Duncan Ban, now in a different frame of mind from what he was in when he entered the Ciotach's house, readily assented to Ewan's suggestion; and rising up like a refreshed old Fenian, he took his staff and set off at a brisk martial pace, accompanied by Ewan and Diarmad. When they were near Conversation Bench, he asked Diarmad with a chuckle:—"Shall I tell the people about the twelve, not counting twins?" And Diarmad replied with what might seem unnecessary earnestness:—"You must do that by no means. It would be a clear breach of covenant with Ealag, my kinswoman. I promised long ago she should

be the next to hear after bride and bridegroom's people. I must keep good faith with Ealag, or else I shall never hear the end of 'Cuimhnich daonnan'—the old pass-word of our wild forefathers, by which I threw a bit of a spell over her."

Ewan—"Now that she is going to Canada, Calum of Canada will become her chief, and thou wilt no longer be able to threaten to lay her head on a sharp stone in the grave, because it will be Calum that will lay her head."

Duncan Ban—"That is not the rule of their sept at all. They are a small people with a history of their own. They did for hundreds of years most of the little fightings for their big clan, and little but blows did they gain thereby. They are dispersed even more than other kindreds of the Gael, but they just wonderfully keep up the ties of blood. I have seen Diarmad's father go fifty miles to bury a person he never saw, because he was called as the head of a house."

Diarmad—"Yes, it is among us the houseman who is at the grave the next of kin. Calum cannot claim Ealag's head at all. And so I must keep faith with Ealag. Indeed, I'll just go down to-night and tell her, to prevent accidents. I am not sure you (to Duncan Ban) should have yet been told yourself; but you see I had to break the ice for Ewan, and it could not be helped. There must not be another word till Ealag will be in the secret."

Duncan Ban thought the young man's promise to Ealag a bit of pure fun, and so it was at first, but he now looked upon her as a good recruiting sergeant, and honoured her accordingly. The three were making merry over the idea of constituting Ealag the custodian of matrimonial secrets, when they came in sight of the doleful assembly at Conversation Bench. Calum, although his anxiety was now relieved, showed by his first words to Duncan Ban that the hilarity of the new-comers was very ill-timed.

"Has a piece of the sun fallen down to earth at your place, that you come with shining faces and smiling lips

among sad-hearted people on this the blackest of all days?"

The surviving Seanair asked in the same tone of irony—"Have you at last found the ulaidh which the goblin has so long guarded jealously from mortal men?"

Calum—"I have heard it said that ages back one man did get a sight of the opening of the ulaidh cave, but never could find the spot again, because he did not break the spell by marking it with something of his own as soon as the sight of it was given to him."

Duncan Ban—"I have found, or rather Diarmad has found, a far better ulaidh than a lubber fiend has ever guarded from mortal men since the world began."

"And what is it he has found, then?"

"Just a good plan for making another Glen in Canada!"

"Why, we were speaking about Canada before you came; that is surely nothing new."

"It is not the thought but the plan that is new. It is dispersion, dispersion, more and more dispersion, which comes of drifting away to different countries or different parts of the same country. One family here, another family there; ; one young man to Canada, another to Port Philip, a third to the States, a fourth to a Saxon town—as a rule the children of the Gael are just ruined and made to forget their ancestors and themselves by that feather-in-wind sort of dispersion to all the points of the compass. But if we go out of the land of bondage—which is not the fault of the land but of its Pharaohs—as the Israelites went out of Egypt in one body, that will keep us from dispersing, and no doubt God will give us a bit of Promised Land."

"We cannot leave this year, at anyrate," observed one of the doleful group.

Duncan Ban—"Not all, but the young men can; and I am ready to go with them myself, and to promise to keep them to work, and out of any mischief worth speaking of."

"That makes it a clean different thing."

A chorus of voices—"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed. It is the good plan—the plan full of promise. Go on. What more?"

Duncan Ban—"We'll get a block of wild-wood, and take possession. A good deal can be cleared in time for spring sowing and planting among the stumps. And when next spring will come, and some log-houses will be built, those who must now remain behind will just join us in one big neighbourly company; and sure I am, those that live to see that day will see a happy meeting. If there be among us some worthy people who would wish to go, but on whom is the fear their purses will not keep a sound bottom until they begin to make their way, why, then, we are all kinsmen and neighbours' children, as were our ancestors before us from Heaven knows when, and so those of us who may have some spare money will lend to those who need to borrow, and such kindly lendings will yield a ten times better return in the end than any bank in the world."

The old man's words had a magical effect in brightening up the doleful crowd. They put an end at once to the dazed sense of pain and unreality. They concentrated attention on a practical scheme of collective redemption. Since the notices to quit had reached them, each one of them had been aimlessly brooding over the future of his own family. Each one had tried to see a way out of his difficulty, and could not. Emigration to Canada had crossed the minds of most, but wounded hearts could not yet bear to contemplate steadily the further pain of snapping asunder all old bonds of kinship and neighbourhood. The plan now brought forward obviated all such objections. It proposed a general exodus, and a prudent way of utilising resources, and making the exodus comparatively easy, and almost sure of success, by sending forth a band of young pioneers to take possession and to prepare means of housing and living for their families. Duncan Ban's offer to go as captain removed other doubts and fears. The plan therefore was approved of on the spot, and the doleful meeting separated with cheerful feelings. The wrench involved in forcible divorce from native land could

not be helped ; and few who are not of Gaelic blood, and who have not witnessed the repressed agony of stern and tearless grey-bearded men, can realise what that means to a primitive community of Highlanders. Another wrenching asunder which could not be helped was involved in the driving away of the people from their ancestral graves, and in the divorce of living men and women from their buried partners. On union in the dust, Highlanders bestowed more thought and inexplicable sentiment than any other people in Europe.

Diarmad saw Ealag that very night, as he intended, and, by telling her his matrimonial secret according to promise, he made her his faithful henchwoman for ever more. Next morning she was up to the Ciotach's at an early hour to claim Jessie as a clanswoman, and to present her with a silver-heart brooch as a clanship calpa.

Diarmad, on returning from Ealag's house, called on Duncan Ban, and reported that she was already "bobbing" to fly away to Canada, and had laid by her religious detective work in the big bag in which she kept scissor-snippings and other odds and ends.

Ealag acted as recruiting sergeant with a vigour and success which gained for her Duncan Ban's loudly-spoken approbation. She felt almost personally aggrieved because, shortly after the notice to quit, Do'ull Uilleam and another dispossessed tenant of the Laird's got vacant farms on the Marquis's estate.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PIONEERS MAKE READY.

THE Laird's new tenants began their occupancy at Whitsunday, and a little before their coming the old tenants roused their horses, cattle, and agricultural implements. The sheep stocks had to be delivered over to the new men at a valuation ; and so for another fortnight or more sheep

gatherings and fank work fully occupied men and lads, while the women were already busily preparing the outfit of the pioneer band, and sometimes singing snatches of old songs over their work, as they were no longer very down-cast or hopeless.

After the creatag the Laird never looked the majority of the old inhabitants in the face again. In after years he had cause to find out that, even from his own small point of view, he could not rejoice at the result of his first and last *summum jus* act of landlord power. But if he had come back, and lived at his castle when the old tenants were going out and the new coming in, he would certainly have run no risk of insult or injury. Highland evictions, however cruel—and the cruelty of some of them was almost incredible—were never, in a solitary instance, in the good old times of fifty years ago, followed by revengeful lawlessness. Slouching, sullen Saxon hinds and wold-dwellers might resort to arson; and naturally brave but demoralised Irish peasants might “tumble” landlords and their agents; but the children of the Gael always respected themselves, and obeyed the law of God and their own consciences a great deal too much to think of doing anything in the dark which could not be avowed in the light, and justified before any tribunal. They submitted unreservedly to the rights of property and the laws of the realm, however deeply these rights and laws plunged daggers into their hearts.

Having issued his decrees, the Laird went off to the Continent with several young roving companions, who knew far better how to spend money than to earn it. Meanwhile the old castle was to be partly pulled down and much enlarged, and provided with staring modern windows, which gave it the likeness of an ogling spinster of seventy.

The change in the size and form of the holdings made the building of new boundary walls necessary. Some bogs were marked out for drainage and some hillocks for tree-planting. The new tenants had also bargained for slated

houses and steadings. The Laird's candle was being burned at both ends ; but those of the outed people who had to stay a year behind, to complete stock delivery and square up accounts, got a good share of the droppings from the one end. They formed themselves into little companies and took contracts for quarrying, wood-cutting, draining, planting, and dyke-building. At all such employments they were good workers ; nor were they bad hands at driving shrewd bargains either. So, one way or another, during the months of waiting, they not only earned their living by the labour of their hands, but saved more money than some of them used in a good year to get from farming profits.

As soon as the plan of sending forth the pioneer band was approved of and the list of names was made up, letters were sent to Canadian friends asking for information and advice. Warm welcoming replies were received back as quickly as was possible in days when land and sea mails travelled at a snail's pace compared with their present rate of speed. Diarmad was then sent with plenipotentiary powers to secure steerage accommodation on a good sailing ship, for steamers were as yet the luxury of the rich, and the Glen pioneers intended to bring with them their own oatcakes, meal, bacon, and smoked mutton hams, so as to reduce the expenses by the way as much as possible. The plenipotentiary naturally went to a Liverpool and Glasgow firm whose senior partner was a Gael of wealth and repute ; and he took with him a letter of introduction from this gentleman's brother, who knew the Glen folk very well, and so told their story and so extolled their character, that the rich shipowner took a lively personal interest in their project, and provided the pioneers with much better accommodation than they paid for.

When the plenipotentiary returned reporting the great kindness he had met with, and that their ship would sail in sixteen days, Duncan Ban, who felt vastly elated, issued a verbal proclamation—"This week for packings, next week for weddings, and then hurrah for Canada!"—which decree

was accepted as a law of the Medes and Persians, that could not and should not be altered. Sorrow and tears were strictly prohibited; and truly the Glen people were not given to outward demonstrations of grief, although the notice to quit had, for a moment, upset their women's usual power of self-control.

Every pioneer was provided with a strong square iron-bound chest, and a smaller box in which things in use on the way could be kept. The provisions were made into a common store, and packed in barrels. The kind ship-owner had taken the trouble of furnishing Diarmad with precise instructions, and with maps and books showing routes, rates, and regulations. His directions were strictly adhered to, and the wisdom of them was afterwards experienced.

As for the week of weddings, nothing like it had ever been seen in the Glen by the oldest inhabitant; and the only thing handed down by tradition that could be compared with it was the burial of a former Laird's grandmother, the widow of three successive husbands, and the progenetrix of three lairdly families, who gathered with their tails on, and invited neighbours with tails on, including Rob Roy, to celebrate obsequies which were prolonged for eight days, and gave occasion to celebrated athletic sports that were the theme of many a song.

There were three marriages, and three separate wedding feasts and rejoicings. Angus resolved to go go with the pioneers, and claimed the hand of Grace. The three weddings could, of course, have been all got through in a lump in one day. But that expeditious mode would not have accorded with Glen customs at any time, and on this occasion the forthcoming parting of friends was a strong excuse for prolonging festivities. There was a little preliminary difficulty as to the order of precedence; but Ewan Mor and Mary were pushed to the front, not so much on account of their own merits, as a sort of homage to Mary's grandfather, the chief of the pioneers. They were married

by the eccentric minister, who, although he was getting a few new hearers, was now bitterly lamenting the loss of older friends. It may be here noticed that if the Laird ever cherished the design of "squelching" the Glen Free Church by changing his tenants, he might just as well have imitated Don Quixote, and couched his lance at a windmill. The new tenants' servants and the Laird's own servants attended the Free Church without allowing their masters a say in the matter. It was apparently in the decrees of fate that servants and paupers should be the avengers of old tenants' evictions; but unfortunately the punishment fell on the innocent, as well as on the guilty—and the end is not yet. But to return to the bridal festivities; the whole Glen and some friends from over the hills gathered to Ewan and Mary's wedding. The barley broth was all as it should be for luck's sake, and dancing was kept up till morning without anybody protesting against that old world vanity. Next day Angus and Grace were united by the Free Church minister, and the same homely feastings and hearty rejoicings were repeated. After a few days' interval, the juniors, Diarmad and Jessie, were married by the eccentric minister, and the fun which followed was more fast and furious than ever, although a permanent law forbidding excess in drink was in operation, and was so far obeyed that the very noisiest men walked home on their own feet, and could renew the sprec next day with unflagging zeal if the chance offered. It may be added that the yellow fiddle and Peter Maclaren's pipe supplied all the music, and that the pipe got tipsy, and began to shriek dreadfully every night about midnight. Peter every morning declared he was ashamed of *her*, but do what he could, *she* would always relapse about the same time, and *she* and Peter had to be both sent to bed.

CHAPTER L.

UNEXPECTED RECRUITS.

CALUM surprised everybody, except those previously in the secret, by declaring, a few days before the setting out, that he and his sister Meg were to go with the pioneers. He had been at all the stock deliveries and weddings, and saw neighbours and friends daily, without whispering a word of his intentions until almost the last moment.

Duncan Ban declared the news "breisleach neonachais,"¹ when Ealag, open-mouthed, first brought him the report. Why, he argued, should Calum and Meg leave their native land when they neither had families to provide for, nor a farm to be taken from them? There was no need for them to work any more for a living. They had plenty of money out on interest, and he knew well enough they did not spend the annual rent of it. Who could think, pleasant as the company would be, of asking Calum to go, at seventy or near seventy years of age, over the cuan mor (big ocean), when he had no person to set up in life? True, there was his nephew somewhere down on the Lowland border, who would no doubt be his heir, but why should Calum go to Canada for his nephew's sake, when if he chose he could easily set him up in a farm at home!

So reasoned Duncan Ban, snapping up Ealag, who, however, as far as he allowed her to speak, maintained the truth of her story. She was obliged to confess she had got her information second-hand, and that it was based on the circumstantial evidence that, the night before, somebody saw the wright taking emigration chests to Calum's house. Duncan Ban said it must have been all a daft mistake, and that the boxes must have been for other people. In his secret soul he very much wished it was true, and Ealag's strong belief staggered his stubborn argumentative unbelief.

¹ The delirium of folly.

It was Saturday when Ealag brought him her story, and the pioneers were to take the road on Wednesday. Although it was Saturday there was to be no Conversation Bench meeting that day. Youngsters were sent with the sneeshin horns and spleuchans to get them filled. The old men felt they could not stand a last meeting at a spot where crowding memories would be sure to come upon them, and make manly composure impossible. So, as Duncan Ban was unsettled by Ealag's night-mare nonsense, in order to get to the bottom of it without delay, he took his staff, walked through the pinewood, a mile and a half, to Calum's house, which was very like a bee-hive, heath-clad without and snug and packed within. And as the diversifying bands of sunshine, streaming through the trees, gloriously lighted up heather and bilberries, and merrily danced upon the river swirls and cascades, it seemed very hard to the old man to be forced, at his time of life, to quit for ever the spell-casting passionately-beloved land of his sires. But he struggled with the repining feeling and subdued it, ere he entered the door of Calum's beehive with, "Hail, and health to this house!"

Sure enough there were emigration chests lying strapped and ready on Calum's floor, and Diarmad was at the round table near the window finishing a letter, with Calum facing him, while Meg moved briskly about, like a Martha cumbered with cares, which did not give her time to be as polite as usual.

"Whatever is the meaning of this?"

"Just that Meg and I intend to go with you on Wednesday; that's all: and there's my hand on the bargain."

"And how can you roup your furniture before then?"

"Oh! as for that, the Kilmachaoide auctioneer will take it away, roup it, and send the money after me."

"And why should you go at all, when you are well enough off where you are, near the graves of your ancestors, and when there is no call upon you to provide for children and set them up in life? Have you lost your senses?"

“Indeed,” said Meg, “I believe he was out of his senses for a good while, although he tried to hide it, when he was aye thinking of himself as an old poor blind Ossian left alone behind the Feinne. Aye, it cannot be helped, but there was nothing like sense in his speaking about blindness and poverty. His senses are all right now since we have packed our chests, and are like two old swallows on the Kirk rigging making ready to fly away to another land.”

Calum explained—“I could not just bide the thought of remaining behind with strangers after neighbours and kinsmen went away. Our nephew Sandy is likely to get whatever Meg and I may have to leave. Why then should not Sandy be as a son to us while we are still living? He is a very good, steady farm servant, but he is at present working on daily wages. His old master, with whom he was for five or six years, died in spring, and the farm is to be added to a forest, or fallow deer park. Now Sandy, the foolish fellow, went and got married a little before his master's death, and, although a good servant, he does not find it so easy to get a suitable all-the-year place. You see he wants a cottage, and the masters of the district prefer to have unmarried servants, who will live in bothies. I felt unwilling to be left behind ever since the emigration plan was started, but I did not know until last post-day that our nephew was free, and wished to go. Diarmad wrote the letter for me, and we shut our mouths till we got the reply.”

“Aye,” corrected Meg, “but he went and ordered the chests secretly while waiting for the reply, and I was main glad of it, too, for it was just groaning and tossing and talking in his sleep, and going clean doited he was till he made up his mind.”

“Hoot-toot-toot, never mind, Meg. It is she herself who is so anxious to take the road to Canada that one might think she wants to marry a Red Indian. But to come back to Sandy, he jumps at the offer, like a hungry salmon of Dargo's Linn at a dragon-fly. Duncan has just

finished telling him when and where to join us with his wife, whom Meg and I have never seen."

"I am sure we'll be all glad, and my old wife and I most of all, to have you and Meg with us; but if you had asked my advice, I must say I would have felt bound to tell you to remain where you are."

"I thought you would, and I thank you for it; but as I wanted to go, I just shut my mouth and made ready. I also put a muzzle on Meg, which was no easy job, until we could hear from Sandy and pack up."

"Mhoire!" burst out Meg, "he did not wait for Sandy's letter before setting to sorting and packing. I daresay it is all for the best, and sure it is right to set up Sandy before we die. I am willing enough to go myself with friends and neighbours, but it would not have mattered for him if I cried myself blind, and became as hoarse as a raven, saying 'No.' He would go all the same, and refuse advice even from an angel from Heaven."

"In the name of Goodness, Meg, don't speak so profanely. I would much rather hear thee swear like the Maor when the toddy is in his head. The idea of an angel being sent to advise thee and me about our small earthly concerns! Angels would need to be badly off for good works when they came down to jobs like that. But I must justify myself to you (speaking to Duncan Ban), and prove to you I am not acting foolishly at all. Diarmad, who when asked to keep a secret can be as silent as the deaf and dumb, has gone over the whole reckoning with me, and he can tell you I am doing very wisely from the money point of view, which, however, is only one part of the question. I have a good few hundreds of pounds in the bank, or out on interest, and Meg has a good few scores. We get so much riadh, or annual rent—one year less, one year more—and we live within that income. Of course we do a little towards gaining a living besides; but can we not raise potatoes on our own land in Canada just as easily as on this wee nook of another man's land? For sure we

can. Now, Diarmad and I have reckoned that half the money I have in the bank—we will let Meg's alone, as she is ten years younger, and may yet marry a Red Indian—will be quite enough to take out the four of us, pay, cash down, for two farms, and buy meal and seeds for the first year, as well as a pair of horses, or oxen, and some cows to start Sandy in a small way as a farmer. Well, if I lost every penny of that, enough would be still left for my small needs and few remaining years. But I'll lose nothing at all. Sandy, my natural heir, will be my tenant. It cannot be expected that he'll pay rent for a year or two, but he is very agreeable to pay afterwards more than twice the annual rent I now get from the bank. Meg and I will have a bit house of our own, and we'll grow for ourselves wee patches of corn and potatoes. Meg will keep lots of hens and ducks, and perhaps we'll keep bees, although it is just like the black sorrow that never a tuft of bonnie purple heather ever blooms in all that wide land beyond the big ocean."

"Aye, the bonnie heather loves best to spread out its purple bells—God bless it!—where Gaelic hero blood has been shed in native land's defence in days of yore."

"And what say you of my plan?"

"Well, your plan seems sensible enough, and for sure it will give Sandy and his wife a good early chance of starting well. I confess you have all your senses about you yet; but you do not mean to keep your second farm for hens, bees, and patches of corn and potatoes raised by Meg and yourself?"

"Ochoin! not at all. A small nook of a few acres will be ample farm for us. I am looking out for a second tenant, and I think, for sure, I have just already found a good one."

"Math Martainn! but the grass does not grow under the feet of your plan. It is a great wonder to find you prepared on every hand, when it is only the few hours ago I heard from Ealag the first sough of your intention to take the road. I disbelieved the story, and was rough as a

March storm to Ealag. Faith, I'll have to humble myself before her ; for she is the useful and sensible body in these days. And who may your second tenant be ?”

“ Try and guess.”

“ Bad meeting to you ? I hate guessing, and you know it.”

“ Shake hands then, and I'll tell you. What do you think of the Smith and his family, and John the Soldier to boot, coming out with the big regiment next spring ? What do you think of our having a cedar-tree Conversation Bench out in Canada ? Come Meg, fetch the bottle, and give us a dram round for luck's sake.”

“ Aye, aye, Meg, fill the corn (horn) to overflowing. Let us drink the health of Calum the Laird, and long may the reek of his house ascend in the land beyond the Western Ocean.”

CHAPTER LI.

THE MUSTER.

THE pioneers mustered near the smithy on the appointed morning. Horses and carts of neighbours were placed at their disposal to take their luggage to the nearest seaport, whence they were to go on a coasting steamer to join their ship the “ Lady Glenara.” The old folks, Duncan Ban and his wife and Calum and Meg, were not expected to tramp most of the way on foot like the young ones, and a separate cart was placed at their disposal. Ealag did not admit that she was too old to walk, but whenever she felt inclined for a lift, room was made for her. Ealag so abounded in boxes that her goods and chattels nearly monopolised Gregor's cart.

Everything having been settled, and the carts having been loaded the night before, Duncan Ban, who hated fuss, and who was, truth to tell, somewhat afraid lest his own

heart should get above his head at the last moment, ordered his young men to do the "beannachd leat" business at home, and to come to the muster place at the appointed hour without any followers. But this edict was not accepted as a law of the Medes and Persians. When Duncan Ban, with his wife and Mary, came to the crossing of the roads in Seumas Og's cart, he saw a crowd of men and women, young and old, gathered there, and when the crowd caught sight of his hoary head, they set up rounds of hurrahs fit for the "failte" to a king. He saw that there was not a tearful eye among them, and so he calmed his rising wrath. "People," he said to his wife, "had no business to come there to make fools of themselves, and to wring the hearts of the lads who were setting forth to make new homes for them; but if they did their bits of moans beforehand, and were now brave and hopeful, well that altered the case."

It was no morbid feeling for prolonging parting farewells which caused these people to set at nought the decree of absence. They came together to show their gratitude to the aged man, who, for the common good, took up his pilgrim staff, and undertook the patriarchal leadership of the young pioneers. They came also together to invest him publicly with delegated parental authority.

This morning Gregor did a wonderfully improper thing for a man whom the sisters at one time ranked as a Free Church elder expectant, for he brought with him Peter Maclaren, the piper, to enliven the first stage of the journey with music. Peter was, in his usual way, going his wide summer circuit, and it suited him nicely to go with the pioneers as far as the Clachan of Kilfaolain, where his way separated from theirs. As soon as the cheering with which Duncan Ban was greeted subsided at last, Peter squeezed his bag, and played the pibroch of Do'ull Dubh in his best style. Duncan Ban liked this pibroch immensely, and he rejoiced to see men and women looking hopeful and tearless, but knowing well the tension of feeling and the

power of music, he feared Peter might be tempted to prove the power of the piob-mhor by laying the crowd under a resistless spell when least expected. He therefore spoke to the piper apart, and after complimenting and thanking him, added threateningly :—" But, Peter, bear this in mind, that on thy life thou must not begin to-day to play any of the laments. If thou wilt but dare to play "Cha till mi tuille,"¹ I'll break thy chanter—by Mary and Martin, that I will."

" 'Cha till mi tuille' is a grand lament, and most beautiful, and many of the others are very good. They are just voices of the heart that cannot be put in mortal words," expostulated Peter, who was determined to look at the matter only from the artistic point of view.

" Oh, yes ! They are a deal too beautiful and too heart-wringing when one throb of sorrow is in many hearts. Yet true it is, too, that there is not a dadum (mote) of reason why these people here should be sorrowful to-day, and ready on the least temptation to make big fools of themselves. But 'Cha till mi tuille' is just enough to turn hearts of oak into water without the slightest cause. Therefore let me tell thee once more if thou wilt dare to play it I'll break thy chanter, whatever it may cost me."

" What should I play then ?"

" Play what suits warriors full of hope going forth to the battle. Play the best and liveliest marches thou knowest. Play 'Bodaich nam Briogan,' and when I'll give the sign of departure—which will be as soon as possible—play 'Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor,' with all thy breath, heart, and soul, and we'll drink thy health in Canada."

Peter thought "Cha till mi tuille" the music appropriate for the occasion, and perhaps he meditated a triumph for the piob-mhor by making it express feelings too deep for words ; but as Duncan Ban, who was just the man to do what he said, threatened to break his chanter,² what could a wise man do but take warning ? The chanter was Peter's

¹ Return will I never.

² Feadan.

most valued possession. He said it was originally fashioned by the fairies, and given by the Fairy Queen to a piping ancestor of his own who flourished in the time of the gay "Gaberlunzie Man," and often figured at that monarch's musical entertainments. It was much better certified that the chanter had been with Prince Charlie's army to Derby, Falkirk, and Culloden; for it came direct to Peter from his long-lived grandsire, who, when quite a youth, was one of the pipers of the rebel army.

As already mentioned, fathers and mothers came to the rendezvous to show their gratitude to Duncan Ban, and to hand their sons over to him like another Moses. He was taken quite by surprise, when, at a preconcerted signal, the parents, both fathers and mothers, suddenly formed a circle round him, with their pioneer sons forming a second circle behind them. Their parental authority was delegated in a very simple but rather formal and impressive manner. One of the fathers, speaking for the rest, in brief heartfelt words thanked Duncan Ban for leading forth the band; and then his son, at a sign from him, passed into the inner space with unbonneted head, and stood before the old man. The father next enjoined the son in God's holy name to obey him, and the lad, taking Duncan Ban's right hand between his own two hands, bowed down his head and said "I will." Then the others, parents and sons, went through the same ceremony, and thus Duncan Ban was constituted a patriarchal chief, and the pioneers became a patriarchal family or clan.

The newly constituted chief was in a great hurry to get off. He made a very short reply, and wanted to know from Ewan if all were ready for starting. He was not at all sure about his own firmness; for the last proceeding rather demoralised him. He was suspicious of Peter the Piper, whose magical chanter during the chiefship ceremony gave forth ominous notes very like a prelude to "Cha till mi tuille;" but perhaps they were only a voice and vent to Peter's own feelings, which were much worked upon by

what was passing before him. A stern glance from the old chief made Peter instantly change the ominous notes into the "Campbell's are coming,"¹ from which he passed without a pause to "Cabar-feidh," deftly drowning last words of parents to departing children in a deluge of defiance, battle, and victory sounds.

CHAPTER LII.

SHONNIE'S VICTORY.

A SURPRISE! Another accession to the pioneer band!

Just as Duncan Ban was about to give the signal to march, Shonnie and his mother came in a great hurry to the muster place, and with what speed he could the husband and father followed, trundling a corded box on a peat wheel-barrow.

"I'm going—hooray! I'm going with you!" shouted Shonnie from afar. Then he broke away from maternal company, ran in among the crowd still shouting that he was going away, and to put the fact beyond dispute he forthwith perched himself on the front board of the foremost cart, and seized the rein from the elder's John.

Everybody had heard of Shonnie's struggles to obtain parental consent to his going off with the pioneers, and nobody was surprised that father and mother had to stay at home with him on the morning of departure. His coming at the last moment, however, was a great surprise, and created quite a sensation.

Shonnie's exultant shouts silenced "Cabar-feidh," and loud laughter greeted his seizure of the foremost cart. But when his father came up, Shonnie bounded to earth at a word from his sire, who, leaving the mother to explain matters to the public, sought out Diarmad, to consign the self-willed boy to his special care.

As soon as the emigration scheme was first adopted,

¹ In Gaelic—"Bha mi air banais a 'm Bail' Inner-Aoradh."

Shonnie pleaded hard to be allowed to go with Diarmad, who, he said, would make him a better boy than he could be made at home.

With all his self-will, Shonnie was a hero-worshipper, and Diarmad was his hero. The Camerons, Ewan and Jessie, were Shonnie's cousins. Mary Macintyre was also his kinswoman. He liked them much, but teased and plagued them too, at times. With Diarmad it was quite another thing. Diarmad was not of his kin, but he was his guide, philosopher, and friend ; and the slightest indication of his wish was Shonnie's law.

The parish school was far away, and Shonnie learned his three R's at a little side school, which was taught by teachers hired by the year, mostly upper class lads from the parish school, who could not exercise much moral power over such a lad as Shonnie. But for some time Shonnie was the pride of the little school. He learned so well that he seemed to have an undoubted right to be the soul of merriment and mischief. When, however, he got as far as decimal fractions, his progress came to a sort of dead halt, just because he was getting too easily to the head of the school, and whatever was easy he hardly thought worth striving for, especially since after lagging behind he could by a spurt recover lost ground. The lad teacher did not in the least know how to deal with the bright mischievous boy, who dearly loved fun, and did not care a pin for the terrors of the "tawse."

When Shonnie got to the do-no-good stage at school, Diarmad took him in hand during the long winter nights, and drilled him by the fireside, with ease and pleasure, in Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments, until the apt and willing pupil could go correctly through all the twistings of the parts of speech, in numbers, genders, degrees, cases, voices, moods, tenses, and persons. Then they commenced reading Eutropius and Cornelius Nepos, and having talks about the old people of the old times, Greeks, Romans, and Barbarians. Shonnie was made to translate Eutropius into

Gaelic, and he was quick at finding Gaelic words resembling Latin ones, and expressing the same meaning or something akin to it. He found in Duncan Ban himself a listening believer when he tried to prove that Latin was just Gaelic with "tails on"—the assumption being that the Romans had much spoiled the perfect first language of men, which was Gaelic, of course, by cutting off "heads" and clapping on "tails."

When Shonnie first pleaded for leave to go with the pioneers, his father felt much inclined to give way, both on account of the boy's education, which he knew would progress better in the Canadian log-house than in the side-school, and also more particularly because there would be no herding or useful work at home to keep him out of mischief. But the mother, as was natural, so strongly objected to let him go, that the boy at length gave up pleading, although not before the whole Glen had heard of his sayings and doings. Having come to dumbness through despair of getting leave, he became lumpy and dumpy, quite the opposite of his former bright and mischievous self.

So far was Shonnie from enjoying the week of weddings, that he earnestly petitioned to be left alone at home on the day of his hero's marriage with his cousin Jessie. His mother argued with him, saying that his absence would look strangely ungrateful to Diarmad and uncousinly to Jessie; and then he cried out with bitter tears that he was not ungrateful—anything but that—and he wished to be let alone, because he could not bear to think of the parting, and he could not bear to go to the wedding. His mother felt bound to excuse his absence by telling his reason for it. Then so many people advised her to pack off Shonnie to Canada with the pioneers, for his good, that she felt much staggered, and almost persuaded to yield. Jessie and Mary eagerly promised that Shonnie's clothes and stockings would be carefully looked after, and duly washed and repaired. Diarmad said if they let the boy go he would try to be father, elder brother, and teacher all in one to him, during the year of separation from his family. Still the

mother could not make up her mind to the separation ; she hardened her heart, keeping Shonnie in the core of it.

On the evening before the pioneers' departure Shonnie actually kept out of Diarmad's way, so that he should not be obliged to bid him farewell. He went early to bed that night ; but when his mother looked in on him, hours afterwards, she saw he was wide awake, and so sad-like, too, that she became sad herself, and could not sleep for thinking of him after laying her head on the bolster.

At last, finding no rest for mind or body, she woke up her husband, and astonished him a good deal by saying—"Shonnie must go with the rest. There is just yet good time for packing his box, and catching the others." Then she told the father how sad and unlike himself Shonnie looked lying in bed wide awake, and saying nothing, but turning his face to the wall when she looked in on him. The moment she formed this resolution she began carrying it out with energy, and indeed circumstances did not allow of delay. Having therefore declared that there was no sense in breaking the laddie's heart, she got out of bed, and was half dressed before the goodman could quite gather his ideas together. But his advice had been given long before, and she knew he had not altered his opinion. The packing was forthwith commenced. Shonnie was told he was to go, but must first sleep, so as to be in good marching condition in the morning. Shonnie was very glad and thankful. He slept and dreamed gloriously of trapping bears, shooting deer, and driving sleighs, until his mother came to wake him, and bade him at once get up, wash, dress, and take his breakfast, as there was not a moment to lose. In her unwillingness to break his slumbers, she had nearly let the hour appointed slip by. Shonnie did all he was ordered in a great hurry, kissed the little ones without waking them, and proudly marched to the place of rendezvous, with father, mother, and belongings, just in time to join before Duncan Ban signalled the piper to sound the march.

NOTES ON THE BOTANY OF THE REAY
COUNTRY.

v.

PRACTICAL Botany, otherwise gardening, has a tendency at this season to occupy the mind, to the exclusion of the scientific study. We may quote poetry and rhapsodise about the flowers that adorn the earth, but the useful plants of the garden have the chief place in our thoughts. The *Solanum Tuberosum* and the *Brassica Oleracea* have to be cultivated with care, or else we shall fare the worse for the want of their company when the fourth of the seasons has come, and the shelter of a roof is pleasanter than the canopy of the sky. Whoso desires to know the meaning of these sounding titles may easily find, with a little research, that they stand for the names of two vegetables, both very common, and both very much to be prized. Apollo must sometimes serve Admetus, and we cannot allow sentiment altogether to take the place of our daily interests.

So much being premised on behalf of experimental study, we go to the next of our friends that claims our regard. The Primrose order comes now in view, well known to every one who has ever seen a green field, or heard of the great statesman of the nineteenth century. The *Primula Vulgaris*, or common primrose of spring, is of course invisible at present. It made a goodly show in March and April, but the season for it is over, and we shall not see it again till another year has dawned. The *Polyanthus*, which is just the same flower in cultivation, has also passed away. Others of the same family, however, are with us still. There is the *Primula Veris*, or Cowslip, rather later in flowering here than it is in regions nearer

the Equator, but still very bright and vigorous when it does open its golden eyes. Being a flower of summer, it naturally has a brighter colour than the primrose, but the family resemblance between the two is sufficiently marked to show their connection very clearly. Most interesting of them all, and perhaps most interesting of the flowers of the Reay Country, is the *Primula Scotica*, which is really the greatest treasure that we possess among the many gifts that come from the region of flowers. It possesses a special charm from the circumstance that, common as it is here, it is elsewhere very rare, being found only in four counties in Great Britain. This statement is given on the authority of Mr Frederick J. Hanbury, of Plough Court, Lombard Street, London, who has made an extensive study of the flowers of the North. The *Primula Scotica* is not, however, confined to Scotland, but is to be found in Norway and Sweden, even as far away as the frozen regions of Lapland. Perhaps it was originally a visitor from Scandinavia, in the days when the Northern rovers came across the North Sea, more with the intention of harrying our coasts than of contributing to the adornment of our rocks. This flower has, however, taken so kindly to the Reay Country that it does not readily bear removal. It has been often transplanted to lands more highly favoured by nature, but it generally droops and dies in its new home, and can only with great care be induced to live for a year or two. Here it flowers at least twice a year, in spring and autumn, and the fragrant purple cups that it opens to the sunshine may be seen on the barest and most sandy pastures. We want a bard to sing the praises of the *Primula Scotica* and make it classical, as Burns has made the daisy, and Wordsworth the small celandine. One other flower we must mention ere we pass to a lower division of the vegetable world. That is, the *Armeria*, or Sea Pink. This is so well known to all who know the seaside that it only requires to be named in order to be included in our list. It grows all along the coast,

amid bare precipices, where it is not easy to see how it can make a living. The delicate lilac of the petals is very pleasing to the eye.

We pass now to the flowers that have no petals at all. Strange as it may appear, a plant may produce flowers without any of the brightly coloured adornments that make the rose and the violet so attractive. Petals are in reality aborted leaves. They serve important ends by attracting the notice of the insects, by whose aid the flowers are fertilised, and also by making the world look beautiful, but they are not in themselves essential to the existence of a flower. The pistil and stamens are the constituent elements required, and they are found in many orders without any corolla surrounding them. The third division of the Exogens is that of the Apetalae, and is of course not nearly so interesting, or perhaps we should say so attractive, as those which have already been named. Some of the class, however, are very well known, and quite as obnoxious as they are familiar. There is the Rumix, or Dock (*Dockanus Vulgaris*, as some people call it profanely, with withering contempt for scientific phraseology). This is the commonest plant of an order which is represented also by the sea-side Bistort, *Polygonum Maritimum*. The last-named is an inconspicuous weed that grows in corn fields, from which, doubtless, it could well be spared. Another flower that intrudes into cultivated places is the Euphorbia Helioscopia, or Sun Spurge. This plant has a peculiar milky juice that is often used as a specific for warts on the skin, by external application. Can the stinging nettle be called a flower? Yes, we cannot refuse that title to it. Wherever mankind go, there is the nettle to be found, and as the bane is sometimes accompanied by the antidote, so the dock generally grows side by side with the nettle. Both of some use, we may be sure, in the economy of nature, but neither of them very ornamental, we pass them by.

Let it not be supposed that the North Coast of Sutherland is altogether destitute of trees. Certainly we cannot

say that this is a well-wooded country, but still trees are not so scarce in the Reay Country as snakes are said to be in Ireland. There is some remarkably fine timber along the shores of the Kyle of Tongue, and some thriving plantations, as well as a great deal of natural birch, in classical Strathnaver. But the general aspect of the country is bare, and the eye looks in vain for anything like the fine woodlands of Strathspey and Athole. Indeed, it was often said as a joke, when the telegraph was introduced a few years ago, that the natives regarded the roadside poles as a picturesque addition to the scenery, and as giving an avenue-like appearance to the highway. We need not represent things as being worse than they really are, and it is really wonderful to find after all that there is a great variety of timber to be found along the coast, and in the valleys that lead down to it. First there are the famous birches of Strathnaver. They grow in a region that is too little known to the outside world. Beautiful is Strathnaver, though buried away out of sight, far away from the railway, and separated from the rest of Scotland by a rampart of moor and mountain, a day's journey to traverse. It is only after a weary drive through a barren waste, that the silvan beauty of the Strath at last comes into view, as a relief to the eye. Loch Naver appears on a summer day like a mirror of silver stretched out at the foot of the lofty Ben Clibric, whose giant form is often reflected in the waters below. The shores of the lake are fringed with gracefully waving birch trees, bending down like nymphs of the forest to gaze at their own lovely forms as shown in the smooth surface of the lake. At the north end the river emerges, and runs a course of eighteen miles into the ocean at Torrisdale Bay. That course winds through a valley where Nature has had her own way in adorning the earth. Little has been done by the hand of man to alter the surface of the earth, and any one who wishes to see natural landscape gardening should come here and be satisfied. For miles at a stretch there is not a house to be seen, nor a

sound to be heard, save perhaps the loud clack of the grouse, or the hoarser voice of the raven, sailing overhead in solitary grandeur. The woods grow as they list, and the banks of the river are ornamented by the trees that form such a conspicuous feature in the scene. They grow best, of course, in the low land, and gradually diminish in size as they ascend the sides of the mountains, till they are lost in a tangle of heather and brackens. At certain points there is a variety furnished by plantations of imported wood. At Altnaharra and at Rhifail there are flourishing growths of fir, which in a few years will be an important element in the view, and greatly enhance the charm of the place. Juniper also is common, though it nowhere rises above the dignity of a shrub or a thicket of brushwood. Altogether the woods of Strathnaver are not inconsiderable, and they help to make up one of the finest scenes of pastoral beauty in all the Highlands of Scotland.

About ten miles further west is another delightful piece of woodland. The scenery of Tongue is better known than that which has just been mentioned, and it is no less deserving of admiration. Here we find not merely the native growth of the country, but stately trees which must have been planted by careful hands that must have been at rest for more than a century. In the old times, when the Reay family was supreme in the country that bears their title, the mansion-house of Tongue was surrounded by miles of plantations, a good part of which still remains as a monument of their good taste. In walking through these woods one feels at every turn the charm which is inseparable from the trees of the forest. These giants of oaks, elms, limes, planes, horse chestnuts, beeches, and many others, are witnesses surviving from a time of simplicity, when people knew less than they do now, but were perhaps not any less happy. And they may stand for yet another generation, to be looked at with veneration when they have begun to fall into decay. The elms in Tongue Churchyard are also well worthy of notice. There is not perhaps in

Scotland another place that so completely realises the scene of Gray's Elogy. Here are the venerable elms, intermingled with limes of a more vigorous growth. They form the shade under which the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. It is a beautiful spot, by the shore of the murmuring sea, and there is the grand outline of Ben Loyal not far away, and the more massive form of Ben Hope, a little more distant, both looking like silent sentinels over the peaceful dales below. We could linger long on the charms of places such as this.

But as we go westward we leave the trees behind. By the side of the river Hope, and by the shores of the stormy Loch Eriboll are more birches, and some other trees besides. Then comes a region stretching away to Cape Wrath, in which heather is almost the only thing that can be seen. Here our notes must stop for a while. We have not nearly finished our list of flowers, but those that remain must wait for a season. Another time may come to speak of the great army of endogenous, and of cryptogamous plants that abound in this country, and also to notice what immense forests must have covered the land long ago, and that have left their memorial in thousands of acres of peat moss. Our aim in these papers has been, not to make a complete scientific catalogue of the Flora, but merely to give a popular account of some of the most striking of the many varieties of flowers that grow in the Reay country. Our readers have at least had cause to be thankful that, amid many temptations, we have never quoted the poets, who have had so much to say about flowers. They have done well, but flowers have a poetry of their own, and it is of a kind that everyone can read who takes pleasure in reading the book of nature.

J. M. M.

ORAN AIR NA DAOINIBH
A BHATHADH AIR LINNE-LOCHADH.

LE DONULL MAC BALTAIR STUART AN INBHIRBHAC.

(From the MacLagan MSS.)

GLE mhochthrath Diadomhnuich,
'S ann leam nach b' aite mar chualas,
A bhi 'g eisdeachd an nuaidheachd
Ag tigh'nn o cheangal na truaighe ;
Daoine dh' fhalbh air an linne
Bhi ga 'n sireadh 's na bruachaibh—
Ach, mo thruaighe ! na mnaithean,
'S ann doibh bha nuaidheachd bu cruaidhe.

Fheadh 's is beo sibh air thalamh,
Cha bhi sibh falamh do bhruaidlein.
Cha bhi agaibh toilinntinn,
Ge d' robh ceol ann 'ur cluasaibh,
'N am cuimhneach nam feara
Dh' fhalbh le h-aigheara uaibhse,
Gur e sgeula am bathaidh
Chuir na cairdean fui bhuidreadh.

'S gabhaidh leamsa an sgeul ud,
Sibh bh'ur ceill aig an aiseag
'Nuair a chunnaic sibh 'n abhuinn,
'S a ghabhail a bh' aice ;
'Nuair ghabh sibh do chuntart
Dh' aon duine ga 'r pásadh
Seach a dhol am beul gabhaidh,
'S nach b' fhiach am bata a bh' agaibh.

Their gach fear dhiuth ri cheile,
" 'S beag a cheille a bh' aca."
Ach o n' bha 'n uair air a cumadh
'S ann doibh bu duilich a seachnadh
Ach, a Rìgh h-anns na Flaithibh
Reitich rathad air fad duinn,
'S thoir an anama do Pharras,
Na chaidh bhath' an la ud.

O 's iomadh buaidh ghorach,
 Tha 'n deigh na poite ga h-eughach,
 Bi'dh cuid ri pleidhe 'ri caonaig,
 Bi'dh cuid aotrom gun cheill diubh,
 Cuid ri h-anabharra dochuis,
 Nach cuir croic tha fui 'n ghrein orr'—
 Ge do sheachainn iad uisge
 Far an tuit iad cha'n eirich.

Och ! a Roibeart oig Stuart,
 'S tu air thus tha m' 'g acain,
 Ge bu duilich leam cach dheth,
 'S truagh nach d' fhag iad a mach thu.
 'S math gu fodhna dhuinn t-athair
 A bhi gun fhaighinn ri thasgaidh,
 Ach thusa a rithisd
 A dh' fhalbh air lighe an t-sneachdaidh.

Tha do pheathraichean dubhach,
 Tha do bhrathair lan cruaidh-chas ;
 Gu bheil iadsa fui mhulad
 'S deoir ag ruith air an gruaidhibh,
 'Nuair a chual iad an sgeul ud,
 Dhoibh nach b' eibhinn an uair sin,
 Gu'n do chailleadh thu Roibeart,
 'S am bata bh' agad air spuacadh.

Tha do cheile 's an tim so,
 Fui mhi-ghean, na h-aonar,
 Mu d' dheibhinnse Roibeart,
 O na chleachd i ri d' bheusan.
 Tha ise fui mhulad,
 O 'n la dhealuich tha fein rith',
 'S a clann bheag aic gun athair,
 'N am dhith luidhe is eiridh.

Tha do mhathair, bho 'n fhios sin,
 Air call a misneach, 's a cruadail,
 'S beag an t-iongnadh dhi nis sin,
 'S a liuthad clisge bochd fhuair i.

Dhia leig soilleir dhi fhaicinn,
 Gur tu tha freasdal 's gach uair dhuinn.
 Aon nith dh' orduicheas d' fheartan
 Cha bhac freasdal an t-sluaigh e.

O 'n lath' a bhuaile Sliabh 'n t-Siorra
 B' aobhar mulaid dhi fein e :
 Chaill i spealp do dhuin' uasal
 Ga'm bu dual a bhi treabhach.
 Ceud nan creach a thug eise
 Measg nan each a chuir geill air,
 Nach robh aige do chuideachd
 Na chuir an trup ud a cheile.

Cha 'n 'eil an saoghals' ach trioblaideach,
 Tha sar fhios agam fhein air.
 Cha 'n 'eil eis' ach ro dhiombuan
 Mheud 's a chunnaic mi fhein deth.
 Cha 'n 'eil daoine na storas
 Beo an diugh mar bha 'n de ann—
 Ach Ard Righ na glorach
 Dh' fhag, mar Iob, gu 'r toil fein sinn.

'S ann leam is duilich an nuaidheachd
 Anns na srathaibh so sìos uainn,
 Daoine d'fhalbh air an abhuinn,
 'S a bhi gabhail an sgeula,
 Fagail fios aig gach bata
 Gur e 'm bathadh chaidh dheanamh,
 'S nach fhaic mi dol seach iad,
 Air a chladach, mar chrionuich.

In this poem, Donald, the son of Walter Stuart, Innervak, laments the sad fate of several Atholemen who went to "the betrothal of sorrow," and were drowned through the smashing of their boat when trying to cross the "linn of Lochay," at Killin. The bard particularly laments the death of young Robert Stuart, who left behind him a young wife with little children, and a sad mother, whose husband was lost at Sheriffmuir. The sorrow is deepened by the fact that neither the body of the father nor that of the son was recovered for burial. There is no date on the manuscript, but the accident must have occurred when there was no bridge over the Lochay—probably about 1730.

OLD SCOTLAND—RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, TOWN CLERK OF INVERNESS.

THE laws and customs of a people change with increasing experience, with the changing wants of new generations, with the altered conditions which the closing of old and the opening of new departments of commerce and industry bring about, with the progressive or retrogressive motion of the people in general intelligence, with surrounding political and social conditions, and with those frequently unaccountable changes in the manner in which public opinion views certain things which the law at a particular period may regard as offences against good order. Many things, therefore, which are now matters of everyday legal experience, may, and probably will, appear little short of unaccountable to the student of social and legal history of a century or two hence. In like manner, many things which were matters of everyday experience to our ancestors two or three hundred years ago, are no longer among us, except as recollections of a past time, and their sole interest consists in the light they throw on the history of our country, and the conditions of life in a former age.

Long before the Reformation, Scotland had the reputation of being a religious country; at all events, of paying considerable regard to external appearances in religious matters; but it was not until after the Reformation that regulations were made, or rather were seriously enforced, for compelling attendance at divine worship. The Supreme Courts of the Church first took the matter up, and the Kirk Sessions were enjoined to see that every parishioner was present at each diet of worship and to accuse those who absented themselves. The Church likewise insisted that every adult should at least once a year partake of the Communion—a resolution which was after-

wards ratified by Parliament. In 1600, Parliament enacted that certain penalties should be inflicted on those who neglected to attend public worship, but long before this time fines were imposed for this offence. In Aberdeen, in 1562, for an elder or deacon to be absent from the preaching inferred a penalty of "Twa shillings," and for every honest person of the town sixpence; and in Perth in 1582 it was ordained that the elders should take it in turn to pass through every quarter of the town every Sunday in time of preaching, before noon, and note them that are found in taverns, factory booths, or the gaits, and accuse them to the Assembly, that every one of them that is absent from the Kirk may be poynded for 20s. By an Act of the Aberdeen Town Council passed in 1598 a severe tariff of fines was ordained for various ranks of people on their staying away from Sunday and week-day service in the churches, and every husband was to be answerable for his wife, and every master for his servant. It was also ordained that the wives of burgesses, and the most honest and substantial craftsmen of the burgh, should sit in the midst of the body of the kirk, and not in the side aisles nor behind pillars, in order that they might see and hear the preaching, and the women were ordained to repair to kirk, everyone having a cloak, as the most comely and decent outer garment, and not with plaids, and that every one of them should likewise have a stool, as many as might commodiously have the same. In 1551-2, Parliament enacted that persons making perturbation in kirk the time of divine service should be fined—Earls, £10; bailies, £5; vassals, £2; and others, 20s; poor folks, 15 days' imprisonment on bread and water, or, for the third offence, banishment for a year and a day. The Act ordained the Dean of Guild, Kirkmaster, or rulers to "gar leische" (leash?) "bairns that perturb the kirk in manner foresaid." But although this strict observance of the Sunday during sermon time was enforced, the day appears to have been somewhat different from what it now is. It was held to commence at

sunset on Saturday, and to terminate on Sunday at sunset, or at six o'clock. In 1594, the Presbytery of Glasgow forbade a piper to play his pipes on Sunday frae the sun-rising to the sun-going-to; while in 1574, in Edinburgh, a fast, in consequence of impending pestilence, was ordered to commence on Saturday at eight o'clock in the evening, and to continue until Sunday at six. In April, 1600, it was, in obedience to an ordinance of the General Assembly, arranged at Aberdeen, and similar arrangements would have been made in other places, that each Thursday masters of households, their wives, bairns, and servants, should appear at their own parish kirk to be instructed in the grounds of religion and heads of the Catechism, and to give proof on trial of their knowledge on the same heads. In reference to this, Mr Chambers says in his "Domestic Annals"—"After this arrangement had been made, the religious observances of the citizen occupied a considerable share of his time. He was bound under penalties to be twice in church on Sunday, to make Monday a pastime day for eschewing of the profanation of the Sabbath day, to give Tuesday forenoon to a service in the parish church, to do the same on Thursday forenoon, and on that day also to attend a catechetical meeting with his family. Three forenoons each week remained for his business and ordinary affairs. Notwithstanding this liberal amount of external observance, the General Assembly appointed, in 1601, a general humiliation for the sins of the land and contempt of the Gospel, to be kept the last two Sabbaths of June and all the week intervening;" and finally, in the time of Charles the Second of pious memory, Parliament went the length of prohibiting fairs on Saturday or Monday, in case the sanctity of the Sabbath might be violated. During the whole of the period within which these Sabbatarian regulations were enforced, the Scottish Parliament and the Church Courts seem to have worked very harmoniously together, and the Civil Courts appear to have enforced the regulations, even of the inferior of the Church

judicatories, as strenuously and strictly as they would an Act of Parliament. In the second series of Mr Dunbar Dunbar's "Social Life in Former days," a curious instance is given of the Parliament intervening to enforce the sentence of a Church Court. On 10th May, 1660, the Moderator of the Presbytery of Elgin wrote Sir Ludovick Gordoune of Gordonstone, informing him that the Synod had referred it to the Presbytery to take special notice of his contempt of public worship, and he requested him to attend at the next Presbytery meeting, so that he might, if possible, vindicate himself. Sir Ludovick paid no attention to this letter, and a second one was written, requesting him to attend another meeting of Presbytery. Sir Ludovick did not attend, but sent a protest, upon which the Presbytery issued a warrant to the officer of the Synod, authorising him to summons Sir Ludovick to appear before the Synod of Moray, at Inverness, to answer for subscribing "a scandalous and sinful protestation against the 'Assembly' of Moray." Sir Ludovick failed to appear before the Synod, and his conduct was brought under the notice of Parliament, with the result that a fine of £3600 Scots, or £300 sterling, was imposed upon him, and he paid it too.

Parliament did not confine itself, however, to the enforcement of the observance of the mere outward appearance of religion. In 1649, it was enacted that any person, not being distracted in his wits, who should rail upon or curse God or any of the persons of the blessed Trinity, should be punished with death, as also any person denying God or the Trinity, and obstinately persisting therein; and another Act of the same year, proceeding on the narrative that Parliament, considering that divers of the subjects of this realm trade in their civil affairs with heathens, whose abominations they may possibly learn and thereby be defiled and defile others, ordained that whosoever should worship a false god should be "put to death without pardon."

Although Parliament seems to have been so zealous in making laws to compel observance of at least the forms o

religion, and the appearance of respect for things sacred, the common people do not seem to have regarded sacred days and sacred places with the respect which is now considered due to them. At the close of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century, the practice of holding fairs on Sunday appears to have been common, and the church, in addition to being a house of prayer, was the place where merchants congregated. In the year 1503, Parliament enacted that there should be no markets or fairs held upon holydays, nor yet within kirks or kirkyards, and in 1564, on the narrative that it had been disregarded, the statute was republished. Five years later the subject was again taken up by the Privy Council, and after reciting that the Act of 1503 had been diverse times ordained to be put to execution, and sundry proclamations made to that effect, the Council's ordinance stated that nevertheless the abuse and contempt of God and good order continues in such sort that albeit God of His mercy had granted the light and knowledge of His Word in this last age, yet the malice and obstinacy of the people continues in their wonted disorder and wilfully violates the Sabbath day, using the same profanely in market-making and other worldly affairs, as also profaning and abusing the kirks and kirkyards, where the people of God ought to convene to hear the Word of God and receive the Sacraments. It is worthy of notice that twice within five years the supreme power of the State had to practically re-enact a law passed sixty years before on the declared ground that it had been disregarded openly and apparently with impunity.

Profanity too received the attention of Parliament. An Act passed in 1551 states that notwithstanding the oft and frequent preachings in detestation of the grievous and abominable aithis and blasphemations, the practice still continued. From 1st February to 1st May, the punishments were—On a Prelate of the Kirk, an Earl, or Lord, twelve pence; and on a Baron or beneficed man, fourpence; and so on. Between 1st May and 1st August the punish-

ment was to be doubled ; between 1st August and 1st November tripled ; and from 1st November to 1st February, quadrupled. Subsequent offences were punished much more severely, the fourth offence being punished by banishment or imprisonment for a year and a day. What the effect of the statute was does not appear, but it is hoped that the severe punishment attached to a fourth offence prevented at least the Prelates of the Kirk swearing overmuch.

It was probably because it was an offence against religion that the crime of witchcraft was so severely dealt with in Scotland, but there was doubtless an element of fear present also.

The first enactment relative to witchcraft or sorcery in Scotland was so ambiguous that there is room for suspicion that its framers did not altogether believe in the crime they denounced, and that the punishment was intended for the impiety and blasphemy of pretending to supernatural power, but whether this be so or not the Church Courts after the Reformation took the matter up in terrible earnest. Dr Rogers says that the new persecution arose throughout Europe simultaneously with the invention of printing and the publication of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue, but in Scotland it was not until after the Reformation that the command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" became one of the best observed of Scriptural injunctions. In the time of James the Sixth every Court in the kingdom, from the Privy Council down to the Kirk-Sessions and Baron Bailie Courts, was engaged in the prosecution and condemnation of witches ; and from the King, who wrote a book on the subject, down to the meanest peasant, every Scotchman seems to have engaged either in practising sorcery or detecting it. The most trifling events gave rise to the charge and were held relevant to infer guilt, such as that a woman's cow gave less milk, or her corn yielded less meal than her neighbour's, a person was taken ill or got well soon after speaking to or being touched by the

accused, or after passing her or her house or coming into the neighbourhood, a person throve more than her neighbours, or she kept well in an unhealthy season, or was not found when she was sought for. In the latter case it behoved her to be with her master the devil. If evidence in sufficient quantity was not forthcoming certain tests were applied, such as throwing into the water with hands and feet bound, when, if she floated, she was a witch and was burned, while if she was innocent she sank and was probably drowned. Or torture was resorted to to extort a confession. One of the favourite modes of applying torture was by thrusting pins into the body, and to such an extent was this practised that it became a trade by which men were described and earned a livelihood. Fountainhall reports a complaint in 1678 of Catherine Liddel against Rutherford a Baron Bailie who had imprisoned her as a witch, and against David Cowan; who under his authority had tortured her with long pins thrust into several parts of her body. Cowan defended himself on the "lawfulness of his trade and the truth of his art," in which he had been instructed by "Kincade, a famed pricker." In a memorandum by Thomas, Earl of Haddington, in his Minutes of Privy Council proceedings, he relates under date December 1st 1608, "that the Earl of Mar declared to the Council that some women were taken as witches in Broughton, and being put to an assize and convicted, albeit they persevered constant in their denial to the end, yet they were burnt quick (that is, without having been previously strangled) after such a cruel manner that some of them died in despair, renouncing (their baptism) and blaspheming, and others half burnt broke out of the fire and were cast in *quick* in it again until they were burned dead," an instance of barbarity which illustrates with terrible clearness the inhumanity of the time.

It was usual to try a large number of these unfortunates before Royal Commissioners. Hume mentions that no fewer than fourteen commissions were granted by the Lords

of Council for the trial of witches in different parts of the country, in one sederunt of 7th November, 1661.

It was probably before one or more of these Commissions that the confessions of Isabel Gowdie and Janet Breadhead, which are pronounced by Pitcairn to be by far the most unique and wonderful in the records of this, or perhaps any other country, were taken. Isabel Gowdie emitted four confessions, all at Aldearn in April and May, 1662. In each of them she described her baptism by the devil. She met the devil in the night time in the Kirk of Aldearn, and after renouncing her baptism, she put one of her hands to the crown of her head, and the other to the sole of her foot, and then renounced all betwixt her two hands to the devil. He was in the reader's desk, and a black book in his hand. "Margaret Brodie in Aldearn held me up," she said, "to the devil to be baptised by him, and he marked me on the shoulder, and sucked up my blood at that mark, and spouted it into his hand, and sprinkling it on my head, said, 'I baptise thee Janet in my own name.'" This story is repeated with little variation in several of the confessions, but absurd though it is, it is sober sense compared with much of what was taken down at these four solemn sederunts, at each of which Mr Harie Forbes, minister of Auldearn, seems to have been the leading spirit, and at some of which William Dallas, Sheriff Depute of Nairn, assisted.

Another mode of extorting confessions of witchcraft was by preventing the accused from sleeping or even lying on the handful of straw with which her cell was furnished. This engine of oppression was, perhaps, more effectual in extorting confessions than the actual torture. Iron collars were so constructed that by means of a hoop which passed over the head a piece of iron having four points or prongs was forcibly thrust into the mouth, two of the prongs being directed to the tongue and palate, the others pointing outwards to each cheek. This infernal machine was secured by a padlock. At the back of the collar was fixed a ring

by which to attach the witch to a staple in the wall of her cell. Thus secured, and night and day waked and watched by some skilful person appointed by her inquisitors, the unfortunate creature after a few days of such discipline would be rendered fit for confessing anything. At intervals fresh examinations took place, until her "contumacy" was subdued.

Next to being a religious people, the Scotch always appear to have been—at least those of them who took part in the making of laws—a thrifty and industrious people. In 1551 an Act was passed which tourists in the Highlands at the present day would probably not object to see re-enacted. Provosts and Bailies were directed to cause innkeepers to take a reasonable price for a man's dinner and supper, that they may hold their own and the Queen's lieges be not sa grevit and hurt through the great prices taken far aboon all custom and use as has been in this realm afore their days.

In 1457, Parliament, seeing that the realm was greatly impoverished through sumptuous clothing, both of men and women, especially within burghs, enacted that no man within burgh that lives by merchandise, unless he should be a person constitute in dignity as alderman, bailie, or other good wealthy man of the Council of the town and their wives, wear clothes of silk nor costly scarlets, "and that they and their wives and daughters be ordered to wear on their heads short kerchiefs with little hoods as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries, and as to gowns, no woman was to wear tails of unsuiting length, nor furred under, but on holidays, and no labourer or husbandman was to wear on the work-day but grey and white, and their wives to wear kerchiefs of their own making, and no woman was to come to kirk nor market with her face muffled or covered that she may not be kenned, under the pain of escheat of the curtch."

In 1567, it was enacted that it should be lawful to no woman to wear aboon her estate, except and

the fear of being mistaken for a member of the excepted class was probably so strong a deterrent that the Act was more markedly successful than most acts of a similar kind. At all events, on the margin of Thomson's Edition of the Acts, there is a note to the effect that "this Act is verray gude," evidently the work of a thankful husband who found his wife's dress bills materially reduced by the operation of the statute.

Extravagance in eating does not appear to have been a Scottish weakness. In England, however, a statute of Edward I., which ordained that no man should be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except on certain great holidays, when he might have three, stood unrepealed until 19 and 20 Victoriae.

Idlers and vagrants were severely dealt with by repeated statutes. In 1425, each Sheriff was ordained to inquire diligently if any idle men that have nought of their own to live upon be residing within the land, and if he found any to arrest them. They were then sent to good and siccar burghs, and allowed forty days to get them masters, and if at the end of forty days they were still idle, the Sheriff was to arrest them again and send them to the King's prison. In 1449, it was ordained, for the away putting of sorners and masterful beggars, that Sheriffs, Barons, and Bailies should inquire at every Court they held, and if any such be found, that their goods be escheat to the King, and their persons put in prison "until the King has said his will to them." The same officers were also to inquire "if there be any that makes them fools that are not bards or such like other runners about, and if any such be found that they be put in the King's ward or in his irons for their trespasses as long as they have any goods of their own to live upon, and if they have nought to live upon, that their ears be nailed to the tron or to another tree, and cut off, and banished the country; and if they be found again that they be hanged." In 1457, it was ordained that in all justice ayres the King's Justice gar tak inquisition

of sorners, bards, and masterful beggars, or feigned fools, and either banish them the country or send them to the King's prison. That these statutes did not remain a dead letter on the statute-book seems proved by the fact, noted by Chambers, that in August, 1579, two poets were hanged; but, as if the statute which permitted a poet to be hanged, simply because he was a poet, was not severe enough, the Estates of Parliament, in October of the same year, passed an Act against strong and idle beggars or sic as make themselves fools or are bards. In the same Act, the innate thriftiness of the Scottish people comes out in the legislation for the relief of the genuine poor. They were enjoined to repair to their native parishes, and there live in alms-houses; but there were no alms-houses for them to live in. In England the law against vagabonds was equally severe. A strolling beggar above fourteen years of age was for the first offence burned through the ear with a hot iron the compass of an inch, and for a second offence suffered death.

A curious survival of the ancient law of wrecks existed until comparatively recent times on the more inaccessible parts of the sea-coast of both England and Scotland. According to a statute of Alexander the Second all wreck belonged to the King, with this limitation, that no vessel could be held a wreck if any living thing were found aboard. A living dog was sufficient to satisfy this condition. In 1429 the right of the Crown was abolished with respect to the vessels "of those countries which do not use the law of broken ships in their own land," and the same favour was ordered to be shown them here "as they keep to the ships of this land broken with them." The old law does not seem to have been further modified by statute, but it has been effectually abrogated by the advance of civilisation.

The exacting of black-mail has also disappeared, that is, the black-mail which the law used to know. If all stories are true, black-mail is pretty frequently exacted

still, but for different reasons and by a different class of people from those who exacted it before. On the ground that it was an encouragement to rapine and a great obstruction to the course of justice, even the paying of black-mail was made a capital offence in 1567, but no record exists apparently of even the taker, much less the giver, of black-mail being executed for that offence alone. As late as 1741, a regular bond of black-mail was entered into between John Graham, elder and younger of Glengyle, and several landholders in the counties of Perth, Dumbarton, and Stirling, whereby Glengyle, in consideration of an annual payment of £4 for every £100 of valued rent of the lands subscribed for, engaged to restore the cattle stolen from the holders subscribing, within six months after intimation of the theft (if made to him with due dispatch) or to pay the value to the owners. This assurance was, however, expressly covenanted not to extend to the case of mere pickeries, and what is a theft and not a mere pickery is stated thus:—"Declaring that one horse or black cattle stolen within or without doors, or any number of sheep aboon six, shall be construed to be a theft and not a pickery."

Personal dignity and the respect due to persons in high office were not forgotten. It is recorded that on one occasion James the Sixth had an Englishman hanged for the offence of exhibiting the king's picture on a gibbet, and inferior dignitaries were not less jealous of the respect due to them. On 13th December, 1564, the records of the Privy Council bear that complaint was made by James Low, one of the bailies of Glasgow, upon William Highgate, common clerk thereof, for the speaking of diverse spiteful words to the said James, "manifestly contempnand and vilipendand him, being Bailie and Magistrate to whom he owed honor and reverence during the time of his office;" and Mr M'George narrates that in 1612 William Watson was fined £10 scots for speaking disrespectfully to a bailie, with his bonnet on his head. William could not pay the fine, and

was put in durance vile. While there, he attempted to set fire to the prison, protesting at the same time that "he would neither acknowledge provost or bailie, king nor casart." This time the offender was ordained to be warded in an unfreeman's ward until the morn, being market day, and then to walk bareheaded to the cross, and after being put in the irons four hours, "he is humbly on his knees to ask God mercy and the bailie pardon for his hie and proud contempt."

The temperance legislation of the early part of the 17th century might be worth trying even to-day. In 1617 Parliament enacted, for the restraint of the detestable vice of drunkenness daily increasing to the high dishonour of God and great harm of the whole realm, that all persons lawfully convicted of drunkenness or of haunting taverns and ale houses after ten o'clock at night or any time of the day except in time of travel or for ordinary refreshment, should for the first fault pay £3 or be put in the jogs for six hours. For a third offence the punishment was imprisonment until they found caution for their good behaviour in time coming.

The law of evidence is not yet perfect, but as a general rule the tendency of modern legislation has been to relax the stringency of the rules which excluded certain classes of witnesses. Up to the seventeenth century women were not freely admitted as witnesses. Thus in the trial of Thomas Brownfield for housebreaking in 1661, the Justices came to a resolution that they would not in time coming admit a woman as a witness in the matter of theft, but only *ex officio*. In later trials in the same century women were admitted, but only on special reasons assigned in each particular case. Mackenzie states that witnesses were not admitted if they were not worth £10, but Hume doubts whether this was ever the rule. He thinks it worth noting however that in 1715 the common executioner was received as a witness.

Torture, as a method of extorting confessions, was only abolished in the seventh year of the reign of

Queen Anne, and the Courts received the evidence afforded by various ordeals until late in the seventeenth century. It is very curious to observe, in an age when the generality of testimony was received in many cases with much greater caution than is observed now, the unhesitating manner in which statements extorted under torture were received and credited. In a black letter tract containing the confessions of Dr Feane and others, republished in the first volume of Pitcairn, this passage occurs—"All which, although in the beginning he denied and would not confess, yet having felt the pain of the boots, he confessed all the aforesaid to be most true ;" and farther on, the account continues, "yet for more trial of him to make him confess, he was commanded to have a most strange torment, which was done in this manner following—his nails upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a Turkas, which in English we call a pair of pincers, and under every nail there was thrust in two needles over even up to the heads, at all which torments notwithstanding, the Dr never shrunk any whit, neither would he then confess it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted upon him. Then was he with all convenient speed by commandment conveyed again to the torment of the boots, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blows in them that his legs were crushed and beaten together as small as might be, and the bones and flesh so bruised that the blood and marrow spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever. And notwithstanding all these grievous pains and cruel torments, he would not confess anything, so deeply had the devil entered into his heart that he utterly denied all that which he before avouched, and would say nothing thereunto but this, that what he had done and said before was only done and said for fear of pains which he had endured." This poor creature, the charge against whom was sorcery, was afterwards burned, notwithstanding his heroism under the terrible torture to which he was subjected.

Another curious mode of obtaining evidence, or rather a substitute for it was by the use of ordeals. Most of the ordeals which were in use in Scotland are more or less familiar to every historical student, and I shall only refer to that of touch. One of the most curious instances of the application of this ordeal which I have come across occurred in an English case, but first let me refer to a singular treatise, published in 1654, by Dr Walter Charleton, who had been physician to Charles I. In that work the author says, "The cruentation (and, according to some reports, the opening of the eyes), of the carcase of a murdered man at the presence and touch of the homicide is, in truth, the noblest of antipathies," and he goes on with great show of learning to demonstrate that, although the effect may be divine in the institution, it is merely natural in the production or immediate causes—the touch of the murderer reviving an idea of resistance which had become part of the blood of the murdered person, and so causing it to course anew through his veins. Dr Charleton was not singular in holding such views, for, in the reign of Charles the Second, similar opinions were entertained by the most eminent physicians in England. It is no matter for surprise, then, that in 1628, four persons were put on trial in England for murder, when practically the sole evidence against them was that the body of the dead person bled when touched by them. One of the witnesses was the minister of the parish, and he said "the Appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again, and this opening the eye was done three several times. So likewise she threw out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger ring dropped from it on the grass." This was thirty days after the party's death, and the body had been exhumed for the purpose of being

touched. Had the witness whose evidence I have quoted from been other than a clergyman, and the occasion less serious, we would be inclined to suppose that he was poking fun at the Court when he spoke of this dead body, after a month spent in the grave, solemnly winking three several times at the spectators. Yet upon this evidence three of the accused were hanged.

I have mentioned incidentally some of the punishments inflicted in byegone times, and I shall do little more now than refer to a few of them. Breaking on the wheel was never a frequent mode of punishment in Scotland, and was only resorted to in cases of marked atrocity. Witches were drowned or strangled and then burnt, but sometimes, as we have seen, burnt alive. Exposure in the pillory was resorted to when the sentence inferred infamy or even a lesser degree of disgrace. Offences against good morals were severely punished by the inferior Church Courts. The Kirk-Session of Glasgow after 1665, repeatedly ordered persons to be taken to the House of Correction, and to be whipped every day during the Session's will. In 1587, the same Court adjudged certain women to be imprisoned and fed fifteen days on bread and water, and to be put on a cart one day and ducked in the Clyde, and to be put in the Jugs at the Cross on Monday—the market-day. The Laird of Minto, an ex-Provost of Glasgow, was on one occasion before the Session, and on his paying £20 Scots “the Session pass the Laird, considering his age and the station he held in the town.” A pillar was set apart in the Churches, and there the delinquent was obliged to stand for, sometimes, six Sundays in succession, and for a repetition of the offence the punishment was to repair from his home at six on Sunday morning, convoyed by two of the elders or deacons, and stand at the church door bare-footed, bare-legged, and bare-headed, with a white wand in his hand, till after the reading of the text, then in the same manner repair to the pillar till the sermon be ended, and then go out to the door till all be passed from the kirk.

The Civil Courts punished comparatively trifling offences by deprivation of one or both ears, or nailing one of them to a post or the town cross. A curious variation of this punishment is mentioned by Mr MacGeorge, in "Old Glasgow," as having been in use under an ordinance of the English Burgh of Lydd, in 1460. In cases of petty theft the offender was to be nailed to a post by the ear, and left there "with a knife in his hand." He might choose the time of his own liberation, but he could only effect it by cutting off his own ear.

Pressing to death, as a mode of punishment, seems to have been unknown in Scotland, but this was the statutory punishment in England for "standing mute" when arraigned for treason or felony, until the twelfth of George III.

Perjurers, Vagabonds, and Bards were banished, branded, and sometimes hung. In the case of perjurers, boring the tongue with a hot bodkin was also sometimes resorted to.

Although it may not be strictly a punishment, an ancient English practice may be mentioned, which might with advantage be re-enforced if the present rule requiring unanimity in the jury is to be adhered to. When the jurors did not agree before the judges left the town, the judges might carry them round the circuit from town to town in a cart. One can imagine that this useful power, if once or twice enforced, would have so salutary an effect on juries that it would soon be unnecessary to use it.

Deprivation of the right hand was a punishment recognised by the statute-law of both England and Scotland, but it does not seem to have been much resorted to in either country. By a statute of Henry VIII., it was named one of the punishments for malicious striking in the King's Palace, whereby blood was drawn. By a statute of Edward VI., striking in a churchyard was punishable by loss of the ears—the object apparently being to prevent disputes between Protestants and Catholics.

THE POETRY OF DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BY REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, MANSE OF KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

MY subject on this occasion is the poetry of Dugald Buchanan. This is a subject to which I have devoted a good deal of attention since I came to Rannoch, and on which I have come to form an independent estimate of what I conceived to be its merits and defects, which I shall now endeavour to state with calmness and impartiality.

I premise by remarking that almost all the primitive poetry of the human race was religious. In this connection, Thomas Carlyle has pointed out that in several of the ancient languages *poet* and *prophet* were synonymous terms. The prophets of the Old Testament were, in an eminent degree, bards; and David and the other sweet psalmists of Israel tuned their harps in praise of Jehovah, and in celebration of his wondrous works. The poetry of Homer is intensely religious. We may, if we choose, call the gods he introduces the machinery of his poems, but our reason for doing so is that we don't believe in his gods. The original reciters and hearers of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had a firm belief in the existence of these deities; and this invested the poetry with an interest and reality to them which we can no longer feel and appreciate. Hesiod and Pindar are both deeply imbued with the religious spirit. The poetry of Virgil is also religious, though, I think, in a less degree than Homer's. His fourth *Eclogue* has been regarded by many as a prophecy of the coming of our Saviour. The theology of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* is largely adopted in the *Æneid*, and the fact that Virgil does not believe so implicitly in his gods as Homer did, has a tendency to make his poetry more unreal and artificial. In one article of religion, however, Virgil sincerely believed—that

the gods (or Fate) destined the City of Rome from the beginning to give laws to all the nations in the world, and to rule them with imperial sway ; and wherever he touches on this theme, his poetry acquires a reality and stateliness which only deep religious feeling can give. The two greatest poems of modern times—the “*Vision of Danté*” and “*Paradise Lost*”—are essentially religious ; and, in my opinion, it would be impossible for the greatest genius that ever lived to produce poems of equal merit excepting under the influence of strong religious convictions.

Amongst our early ancestors, the Bards formed one of the orders of the Druids, and, as such, bore a distinctly religious character. When the old religion passed away, and Christianity took its place, the Bards still continued to sing the genealogies of the clans, the exploits of the chiefs, and the ancient glories of the nation. But having given up Druidism, they manifested no great disposition to impart a decidedly Christian character to their poetry. The traditions of the old religion no doubt continued to influence them in their mode of treating their subjects of song ; and probably the new religion, whose services under the Roman Church were for centuries conducted in a foreign language, did not acquire such a hold on their hearts as to become a congenial theme for poetry. At anyrate, the profession and practice of Christian piety was long popularly regarded in the Highlands as opposed to the spirit of the bardic-craft. Assuming that the poetry of Ossian is genuine, it would be extremely interesting to know what religion the Bard professed. Of his high moral tone there can be no question ; and of his belief in a future state, his frequent allusions to the ghosts of departed heroes afford abundant evidence ; but whether he was a Druid or a Christian is probably a question difficult to answer. If he was a Druid, or even if he derived his bardic traditions from that mysterious source, I should certainly be disposed to accord him a high place among religious poets.

The general run of Gaelic poetry subsequently to the time of Ossian and during the middle, and indeed later ages, may be described as purely secular—of the earth, earthy. It is often beautiful and racy, and thoughtful and true to nature, and always full of fire and sentiment and satire; but the bards seldom, if ever, manifest any tendency to grapple with the great problems of existence—man's relation to God and a future state. The merit of restoring in the Gaelic language the primitive and most important function of poetry—that of powerfully awakening the religious feelings and emotions of the soul, thus influencing conduct, by stirring up men to seek after the highest aspirations of their spiritual natures—undoubtedly belongs to Dugald Buchanan.

The poetry of Dugald Buchanan consists of a small collection of *Dain Spioradail*, which he published in 1767. These songs, or hymns, were set to music, and sung in Rannoch before they were published, and were undoubtedly intended by him, in the first instance, to be supplementary to his teaching and preaching; but the Bard came, by-and-by, to regard his productions as fitted to benefit a much wider circle of Christian readers and hearers than those under his immediate care, and so gave them to the public. Probably no other book, save the Gaelic Bible, has been so instrumental in elevating the thoughts, purifying the affections, and awakening and intensifying the religious feelings of Highlanders everywhere, in their own native tongue, as this small unpretending volume of sacred poetry.

In my examination of the *Dain Spioradail* I shall endeavour, as well as I can, to develop what seems to me to have been his object in composing and publishing these poems. There can be no doubt they are specimens of a larger collection he meant to publish (the materials for which he caused to be burnt on his death-bed); but we must assume that they are select and finished specimens, and also that they comprise the heads of the doctrines he preached to the people of Rannoch. During six days of

the week Buchanan taught a school with more than ordinary skill and success ; in his leisure hours he read and studied, and is said to have composed a good deal of his poetry in bed ; and on Sundays he preached in different parts of Rannoch, often enlarging on the condensed and well-matured religious and moral thoughts contained in his poems. His published poems thus embrace the outlines of his system of moral and religious instruction ; and it is interesting to examine them in this light, attending not only to the substance of the poems but also to the order in which they are arranged.

The first poem in the collection is entitled “*Morachd Dhe,*” *i.e.*, “The greatness or majesty of God.” He places this one at the head of all the rest to manifest his intense desire to glorify God. At one time prior to his conversion Buchanan had been an avowed sceptic, doubting the very existence of God ; but since these doubts were removed by a candid examination of the grounds on which natural and revealed religion rests, not only was his own soul filled, but he endeavoured to impress everyone with whom he came in contact with grand and noble ideas of the majesty of God. The people of Rannoch had long been too apt to regard the great men of the world as clothed with the highest power and majesty conceivable by them ; and one of the foundations of Dugald’s practical teaching was that the distance between God and man was so great as at bottom to do away with all distinction between the greatest and the meanest of mankind. He begins :—

“O cread e Dia, no cread e ainm ?
 Cha tuig no h-aingle ’s aird an gloir !
 E’n solus dealrach folaicht’ uath’,
 Far nach ruig suil no smuain na choir.”

Which may be translated—

“O what is God, or what the name of God ?
 The highest angel cannot comprehend ;
 Nor eye nor thought can reach His dread abode
 Concealed in dazzling brightness without end.”

He then describes Him as self-existent, unchangeable, infinite, without beginning of days or end of years. The poet's conception of the different effects produced on the universe by the smile and frown of the Almighty is very fine. Then the works of nature are represented by him as decaying and flourishing, proceeding from change to change, while with Him there is neither ebb nor flow. Angels and men were made out of nothing, and in comparison with their great Maker were still nigh to the same. When nothing heard the word of power creation sprang into existence, and God pronounced a blessing on all He had made. Buchanan here introduces a noble and sublime thought:—

“Air clar a dhearn’ tha dol mu’n cuairt
Gach reul a ghluaiseas anns an Speur ;
’N cruthach’ gu leur tha ’stigh ’na ghlaic
’Sa’ deanamh’ thaic d’a ghairdean treun.”

Translated—

“Upon His palm revolves the firmament,
With every star that twinkles in the skies ;
In hollow of His hand creation’s pent,
And for support on His strong arm relies.”

Again—

“Co chuartaicheas do bhith a Dhe ?
An doimhne’ shluig gach reusan suas ;
’Nan oidhearpean tha aingle ’s daoin’
Mar shligean maoraich’ glacadh’ chuain.”

Translated—

“O God, who can Thy being compass round,
Whose depths all reason tries to sound in vain ?
Angels and men attempting this are found
Like mussel-shells that try to grasp the main.”

This last comparison is very interesting and powerful. The poet himself had tried to comprehend the being of God, but he found that his attempts were as futile as those of mussel-shells opening and closing their valves in trying to take in the great ocean. He goes on whilst the world is but of yesterday, God existed from all eternity, and all His works beneath the sun give but a small history of Him.

The following stanza shows that our poet thought over one of the deepest problems in astronomy :—

“ Ge d’ thiondaidh ’ghrian gu neoni’ ris
 ’S gach ni fa chuairt a soluis mhoir ;
 ’S co beag bhiodh d’ oibre g’ ionndrain uath’
 ’S bhiodh cuan ag ionndrain sileadh meoir.”

Translated—

“ Although the sun to nothing should decay,
 With all the planets that on him attend,
 As little would thy works miss them away
 As ocean would a drop from finger-end.”

Creation with all its glory does not fully reveal God ; it gives but an earnest of His power. Therefore by searching we cannot find out in full the great ocean of truth that is comprehended in the name of God, the smallest letter of which is too great a weight for our poor reason to carry. The poet concludes—

“ Oir ni bheil dadum cosmhuil riut
 Am measg na chruthaich thu gu leir ;
 ’S a measg nan daoine ni bheil cainnt
 A labhras d’ ainm ach d’ fhocal fein.”

Translated—

“ For there is nought that can with Thee compare
 ’Mongst all the mighty works which Thou hast done ;
 And ’mongst all men no language can declare
 Thy name aright but Thine own word alone.”

I have entered somewhat into detail in the examination of this poem, which, in my opinion, is possessed of merits peculiar to itself, and is well worthy of careful and thoughtful study.

The second poem is entitled “Fulangas Chrìosd,” or the “Sufferings of Christ.” In the preceding hymn, as we have seen, the poet set forth the “greatness of God ;” he now descends from this lofty theme to declare

“ ’S e ’n t-iongantais bu mhiorbhuilich
 Chaidh innse riamh do shluagh
 An Dia ’bha ann o’ shiorruidheachd
 Bhi fas ’na chiochran truagh.”

Translated—

“ O ’tis the greatest wonder that
Our history does adorn
That He who the Eternal was
Became a babe forlorn.”

It is admitted on all hands that a fine antithetical effect is produced in poetry by a sudden transition from one extreme to another, and this is a splendid example. From God in glory to Christ in humiliation and suffering is surely a very wide interval ; and yet there is this further poetical advantage gained in the circumstance that there is an unspeakable moral sublimity in the manner in which the God-Man passed through this valley of humiliation, and drained His cup of sorrows to the dregs.

He then touches on the birth of the Saviour, the flight to Egypt, the slaughter of the Innocents, His poverty, His kindness, His preaching to the poor, His mighty miracles, until he comes to the institution of the Lord’s Supper, which he very beautifully describes as follows :—

“ Ach nuair bha’n t-am a dluthach’ ris
Gun siubhladh e chum gloir
Ghairm e thuige dheisciobuill
Us dheasaich e dhoibh lon ;
Chuir e sios ’nan suidhe iad
’S gach uidheam air a bhord ;
Aran ’us fion do riarach’ orr
Bha ciallach’ fhuil ’us fheoil.

“ Us thug e sin mar ordadh dhoibh
Bhi’n comhnuidh ac gu brath,
A dh’ fhoillseachadh mhor fhulangais
A dh’ fhuiling air an sga ;
Gun itheadh ’us gu’n oladh iad
Do dh’ fheartaibh mor a ghraidh,
’S gum bitheadh e mar chuimhneachan
Da mhuinntir air a bhas.”

Translated—

But when the time drew nigh when He
To glory should remove,
He invited His disciples to
A holy feast of love ;

He made them round a table sit
 Spread o'er with viands good,
 And served them all with bread and wine,
 Which meant His flesh and blood.

And He ordained this Sacrament
 To hold for evermore,
 To show forth the great sufferings
 He for His people bore ;
 That they should eat and drink those signs
 Of His true love to men,
 And as memorials of His death,
 Till He shall come again."

Thereafter he pictures out very vividly the agony in the garden, Satan entering Judas, Christ betrayed, made prisoner, and condemned by Pilate ; the scourgings, the crown of thorns, the mock sceptre, and the revilings and scoffings of the Jews. The operation of nailing the Saviour to the Cross is described with harrowing realism and detail ; and the prayer for his enemies is, with great poetic skill, placed in the most effective position. Here is a wonderful collocation of words describing the frightful agonies endured on the Cross :—

" Bha 'm bas ud mallaicht piantachail
 Ro ghuineach, dioghaltach doigh ;
 Ro chraiteach, narach, fadalach,
 'S e teachd neo ghrad 'na choir ;
 Bu ni ro oillteil uamhasach
 Se uair bhí'n crochadh beo
 Air feith 'a chuirp (gan spionadh as)
 Co dh' fheudas inns' a leon."

Translated—

" That death accursed painful was,
 In stinging vengeful way,
 Afflicting, shameful, tedious,
 Made awful by delay ;
 O, 'twas most horrid, terrible,
 Six hours alive to hang
 On one's own sinews struggling hard,
 With many a grievous pang."

In order to make his description more vivid and harrowing, the poet thereafter imagines he sees the

Saviour's face, pale as death, in the sore fight—the wounds the nails so cruelly tore—strength failing Him—the clotted gore—the hue of death—his loveliness departing; and imagines he hears the sighs, and groans, and throbbings of His heart. When all is over, and Nature has testified her horror at what has happened, he concludes :—

“ Na flaitheas bha riamh solasach
'S na sloigh bha subhach shuas
'S an am sin rinneadh bronach iad
'S an ceol do leig iad uath ;
Ri faicinn dhoibh an Ughdar ac'
'S an uir ga leagadh sios
Am bas a bhi ga cheangalsan
Thug anam do gach ni.”

Translated—

“ The heavens that aye had joyful been,
And all the hosts above,
Were now o'erwhelmed with sorrow deep,
And ceased their songs of love,
When they beheld their author great,
That gave them life and breath,
Committed lowly to the grave
And held in bonds of death.”

This poem is extremely simple in its composition and severely Scriptural, but it is very affecting even to read it, and much more so when one hears it sung by a Highlander to its beautiful and pathetic air. It then performs the finest and most beneficial effects of poetry—that of melting the heart to pity and love for the Saviour. Dugald Buchanan is said to have often preached on this subject to the people of Rannoch with overpowering effect. I may here remark that it is very much to be regretted the poet did not leave with us a poem on the exaltation and glory of a risen Saviour, so as to contrast with the “sufferings of Christ,” and thus give us another instance of the pleasure arising from passing from one extreme to another—in this case from a state of apparently hopeless depression to one of triumphant elevation. Such a poem would have its proper position in this place.

The third poem is entitled "Latha Bhreitheanais" or the "Day of Judgment," the longest and most elaborate in the collection. This poem is interesting not only as reflecting some of the poet's spiritual experiences, but also for the insight it gives us into the class of religious books which formed his favourite study. Dugald's sensitive and poetic mind had been early disturbed by dreadful visions of the great Judgment Day. These visions, as we learn from his diary, were constantly repeated, and in an aggravated form, as he grew in years and wickedness. It was therefore natural that after his conversion he should attempt to compose a poem on the subject, so as to picture out to others what, under the influence of his religious training, acting on a lively imagination, had such an effect on his own character and destiny. The books to which he was chiefly indebted as aids to his conception of the poem were (1) the Bible; (2) *The Last Day*, a poem by Edward Young; and (3) a *Treatise on Christ's certain and sudden appearance to Judgment*, by Thomas Vincent, first published in 1667. Vincent's book was very extensively read in Scotland in the last and during the first quarter of the present century; and I have come on two very old copies of it in Rannoch. Buchanan must have read Vincent; and from Young, who was evidently one of his favourite authors, he borrows some striking thoughts, and in one place translates or paraphrases a dozen consecutive lines on a stretch. As a structure taken in the outline, the poem is an original conception of his own brain; in the filling up he sometimes seeks the assistance of others; and it is always interesting and instructive to trace out honestly, where it is possible, the sources whence our author, by reading, consciously or unconsciously, derives some of his ideas.

Buchanan commences the poem by an invocation, not of the Muses, but of Almighty God, to stir up a careless people to repentance, to bless the song which he was about to sing, to every one who would listen to it in love, and to

elevate his thoughts and loosen his tongue, so that he might be enabled to speak as he ought concerning the glory and terrors of the Day of God. He then tells us that at midnight the archangel shall sound his trumpet, and with loud voice command the dead to arise. They come pouring out of their graves like ants from a stirred-up ant-hill. The coming together of bone to bone from all parts, near and far, is described as in the vision of Ezekiel, and the souls meet the bodies at the mouth of the grave, where they reunite. The bodies of the righteous shall rise first with the Saviour's image imprinted on each face, to receive with joy their souls coming down from heaven. Thereafter the bodies of the wicked shall arise like horrid monsters from the pit; and their souls, coming from hell, shall meet them in dreadful plight. The poet imagines here a conversation between the soul and the body—

“ An sin labhraidh 'n t-anam bronach truagh
Ra choluinn oilteil, uabhar, bhreun—
'Mo chlaoidh ! ciod uim' an d' eirich thu
Thoir peanas dubailt oirnn le cheil ?
O'n eigin dhomhsa dol a ris
Am prìosan neoghlán steach a' d' chré ?
Mo thruaigh mi, gu'n d' aontaich riamh
Le d' ana-miana bruideil fein.' ” &c.

I shall give you a literal translation of this, to show you how the idea is taken from Vincent :—

“ And as the wretched, weeping soul meets the hateful, loathsome body, thus it speaks—‘ Alas ! why art thou risen to aggravate our double woe ? Must I again return to thee as to a hateful, loathsome prison ? Must I again inhabit thee ? Alas, that ever I was a slave to thy vile, debasing lusts.’ ”

Vincent says—

“ And when such foul souls and such vile bodies meet, what a meeting ! what a greeting there will be ! We may fancy a kind of language to be between them at that day. The soul to the body—‘ Come out of thy hold thou filthy dunghill flesh, for the pampering and pleasing of whom I have lost myself for ever ; who have stolen away my time and thoughts and heart from God and Christ and heavenly things, to feed and clothe and cherish thee, and make provision to satisfy thy base lusts, when I should have been making provision for mine and thine everlasting happiness.’ ”

Our poet indicates the greatness of that day by showing how all ranks of men shall be made to appear on a footing of equality—

“Eiridh na righrean ’s daoine mor,
Gun smachd gun ordugh ann ’nan laimh ;
’S cha ’n aith’near iad a measg an t-sluaigh
O’n duine through a’ bh’ ac’ na thrail.”

Translated—

“Amongst these, kings and mighty men shall rise,
Yet not with sceptre nor with lordly power ;
But fallen ! fallen ! none can recognise
Them ’mongst those slaves that used from them to cower.”

The devil and his angels are described as coming reluctantly to judgment, the former under the undignified necessity of dragging a chain behind him.

From the 22nd to the 40th stanza we have an elaborate description of the change that will on that dreadful day come over the sky and all nature—the rocks melting, the ocean boiling, the sun darkened, the moon changed to blood, the stars falling from the skies, the heavens gathered like a scroll, thunders and lightnings incessant and dreadful, and all the work of six days of creation burning fast away. In the midst of all this tumult the Judge, in great magnificence, will draw nigh to decide the great causes pending. In lofty language of scorn the poet summons Judas, Herod, Pilate, and others like them, to appear now, and view the great King whom they formerly treated with so much ingratitude and contumely. Vincent has the same idea, but Buchanan improves on it. To Pilate the poet says :—

“An creid thu gur e sud an ceann
Mu’n d’ iath gu teann an sgitheach geur ;
No idir gur e sud a ghnuis
Air ’thilg na h-Iudhaich sileadh breun !
“’M bu leor gu’n theich a ghrian air cul
A diuldadh fianuis thoirt do’n ghniomh ?
Ciod uim’ nach d’ fhuar a chruitheachd bas
Nuair cheusadh air a chrann a TRIATH ?”

Translated—

“Wilt thou believe that yonder is the brow
Encircled erst by thee with prickly thorn ?
Or that on yonder face so glorious now
The Jews once spat in mockery and scorn ?

“No wonder though the sun withdrew his face,
Refusing countenance to such a deed ;
O why did not creation die apace,
When on the Cross expired its potent Head ?”

Now, the main idea running through these two stanzas, as may be seen, is taken from the following lines of Young :—

“How changed from Him who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsafed to wash the feet Himself had made !
From Him who was betrayed, forsook, denied,
Wept, languished, prayed, bled, thirsted, groaned, and died ;
Hung, pierced and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcerned below !
And was't enough to bid the sun retire ?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire ?”

—*The Last Day.*

Regarding the people who are all gathered together to one place by angels moving along the four winds of heaven, the poet says :—

“Gach neach a dh' aitich coluinn riamh
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgaoth do bheachaibh tigh'n mu gheig
An deigh dhoibh eiridh mach o'n sgeab.”

Translated—

“Forthwith each soul that did in body dwell
From east and west all now together rush
Like bees that leave their strawy citadel,
And swarm on twig in centre of a bush.”

Young has the same idea in a similar connection—

So swarming bees, that, on a summer day,
In airy rings and wild meanders play,
Charmed with the brazen sound their wanderings end,
And gently circling, on a bough descend.”

—*The Last Day.*

When all have assembled, the Judge, in circumstances of much grandeur and impressiveness, opens the books of his remembrance, and also the hearts of men, and passes sentence on the wicked and the righteous, thereafter separating them into two bands, as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats, consigning the wicked to punishment with their master, the devil, and inviting the righteous to

His own realms of bliss and glory. There is a beautiful and enticing description given of the pleasures and joys and honours awaiting the redeemed in heaven, which is like an oasis in a dreadful wilderness. The description of how it fares with the wicked now condemned and cast out by God contains some of the most awful passages ever written by mortal man. As the earth clave asunder to swallow up Korah and his family, so the second grave now opens its mouth, gaping for its prey, swallows them up like a great monster, and crushes the poor wretches with its iron jaws; bands of swearers and murderers and false witnesses, drunkards and robbers and adulterers cleaving together like briar bundles "tightly tied," thus disappear swallowed up, and lost in the vast and yawning abyss. The comparisons, "Mar leomhan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh," and "mar bhairneach fuaighte ris an sgeir," are very powerful and expressive. Towards the end of the poem Buchanan imagines one of the lost, tortured as he is, delivering a long and most harrowing speech. The following gives a striking view of eternity:—

Ged aiream uile reulta neimh,
 Gach feur 'us duilleach riamh a dh' fhas,
 Mar ris gach braon a ta sa chuan
 'S gach gaineamh chuairteachas an traigh ;
 Ged churainn mile bliadhna seach
 As leth gach aon diu sud gu leir
 Cha 'd imich seach de'n t-siorruidheachd mhoir
 Ach mar gu'n toisicheadh i'n de."

Translated—

"Though I should number every star in heaven,
 Each blade and leaf that ever grew on land,
 Each drop along the stormy ocean driven,
 And every grain of sand on every strand ;
 And though I'd lay a thousand years aside
 For each of all these units, one by one,
 'The great eternity would still abide
 As though it were but yesterday begun."

A HIGHLANDER'S DIRECTIONS REGARDING HIS FUNERAL.

THE following passages have been extracted from the holograph Will, dated in 1834, of a noted Jacobite Highlander and *Senachie*, who died in Edinburgh in 1857, and may appropriately, I think, be permanently recorded in the pages of the *Highland Monthly*. The Will was duly recorded in the Commissary Court Books of Edinburgh, and apparently the singular directions left by the worthy Highlander regarding his funeral were given effect to:—

“ Lastly,—Having thus settled and disposed of all my worldly affairs to my mind, the following directions I wish to be observed by my Executors regarding my funeral, viz. :—I recommend that my coffin, instead of black, shall be covered with sky-blue cloth, edged with white, and the lid thereof to be ornamented with a white broad X, being a saltire or St Andrew's Cross ; and further, instead of a mortcloth, a Highland Plaid of the Royal Stuart Tartan to be used. In the event of my dying in Edinburgh, or elsewhere in the Lowlands, my body I wish to be conveyed from thence in a Hearse and pair, under the charge of my Executors, in one or two chaises and pairs for their accommodation, and interred beside my Father and Grandfather, &c., in the family burying-place in — ; and should my Funeral go by the Pass of Killiecrankie, or by any other Road, at an equal distance from the place of interment, I wish it there met, if not before, by such of my relations, kindred, and countrymen as incline to attend ; and should my Exite happen in the Highlands, I wish the funeral preceded a like distance, according to ancient practice, by two Highland Pipers properly dressed in the Garb of Old

Gaul, who shall there, and at proper distances, perform some of the most ancient funeral airs, and shall each have for his trouble a sum equal to one day's pay of Colonel of the Forty-second Highland Regiment. My Executors I wish to provide plenty of good Highland Whisky, with bread and cheese, that those attending my funeral may refresh themselves as often as they incline, taking care there be neither scarcity or extravagance,—such, however, as may have an extra thirst, to be indulged with an extra drink on that particular day, and such children as curiosity may bring to the place of interment, to whom it would be imprudent to offer more than one dram, to be ranked up, and paid sixpence sterling,—Stuarts, if any, a shilling each,—with abundance of bread and cheese given them, after the funeral obsequies are concluded. My Executors and Relations I desire to take a comfortable dinner and drink after the interment, and enjoy themselves as long as they conduct themselves with propriety. I further direct that there be no sham mourning for me, as I disapprove much of external show, and such as truly mourn for me must do so in their hearts alone, will best prove their sincerity by their conduct on the occasion.”

A. M.

KINGUSSIE, 12th July, 1890.

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CHAPTER LX.

GABHAIDH SINNE 'N RATHAD MOR.

THE coming of Shonnie to the muster-place at the last moment caused a wholesome diversion of feelings; and while his doings and sayings were yet subjects of subdued merriment, Duncan Ban gave the signal of marching by saying "seid suas" to Peter the piper, who instantly struck up "Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor." The procession simultaneously started, and all friends staying behind stopped short at the crossing of the roads, as they were told to do beforehand.

But where was Shonnie now? Duncan Ban, looking forward, forward, and not daring at the moment to look back, heard cries behind, which mingled with, and at times rose shrilly above the piper's inspiring strains. He asked what it was, and Calum, who was sitting with his face towards the receding crowd with, it must be confessed, tears rolling down his old cheeks, in spite of his efforts to repress

them, replied half-laughing half-weeping that Shonnie, somehow left behind, was running after them and shouting with all his might to them to stop a minute. Duncan Ban growled savagely :—" Let the plague of a boy catch us up or bide at home." But for all his growling, he moderated the pace of Seumas Og's horse, and Shonnie soon got up on his perch in front of him, all out of breath, and holding something within the breast of his buttoned jacket, by which he seemed to set great store. The carts were driven at a good pace, and the band of young men, in something like military order, marched silently to Peter's resounding music, until a turn of the road and a conical hillock, which formerly belonged to the fairies, hid the muster place and the crowd still standing there from their view.

Immediately afterwards Shonnie, now feeling confident that he was off for good, and past danger of being recalled, took out the something he had been hitherto nursing within the breast of his jacket, and, lo! it was Iain Og's Sunday horn brimful of fresh snuff! It was the snuff which caused Shonnie at the starting to be left behind; for he had much difficulty in getting the smith's wife, then burdened with other cares and thoughts, to attend to his "daft" demand for a hornful of Macnab's Echo Rouser. When Shonnie, with a smile and a tear, timidly held out the horn to Duncan Ban, his full forgiveness was signed, sealed, and delivered on the spot. The old chief, of whom, indeed, Shonnie was a good bit afraid, patted him on the head, took a heavy pinch which excused nose-blowing and eye-wiping, and passed the horn to Calum, who, in broken words, blessed the boy for remembering to bring with him such a dear memorial of other days.

How did Ealag tear himself away from the sisterhood, whose scout she had been for so many years? Without a tear or the pretence of one, snapping her fingers in their faces, and highly scandalised about the carryings-on and expected marriage of Meg of Camus and the brogue-man. It accidentally happened, indeed, that the only sisters who

came to the rendezvous to bid Ealag and the rest good-bye were those fallen-from-grace ones who had gone with their daughters to the Laird's ball. They had sons among the pioneers, and they came to place them under the patriarchal authority of the black Moderate, Duncan of the fair hair. Ealag and the two ex-sisters in their parting confidences spoke no good of Meg and the brogue-man, and promises were given that further news about them should be sent to Canada.

On the going-away morning Ealag was as merry as a cricket, and she had already become so fond of old world vanity that, to his astonishment, she slapt Peter the Piper on the back with her huge umbrella—large enough, Shonnie averred, to shelter a family of gipsies—to show her appreciation of his splendid playing. Peter, who in former days had learned to fear Ealag as a pious detective of the errors and misdemeanours of his "Sgriaching, quaiching" pipe—he himself being always a model of temperance and propriety on his own showing—thought, in truth, when he received that slap of approbation that Ealag was drunk as the most dissipated pipe in the land, or else clean gone off her head. But as they went on their way, Ealag, scorning to take a seat in a cart, and bobbing like a smart sand-piper, away to Canada on her own well-set little feet, Peter corrected his mistaken opinion, and began to admire Ealag a great deal because she discoursed with him about the favourite reels, marches, and laments of the days of her youth, and whistled some of them—her teeth being as good as ever—to make her remarks intelligible. When this talk began Peter rubbed his eyes and touched his ears as if hardly believing their evidence; but just then Gregor vastly improved his perceptive faculties by giving him his "morning" out of a bottle of whisky he had got with him to provide against emergencies. So Peter in his turn waxed very confidential, and told Ealag many things about castles, hotels, and vagabond bohemianism, which she had long been wishing to know. It was not her nature, nor her

vocation, but simply a special service which Ealag changed so quickly and completely. Afterwards, in Canada, she was what she had formerly been at home, an all-knowing all-informing person. When her brother Calum's wife died, and Ealag took him and his chattels under her care—his children having married and swarmed—she came out in such a strong light as a capital domestic manageress—hospitable and generous withal—that Ewan Mor declared, with full sincerity of conviction, the Mr Right, who never came, stood awfully in his own light, and missed a good wife some twenty or thirty years earlier in the world's history.

The spirits of the pioneers, young and old, rose rapidly as soon as they fairly got out of sight of the Glen, and the hills of the narrow larig or hill pass fully encompassed them. The horses, however, had cause to be serious about their work; for, although the loads were not heavy for a good even road, they had no such road in the larig, but a sort of scaling ladder here, a bog there, and roughness and inequalities everywhere. But no doubt they knew, being accustomed to the place, that when once they attained the ridge, it would be a dip down into the next valley, and the difficulty then would not be to drag the carts forward, but to prevent them from running away with them.

At one of the worst places Duncan Ban called a halt, and passed the order—"Let every one throw a stone on the ¹fated man's cairn"—which order was obeyed with alacrity, although it interrupted Angus, who was at the time singing a song of domestic love and happiness, the chorus of which was heartily sustained by Ewan and the whole band, including Ealag.

The fated man's cairn was a great heap of loose stones placed at one end of a bridge, narrow and high, that spanned a deep, dark rock chasm. Down this chasm rolled, and dashed, and foamed a mountain burn which became one long line of leaping white madness whenever

¹ Carn an duine ghoicte.

heavy rain fell on the top of its ben. Who the fated man was, when he lived, or how he died, nobody could tell. The supposition was, that, centuries before there was a bridge, he tried to leap the chasm, and was killed. But that was mere conjecture. The fated man's history had faded ages before out of the tenacious grasp of Glen tradition, which had much to say about the Feinne, the Romans, the Druids, and "Flath nan Sassenach," or Edward the First of England, who hammered the whole of Alba into a semblance of submission, except the central Grampian region. In Duncan Ban's youth a sacrilegious road-maker nearly demolished the cairn by carting the stones of it to fill a neighbouring bog. But the old spell was not entirely broken, although the story was lost. Passers-by continued to add stones, and the cairn grew up once more. The pioneers had no superstition about the matter, but they were faithful to the last to the customs of the Land of the Gael, and they merrily paid a heavy stone tribute to the ghost of the fated man, as they passed on their journey to the new world, of which, when living, the fated man could never have heard, unless, indeed, the Scots and Welshmen discovered both Iceland and America before the Norse or Columbus, as some of their old "Sgeulachdan" seem yet to indicate.

CHAPTER LXI.

BITTER AND SWEET.

WHEN the pioneers descended the headlong braes of the next valley, and reached the level highway, their mountain exhilaration softened again into sadness, for they were now passing the "laraichean"¹ of the people whom the Marquis of Inchadin drove away some eight years before to consolidate twenty-six holdings into one huge farm.

¹ Ruined homes and other buildings.

Duncan Ban and Calum talked about the evicted people and their fathers before them. As usual with him, Duncan Ban's sadness turned into hot indignation when he went still further back, following the threads of the historical traditions which formed the vivid unwritten annals of the Glen until the old communities were broken up. He told how the swords of the evicted people's ancestors had made good the otherwise worthless titles of the Marquis's forefathers to this barony and that lordship until they converted a small and precarious estate into a large principality. The titles thus made good were often full of flaws. Once or twice, moreover, the forfeiture of all seemed to be impending. This was especially the case after the Restoration. The then lord, like his fathers before him since the days of Knox, and like his descendants after him to the present Marquis, was a Presbyterian, and as a Presbyterian chief, he was to be stripped of his lands. But the doom, although prepared, was not pronounced, because the people's swords would, it was thought, leap readily out of their scabbards in defence of faith and chief. Now the times were changed, and without any risk to himself, the Marquis could show black ingratitude by driving the people away to make room for deer, hens of the heather, sheep, gamekeepers, and Lowland schelms.

Diarmad mildly reminded the indignant chief of the comparative smallness of the former holdings, and the gradual impoverishment of the tenants through the loss of the spinning and other domestic industries which the introduction of steam power and the consequent increase of manufacturing towns inevitably entailed upon districts which were without iron and coal. It would have been wiser for him to have discreetly held his tongue, and let the chief's hot indignation cool itself down.

Duncan Ban scornfully waved off all political economy arguments with the staff which he used to point out the farms on the slopes up to the last abrupt rise of the high bens, and which could still be easily traced by means of the

house-ruins and boundary walls. These desolated farms he named one after another, and told when and how they were reclaimed from moorland and bogs by old tenants, who received little or no aid from their lords; but whose rents were raised considerably as soon as the heathery braes were converted into fairly fertile, although late-ripening, fields. He was not ashamed to say it was a consolation to see that already heather and ferns were spreading over the desolated farms, and taking the virtue of reclamation out of them. It would be a crying injustice indeed if the Marquis and his "tuathanach Galda"¹ made continual profit out of the robbed industry and skill of the children of the Fëinne who had been driven beyond the sea, or what was much worse, into towns and manufacturing places, where many of them would go to the devil, and end in being a punishing plague and danger to the country. If there was another side to the question, he, Duncan Ban, scorned to look at it since it was well known how the Inchadin lordship was established, and since no human being could scarcely be so utterly shameless as to deny that the Marquis used his landmaster rights in a most ungrateful and oppressive manner. If the holdings in some cases were too small, he did not try a bit to thin the people, by shifting some of them to farms falling vacant, and on his big estate farms were always falling vacant, and much less did he think of forming a band like the noble Border Douglas, and leading them himself to new homes in Canada, which would be a far more honourable thing, and far more like grateful repayment for what he and his owed to the good swords of the ancestors of these people than acting the Liberal in London and the Free Kirk Ruling Elder in Dunedin, while ordering his chamberlain to let slip the maoran and messans of the law to make a whole countryside desolate.

The old man's anger did not cool down until they drew near the village of Kilfaolain, where they intended to give the horses mid-day corn and an hour's rest. The Clachan

¹ Lowland Tenant.

belonged to the Marquis. Its people were mostly labouring families and country artizans, who almost all had small crofts. Its aristocracy consisted of the doctor, two rival ministers, Established and Free, two rival bankers, three rival merchants, two schoolmasters, and the hotelkeeper and the innkeeper, between whom there was no doubt some rivalry likewise. Although the Marquis had not been evicting the villagers, but was on the contrary at this time meditating a plan for beautifying the Clachan, and making it a resort for summer visitors, yet popular feeling here was as dead against him as Duncan Ban himself could desire.

Peter let all his ribbons loose to the wind, and marched into the Clachan with his stateliest grand occasion strut, playing "Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mòr," as if challenging the oppressors of the Gael to appear if they dared. But although Peter still played exceedingly well, there was now the barest suspicion of the "sgriach" about the voice of the pipe—Gregor's mountain dew had clearly been beguiling and demoralising *her* by the way.

The Clachan turned out in force to wish the emigrants God-speed. Many of the villagers had friends in the part of Canada for which the pioneers were bound, and they came with letters for those friends, not caring a bit for the Postmaster-General's monopoly, of which indeed they never heard. The letters were first delivered to Duncan Ban, but Ealag speedily constituted herself postmistress, and took possession of them, *nemine contradicente*.

While the horses were getting their feed the emigrants and villagers talked together around the large old sycamore tree, which for time out of mind had served as the market cross of the Clachan. After a while the women folk of the expedition rather shyly dragged forth the hamper of provisions for the way, and distributed among their people seated on the hotelkeeper's benches, rations of oatcakes, cold smoked mutton hams, and bottled milk. So the pioneers like their horses fed contentedly, while the villagers stood round them and kept up friendly conversation. As

the empty milk bottles were thrown away, one of the villagers, without saying a word, cleverly stole them, and soon brought them back filled with milk warm from the cow. Then came to pass what Duncan Ban was expecting and fearing all the time. The villagers having whispered a little among themselves put forward the hotelkeeper to declare that the pioneers must not leave without "deoch an doruis." Duncan Ban would have been glad to escape this, but it was impossible to despise the old custom of the land, and to refuse the Clachan pledge of kindness. He was not afraid of tipsiness, but of emotional break-down. He was quite sure he would have no difficulty whatever in keeping all his young men within the bounds of what seemed to him strict temperance. He would, however, resent it as a downright insult if anybody ventured to suggest that his young men could not drink a few drams of the strongest whisky that ever was double distilled, without being a hair the worse of it. But the bens whose morning shadows crossed their native glen flung their evening gloom over the Clachan valley. As they sat beneath the sycamore tree shade, those passionately loved bens were fronting them in the distance, and it required only a small stretch of imagination to make them believe the three highest tops were just then, out of their veiling clouds, nodding a sad farewell.

The Clachan people, in the fulness of hearty goodwill, were treading close on the verge of that "Cha till! mi tuille" sorrow which darkened all "The Land of the Gael." And hark! what is that sound? Peter is to go no further with the pioneers. Since coming to the Clachan he and the pipe have been improving time and opportunity in the hotel bar-room. As usual, the pipe rages to misconduct *herself*, and as usual, too, *she* conquers poor Peter. No, there is no mistake about it. Peter, with unsteady step, is strutting forth from the hotel back-door, and the tipsy pipe—bad luck to *her*—is, on her own hook, striking up the forbidden lament. Duncan Ban starts to his feet in high

wrath, and before Peter can get to the pathos of the irresistible melody, he is unceremoniously seized by the throat, and deprived of the piob-mhor, who (being a person and a lady, we must not say "which") being caught in the act, is consigned to the temporary care of the hotelkeeper, with strict injunctions to keep her under lock and key till the pioneers get a mile away from the Clachan. There is no need for explanation; all understand the reason for the forcible seizure and imprisonment. Peter himself—although, of course, perfectly sober and innocent—collapses like a guilty thing, and humbly prays for the safety of the enchanted chanter.

Duncan Ban, thankful for the narrow escape, now accepts readily the "deoch an doruis" hospitality of the Clachan folk; and they all, guests and hosts, adjourned to the large room of the hotel. Here "deoch an doruis" was drunk in peace, and the conversation took a safe direction, although it had still a bearing on the great sorrow of the Land of the Gael.

The villagers were, in truth, bursting with news which they felt glad to tell to all men, but above all to emigrants who were driven out of their native country. "The Captain," they announced, "had gone off without paying a penny; and, except the stock, he left nothing out of which rent and debts could be paid."

When the Marquis "consolidated" the twenty-six holdings of the neighbouring barony, he did not succeed for some years in getting a tenant to take the monster farm he had thus formed, so it remained in his hands, and he made little but losses by it. At last he was glad to accept for tenant a half-pay Dumfriesshire captain, who had little capital in hand, but, as he supposed, a good deal in a Chancery suit which was then pending. In the end the captain lost his Chancery suit, and the Marquis was consequently let in for further losses.

The pioneers and villagers rejoiced to hear that the Marquis was to lose heavily through the captain and his

Chancery suit. His evictions turned the hearts of the people so completely against him that, while admired abroad, he had no native-born defenders at all at home except a few personal retainers. It seemed to Duncan Ban that the Captain had been specially sent by Divine Providence to punish the degenerated chieftain.

“The Captain,” he said, “has had the place for three years. It was in the Marquis’s own hands four years before then, and much did he make of it. The sheep stock of the old tenants when taken over by the Marquis was as sound as any in the country. He boasted he would improve the stock, and double it too, and, indeed, as he kept no cattle and horses, while the old tenants kept hundreds, there seemed to be room for doubling the sheep reckoning. Aye, aye, he boasted he would do wonders, such as the Land of the Gael had never seen before; and the papers of news bodies believed his boasting, and praised loudly the great Liberal landlord! God help us! It is a world given to lying. The papers of Dunedin and London spoke of him as if he had done a good thing in quenching the fires of many hearths. And what for no? Was he not in very truth carrying forward among the hills the Saxon invasion which his ancestors and ours, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Bruce, stopped at Bannockburn? He tried to make his boast good. He drained the hill pastures, and bought splendid sheep at southern markets, with tups to match, in order to improve the native breed. And for sure they were grand beasts to look at when brought first to the place. But what was the tale to be told at the next year’s end? The fine ruddle-marked tups and ewe lambs, which people went to see and admire from far and near, were then nearly all dead! Scab, scairt, rotten feet, rotten livers, rotten lungs, finished mostly the lot of them! The soft weeds and foul grass which sprang up on the sites of the old tenants’ middens, and about their ruined homes, were sweet and deadly poison to the Marquis’s improvers, and to a good number

of the old stock too. Like all Saxon and southern animals, man and beast, the improvers were greedy gluttons, and they infected the old stock with their scab, scairt, rot, greed, and bad manners. So then, all the years the Marquis had the place he was throwing money away like slates, for replacing dead and diseased stock. Glad enough he was, we may well be sure, to let at last his big farm to the Captain at easy rent, which the old tenants would have gladly paid, and to hand stock and crop over to him on something like old steel-bow terms; for it was agreed payment should not be demanded until the Captain won his law suit. And the Captain has had the place for three good years without paying for rent and stock, and now you say he has lost his law suit and gone away! May Captains abound, and may they aye get the big farms of the enemies of the Gael! Not that the Captain was a bad fellow, who intended to cheat the Marquis. It was the blessed law-plea which did it. I have good reason to know the place is badly stocked. The Captain was aye selling off more than he should. Yet the stock, such as it is, is sounder than the one the Marquis handed over to him. But here comes Gregor to say the horses are in the carts, and that it is time to take the road. So good friends, thanks and good wishes to you all, and trouble not to shake hands. Well be it to you here and there, 'an la a chi's nach fhaic.'"

CHAPTER LXII.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

THE pioneers resumed their march with the "ceud mile beannacht" of the Clachan on their heads. They went off without bidding Peter farewell—which was shably of them, although they could give a reason for it no doubt.

After the confiscation of his tipsy piob-mhor, Peter sank into obscurity. Truth to tell, Gregor plied him

purposely with drink, until he lay down in the straw in the stable and seemed to sleep. Gregor and the ostler left him there to sleep off his sorrows. But Peter had half an eye open all the time, and as soon as he found the coast clear, he went with unerring instinct to the place where *she* was in durance vile, and having "lifted" *her*, he struggled quietly, fearing a second arrest, to the crown of the causeway, where he thought he could defy anybody but a representative of the Queen to lay a finger on him or *her*. Having unobserved got to this safe place, Peter puffed his cheeks, *her* windbag expanded, and between the two of them the enchanted chanter was made to wail forth "Chattill me tuille," and the villagers were forced to think of friends in the grave, and friends far away from the Land of the Gael, until the weight of unspeakable sorrow pressed like lead on their hearts, and made their eyes fountains of tears.

But the pioneers escaped the enslaving spell. They were already clattering away at the other end of the long Clachan before he and *she* could get up their conjoint wind and voice. They heard just enough to understand what Peter and his wicked female companion were about, and Duncan Ban, in his haste, wished both of them in the temporary custody of creation's hangman. The boiling river which they forthwith crossed drowned, however, the pathos of the lament in its own brawling roar. So the pioneers went on their way, if not exactly rejoicing yet neither lamenting nor repining.

Some five miles further on, where the river made a sharp bend, and big mountains with rough rocky arms tried as it were to shake hands over it, Calum, who always sat with his back to the horse and his face to the hill range they crossed in the morning, suddenly stopped speaking in the middle of a story about the old saints and lairds of the glen through which they were then passing. Duncan Ban turned his head round to see what was the matter, and seeing it at the first glance he reverently raised

his broad blue bonnet, which action Calum and the young men imitated without speaking a word. The clifty arms of the nearly embracing mountains were just shutting out like closing curtains the bens which sentinelled the now distant Long Glen; and as the last and highest of them disappeared like a shadow from a mirror, the pioneers with a half breathed sigh covered their heads and resumed their march and conversation.

That mute act of reverential farewell completed their "beannachd leat" to their native glen, and now they began unanimously to think and look forward, and to talk chiefly of the Promised Land beyond the Cuan Mor.¹ Diarmad and Ealag superseded, for a time, Duncan Ban and Calum, who were content to be listeners and learners. During the last few months, Diarmad had read and digested every book and pamphlet giving information about Canada that could be begged and borrowed within thirty miles of his old home. It so happened, too, that he got into the good graces of a retired director of the Hudson Bay Company, who supplied him not only with books and reports, but with a great deal of interesting personal information. For twenty-five years Ealag had been regularly receiving half yearly and sometimes quarterly letters from her brother Calum, which enabled her to form such accurate ideas of the settlement and its inhabitants, that when she saw them for the first time they almost seemed old acquaintances.

The pioneers spent their first night from home at an hotel for tourists and anglers within the Highland line which was not many miles distant from the little seaport, also within the Highland line, where they were due next day. Here Calum's nephew and his young wife joined the band. They were both of them quiet sensible persons, who seemed likely to do well anywhere, if only well started.

The hotelkeeper received the pioneers with open arms, and his servants—he had no wife—followed his example. A good many of the men of the neighbourhood also gathered in the evening, and showed warmer sympathy

¹ Big Ocean.

than Duncan Ban liked, because it took the form of superabundant "treating." Still he thought it better to let his young men for once run the risk of night folly and morning headache than to affront true-hearted Gael, neither kinsmen nor acquaintances, who were showing their good-will in the hospitable manner of their forefathers. His young men knew perfectly well the thought in his mind, and although they heartily accepted and reciprocated the kindness of their entertainers, they stopped far short of night folly and morning headache. Therefore Duncan Ban rejoiced within himself, and waxed exceedingly proud of his "pannan."

Next morning the hotelkeeper thoroughly astonished him by positively refusing to take any payment whatever for supper, beds, and breakfast for the whole party. He asseverated with pagan oaths the manifest falsehood that the drinking of the neighbours and pioneers had been sufficient for the good of the house, and God forbid that he should treat Highlanders driven from homes and country just like stranger guests; he would rather be, well, something worse than hanged! What could the dumbfounded old chief do but shake hands and thank him? Yea, but he did something else which he could not help. He gave him a little warning lecture on the great difference between the Gael and the Saxon. The Saxon, he said, always gripped the money with vice-like tenacity; for in his heart of hearts he worshipped it as his chief god. The Gael always liked better to give than to receive. Working in a ditch he had the heart of a prince more than of a drudge. Therefore the rule was for the Gael to become ever poorer, and for the Saxon ever to become richer and richer.

The moral was that the hotelkeeper, being a Gael who had no grip, and allowed his heart to get above his head, would be certain to become a pauper at last. But then the hotelkeeper, nothing daunted, placed himself very upright on his sturdy legs, and raising an arm fit to fell an ox, affirmed with strong pagan and some transmogrified

Christian expletives, that when he got hold of the Saxon tourists, anglers, sportsmen, and artists, who were his usual summer guests, he had the hardest grip of any man in the whole country, and no more heart at all than the nether millstone. There was another thing he wanted to say—in short, he wished to ask a little favour. Every day it came he had to send a coach to meet the steamer which was to take them from the Gaelic cala (port) to their ocean going sailing ship. That day he was to drive the coach himself, and he would only have a couple or so of out-going passengers. Would they, the old men, the women and the boy, just oblige him by letting him drive them to the pier? He wished to show, in his way, how he felt for people driven from their country, and how he wished the drivers were worse than hanged.

It was impossible for Duncan Ban to resist the sound-hearted pagan, who, notwithstanding the doubt in regard to his ultimate solvency, was just the sort of shoulder-to-shoulder man for whom he had the greatest sympathy. So the coach was filled with the old ones, the young women, and the boy, and it was driven in grand style up to the jetty, while the carts and infantry followed modestly behind. When the steamer came in, the pagan got a good return load of anglers and others, and as he touched his hat with his whip in farewell to Duncan Ban, he shouted in Gaelic, which, of course, those behind him did not understand:—"It is lawful to spoil Egyptians, and by all between the ends of the rainbow, I can pare Saxon nails as close as any man in Alba."

Although the coasting steamer was far from being commodious or comfortable according to more modern ideas, the sail to the large seaport was very pleasant. Most of the pioneers had never been on the sea before, and they had heard stories of its mountain waves and cresting foam which they could now scarcely believe, as their vessel puffed and paddled over water as smooth as a mill pond. They were quite prepared to be sea-sick, but found no

shadow of excuse for it, and, on the whole, on that day they lost so much of their imaginative awe of the Great Waters that even a big gale in mid-ocean altogether failed to restore it.

When they reached the large Saxon seaport, the rich shipowner took such care of them, and, moreover, spoke such good Gaelic, that they felt, as Duncan Ban said, "killed with kindness, because they could make no return but words of thanks, which were puffs of breath, however sincere." They had just time, under the wing of their patron, to see some of the wonders of the place before the ship sailed. Duncan Ban dictated in Gaelic the substance of a long common epistle for those at home, which could be read at Kirk, Market Cross, or Conversation Bench. Diarmad, the secretary of the expedition, translated the chief's words into English, and wrote them down, which round-about proceeding the chief declared a great shame, for when they had a noble old language of their own, why should they not use it in correspondence with their friends? This growl, duly translated, went also down in the common epistle, but it was followed with the gratifying information that the captain and most of his crew were Arran men who spoke fairly good Gaelic, and that there were also on board one Manx sailor, and two Galway men whose language Duncan Ban could pretty well understand when they spoke very slowly and said their words separate'y; and the Lady Glenara was a splendid ship, and they were as comfortable as could be.

CHAPTER LXIII.

SUSPENSE.

FOR two months nothing more was heard of the pioneers. At home the remanent population stoutly girded their loins for such work as the Laird's opportune improvements provided for the men, and the projected wholesale emigration

of next year suggested work to the women, who seemed to think they could never make too many blankets, and webs of linen, drugget, and camlet for future use in the far-away Promised Land. And what loads of stockings were knitted by old folks and children! It would appear from their excessive clothing industry that the Glen dames expected to find the Canadians either stark naked, or only wearing skin coverings.

The weather was very fine for full ten days after the Lady Glenara sailed away; and when Glen people met each other in the mornings they said smiling—"How pleasant it must be to be sailing in a good ship on the cuan mor this warm and beautiful day?" And ere they went to bed they looked at the sky and noted the direction of the wind, and retired to rest thankful for favourable signs of a good night at sea. But before the end of the fortnight there came suddenly a violent thunder storm, followed by a raging gale, which strewed the British coasts with many wrecks. Then the hearts of the Glen people trembled, and their lips murmured many little prayers. They were not easily reassured by Do'ull the Sailor, who swore—yes, swore like a trooper or the whole army in Flanders, just to make his words more emphatic and cheering—that there was no danger whatever to a sound and well-navigated ship on the cuan mor, even if the wind blew its bellows to pieces trying to drown it. The danger, he said, was mostly always in shallow waters, and on coasts with breakers, reefs, sand-banks, headlands, land-blasts, fogs, and such devilries. To explain and enforce his statements, he drew maps in the peat ashes; and anxious mothers puckered their foreheads, and tried to understand all he had to say about water currents, wind currents, and naval matters in general. But Do'ull's oaths gave them after all more comfort than his navigation lessons. He assured them also, with a volley of expletives, that no better sailors than Arran men could be found in the whole world, always excepting the blue jackets of Her Majesty's navy. For the comforting

assurances he dispensed so freely and emphasised with such profane vigour—being by no means usually given to such language—Do'ull was treated to a dram here and a dram there, so that he got rather into the habit of returning home from his daily cruises, circled all round by the echoes of his favourite song about the little English ship which “ would bob to nothing on the sea.”

The exodus movement was in truth rapidly demoralising Do'ull the Sailor. After a long spell of quiet life he was pining dreadfully for the sea, now that nothing else was talked of. As it was settled that John the Soldier, his dear crony, was to go with the smith's family, why should not he go too? Their pensions would follow them both. The cousin with whom he had lived since his retirement from active service was not disturbed, nor going to Canada; and indeed he was in Do'ull's opinion so deficient in the spirit of enterprise that, unless to bring back a stray sheep or make a good bargain, he never wished to go beyond the marches of his farm.

After a serious confab with John the Soldier on pension day—which confab was aided by the illuminating power of a greater allowance of grog than the two had on such an occasion ventured to imbibe since the great spree—Do'ull finally decided to break from his moorings, and not to dissociate the Services. Once that his mind was made up it kept to its point like the needle to the pole. His cousin asked him what he proposed to do in Canada? He replied he would teach the boys of the settlement, as it bordered on the great lakes, to swim, boat, and fish with net and line. He would also spin them many a yarn about Nelson and the sea; and what could beat that for making them grow up into manly fellows, loyal subjects of the Queen?—God bless her!—and defenders of the empire on which the sun never set, and never would set until Britons at home and abroad became miserable cowards, which he hoped was a change that would never come about until the end of the world. John the Soldier would be sure, and all right too, to

keep telling the boys his stories of the Duke of Wellington, Ralph Abercromby, Lord Lyndoch, Colonel Cameron of Erracht, and other land heroes. It would, therefore, be tarnation shame if the boys did not hear of the sea heroes also ; and so the old sailor with the Trafalgar timber leg would be wanted in the wild-wood settlement to represent the Naval Service.

Do'ull's cousin suggested another difficulty, for, in truth, he was unwilling to part with a man who well repaid him for bed and board by his work about the farm. The difficulty was, how was the sailor to find a berth in Canada since he would have no family of his kindred with him like John the Soldier ? Do'ull pondered a lot over this question, and then replied that he would marry Ealag and set up a bunk of his own. The cousin said perhaps Ealag would not marry him, but Do'ull said, well there would still be as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, he could cruise about till he found a wife. As Do'ull was over sixty, and had never since his retirement from active service showed any disposition to become a Benedict, his cousin thought he was only talking nonsense, but not so.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH].

THE POETRY OF DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BY REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, MANSE OF KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

II.

THERE is one fearful idea contained in the last speech, quoted in the previous number, which is enough to make one's flesh creep, yet it is taken from Young, and Young probably took it from Dante :—

“’M bi ’m beul a dh’ orduich Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliu gun sgios,
Mar bhalagan-seididh fadadh suas
Na lasrach uain’ an ifrinn shios?”

Translated—

“And shall this mouth, which God ordained to praise
Him evermore, unweariedly and well,
Be now employed like bellows to upraise
With every breath the lurid flames of hell?”

Young says—

“And shall my voice, ordained on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?”

In Dante's “Inferno” we have, in Book VII., Cary's translation—

“This, too, for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn ;
Fixed in the slime, they say—‘ Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within :
Now in these murky settlings we are sad.’
Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
But words distinct can utter none.”

Milton has also—

“Or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of endless hope.”

And again—

“Whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.”

We have thus the idea getting developed from Dante to Milton, from Milton to Young, and from Young to Dugald Buchanan. Indeed, a good deal of what is most frightful in this poem is taken almost word for word from the gentle author of “Night Thoughts.” Take the following as examples :—

“Horrors beneath darkness, in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars, outrageous, for its destined prey ;
The sons of light, scarce unappalled, look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.”

The following lines from Young are copied almost word for word by Buchanan, in the speech of the reprobate :—

“Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
This one, this slender, almost no request :
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have raved ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.

“Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doomed to pour eternal groans ;
Inclosed with horrors, and transfixed with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain,
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er ;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath the load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.”

As the reprobate raves, Dugald suddenly stops, as if awakening from a terrible attack of nightmare, and asks the reader whether what he has been saying is true, and, if so, affectionately expostulates with him to seek shelter in Christ from “yon pit of woe.”

The "Day of Judgment" is undoubtedly a poem of sustained power and sublimity, leading the mind irresistibly to dwell on the solemn transactions of that great and dreadful day. It produces a stronger impression than Young's "Last Day;" and the poet's daringly materialistic conception of the Resurrection, the terrors of the Judge and Judgment-seat, and the agonies of the reprobate, swallowed up by the second grave into a furnace of literal fire and brimstone, is certainly calculated to rouse the careless sinner to ask whether these things be so. On the other hand, it has serious defects. The subject is too vast, complex, and dreadful to be suitable for a poem; his failure, therefore, to produce a great poem was a necessary one; the wonder is that he has been so successful. For one thing, he has failed in this poem to "justify the ways of God to man." He says not a word concerning the heathen, who never had an opportunity of believing in Christ and being saved. We know from his diary that this subject passed through his mind, and, as a poet, he was bound to vindicate God's dealings with them. In fact, his "Judgment Day" goes on the assumption that all present had the Gospel preached to them some time or other, and therefore that the wicked were without excuse. We may well ask, Was it as spirits in prison that the heathen then judged had an opportunity of accepting or rejecting the Gospel? Then the wicked are indiscriminately cast into a burning lake, there to be in torment for ever, whereas, in strict justice, which shall assuredly be shown by the Judge of all the earth, each should be punished according to his deserts. Dante has shown much judgment in classifying his reprobates, and giving each class a separate place and degree of punishment; and not only does his purgatory modify his hell, but he promotes Virgil and others from the latter to the former, thus holding out a sort of "eternal hope." No doubt Buchanan hints at their being classes in his hell, but they are punished all the same, and that eternally, without any hope of betterment.

If our poet insists so strenuously on the absolute eternity of future punishments, he is bound to show us why they should be eternal, which he fails to do. In short, the theology of the poem is too stern and harsh, in great measure owing to the fact that the poet is too dogmatic in his assertions, and does not undertake to prove the justice of the Judge to the satisfaction of the reader's conscience. It is a pity that Buchanan borrowed so much from Young, Vincent, and others; but for them, his poem would have been more original, equally impressive, and have less brimstone in its composition.

I shall here quote a passage from a recent history, which very clearly proves that the fearful descriptions of the torments of hell given by Milton, Young, Dugald Buchanan, Vincent, and Jeremy Taylor—and which not a few Highland ministers still take a delight in harrowing the souls of their hearers with—are, in reality, relics of Romanism, and that of the mediæval type, which has a tendency to destroy, in thinking minds, all sense of the Divine goodness, and to extinguish the principle of right and morality:—

“As the Catholic Church developed and completed her organisation” (says Mr Mackintosh, in his ‘History of Civilisation in Scotland’), “the world after death became more and more distinctly imagined and vividly described. Hell, purgatory, and heaven were palpably represented to the senses. The conception of hell and the doctrine of future punishment was especially clear and minutely elaborated; its site, its topography, its trials and torments, were all portrayed with harrowing exactness and repulsiveness. Hell is described, in the writings of the Middle Ages, in words that are too gross to be repeated here; its imagery had been for long accumulating, and it was gathered from various sources besides the Old and New Testaments. It was held and taught that eternal damnation was the lot which God had prepared for an immense majority of the human race; that their punishment consisted in the burning of their bodies in a literal fire; that the flames of this fire were never quenched, nor the bodies of the damned ever consumed; that God had made the contemplation of their sufferings an essential element of the happiness of the redeemed; and, in fact, the saint was frequently permitted in visions to behold the agonies of the lost, and to recount the spectacle he had seen. He loved to tell how, by the lurid glare

of the eternal flames, he had seen millions writhing in every form of ghastly suffering, their eyeballs rolling with unspeakable anguish, their limbs gashed and mutilated and quivering with pain, tortured by the pangs that seemed ever keener by the recurrence, and shrieking in vain for mercy to an un pitying heaven. Hideous beings, of dreadful aspect and of fantastic form, hovered around, mocking them and their torments, casting them into caldrons of boiling brimstone, or inventing new tortures more subtle and refined. Amid all this, a sulphur stream was ever seething, feeding, and intensifying the waves of fire. There was no respite, no alleviation, no hope. The tortures were ever varied in their character, and they never paused for a moment upon the scene. Sometimes, it was said, the flames, while retaining their intensity, withheld their light. A shroud of darkness covered the scene, but the ceaseless shriek of anguish attested the agonies that were below.'

The foregoing is a true statement, supported by good authorities, of the wild doctrines preached in those dark ages of the Church, and certainly we have still some dregs remaining of the exaggerations of former times.

Dugald Buchanan's "Day of Judgment" probably comprises the substance of many discourses on that subject addressed to the people of Rannoch, who, no doubt, stood in need of something of the sort to rouse them to repentance. I may add that the Gaelic of the poem is exquisitely racy and beautiful, and this is evidently the reason why so many Highlanders can repeat large portions of it by heart.

The "Bruadar," or "Dream," which is the fourth poem, contains Dugald Buchanan's philosophy of life. As the poet lay asleep on his bed, dreaming of vanities like others, grasping at happiness, which constantly eluded him as he was pursuing it from place to place, one appeared to him—he does not say whether an angel or a man—who told him he was very foolish thus to pursue the world, which would never fill his heart. "There is no rest for thy body," says he, "on this side of the grave; nor for thy soul on this side of the rest of God." When Adam ate the forbidden fruit, sin came in and separated the human race from God. They strayed like lambs going away from their mother, pursuing vanities and lies, and trying to suck happiness

from every barren dug of worldly gain. He then tells the poet that some trouble or other must always be his lot ; that trials and sorrows will fail to produce their proper effect, to warn him against unrealities ; that expectation produces greater happiness than a crown in possession ; that the sighs of a Sovereign are as many as those of his meanest subject ; and that along with the rose grows the thorn, and, side by side, the honey and the sting. A great man is not to be reckoned happy because he is great. A well as clear as crystal has sediment at the bottom of it. A man in high estate is like a nest on the top of a tree, which the wind shakes to and fro. Every man has got some crook or other in his lot. In courtly happiness there's waste of time and worry and woe. People's want of happiness proceeds from caprice of mind, and their desires pulling different ways. The will of the flesh pulls downwards, to swim evermore on the flood of the passions ; whilst pride and vainglory in the same individual would fain aspire to raise him up to sit on the throne of God. A man is thus torn asunder between contending desires, the gratification of any or all of which can therefore never give him satisfaction. The way to true happiness is thus indicated :—

“ Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan
 Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
 Le durachd, creideamh, agus gradh,
 'Us sasaichidh E d' uile mhiann ;
 Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saoghal,
 Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhach fìor,
 Biadh agus aodach agus slaint,
 'Us saorsa, cairdeas agus sìth.”

Translated—

“ But if thou wish for lasting bliss above,
 Thyself, thy ways to God now dedicate,
 With earnest resolutions, faith, and love,
 And all thy heart's desire He'll satiate,
 Herein contained is all that's truly wealth
 Possessed by man on earth in ample store,
 As food and clothing, never-ending health,
 Freedom and peace and friendship evermore.”

When the poet awoke from this dream, he learnt to be contented with his lot. There is a solid system of philosophy contained in this poem. It is laid upon a psychologic basis derived from the Holy Scriptures—that man in his spiritual nature is different now from what he once was, and from what he ought to be, and what he is capable of becoming. Separated from communion with his Maker by sin, he seeks after happiness in many other forms, and invariably with disappointing results. The poet shews that there are serious drawbacks attendant on the highest stations in life, as well as on the lowest; and that the only true and permanent happiness consists in being re-united to God—man being thus restored to the enjoyment of his original position and destiny. Dugald Buchanan inculcated this system of philosophy to the pupils attending his school, and made it the basis of his moral discourses to the people of Rannoch.

“An gaisgeach,” or “The Hero,” is the fifth poem in the collection. It is mainly directed against the too prevalent notion that every great warrior is a hero. For many centuries feuds and wars between the different clans had been instrumental in bringing much misery on Highlanders; it was, therefore, important that the false halo of glory which surrounded success in carnal warfare in the estimation of the people should be exploded, and that their minds should be directed to another and more glorious warfare and heroism. The poet begins by two allusions to Greek and Roman History:—

“Cha bu ghaisgeach Alasdair Mor ;
No Cesar thug an Roimh gu geil ;
Oir, ged a thug iad buaidh air cach
Dh’ fhan iad ’nan traill d’a miannaibh fein.”

Translated—

“Philip’s great son was not a hero true ;
Nor Cæsar who made Rome bend in the dust ;
For though these worthies others did subdue,
They still remained the slaves of their own lust.”

He proceeds to show what heroism and its attributes, glory, nobility, bravery, are. It is not heroism to slaughter men ; nor glory to be often in battle ; nor nobility to be fierce and high-minded ; nor bravery to be savage without mercy. He then describes a hero as—

“’Se ’n gaisgeach esan bheir fo’ chis
A thoil chum strìochd do reusan ceart,
’S a smuaintean ceannairceach gu leir
Bhi ’n ordugh geilleachdainn d’ a smachd.”

Translated—

“That man’s a hero who to reason right
Conforms his will and pays obedience due,
Bringing all rebel thoughts in order bright
Beneath its standard now as subjects true.”

This last is undoubtedly an allusion to the then recent rebellion of 1745.

Observe how beautifully consistent the poet makes this hero in war—

“’San oidhch’ nuair luidheas e chum suain
Bi’dh shubhailcean mun cuairt da fein,
Mar shaighdearan mu thimchioll rìgh,
Ga dhìdean o gach namhad treun.
Sa mhaduinn nuair a dheireas suas
Cruinnichidh smuaintean as gach ait,
’Se fein ’na’n ceann mar chaithean seolt
Ga’n suidheachadh an ordugh blair.”

Translated—

“At night when he reposes on his bed
His guardian virtues round about him go,
Like soldiers that surround their sovereign dread,
A sure defence against each mighty foe.
In early morn when he will ope his eyes
His wandering thoughts will gather clear and bright
Under his own command, their captain wise,
Who will array them for the coming fight.”

The fight is described as against carnality, worldly poverty, and misery, and all the deadly snares and plans of Satan against men. After describing his victorious conflict with temptations, he gives an account of his armour—

‘S i’n fhirinn ghlan is clogaid da ;
’Us gras a chreadeamh aig mar sgiath ;
’S e’n Sgriobtuir naomh a chlaidheamh geur ;
’S a mhisneach ta gu leir ’an Dia.”

Translated—

“Truth undefiled, he makes his helmet bright ;
The grace of Faith, the shield of his defence ;
The Holy Scriptures, his sharp sword of might ,
And God, his all and only confidence.”

He sums up—

“Ri miodal tla cha’n eisd a chluas ;
’Us sgainneal grannd cha bhuar a shith ;
Cha ghabh e eagal a droch-sgeul ;
’Us tuailleis breig cha lot a chri’.”

Translated—

“To flattery smooth he will not bend his ear ;
Through scandal vile his peace shall not depart ;
Ill news shall not o’erwhelm his soul with fear ;
And false revilings shall not break his heart.”

He then calls upon his soul to imitate this ideal hero ; and to look higher than the present world—

“Biodh d’ inntinn ard os ceann ’nan speur,
Cha’n eil fo’n ghrein ach *porsan* truagh ;
Mar tholman uire faic an saoghal,
’Us daoin’ mar sheangain air mu’n cuairt.
A null ’sa nall gun fhois gun tadh
A cruinneach’ as gach ait do’n cist’
Gu lionmhor marcachd thar a cheil’
’S a trod gu geur mu bhioran brist’.”

Translated—

“Let thine ambition soar above the skies,
For poor’s thy portion here beneath the sun ;
Like ant-hill, let this world be in thine eyes,
And men, like ants, that on its surface run.
Hither and thither, without peace or rest,
They’re bustling everywhere to fill their store,
Oft riding o’er each other in their zest,
And for a broken stick they quarrel sore.”

The above is extremely interesting to us as a thought taken from the immortal Bacon, which shows that the works of that philosopher were studied by the poor schoolmaster of

Rannoch. Bacon says—"To any one contemplating the universality of things, and the fabric of nature, this globe of earth, with the men dwelling on its surface, will not appear (exclusive of the divinity of their souls) of more importance than an hillock of ants; all of which, some with corn, some with eggs, some without anything, run hither and thither bustling about a little heap of dust."

The poet concludes in reference to the comparison of men to ants—

“Nuair chi thu’n sealladh so de’n t-sluagh
Do smuainte cruinnich suas gu leir,
A shealbhach’ saibhreas sonas, ’è sith
Air nach tig crìoch a’d’ anam fein.”

Translated—

“When in this light thou dost behold the race,
Collect thy thoughts for contemplation pure,
T’ enjoy that wealth and peace and happiness
Which in thy soul for ever shall endure.”

[TO BE CONTINUED].

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

TO M. B.

THE words are old, but the wish is new,
"Many happy returns of the day."
What can I wish thee better than this?
"Many happy returns of the day!"
Why, all the tales that ever were told,
And all the smiles that those tales called forth,
Have never contained a purer gold,
In sunny south or in snow-clad north.

"Many happy returns of the day,"
Guiltless of sorrow and free from care,
Living thy glad life from hour to hour
With sunshine about thee everywhere.
Doing thy childish duty to-day
With the loyal heart of a loyal race,
And seeking ever with instinct true
For something higher in truth and grace.

"Many happy returns of the day,"
This will I wish thee for all thy life,
Should trouble arrive with carking care,
And tempests about thy path be rife:
Firm be thy courage and true thy trust,
Bear thee right bravely along thy way,
Love well thy God and thy fellow man,
Thou shalt have "happy returns of the day!"

M. O. W.

THE CELT IN CANADA.

BY J. MURDOCH HARPER, QUEBEC.

THE facile pen of that keen observer of men and manners, the Sheriff-Clerk of Ross-shire, has lately performed a task which has been a great source of gratification to those of us in Canada who take rank as "Scotsmen Abroad," not to speak of the interest with which his letters have been read, as we have heard, by our friends at home. The account he has given of his short sojourn in America, outside of the intrinsic merits of his racy descriptions and analysis of character, has shown how rich the material is out of which may be spun many a tale of interest to our fellow-countrymen all over the world. Not since the memorable visit of the late Dr Norman Macleod of the Barony have there been so many pleasant things said about the Celtic population in British North America; and we trust that Mr Innes's letters will, ere long, be published in book form, for reference by those whose delight it is to learn of the enterprise and welfare of the clans beyond the seas, if not as an encouragement to those of us who may be able to supplement the material which he has so industriously collected. As an incentive to do such a work, his successful efforts form an excuse for me—my only excuse, in fact—for referring to the Celtic settlements in what are now called the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and their early experiences while overcoming the difficulties of forest life.

In June of the year 1749, and in May of the year 1783, there occurred two events which have had a most remarkable influence in developing the Canadian provinces by the sea as flourishing British colonies; and which have to be taken notice of if we would understand the part which our

Celtic countrymen took in making the country what it is. These two important events involved the founding of the two largest cities in that section of the country, namely, Halifax and St John. After the consummation of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the colonial policy of the motherland underwent a change. The expense of defending a country in which there was only a handful of English-speaking subjects, led British Statesmen to consider what steps ought to be taken to improve the country, so as to make it more attractive to emigrants. The capturing and dismantling of the French forts had brought some glory to British arms, but everybody began to feel that conquest should be followed by colonisation. Up to this time the British communities in Nova Scotia had made little or no progress. From the time when James I. had granted to his favourite, Sir William Alexander, the greater portion of the Maritime Provinces, the policy pursued had been one of subjugation and subsequent restoration. The country had been hardly reduced by British arms when it was restored to the French, as soon as the English and French had come to settle their disputes and European quarrels. One year the British settler found himself the privileged party, only to find, perhaps, in another year all his prospects of success scattered to the winds by French injustice and a change of masters. Indeed, previous to 1749, there never had been what could be called a well-defined policy in regard to the future of Nova Scotia as a permanent British colony. The people of England knew of Nova Scotia only as a French colony—a part of New France adjacent to New England.

But in 1749, the colony of Nova Scotia, which included at the time the territory now comprised within the Maritime Provinces, or rather all Acadia except Cape Breton, was finally secured to Great Britain. There was to be no more ceding of the country to France. A scheme to encourage emigration was set on foot, and readily received the sanction of the British ministry, though perhaps even yet their readiness in accepting the scheme could be traced

to another cause than the interests of Nova Scotia. David Hume thus refers to the movement:—"As the public generally suffers at the end of a war, by the sudden dismissal of a great number of soldiers and seamen, who have contracted a habit of idleness, and, finding themselves without employment and the means of subsistence, engage in desperate courses and prey upon the community, it was judged to provide an opening through which these unquiet spirits might exhale, without damage to the commonwealth. The most natural was that of encouraging them to become members of a new colony in North America, which by being properly regulated, supported, and improved, might be the source of great advantage to the mother country." Be this as it may, a better prospect was before the young colony. The evils under which Nova Scotian farmers and fishermen had laboured for a hundred years were soon to be attended to. The affairs of the country were thrown into the hands of the Board of Trade and Plantations, which in 1748 was presided over by the Earl of Halifax. An advertisement appeared at this time, under the sanction of George II., in which it was declared that proper encouragement would be given to such of the officers and privates lately dismissed from the land and sea service as were willing to settle in the colony of Nova Scotia. This had the desired effect. The tide of immigration began to flow. Cornwallis arrived in Chebucto Harbour in 1749, and was accompanied or followed by nearly three thousand families the first season. Halifax became the successful rival of Annapolis. New companies of immigrants arrived every year. Dartmouth, situated on the opposite side of the harbour from Halifax, sprang up as a thriving village, and British and Irish settlers spread over the adjacent districts. A district judiciary was established for the province, including a Supreme Court, a County Court, and the Court of General Sessions, and in 1758 the first meeting of the Legislature took place in Halifax.

In 1759, a proclamation was issued inviting the people of New England to take possession of the farms of the expatriated Acadians, and the invitation was responded to by a large number of farmers, who laid the foundation of the towns or villages on the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy. Thus were established the towns of Liverpool, Horton, Amherst, Truro, Newport, and Falmouth. Large numbers of Germans came to Halifax, and a British settlement was formed at Maugerville, on the river St John. People from the neighbourhood of Boston took farms near the marsh lands of Sackville and Cumberland. In a word, over the whole province there sprung up little communities, which in later times have developed into places of some importance. A new and cheering chapter in the history of colonial progress was opened. Nova Scotia had at last become a British colony in more than name. The epoch of ever-recurring change and appeal to arms had passed. And what improved matters all the more rapidly lay in the fact that very many of the settlers were farmers of experience. The most of them had the characteristics of useful and respectable members of society. They knew already what it was to struggle with a will against difficulties and dangers. The New England immigrant knew what it was to reduce the wildest forest land to a state of order and cultivation; and around their new homes, on the hillside of some Nova Scotian valley, by the shore of some New Brunswick river, or in full view of the golden sand of a Prince Edward Island bay, their industry in time has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The early Celtic settlements had their origin in the general movement which has been described, and when at the present day we seek the districts in which the Gaelic still lingers as a spoken language, we are readily directed to the localities in which the Highlanders of Scotland first found landing. These places are Pictou in Nova Scotia, Princetown in Prince Edward Island, and Sydney in Cape Breton. The first settlers in Pictou consisted of six families

sent from Maryland by what was known as the Philadelphia Company, to whom a grant of two hundred thousand acres had been made, on the condition of their placing settlers upon their lands within a given time. Previous to this, some of Colonel Fraser's regiment had taken farms on Prince Edward Island. But the first successful attempt to place Highlanders on the lands around Pictou was made in 1773, when the Philadelphia Company, under the direction of Dr Witherspoon, induced over thirty families to set sail from Scotland in the ship *Hector*. The most of these are said to have come from Loch Broom. A short time afterwards, fifteen families from Dumfries had settled in Prince Edward Island, but, not being content with their lot there, joined their countrymen at Pictou a year after their arrival. Meanwhile, a few families from Argyleshire settled at Princetown, Prince Edward Island. This island in 1767 had been divided up into lots, and disposed of by lottery to the officers of the disbanded regiments; and before long, in addition to the settlement at Princetown, which had been further extended by the arrival of others from Argyleshire, there were to be found settlements at New London, Cavendish, Cove-head, and St Peters, consisting chiefly of families from Morayshire and Perthshire. In the autumn of 1783 over twenty families found their way to Pictou from Halifax, all of them originally from the Highland districts of Scotland: the heads of several of these families had served in the army. Then the tidal wave set in. As Dr Macgregor says in his narrative, "The Highlanders wrote, or rather caused to be written, letters to their relations at home, informing them that they now had the Gospel here in purity, inviting them to come over, and telling them that a few years would free them from their difficulties." These letters were not without their effect. From year to year the immigration continued, until, as the old clergyman declared in his quaint way, Pictou was full.

The whole movement, which led to the organisation of a prosperous community around the valleys of the three

rivers which flow into Pictou Harbour, has thus an interesting history of its own. At a very early period in their existence as a community, the people, who were nearly all Presbyterians, had applied to the Secession Church in Scotland for an ordained minister to take charge of the district. The Rev. Dr Macgregor, of whom mention has been made, was the clergyman sent out, and certainly the records show that he was a man eminently fitted for the position. His zeal and ability soon left their mark upon the district, and when it became known that Pictou was beginning to have churches and schools and many of the other tokens of civilisation, there continued to pour into the country a steady stream of Celts from the west of Scotland. This first effort was virtually a Presbyterian movement, but it soon had its counterpart in the enterprise of the Roman Catholics. In 1792, "two vessels," as Dr Macgregor says, "arrived loaded with emigrants, almost all Roman Catholics, from the Western Islands of Scotland. It was so late in the season when they arrived that few of them could provide houses for their families before winter. I entreated my people to be kind to them—with the scriptural injunction 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.' I was delighted with the readiness with which the congregation complied with my entreaty. Such as could pay had the best shelter at a very moderate price, and those who could not had it gratis. Many of them came to hear sermons for a time; but Priest Maceachren, in Prince Edward Island, paid them a visit, advised them to leave Pictou, and to go eastward along the Gulf Shore to Cape Breton, where Protestants would not trouble them." This action on the part of the Roman Catholic priest opened up the way towards establishing a flourishing colony in Cape Breton, and before many years there was spread over the face of Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton from the district of Pictou a population numbering over thirty thousand souls.

This, as it often appears to me, is really the most interesting period in the history of the people of the Maritime

Provinces, and it is always a pleasure to listen to the descendants of these Celts who came over in the Hector as they talk of the experiences of their Scottish forefathers during these good old times as they, somewhat forgetful, call them. They delight to narrate in one's hearing the many curious anecdotes of the strange manners and customs which their great-grandfathers brought with them from the land of cakes. They laughingly glorify their seasons of enjoyment, of the fun and merriment attending a "thickening frolic," "a chimney bigging," "a sugar making," a wedding, or a christening. Nor do they ever fail to tell you of the hardships to be endured in these good old times, of the sufferings from cold and hunger, of the mishaps which often befell their forbears in their winter wanderings from settlement to settlement; though they generally delight more in giving an account of the genealogies of the country-side, dwelling upon the virtues and eccentricities of their parsons and teachers, of their members of Parliament, elders, and other public characters. And it is from such hearsay, amplified by whatever I have been able to collect in print or manuscript, that I propose to follow in Mr Innes's footsteps in speaking of the Celt in Canada.

The principal events of these early times, as may be expected, were often intimately connected with the clergyman's duties; though, for that matter, it was years before many of the outlying communities could secure the services of an ecclesiastic of any Christian denomination to preside at baptisms and funerals, far less to provide them with the advantages of public worship. Some idea of the destitution in this respect may be gleaned from the account which Dr Macgregor gives of his first visit to Princetown. "After sermon the fourth Sabbath I had been at Cove-head, a man from Princetown, a place thirty miles to the west, waited upon me with a petition from the people of that place to visit them, and spend a few Sabbaths with them. He informed me that the Princetown people had mostly

emigrated from Cantyre, in Argyleshire, nearly twenty years before, and had been all that time destitute of the Gospel. . . . that there were about sixty unbaptised children in the settlement; and that the common way of obtaining baptism was by carrying the children to Charlottetown to the Rev. Mr Desbrisay (the Episcopal clergyman), who, according to the custom of the Church of England, made no difference between the children of the profane and of the most holy, but baptised them all."

Whatever truth there may have been in the statement of the man from Princetown, in regard to Mr Desbrisay's liberality of spirit in dispensing the sacrament of baptism, the following story corroborates the tale of destitution in the matter of ministerial supervision. I had it from the descendant of one of those who were involved in the adventure.

A respectable farmer of one of the outlying districts above mentioned, who had waited long and patiently for the coming of a Presbyterian missionary to his settlement, was the father of a large family of unbaptised children, who, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, did not know very well what to do. He had brought with him from Scotland a reverence for religious ceremony, and an orthodox walk and conversation, which made him very uneasy about his children's welfare, and many a long chat he and his wife had about the serious responsibility which rested upon them in the matter of their unchristened bairns.

"It's a heathenish place and nae mistake," the wife would say, "when one canna even get their weans bapteezed."

"That's a' very weel, my lass," the husband would gloomily reply, "but what can a body do. I'm sure Mr Macgregor might have come round this way when he was on his veesit to the Island."

"Don't ye think we might go into the town some day and get Mr Desbrisay to do it?" pleaded the wife.

“Not if I know it,” groaned the Presbyterian. “No, thank ye; I want nane o’ my bairns to grow up Episcopal or any thing o’ that kind.”

These honest folk, it need hardly be said, were not alone in their dilemma. Other families in the settlement were growing up in the same condition. No minister of the Gospel had ever visited their district, where there were no roads leading to the capital, and now they were beginning to give up all hopes. At last the heads of the various families began to discuss the question in the most serious way with one another.

“It may not be of very much importance, as some people may think,” said one of them, “but I hae been brocht up to think different. The women folks are a’ in favour o’ having the thing done in a respectable way by Mr Desbrisay, and I think we may as well let them have their way as soon as we can;” and so all being impressed with the necessity of taking immediate action, it was proposed that, as soon as the harvest was over, they would go to town in a body with all their children, and ask the Church of England clergyman to enrol them in the usual way as members of Christ’s visible church.

In a movement of this kind there is sure to be some delay, somebody not very well, or somebody not ready; and so for some unexplained cause or other, the farmers waited until November, not without some misgiving, however, that they might encounter adverse weather. Providing themselves with food for the journey, they at last set out through the woods to Charlottetown, a goodly crowd of thirty persons—mothers, fathers, boys, and girls, and little folks in arms. Arriving safely in town after a two days’ tramp in the forest, they applied to Mr Desbrisay, who with his usual urbanity admitted them to the Church and performed the ceremony of baptism on all who were presented.

After a short delay in town, the journey homewards began. A great load seemed to have been removed from the parents’ hearts. It was a kind of holiday with them

and the miles were as nothing under their willing feet. But towards the afternoon the sky began to lower. The men became anxious. Surely the storm would keep off until next day! But the more they hoped, the cloudier it seemed to grow, until at last the light flakes began to fall, and the wind began to sigh and moan through the trees. The men buttoned up their homespun coats, and took the living bundles from the mothers' arms—the little ones clung to the skirts of her who tried to give them shelter. On they went, the snow falling thicker and thicker, and forming a soft but heavy impediment to the little limbs now growing weary. What was to be done? They could not return to the town, for they were more than eight miles from it. The cold became intense, and penetrated the thickest clothing. The snow fell thick and fast, and blinded them in their slow progress. Even the babies were wide awake and crying with the cold. There was nothing for it, stop they must, and make their camp for the night.

At once the men and the big boys went to work with a will. Selecting a sheltered grove, they huddled all the women and children together, and began to collect some brushwood for a fire, and soon all were standing on the warmest side of an immense crackling heap of forest refuse. The children, under the new influence, became drowsy, and the men, alive to the emergency, tore the green boughs from the silver firs, and tried to make a kind of bed on which the little ones could lie, with boughs below and boughs above. All night the storm continued, and all night it became colder and colder. The frost began to attack their feet, their faces, and their ears, notwithstanding a constant replenishing of the fire, and long before morning, the awfulness of the situation was to be seen in the countenances of the men.

When the sun rose, the snow was from two to three feet thick all around. Few of them had escaped being frost-bitten, and the cries of the children were truly pitiable.

Help must be obtained from some quarter, or all would perish. At length the men decided that some of them must go forward and bring back assistance from the settlement. This could not be done in a day, for it was more than thirteen miles away, and men could not go very fast through three feet of snow. Still, it was the only chance left, and three of them set out. What a terrible day that was for the benighted families! One can hardly credit the endurance which bore them up during the still more terrible night, with the thermometer many degrees below zero. It was not till late in the morning next day that the necessary help came in rough sleds, drawn by oxen and men; though for some it seemed as if the assistance had come too late, for many of the children and some of the mothers were lying insensible on the damp boughs, when the shouts of their neighbours were heard in the neighbouring woods. After much toil, however, they all reached the settlement about sunset, though it was many a day before all recovered from the trip to Charlottetown.

SAINT CONAN.¹

TWELVE centuries ago a monk stood on Innis-hail, and looked down towards the pass of Brander, and up to Glen Orchy and Glen Strae. The mere sweeping away of forests has entirely changed since the sixth century the appearance of the low-ground country of England and Scotland. But even 1200 years can have done little to smooth and round off the irregularities and curves and general outlines of mountains, which are sufficiently high to be striking features in a landscape, and yet low enough to escape the terrible wear and tear which goes on perpetually on lofty peaks of new formation. The Argyllshire hills are inconceivably ancient, and took their present shape ages before the period of which we speak. Little details of course would be wanting—the forests probably stretched further up the sides of the mountains, though we know they did not reach to the tops. There was no castle then on the low green point on which Kilchurn now stands, and 800 years had to pass before the men who were to

¹ Congan or Conan, a prince of Leinster, with his sister, Kentigerna, and her son, Faolan, sailed from Ireland with the intention of preaching the Gospel in Alba about the year A.D. 700, when Adamnan was Abbot of Iona. They belonged rather to the Culdee or Anchorite order than to the Monastic Columban Church. They first landed at Lochalsh, and worked there for some time. Congan is the patron Saint of Lochalsh. The three afterwards moved to the south side of the Grampians and separated, Kentigerna passing on to Innis-Chailleach (the Isle of Nuns) in Loch Lomond, where she died about A.D. 733; her son, Faolan or Fillan, taking his abode in Sirachd or Sraithibh, which is to-day known as Strathfillan; and Congan or Conan establishing his "desert" and Church at Dalmaly, which is called still in Gaelic "Clachan-andisart." Conan also must have preached in the Braes of Rannoch, where there is still the churchyard of Kilchonan and the village, although the old church disappeared long ago. There is a poem in the Dean of Lismore's Collection, which was not published in Dr M'Lauchlan's edition, that speaks of the Dalmaly Church and churchyard as "rillic" and "disert Chonnach." His name was also connected with one of the annual fairs of the united parishes of Glenorchy and Innis-hail. The poem referred to was written by "Gille Glas Me-in-Talzar" on the death and burial of Duncan Macgregor, seemingly the Duncan Macgregor, castellan or keeper of the Castle of Glenorchy, for Sir Colin Campbell, whose death is recorded by the Dean in the Chronicle of Fortingall as having taken place in the year of the Lord 1518.—ED., *H.M.*

build it should be born—most likely the point itself lay some feet under water. Probably, too, salmon found their way into Loch Awe by Ford, instead of through the shorter passage from Loch Etive. And if any smoke rose through the trees, it was from rude huts in which a wild and savage people lived. But the general look of the country must have been the same, and the nineteenth century tourist sees, when he stands on the “beautiful island,” almost the same view as did this old monk—St Conan. The lofty peaks of Cruachan were there, and Ben Bhui, and Ben Bhurich, and the wild hills which rise up behind Dalmally, and run back into the Black Mount; Fraoch Eilean—castleless then, and to remain so for 600 years—and the island which bears his own name—Innis-Chonain.

Since it is so difficult to get any but the baldest particulars about men who died only two or three hundred years ago, who were celebrated even during their own lifetimes—as Shakespeare, for instance, or Spenser—there need be little wonder that our knowledge of what was said and done by an obscure monk, who was buried twelve centuries ago, is exceedingly scanty; it depends, to a certain extent, on old ecclesiastical history, but chiefly on misty tradition; we really know little about him, “but that he was born and that he died.”

In all ages and in all countries the richest and most fertile spots have been bestowed on the Church. Beautiful as Innis-hail is, it would have appeared but a dreary dwelling place to men used to the sunny valleys of Italy and France, but after treeless Iona it may well have seemed a little paradise; it was a natural fortress too, and the waters of Loch Awe formed a wide moat, not to be despised in those troublesome days. A colony of Cistercian nuns first settled on the island. The life led by these holy women must, one thinks, have been a lonely and rather dreary one, but, however, there they remained, cultivating the thirty acres it consists of for several centuries, and “lending,” it is said, “by their pious ministrations a peculiar

sanctity to the district." There is nothing now on Innishail to mark their two or three hundred years' tenancy of it, for though the remains of the chapel are ancient, it is not probable that they date back so far.

Innishail is well called "the beautiful." In spring it becomes delicately green long before the mountains round lose the worn grey look of winter. In early summer it is blue, and the dense masses of hyacinths—at a little distance when the actual colour is lost—cause a dim haze to rest over it. And in October it is lit up by the red and yellow and brown of fading bracken. Tiny though it is, its history—if it were carefully traced out—would take a long time to tell.

So the sisters gave place to the monks, and for another long period the latter in their turn did their work—lived and died, and were buried. Perhaps the artificial hollow on the south side of the ruin was their fish pond; there are also the remains of some terraces which are most probably their work. Then they too passed away, and now the island only has its "silent tenants."

When in ages to come antiquarians visit Innishail, they may be puzzled to know over whose graves they stand. Some of the stones which were hacked and hewn and ornamented with infinite labour long ago as fitting monuments for pious men, now rest over the remains—perhaps of some fierce Campbell, slain in a wild struggle in Glen Orchy, or the Pass of Brander, or on "The Streng of Lorn;" perhaps over a poor nineteenth century shepherd, or unknown friendless wanderer, whose body has been found lying on one of the hills near.

St Conan was born in the middle of the sixth century, not very long after the arrival on our shores of the Irish monk, Columba, "the apostle of the Scot." At this date Eugenius was king of the Scots. This ruler is said to have been trained and educated by Columba, but he appears to have profited very little by the saint's teaching. He led a turbulent life, fighting first with one neighbour and then

with another, and death found him still unsatiated with war. He desired that his right arm should be cut off and buried with a sword in his hand, "so hoping to be a continual terror to his enemies." It should, in fairness, be stated that some authorities dispute the quarrelsome character of this king, and attribute the story to a later Eugenius, but it is clearly impossible now to get at the truth of the matter.

The earliest mention of St Conan is as a tutor to the sons of the king; there were three—Ferchardus, Fiacre, and Donaldus. Of these the two youngest did credit to the monk's careful instructions, but the eldest walked in the steps of his father, and was so exceedingly cruel and tyrannical that the nobles of his kingdom thought it advisable to depose him. They sent commissioners to France, to the diocese of Meaux, where the next heir, Fiacre, was living as a hermit, and asked him to take the crown instead of his brother. This prince, however, was unwilling to change a life of prayer and fasting for the cares of government, and he "besought God to confirm his mind in the resolution he had taken, and divert them by some means from disturbing his rest." We are told the result of his supplication; he appeared before the Scottish nobles both leprous and deformed. Whether this terrible change was brought about in answer to his prayers, or as a punishment for not taking upon him a duty, we are left in doubt. The commissioners had paid little attention to his pleadings, but they considered, under the altered circumstances, that it would be unadvisable to press their suit, and they at once returned to Scotland. Whether Fiacre remained always a leper or became a sound man again is not known; he died in France, was canonized as a saint, and had many churches dedicated to his memory. Fernandus soon afterwards killed himself, and Donaldus, his brother, reigned in his stead.

To this king belongs the glory of aiding the spread of Christianity in Northumbria. For during his reign the

Saxon princes of that country who had sought refuge in Scotland from the East Anglian king Redwald were enabled to return to their kingdom, being converted to Christianity during their exile by the Scottish monks. The two elder princes abjured their faith, but after their deaths, Oswald, the saint of the Northumbrian church, succeeded to the kingdom of Deira and Bernicia. He immediately sent messengers to Donaldus beseeching him to instruct his people in the faith, a request which was joyfully acceded to. An ancient hagiologist seems to give way to a certain amount of disappointment when he writes, "that when a great many people had gone with St Finian and St Aidan to England for the purpose of preaching the gospel, St Conan and Columbanus and others—bishops of extraordinary piety and distinguished for sanctity—remained at home." But this old scribe seems to have complained without reason, for surely there was a wide enough field in the west for such men, and most probably it was agreed amongst the bishops that some should go and some should stay at home.

When the fathers of the Church go about their business now, they travel in security; they run no danger from wild beasts, and but little from robbers and murderers; they need seldom suffer hunger, and perhaps at the present time their greatest trouble is caused by refractory rectors and curates who consider themselves independent of parliament, and like to make their own laws. In the old days things were different—wild men lived amongst the western hills, who would sometimes not think twice about robbing and murdering even a bishop. Fierce animals lived in the great forests; now and then a monk would disappear, and his mourning brethren be ignorant whether he was lying in some bear's den up Glen Orchy, or affording a dainty meal to the wolves which inhabited the Pass of Brander. It is said St Conan was once attacked by a huge black wolf at the entrance to the Pass of Awe. The saint had no weapon, but he addressed the monster in such stern and

commanding tones that it slunk away, growling fearfully, but impotent to harm. It is well known that a wild beast will often be afraid to attack a man if he retains his presence of mind and stands his ground; but the wondering old monks insisted that this beast was no mortal one, but the Old Destroyer himself. We can imagine the scene; the mountains, gloomy on a winter's afternoon; the black Awe, rushing over its rocky bed, just as it does now; the cruel evil creature blocking up the narrow valley; the frightened cowering monks, and the erect and fearless bishop.

Many a night must a boat have come to Innis-hail with an eager summons for aid, for some sick or dying person, living perhaps far up in one of the wild valleys above Dalmally, or westward by Ardhoneil or Dalavich. Any help which the community could give would not be wanting. And we may consider the ministers and doctors of the Highlands, who, too, are often called from their warm homes on dark stormy winter nights, to face cold and wet for some poor creature who will never be able to repay them, as not unworthy successors of these ancient monks.

Every island on Loch Awe must have been familiar to them; they must have landed hundreds of times on Innis-Chonain and Fraoch-Eilan and Ardhoneil, and on the Black Islands. They must have passed hundreds of times down the grand Glen which leads to Loch Etive, and by almost the same road which we use now, for there is scant room in the Pass for another. They saw the Brander Stone—though no dead warriors lay under the cairns there then—and the breast-pin on Ben Lhuì, and the sunset lighting up the top of Cruachan, just as we see them now. It is curious, and somehow pleasant to think that for hundreds of years they lived and worked amongst places which to many of us are most familiar.

The best of them must have been a brave courageous people. It must have been terribly disheartening work—praying for and trying to instruct men who did not want

to be prayed for, and for long utterly refused to be instructed. But they persevered and persevered. No doubt their life was not all sombre, we should not like to think of them as entirely ascetics. Many a clean run salmon must have smoked on the refectory table, and many a goodly haunch, and we do not believe the brethren lacked good wine to wash them down. Now and then passing travellers would stay at the monastery, using it as an inn, paying for the hospitality shown them if they had money, and if without it by their prayers, as we do now in the Swiss and Italian Alps. Now and then too a brother would come from the South of Scotland or Northumbria, or even from far away France, with some greeting or tidings for the Abbot. The mist and soft dull skies and more sombre colouring of Argyllshire would appear strange to one fresh from sunny France, but a true West Highlandman would not think the exchange a bad one.

“Claw for claw,” as St Conan said to the devil. The expression “blow for blow” occurs in *Waverley*, and in a note the following explanation is given of it. “In the Irish ballads relating to Fingal, or Fion, there occurs, as in the primitive poetry of most nations, a cycle of heroes, each of whom has some distinguishing attributes. Upon these qualities and the adventures of those possessing them many proverbs are formed which are still current in the Highlands. Amongst other characteristics Conan is distinguished as in some respects a kind of Thersites, but brave and daring even to rashness. He had made a vow that he would never take a blow without returning it, and having like other heroes of antiquity descended into the infernal regions he received a cuff from the Arch-fiend who presided, which he instantly returned, using the expression in the text. Sometimes the proverb is rendered thus—‘Claw for claw, and the devil take the shortest nails.’”

We should be very unwilling to believe that St Conan and Thersites—the evil-minded, “scurrilous Grecian”—had anything in common, and though in those rough early days

even a churchman—with little law to look up to or to help him—might now and then have to take it into his own hands, he could not well be a brawler, and at the same time retain the reputation for piety which we know was attached to St Conan. The Conan of the ballad of Fion may have been a Thersites, and the saying may have originated in his time, and may have been appropriated and applied to their master by the monkish scribes. At anyrate, one of them gives the following explanation of it: It appears that at one period of the saint's earlier life the Evil One had great power in Argyllshire. We find in everyday life that one man, when disputing with another, will now and then find it politic to bargain and perhaps give way a little, even when he knows himself to be in the right, rather than provoke a contest in which he is not sure he will altogether be the victor, and so the good monk found it necessary to temporise with the Devil. There were many very bad characters—so says the old chronicler—in those days in the district of Lorn, or what we call Lorn now, to whom St Conan could not altogether deny the Fiend a right; some of whom were hopelessly wicked, and the latter was about sweeping them all, middling, bad and very bad, into his net. St Conan gave up the last and offered to draw alternately for the others, stating his determination if this proposal was refused of fighting most desperately for them all. The Devil, knowing how very formidable an opponent the saint would prove, agreed. The *very* black ones were raked away, and then the champions took in turn the souls of the remainder. It was while they were thus engaged that the saint made use of the memorable expression, for his great enemy grew so terribly excited in the grim game that he could not keep his turn, and was continually stretching out his awful hands for his prey. "Keep your turn," thundered the saint, "play fair, claw for claw."

A later writer disputes this story, asserting that the saying is wrongly given, and should be "claw for claw, as the Devil said to St Conan." He says:—"St Conan, being

one day cutting wood, put his bill-hook down for a short time, which the Master of all Evil seizing, struck, as he thought, at the hand of the saint, uttering his cry, but he, either dextrously withdrawing it or, as some assert, having caused by miraculous power a mere semblance to deceive, the Devil's own hand was much jarred and bruised by the iron falling heavily on a stone." For our part we do not attach much importance to this latter version, which seems to refer to some previous victory of the saint's, about which he, the chronicler, is silent, but we lay both before our reader.

St Conan is said to have been once fishing on the south side of Innis-Chonain with a net; he captured a salmon, and had just got it disentangled from the meshes when a huge black cormorant or scart swooped down, tore the fish from his grasp, and sailed away with it. Men say that this bird was no earthly one—it was of a size and sootiness never seen now. The shadow of its great wings was like a rain cloud passing over the earth, and their flap like thunder. In fact, as may easily be guessed, it was once more the Devil, who was constantly turning up in the saint's neighbourhood to see if he could work him any harm. But to make everything quite plain, lest there should be a doubt in the matter, we are assured that the bird cried as he flew away, "I have greater power than thou hast!" But the monk, who had so often successfully fought the Fiend, was not to be disconcerted now, and he called in return, "I will show thee a greater power than thine," and immediately, say the simple people, the fish was turned into a solid mass of hard, heavy stone, and as the Fiend had gripped what he thought was a dainty morsel well up to the head, and had the tail already down his throat, he was unable to get rid of it at once; its great weight brought him down to the water and under it, and for some short time it seemed as if Loch Awe was to swallow up the Origin of Evil. But that was not to come to pass yet; huge air bubbles rose up from the disturbed

depths of the loch—the two elements refused to mingle, and fire conquered water. The hideous bird rose slowly up, and flapped heavily with dull wet wings down towards the sea, uttering now and then a terrible cry.

St Conan was the sixth bishop of Man and the Isles. In early times Man was classed amongst the Scottish islands, and the conversion of its inhabitants to Christianity is said to have been thus accomplished. During the persecution of the Christians in the south of Scotland under Diocletian, many found their way to the north, and threw themselves on the mercy of Cratilinth, king of the Scots. He gave them the island, which, as we have said, formed part of his dominions, and he also erected for them a beautiful church. Other authorities ascribe the introduction of the new religion here to St Patrick; at any rate the ecclesiastical supervision of Man was united to that of the southern Hebrides till the middle of the 14th century. The meaning of the word "Sodor," which forms one of the titles of the bishops of Man, and is found in many of the chronicles, has been a fruitful source of discussion. Some derive it from the Greek "soter," a saviour, but Greek was then almost unknown to the most learned monks, Latin being the ecclesiastical language. Others speak of a village in Iona of the name of Sodor, from which the title arose. It is perhaps a corruption of the word "sudreys," applied to the southern Hebrides. Yet one more suggestion has been made—that the little island off Man, now called St Patrick, once went by the name of Sodor.

The cathedral church of the bishops of the Isles seems to have been in Man, but Iona was the seat of the primate of the Scottish Church and was the most important of its monasteries and the centre from which missionaries were sent. St Conan is said to have written in Iona the works of which the bare names alone have come down to us; they include meditations and homilies and a collection of pious examples from the fathers.

From this centre the monks went out, crossing the dangerous seas which lie between the western islands in their open boats, travelling on foot over the wild moors and mountains, both here and on the mainland, visiting the sick, prescribing for their ailments, and giving instruction and encouragement to all who were willing to receive it. In perils of water, of robbers, of wild beasts, of hunger, they must often have carried their lives in their hands.

Of the personal character of St Conan nothing is known, except that he is described by the chroniclers as a man of great piety and integrity. He died somewhere about the middle of the 7th century. The anniversary of his death was regarded with peculiar veneration in the Hebrides and on the west coast till the Reformation. He is still considered the titular saint of Argyllshire. Near Dalmally there is a well which is supposed to mark the place where he occasionally lived, and which goes by his name—a supernatural blessing is said to have descended upon it. During the latter part of the last century an old man lived in a small cottage close to the spring, subsisting chiefly on the small gratuities given him by charitable passers by to whom he offered a drink of the water. He lived alone, and at a very advanced age was found dead in his hut, which he had decorated with fragments of coffins procured from the neighbouring churchyard. It is not uncommon to read of a skull being kept by a theologian in his room as a *memento mori*, but a series of remains of coffins must have formed still more cheerless decorations. The hut in which this old man lived was pulled down after his death, he having exacted a promise from the minister of the parish to that effect, though if left in its pristine condition we cannot fancy that anyone would have been very anxious to inhabit it. Sick people still go and drink of the water of the well; if there is an insect in what they draw it is taken as a sign from the saint they will die; if it is clear, that they will soon recover. In some parts of the Highlands St Conan's fair is still held on the third Wednesday of March.

The names of two old churches also commemorate him—that of Kilchonan on the north side of Loch Rannoch and that of Kilconan in Loch Alsh. To this latter place the saint, accompanied by his sisters and his two nephews, came over to preach to the heathen inhabitants of the district. After his death the nephews are said to have built a church there.

Innis-Chonain, the beautiful island close to the shore a little to the north of Fraoch-Eilean, is also called after him. Here the saint is said to have sometimes come, when wearied with the routine and petty strifes which would rise up now and then even within the holy walls of a monastery. The great beeches of Innis-Chonain, and the stately firs, whose long smooth stems grow red when the sun is setting, in striking contrast to their dark green spines, are old, but many generations of their kind must be counted backwards before we reach those on which St Conan looked, and in whose shade he walked. These trees are not from foreign seed, but of natural growth, and we see no reason to doubt that those through which the wind moaned and on which the sun shone twelve centuries ago were their ancestors.

He must often have walked here and meditated on what he had done and looked forward to what he had still to do. If a miracle were to be performed, and he could stand once more on his favourite island, he would see that he had not lived in vain. Half way between Innis-Chonain and Loch Awe Station, in the oak woods which run down close to the shore, a church has been built; the undressed grey granite from Ben Bhurich, and the darker coloured slates, are lit up and warmed by the bright red ridging which crowns the roofs, and, with the dull cream of the freestone, forms a charming combination of colours.

Perhaps hardly in Scotland is there such a picturesque church as this, with its dark roof beams and polished floor and tasteful wood work, above all with such a rose window as that which looks out to the west. It was in this way that the owner of Innis-Chonain chose to commemorate his patron saint.

We have given a poor, bald, disconnected account of this monk. It was hard to do otherwise, for there is little known about him. Of his great master Columba, Adamnan, as quoted by the Duke of Argyll, has preserved some personal particulars—"He was of great stature; he had a splendid voice, it could be heard at extraordinary distances, rolling forth the Psalms of David, every syllable distinctly uttered. . . . He had a grey eye, which could be soft, but which could be also something else." Nothing of this kind has been handed down to us about St Conan. We do not know when he was born or where, or what he was like, or what he said or wrote, and we do not know when he died. But men, looking up at his church, can say, "this monk has been dead for twelve hundred years and yet he speaks."

CURLEW.

AT THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER
THE GREAT.

OF the four great cycles of mediæval romance—those of the Troy Tale, of Alexander the Great, of King Arthur, and of Charlemagne—only the first two got any real footing on Gaelic and Irish soil. The story of Alexander is still popularly remembered, though the full-blown mediæval Gaelic romance written about him is forgotten. Among the people he is still known as “Alastair uabh’rach mac Rìgh Philip”—Alexander the Proud, son of King Philip. The fate of Alexander, who conquered the world, but must eventually be content with “seven feet of earth,” gives point to one or two of Dugald Buchanan’s best arraigments of wordly vanity. The following poem describes four learned men as coming upon the grave of Alexander, and wisely conversing over it about his fate, and the lesson to be derived therefrom. It was a very popular poem evidently, as it deserved. It appears in an Irish MS. in the British Museum, belonging to the 15th century; the Dean of Lismore has a fuller copy of it, and almost of equal date; and last century one or two versions were taken down from oral recitation, of which Ronald Macdonald published one in his *Collection* of 1776 (page 133). The indefatigable minister of Athole of that time, Rev. Mr Maclagan, also got hold of a version of it. The Irish copy, the Dean’s, and Mr Maclagan’s we reproduce, so that one may reflect light on another, and a complete presentment of the ideas in the poem may be got. The Irish copy shows how Gaelic looked in the 15th century, while the Dean’s phonetic text shows how it was

spoken. The text of the Dean has been taken from Dr Cameron's transcription of his Book, now in process of publication.

ELEGY ON ALEXANDER THE PROUD

(From a British Museum MS. of the 15th Century).

Ceathrar do bhi ar uaighan fhir,
feart Alaxandair uaibhrigh :
ro chansat briathra con bhreice
os cionn na flatha a Fhinnghreice.

Adubhairt an chétfher dhíobh :
“ Do bhaththar anaen 'mun rígh
fir na talmhan — truagh a n-dál —
ge ata aniugh 'na aonarán.”

“ Do bhi anaen Rígh an domhain duinn
'na mharcach ar talmhuin truim :
cíd é in talamh ata aniugh
'na mharcach ar a mhuin-siumh.”

“ Do bhi” ar san tres úghdar glie
“ in bhith anaen ag mac Philib :
aniugh aigi nocha n-fhuil
acht seacht troigh do thalmhuin.”

“ Alaxandar muirneach már,
do bhronnadh airget is ór :
aniugh” ar san cethramhadh fer
“ ag so an t-ór is ní [fh]uil sin.”

Combrádh na n-úghdar do b'fir
a ttimcheall uaighi in áirdrígh :
nior ionann is baothghlór ban
ar chansatar in cethrar. Cethrar 7 c.

The Dean's version is as follows:—

Caithrir wei^t er oye in Ir
er fert Allx^{re} oye ree
Di chansit brayrrei^t gin wreyk
Oskanni ni fla^t fir zreyk

Dowirt in kaed er zeywe
Di wemir in ney faue rei^t
Sloye in doytⁱⁿ troyegh in doyll
Gay id taa in dew na any^traue

Di weit in dey reit in donane dwnni
 na warkkit er tallwon trwme
 ga zea in tallow id ta in newe
 na warkkit er a wonsin

Id dowirt in tres owd^r glik
 weit yin beit in ney ag m^c phillip
 in newe aggi no^b cha neill
 a heacht troeith yin talwon

Alex^r m^{rny}t moyr Alexand^r
 hesgeit^t ergat is oyir
 in newe ersi in carrow fe^r
 Id ta in toyr gai haskgissin

makphillip phelm os chrannow
 in ree osni readlinnow
 in toyr osni scheadow slane
 in meill m oyr osni braddane

in loywin os charrow gin blyi
 in nirwoye ossin nanelait^e
 Sleyw scheioyne os gi sleywe slayne
 os gi shrow strow oyirrdane

In leik loy^r osni cloichow
 In wurri osni min roy^{hew}
 Sowmrrit in warrit gin none
 Ayne' erri os errow tallwon

Ayne' erri os errow tallwoñ
 Ach^t reit neyve is neyve halwon
 Reit tenni nin draid is nin dorch
 Kenni ni gaid agis ni garrit Cay^{tr}

Choyraa nin nowdir a beir
 Er deacht er hoye in nard reit^t
 ne choswull ra beit^t zlair bañ
 er chansydir in cathrir

Cathrir.

The following is an attempt at rendering the Dean's hieroglyphics into ordinary Gaelic orthography:—

Ceathrar bli air uaigh an fhir,
 Air feart Alasdair uabhraich,
 Do chan iad briathra gun bhréig
 Os cionn na flatha fìor-Ghréig.

Dubhairt an ceud fhear dhiubh :
Do bhiomar an dé¹ fa 'n rìgh,
Slòigh an domhain, truagh an dàil,
Ge ata an diu 'na aonaràn.

Do bhi an dé rìgh an domhain duinn
'Na mharcach air talmhain truim,
Gidh é an talmh ata an diu
'Na mharcach air a mhuin-san.

A dubhairt an treas ùghdar glie :
Bhi am beith an dé aig Mac-Philip,
An diu aige noch a n'èil
A sheachd troidhe de 'n talmhain.

Alasdair mùirneach mòr,
Alasdair thaisgeadh² airgiod is òr,
An diu, ars' an ceathramh fear,
Ata an t-òr 'ga thasgadh-san.

Mac-Philip, a' phailm os chrannaibh,
An ré os na readlannaibh,
An t-òr os na seudaibh slàna,
A' mhial mhòr os na bradànaibh.

An leòmhan os ceathra gon bladh,
An fhìrean os an eunlaith,
Sliabh Shioin os gach sliabh slàn,
Os gach sruth sruth Iordàin.

An leug lòghmhar os na clachaibh,
A' mhuir os na mùn-shruthaibh,
Sumaire na mara gun on,
Aon fhear os fhearaibh talmhan.

Aon fhear os fhearaibh talmhan,
Ach rìgh nèimh is neo-thalmhaidh,
Rìgh teann nan treud 's nan tore
Ceann nan ceud agus nan ceathra.

Còmhradh nan ùghdar a b'fhìor,
Air teachd air naimh an ard-rìgh,
Nì chosmhail ri baòth-ghloir bhan
Ar chansadar a' cheathrar.

¹ Here the British Museum MS. has "anaen," which means together. In the same line it has "bhathtar"—they were—instead of "we were."

² The British Museum MS. says "bhronnadh"—would distribute; and its last line of the verse means:—"Here is the gold, but he is not."

The translation of the Dean's version, which is practically the translation of the British Museum copy so far as it goes, is as follows.—

Four men were on the hero's grave—
The tomb of Alexander the Proud ;
Words they spoke without lies
Over the true Greek chief.

The first of them said :
" We were yesterday about the king—
The people of the world—sad the company,
Though to-day he is alone."

" He was yesterday king of the dark world,
A-riding over the heavy earth,
Although it is the earth that to-day
Rides over his back."

Said the third wise author :
" Yesterday the world belonged to Philip's son ;
To-day he has not
Seven feet of the earth."

" Alexander, happy, great—
Alexander, who treasured silver and gold,
To-day," said the fourth man,
" 'Tis the gold that treasures him."

Philip's son, the palm above trees,
The moon above the stars,
Gold above goodly jewels,
The whale above the salmon,

The lion above famed quadrupeds,
The eagle above the birds,
Sion hill above each goodly hill,
Above each stream the stream of Jordan.

The precious stone above the stones,
The sea above the little streams,
The whirlpool of the sea unblamed,
Such one man above the men of earth.

One man above the men of earth,
But heaven's King who is not of earth,
Mighty king of flocks and boars,
Head of hundreds and of herds.

The conversation of the authors, true-speaking
On coming on the grave of the high-king,
It was not as the vain talk of women
What the four men spoke.

The following is Mr Maclagan's version of the poem, now for the first time published :—

MARBHRANN ALASTAIR UAIBHRICH, LE CEARTHAR A
THAINIG AIR UAIGH.

Cearthar shuigh air uaigh an fhir
Air fiort * Alastair uaibhrich (* Fiogh-th irt, grave)
Do chán iad Briathran gun bhreig
Os cionn na Flatha * fìor Ghreige. (* an Fhlatha)

Dubhairt an ceud fhear dhiubh
Do bha iad an de mu'n Rìogh,
Fìr an Domhain, truagh an dail,
Ge d' tha e 'n diu na aonarau.

An de Rìogh an Domhain dhuinn
Na mharcach air an talmhuinn thruim
Ge h e 'n talamh a tha 'n diu
Na mharcuich air a mhuinsin.

Dubhairt an treas Ughdair glic
Bha 'n Domhan an de aig mac Philip
Ach an diu cha 'n 'eil aige
Ach seachd troighin do 'n talamh.

Alastair mear muirneach mor
An de phronnagh airgead is or
An diu, a deir an cearamh fear,
So an t or, cait am bheil eisin ?

Alastair Cramn os Chrannaibh
A ghrian os na Reultanaibh
An t or os gach seud glan
A mial mor os na h Iasgaibh.

An Fìr-eun os na h Eumlaibh
Sliamh Sion os na sleibhtibh
Sruth os gach sruth, sruth Iordain
Leug Loghar os gach Airtin.

Muir mhor os na mor-shruthaibh
Aon fhear os Fìr na Talmhuinn
Rìgh na treine is na tuinnidh
Rìgh nan ceuda sluagh na cruinne.

Comhra nan Ughdair gur fìr
Re faicin uaigh an aird Rìgh
Nì 'm b' ioman as bao-ghloir bhan
A Chanadh leis a charthar.

NEW BOOKS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS :
Vol. XV. Printed for the Society at the "Chronicle" Office, Inverness.
1890.

THE 15th volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness shows no falling off, either in matter or method, from the excellence of the volumes published during the last few years. Indeed, we should rather say that this one is, taken on the average, about the best of the whole series. A scientific spirit breathes throughout the book that, fortunately, banishes the nonsense of "crazy patriotism" which so often mars the productions of Societies that have avowedly local patriotic objects. There is also a happy evenness of merit in the papers, different though they be in authorship, style, and subject.

Folk-lore and tradition are worthily represented by our old friends, Mrs Mackellar and the Rev. J. G. Campbell ; the various aspects of Highland history are presented by Mr Hector Maclean, who deals with ethnology ; by Mr Kenneth Macdonald, who deals with the Raid of Cilliechrist ; by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, who discusses another "Minor Highland Sept ;" by Mr A. Macpherson, who gives a further ecclesiastical contribution ; and by Mr Charles Ferguson, who mingles folk-lore and history in dealing with Strathardle. Collections of Gaelic poetry are conspicuous by their presence, contributed by Rev. J. Macrury, Mr Colin Chisholm, Rev. Arch. Macdonald, and Mr A. Carmichael. Topography is always with us, and, in this volume, there are three papers dealing with the subject, and all three are very good. They are by Mr John Mackay, C.E., Mr Rod. Maclean, and the late Dr Cameron. Philology, also, is represented ; Rev. Adam Gunn discourses on the Reay Dialect ; Mr Munro Fraser has a suggestive paper on Certain Peculiarities of Gaelic Idiom ; and the late Bishop Grant contributed a paper on Highland-English as found in Books, where he exposes, with severity, the quackery of the usual English put in the mouth of Highlanders

by popular novelists and comic writers. To this varied bill of contents we may add the speeches delivered at the annual Assembly in July and at the January dinner, which are also given, and an interesting introduction, which briefly reviews Celtic matters for the past year.

The folk-tale given by Mr Campbell belongs to the same class as that of the "Knight of the Red Shield" in J. F. Campbell's volumes; indeed, it is a "various" version of that story, with all its shower-produced giants, its weird sea voyage, and its fighting with nocturnal troops and hags. Mrs Mackellar gathers together some interesting material, poetic and otherwise, in her second paper on the "Sheiling: its Traditions and Songs." She gives a complete and excellent version of "Cro-challan," but the silly myth, invented (?) by Mrs Grant of Laggan, that the song refers to milking deer and not to the milking of actual stolen cows, as it veritably does, might well have been left in the limbo of 18th century sentimentalism. Mr Hector Maclean writes upon the "Races from which the Modern Scottish Nation has been Evolved"—an excellent subject most suggestively treated. Unfortunately Mr Maclean *will* insist upon believing Hyde Clarke's philology and the vagaries consequent thereon. Where he does so, no scientific argument, whether ethnological or philological, can be held with him. Where Mr Maclean trusts to his own knowledge, his work is uniformly good, and his observations are acute and striking. Mr Macdonald's "Raid in Glengarry and Glenmoriston" convincingly proves that the Cilliechrist Burning is almost all mythical. The paper is racily written. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has a solid and accurate paper on the Macdonalds of Morar. Mr Macpherson adds the last chapter to Badenoch ecclesiastical history; and Mr Charles Ferguson's paper on Strathardle, its early history, legends, and traditions, not completed in this volume, promises to be very good. The absurd title of "Abthane" is implicitly believed in—a title evolved out of the territorial designation *Abthania*, old Gaelic *Abdaine*, properly Abbat-ania, the lands of an *Abbot* or *Abbey*! It is now-a-days represented topographically by *Appin*.

Mr Macrury contributes several unpublished poems, and one is especially interesting as presenting a medley of the old ballads and mediæval moral poems under the title of Fraoch, lines of

which really explain difficult passages in the Dean of Lismore's version. Mr Chisholm's paper contains several interesting songs besides a Gaelic version of "Auld Lang Syne," by D. Stewart, which is certainly the best rendering ever produced of it (see *Gael*, vol. v. p. 243). Mr Carmichael gives a poetic version of the lay of "Deirdre," and Mr Macdonald recovers some poems of MacCodrum's. Of the topographical papers, the late Dr Cameron's "Arran Place Names" is the best, as we should expect from the best Gaelic philologist of his day. An old map of Arran, as drawn by Timothy Pont, some three centuries ago, is reproduced by the editors to add value to the researches of the paper. Mr Mackay excels himself in his paper on Assynt, which is an admirable production, alike in caution and suggestion. Mr Maclean has a gossipy and good paper on Kiltearn. We have already spoken of Bishop Grant's paper, and we heartily welcome Mr Gunn's paper on the "Dialect of the Reay Country." We hope other scholars resident in remote districts will follow his example, and write upon the dialect in *their* district. Nothing could be more important philologically than papers of this kind, dealing, as they do, with pronunciation, grammar, idiom, and peculiar or local words. Mr Fraser's paper practically deals only with the verbs *is* and *tha*, represented philologically by Latin *est* and *sta-t*. Mr Fraser concludes his paper by what he considers a philological or logical puzzle. "We say, 'C'ùine 'tha thu dol do'n eaglais?' but 'C'àite am bheil thu dol?'" So says Mr Fraser. What we *should* and *do* say is—"Cuin a tha thu dol?" and "C'àite am beil (or a'bheil) thu dol?" The first, *cuin*, is followed by a relative clause, as purely interrogative pronouns are, for *cuin* is not for *co ùine*, what time, but is an original form like English *when* and Latin *quum*. The expression *c'àite* is followed by "an interrogative clause," which simply means that the oblique case of the relative (*am, an*) is followed by the same construction as the negative and interrogative particles (*am, an, cha'n*), with the addition of the conjunction *gu'n, gu'm*, and that these are followed by curtailed verbal forms caused by old laws of accentuation.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

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AND

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CHAPTER LVII.¹

GOOD NEWS.

THE gale was succeeded by a long spell of good weather, and the welcome change, helped by the sailor's strong language, calmed anxiety and chased away fears. At last one lucky day, and fully a week sooner than it was expected, the radiant post-runner brought a whole budget of letters from America. The common epistle was addressed to Duncan Ban's son; and as far as they were not mere messages of private affection, all the other letters were only small echoes of this public despatch which contained a long account of the voyage and its incidents.

It told them at home that the pioneers, old and young, landed on the American coast safe and sound after a prosperous voyage. The gale caught the Lady Glenara on the cuan mor several days before it struck the British coast. But ere this happened the pioneers had passed the queasy sea-sickness stage, and got firmly on their sea legs. The

¹ The numbering of the Chapters was wrong last month. It should have run LIII., LIV., LV., LVI.

young men were most willing to help in navigating the ship, and Captain Macbride and his crew were not unwilling to make some use of them, and to teach them the knowledge of sailors. When they were in the arms of the wind, Captain Macbride said he had a double crew, which was a compliment thankfully treasured up by the young men of the Glen, who took their share in the watches by night and by day, and helped the sailors to the best of their ability. During the storm the sea was very grand, and they could never too much admire the sight of the mountain waves. They thought that Ealag if put in jacket and trousers would like to climb a mast as well as Shonnie, and of him the Captain said—"That boy was born for the sea, and it will be a shame to bring him up as a land lubber." But it was the great trouble the fearlessness of Shonnie caused the chief at first, until he saw he could climb as well as the monkey which Pat of Ireland had with him on board. After the storm they had beautiful weather, and the wind all in their favour. Then, the yellow fiddle was much in request, and some of the Arran men sang Gaelic songs so well that they could see the battles of long ago, and the bens with bonnets of clouds, and the heather bending to the wind like the face of the sea, just as if they were all before their eyes. They were so happy and in such good health on board ship, that the voyage seemed very short, and they were almost sorry at getting so soon to land, since it would be like another parting with dear friends. Captain Macbride looked after the landing of their luggage and arranged for their passage up country, much cheaper and ten times better than they could have done for themselves. They were starting up country immediately, and their next letter would be from the wild-wood settlement. All the time since they left the Glen it was killing kindness they met with, and they were indeed passed by people of their own race from hand to hand and from one hospitality to another. If no pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night guided their steps, they had, all the same, good cause to thank God for the friends he had raised for them in the true-hearted

Gael who owned, and the brave Arran captain who commanded the noble Lady Glenara, which breasted the mountain waves and plunged down into their glens like a living bird of the ocean.

Another rather long period of silence ensued, and then came a big common epistle from the settlement, accompanied with a shoal of small missives. The common epistle stated that the long journey up country was speedily and easily accomplished without accidents or incidents worth mentioning, except that Duncan Ban was always finding people who could speak Gaelic, and who cherished the memory of the hills of heath in their inner hearts. They saw much of the country in passing through, and they thought it fine and fertile. If it could not boast of towering bens or purple heath, it possessed grand woods, lakes, and rivers; nor was it flat or Saxon-like either, although it grew the fine wheat. Their friends, as they well knew would be the case, received them with open arms and doors. They were made too happy among them to find time for writing the moment they finished their journey; and, besides, they wished to have something more to tell. They had now got a sufficient block of wild-wood for their people, and paid down the purchase arles for the title to it; and each man, according to the size of his farm, would have to pay down the bulk sum when they all came out. The land of the block appeared to be all of the same kind and quality, and it was selected for that reason by the united wisdom of the old settlers, who could tell the nature of the soil from the trees and plants which grew on it. Their block had for a boundary in front a stream big enough to be called a river, and full of fish, although it could not be said to be as clear as mountain burns which leaped down the rocks and wimpled through clean pebbles in the valley. The farms would face this stream all in a row, and would be much longer than broad. In case of any dispute about the division—but why should there be any?—the distribution could be made by drawing lots, but

on the understanding that every one who wanted several lots should have them side by side. They, the pioneers, would meanwhile work their best to clear a belt of the same width along the bank of the stream from end to end of the whole block. They would also, with the willing assistance of their friends and neighbours of the old settlement, put up several timber houses. And when all were gathered on the spot, they would divide the farms, and put up a house on every one. The first crop raised on the cleared belt among the stumps, should be common property, and when gathered, it should be divided among all the families according to justice, which meant in this case, according to the number of mouths. It was not without difficulty that they, the pioneers, broke away so soon from the hospitality of the old settlers, which was just enough to spoil them; but they now had a comfortable timber house on their own block, placed about the middle of it for convenience of working, where they were living as one big family, all except Ealag, who was with her brother Calum, and the fine fellow Calum was, although grown to look uncommonly old for his years, which did not amount to threescore. Calum's wife was fading away, and their children were planted out. The coming out of Ealag was therefore a good thing for her brother and his wife. Ealag came now and then to see them; and their own women folk, particularly Duncan Ban's wife and Meg, went pretty often to the old settlement, which was not far off, to visit their friends. And they got a boat on their stream, which was big enough to take the whole lot of them to church on the Sundays. The minister was not like Mr Logie at all, although he came from the same parts. The boat was very useful for fetching provisions, and they got it for a small price. Why should the children of the Gael use the language of another race in corresponding with one another. Henceforward, the letters from the new to the old glen would be written in the language of the Feinne; for they had a good night school in the new glen, and the master of

it—one called Diarmad Mac Iain—was teaching the whole lot of them to write the language of their forefathers as it should be written to do it justice.

The little postscript about the Gaelic was written in the firm round hand of Duncan Ban, while the body of the letter was in English, and in the writing of Diarmad. The resolution was carried out, and every following bi-monthly common epistle was a carefully written specimen of Gaelic prose composition. The series of common epistles contained a detailed record of domestic life, and of the battle of the axe with the forest. They showed that the community of the wild-wood lodge possessed a complete clan organisation and code of laws. Duncan Ban was patriarchal Dictator, Calum his Chief Councillor, Diarmad, Secretary of State and Minister of Education, and Ewan Mor, Minister of Justice and Chief Constable ; but his office was a complete sinecure, as there were no quarrels or acts of disobedience at all. As for the spindle side of things, Mary and her grandmother were chiefly responsible for the cooking, Meg for the stockings, and Jessie and Calum's niece for washing and bedmaking. But they mutually helped one another, according to need ; and although it was not in her proper department, Meg always cleaned and cooked, or cured and smoked for future use, the fish which Calum and Shonnie got in large numbers out of the stream of the new glen. Sometimes the chief himself went in the boat, with Calum and the boy, for a day's fishing on the lake, into which their burn emptied itself. Occasionally, but not often, the wood-cutters were allowed to have a holiday, and then there was a general turn-out to fish or to shoot whatever birds and beasts they came across in scouring the woods. Once they dropt work for a week altogether to shoot pigeons, hundreds of which Meg cured and smoked for winter use. But they were tired of eating and shooting pigeons during the slaughter week. They seemed to have a pigeon flavour and pigeon smell about them for weeks afterwards, and it fairly scunnered them. On Sunday

evenings, after returning home from the Gaelic church of the old settlement, which they attended with military regularity, they kept a sort of Sunday School among themselves. The boy was the only one who was not subjected to the strict rules of the community and the authority of the chief. But then the boy was the obedient gillie of his own hero and teacher; and during the hour or two devoted after work to schooling purposes, he was proud to act as assistant teacher, and seldom failed to ventilate the ideas he obtained from the lessons learned by himself during the day. He could range the woods and fish with Calum as much as he liked, but he always had first to do his daily book task honestly, lest he should incur in the evening the disappointed look or word of rebuke, which he considered a worse punishment than being whipped, or sent supperless to bed. The yellow fiddle fell under a cloud until the long nights, Christmas cheer, and New Year customs revived its fame and voice.

Ealag gratuitously supplemented the work of the Canadian Postmaster-General, by taking possession of the letters for the new settlement and delivering them in person. This useful work put her in a position to conceal and destroy a letter to herself which she received with others at Calum's house not long after the pioneers arrived at their destination. The other letters were replies to the missives sent on landing on the American coast; but Ealag's letter, which was written in a stiff perpendicular style, and badly spelt, was a formal proposal of marriage from Do'ull the Sailor. Ealag lost no time in sending back a decided refusal. Now, although Ealag kept the vexatious secret closely, the story came from Scotland in a letter sent by Shonnie's mother to Diarmad. Ealag herself, knowing of course nothing about its contents, delivered this letter to Diarmad, when he was cutting down a tree, and nobody else near. He sat down on a stump and read the letter aloud without first glancing over it. Ealag stamped the ground with her little active feet, burst out crying, and said—"It is

his brother, *his* brother thou knowest, who thus tramples like a foe on my dead darling's grave!" Diarmad remembering something his father told him confidentially, asked no explanation. He rose from his stump, and taking the perturbed little woman's hands in his own, said—"My poor Ealag, be comforted. The love of youth enshrined in your true woman's heart will not be further desecrated I'll stop this old glen folly. Be sure you will never hear another word about it. Cuimhnich Daonnan."

The truth was, that Do'ull the Sailor's brother, who died at an early age, was the lover of Ealag's teens, and would have been her husband had he lived. Offers she had afterwards; for she was a young and bonnie little lass, when her idol was broken; but Ealag turned off wooers with little ceremony, and took to worshipping a memory, while, since his death, no one ever heard the lost sweetheart's name pass her lips. She was all the more vexed with Do'ull the Sailor, because he knew about her life-shipwreck; but that knowledge was just what made Do'ull think of her before other women, when he first resolved to set up a bunk in Canada.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE SEANAIR'S DEATH AND THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

THOSE temporarily remaining behind in the Glen were, during summer and autumn, as already said, as busily employed as the pioneers themselves. A cessation of outfitting work never indeed came to the women at all until the exodus chests were packed and corded. When the hard winter set in, the men's work, which had been satisfactorily profitable, almost entirely ceased. Then, having leisure on their hands, they fell into the habit of gathering often at Conversation Bench to discuss their home and foreign affairs, and to settle the exodus business in its minutest details. The last of the three Seanairean now became a great authority and oracle among them; because

he represented the old band of scorners, whose grey-haired chief and young associates so gallantly and wisely came forward as the leaders of the people in the dark hour of trouble. The good Seanair was mightily uplifted by the common epistles in which he was always specially mentioned, and often reminded of Iain Og's snuff horn, which was now doing quickening work for the brains of Duncan Ban and Calum in the land beyond the ocean. Being mightily uplifted, the Seanair, from a silent auditor, changed into a fluent expounder of many ideas, all of a cheerful character, which seemed to come to him spontaneously in the silent watches of the night, and which were apt to weigh troublesomely on his mind unless he relieved himself of them at Conversation Bench several times a week. He was exceedingly wishful to hasten the time of the swarming; and as nothing profitable now remained for the men to do, his proposal, after correspondence with the kindly shipowner, was gladly adopted, and April adopted instead of June; it being found that this was the time when Captain Macbride could take them in the *Lady Glenara*. There was only one remaining little difficulty, and that was to find a successor to the smith who should take the seed bed of the croft at a valuation, and be himself accepted by the Laird. The old Seanair found the very man wanted, and arranged the whole business with the man and with the Laird, who, as if already sorry for what he had done, showed now in many indirect little ways a sympathy for the evicted people, which was by no means lost upon them. But immediately after the smith's business was settled to everybody's satisfaction, the Seanair caught a slight cold while waiting for the post-runner on a stormy day, in the hope he would bring a common epistle from Canada—which hope was not deceived; and of this cold, before his family or himself really thought the illness serious, the last of the three suddenly died. The Glen people gathered almost in a body—that is all the men and boys—to his funeral. They laid him reverently with his

long-buried wife in the old Culdee Kil, and those bound for Canada mourned over him as if he had been a man cut off in his prime and the height of his usefulness.

Diarmad sent two angry letters from Canada, one to Shonnie's mother and one to Do'ull the Sailor, denouncing the way in which they were ill-treating Ealag by profaning her almost life-long hidden sorrow. He assumed that Shonnie's mother knew as well as Do'ull himself about the old love and broken idol. That, however, was not the case, and Shonnie's mother was awed by a revelation which accounted for Ealag's peculiarities and almost sanctified them. But there was no old glen clatter about the Sailor's wooing as Diarmad supposed. Nobody except Shonnie's mother was told about the offer and refusal at all. He went to her with Ealag's curt decided refusal the moment he got it; because she was, of all the people going to Canada, the only one who was near akin to him. Do'ull never mentioned the buried romance, and Shonnie's mother knew nothing about it. The Sailor's two fixed ideas now were that he must set up a bunk for himself in Canada, and that it could not be set up without a wife. He proclaimed his double intention far and wide, but except once, and that casually to the cousin with whom he had lived so long, he never mentioned Ealag's name, until he went, rather down in the mouth, with her unfavourable reply to Shonnie's mother, who comforted him and advised him to keep quiet until she wrote herself to Diarmad asking him to put Ealag under the "Cuimhnich daonnan" spell of clanship, and make her promise to share the Sailor's bunk for the common good.

A strong recruiting spirit prevailed among the outgoers; and all of them looked upon Do'ull the Sailor as a specially desirable recruit. The most pious among them felt it would be a comfort to be sworn at by Do'ull during a heavy storm; for as long as he stuck to profane language, there surely could be no real danger. When Shonnie's mother received the scolding letter from Canada she sent at once

for the Sailor, and he came at her summons with the companion letter in his pocket, and some bitterness in his heart. He could not see at all what wrong it could be to the ghost of his brother, William, if Ealag kept his bit bunk in Canada as his married wife. But as she would not have him there was no more to be said ; and he was not the man to send the bellman to the market cross, to tell how he had been refused. But he must find a wife somewhere, that was a matter of necessity.

Shonnie's mother sounded him as to his likings and dislikings ; for he confessed that, since Ealag refused him, he had no other woman's picture in his eye, but only just a general image of a wife. His views were most liberal, with one exception—he would not marry a widow. Otherwise any daughter of the Glen who was not older than sixty, nor younger than forty, who was tidy, industrious, and not given to go into tantrums, would do as well as any other. She must be in sound health, but he did not mind much what sort of figure-head she might have, if she possessed the other qualifications. Shonnie's mother suggested Anne of Dalmore, whom she described as being better looking at forty-two than at twenty-two, as being all that was desirable, in health, character, and industrious habits, and as one who never had an offer before. The Sailor jumped at the idea, but felt faint-hearted about asking her, because, he thought, being so pious a woman she would be sure to object to his grog and to his Trafalgar leg. Shonnie's mother smiled encouragingly, and told him on a certain day to come to her house promiscuous like and try his luck ; and she gave him a dram to hearten him up and seal the compact.

Anne of Dalmore was the only child of her father's second marriage. The children of the former marriage were grown up and planted out while she was yet in her teens. Her eldest half-brother married and got a farm of his own. So Anne ruled in her father's house till the old

man died, when her eldest half-brother, giving up his own farm to a younger one, came back to the paternal abode with wife and young children. Anne then sank into a nobody. The brother's wife died, however, a few years after, and Anne again ruled the household. But, as the daughters were growing up, Anne was once more beginning to sink into a nobody, and an elderly woman likewise. When Anne got a message from Shonnie's mother, asking her to come and help her with some part of Canadian outfit preparations, she walked as innocently into the trap as any fly ever did into a spider's den. Do'ull the Sailor came in promiscuous like, and Anne went home that night his pledged wife.

When Do'ull took up a project he was as resolute and expeditious in carrying it out as Nelson himself could desire. As soon as Anne was got to say "Yes" to the main proposal, she began to see no end of difficulties in getting the assent of her brother and his family, who would, doubtlessly, be unwilling to lose a most useful household drudge, and to see Anne's little bit of money pass out of their reach. Do'ull the Sailor proposed she should go on Saturday to visit her cousins at Kilmachaoide, and get married there on the Monday; and he showed that, as they were far away and Free Kirk people, her brother and his family would most likely hear nothing and suspect nothing till they were spliced; but if they put in their oar, well, Do'ull swore it would not matter, and Anne accepted his proposal, and believed in him.

So the wooing, proclaiming, and splicing were all accomplished in less than a week; and Shonnie's mother with her man, and Do'ull's cousin, with his wife, and son and daughter, formed the wedding party, at the clachan inn, where the Sailor and his bride were spliced and bedded.

Shonnie's mother sent the news immediately to Diarmad, and Ealag was glad that there was to be no more raking up of her secret sorrow, and that Anne of Dalmore was coming out.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE EXODUS.

THE death of the seanair left the large swarm without a patriarch of very advanced years ; but there were among them, getting ready for the long journey to the new glen, seven old women, whose united ages exceeded five hundred years. The oldest of the seven was Do'ull Combach's relict, a widow of forty years' standing, who was now in her ninetieth year. The youngest was the old mother of Dalveich, who was not good at the questions, and whose age was sixty-nine. The whole seven were widows, and, with the exception of Iain Og's wife, they were all widows of long standing, from which it would appear that in the old glen wives usually lived much longer than husbands ; but it was an old glen habit that wives should be a good many years younger than their husbands, and that partly accounted for the lingering behind of many widows.

The seven old dames had long before this time retired from what might be called active service and public life ; although that retirement only made them more active in their own nooks. When their eldest sons married they handed over house-rule to their daughters-in-law, and quietly took possession of their corners to spin for the rest of their days, and to pet their grand-children and enlighten their minds in regard to the history, songs, and life of former ages.

Whatever might be the reason for it at first, the glen people, generation after generation, carried out almost rigorously, and almost as a religious duty, as regarded the female side of the race, the monogamous doctrine of Goldsmith's " Vicar of Wakefield." A young widower, left with a lot of little children, could, indeed, if he waited a decent time, marry again with full social approval ; but a widower with grown-up daughters seldom brought home a step-

mother; and a widow with a grown-up son, or a son in any stage of growth, remained usually a widow all the remaining days of her life. The glen widows, apparently, did not find the rule a hard one. They lived long and cheerfully; and their common and forgivable failing was a constant inclination to honour their deceased spouses above their deserts, and to hold them up to admiring grand-children as persons who, during their earthly careers, had been superhumanly free from faults, and full of all virtues. Perhaps, in following this course, they obeyed some sacred law, which Moses omitted to enjoin on the polygamous Israelites; for, worshipping much the memories of their buried partners, they were themselves, in their turn, deeply honoured by their children, and worshipped by their grand-children; and their sunny lives were long spared in the nooks in which they plied their wheels, as if they could never stop their buzzing, nor find time to die. On the day of rest for man and beast, they regularly went to church, weather permitting, and at communion time whether or no. When snow or very muddy ways obliged them to stay a Sunday at home, they moped badly, and did not seem to know whatever to do with their idle hands.

On the project of the wholesale exodus being first mooted, the seven ancient dames were thrown into a flutter nearly amounting to consternation. The length and difficulties of the way, the idea of being tossed on the cuan mor, and the thought of being led by a long road into a wilderness of trees, infested by unknown beasts and wild Indians, frightened them much; but the first move and wrench frightened them worst of all. How could they leave the graves of their spouses when they were just ready to drop into them! How could they come out of their nooks and return to the world from which they had retired so long ago, and to whose ways they had grown to be utter strangers!

They put their old heads many times together before they found courage or comfort, although they were from the

first quite determined to go, and die by the way rather than be left behind in the care of people who might be kind, but who could not be to them like their own dear children, and still dearer grand-children. The series of common epistles from Canada, especially those written in Gaelic, wonderfully dissipated the first numbness of fear, and gave the ancient dames some courage and comfort.

A short time before the setting-out day, the seven, one morning, issued quietly, and doubtlessly by common concert, from their several abodes, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and made their way to the old churchyard, where they assembled in solemn conclave to visit for the last time the graves of their beloved dead. They returned home with their poor old eyes very red; but there were small fountains of contented submission welling up in their hearts; for having once gone through the kil farewell, they knew nothing more could so much try them in this life; and so they now felt not only resolved, but less unwilling to depart for the far-off land, where their families were to find new homes.

When the packing-up was going on, Do'ull Combach's nonagenarian widow became much troubled about being kept idle during the voyage. The spinning wheels of the whole seven, which, if not as old as themselves, were as old as their marriages, and made part of their arnais, or bridal "providings," were all carefully packed for Canada; however worn out or worm eaten they could not, of course, be either sold or left behind without causing great sorrow. It was only when deprived of her wheel to get it packed that the ancient widow realised the terrible prospect of being obliged to sit idle and fold her hands for a whole month or more. She pleaded hard for liberty to take her wheel with her unpacked, so as to be ready for use at sea, but she was at last convinced that she could not work it on board ship. Then the bright idea came into her old head, that although the wheel could not be used on board a tossing ship, she could at anyrate go back to the spindle

and distaff of her lassiehood, which she was taught to ply industriously, when, as a little girl, she herded calves, or kept hens, ducks, and pigs out of the corn. She was sure that, although long lost sight of, there were spindle whorls about the house which could be found and fitted if her son would look for them. Her son was sure of that too, but he was resolved not to find the whorls and make spindles; because it would look so daft-like for his old mother to be twirling her spinning teetotum on board the *Lady Glenara*. The ancient dame had, therefore, to resign herself to a long spell of forced idleness. She made up for that as soon as she was established in her nook in a Canadian log-house. For seven years after the exodus, she lived healthily and happily in the land of exile, spinning to the last day of her life. On that day also she got up briskly enough at eight in the morning, and plied her wheel for hours, until finding herself feeling ill, she laid herself on her bed to rest a bit, and slept and rested for evermore.

Peter the Piper did not assist at the second swarming; but there was much irrepressible weeping among the women without "*Cha till me tuille.*" Even the men of the general exodus were less stoical than Duncan Ban and his pannan, although they had much less excuse for down-heartedness, seeing the way was, so to speak, made easy for them by those of their families in whose footsteps they were following. They were encumbered with many young children and much luggage. Their *impedimenta* burdened them with constant care during the land travelling, and although that care ceased at sea, other troubles, such as sea-sickness, and the crossness of children pining for milk, and not thriving on porridge and treacle, made them anxious enough to get ashore.

Like their vanguard, they put up on their first night from home at the hotel of the patriotic pagan; and they said afterwards that night was the happiest night of the whole travelling by land and sea. The pagan being advised when to expect them, made rows of straw and blanket beds

ready for the strong and young in his big barn, which at that time of the year was nearly empty of corn and hay. The old ones and the mothers with infants were made comfortable in the house. The seven ancient dames indeed were quite drawn out of their shells by the hospitable pagan, who modified his language so as not to shock their old ears, and treated them like revered ancestresses of his own revisiting the glimpses of the moon, or fairy queens travelling in disguise to whom it was impossible to render too much honour. He had something from Canada to show the emigrants, of which he was immensely proud.

It seemed Duncan Ban and his men could not rest in peace until they returned thanks to their killing-kindness benefactors in a form more substantial than words. They found out from Captain Macbride that their chief benefactor, the large shipowner, was bitten with a mania for natural history and geological specimens. Diarmad, to qualify himself for making a little collection of Canadian birds, beetles, butterflies, rock chippings, and so forth, bought books and studied them with his young pupil, who, in turn, taught Calum to keep his eyes always open for specimens, until the old man also caught something of the sangreal-quest enthusiasm of the naturalist. There was friendly intercourse between the pioneers' lodge and a tribe of backwood Indians, with whom they exchanged things European and civilised, for trophies of the chase and articles of wigwam industry. Ewan Mor and two other young men were pretty good hands at wood carving, and a turners' lathe was one of the articles of Ewan's kit. During the winter nights Ewan and his assistants patiently manufactured quaichs, toddy ladles, and other little things. Captain Macbride therefore, on his last voyage from America before the exodus, received a thank-offering bear skin and some other little gifts for himself; and he was entrusted with the commission of delivering to the shipowner a stout emigration box, filled to the brim with objects of no great intrinsic value, but of much interest.

to him, as his reply letter emphatically testified. Captain Macbride likewise promised to transmit to the pagan a fine moose deer's head, an Indian warrior's feather-and-beads gala dress, and a good many neatly made toddy ladles.

The exodus people were taken in a body to see the antlered head and the warrior's dress which were displayed to full advantage in the hotel-keeper's lobby; and before the evening was over all of them were invited to taste of toddy in the compounding of which Ewan's ladles had done duty.

In good time next morning the pagan drove the seven old ones to the seaport. He wished he could get their portraits taken all in a group to hang in his entrance hall between the antlered head and the warrior's dress. In a group did he say? No. He would like six in a group, but he would have the nonagenarian on a separate canvas with her cockernony busked in the fashion of a century ago, and walking off to Canada from his own door, as straight as a rush, with her descendants of four generations following behind. What a pity it was that a clever artist, who much frequented the hotel in summer time, did not then happen to be present to sketch the old lady on the spot? He would not grudge ten pounds for a live sketch of her just as she stood in her brogues that day. Not that he was careless about his money. They must tell the old man in Canada, who formed quite a wrong opinion of him, that he last year made some hundreds of pounds of clear profit out of Saxon and other foreigner guests. He should not like to boast of his profits at home; but the old man in Canada must be told, just to show how wrong he was. Upon his, the pagan's own soul, he was not sure he would not go to Canada himself, as soon as he filled his purse right well with the spoils of the Egyptians—not that he charged or served guests worse than others—for lords and lairds, be they worse than hanged, were turning the glens into deserts, and his old mother, good be to her, advised him, when he

entered into the hotel-keeping business, not to wait to die in it.

The seven old dames, with their gentle, almost girlish, shyness, and composed habits of mind and body, bore the voyage much better than the restless, pining children, and their sea-sick and worried mothers. But the land travelling and its changes tried them sorely ; and they were exceedingly glad to get to the end of it alive, and to be put up with their wheels in temporary nooks, among the old settlers, until the log-houses of the new glen were all ready to receive them.

Duncan Ban and his band were rather taken by surprise ; for the letter announcing the death of the seanair, and the departure, much earlier than expected, only reached them a few days before the arrival of the emigrants themselves. The reception turn-out and semi-military ceremony which had been contemplated were therefore abandoned. The reunion, nevertheless, was as joyful as heart could desire, and there was further compensation in store.

When the exodus people were beginning their long journey, three, not unexpected, strangers came to the wild-wood lodge. Mary first introduced a little girl stranger, then Grace followed with another, and after a short interval, to let the pioneers recover from alarm, Jessie presented her young man with a boy, to be chief of the twelve. The young parents talked of getting the babes christened without delay ; but the old chief indignantly vetoed their proposal, and issued a law of the Medes and Persians forbidding the little heathens of the new glen to be made Christians, until the rest of their people should come from Alba. The christening of the three, therefore, became a high state affair, and a suitable occasion for festal rejoicings and fraternisings with the people of the old settlement.

A HIGHLAND REVIVAL.

MR PAUL CAMERON, photographer, Pitlochry, who is a diligent collector of the songs, legends, and folk-lore of his district, and a collector of historical notices concerning it, kindly sent us the following extract from the *Evangelical Magazine* of October, 1817, which we do not remember having seen before, and which throws precedent light upon the ecclesiastical chapters of the "Long Glen." The revival movement in the Perthshire Highlands began about the beginning of the century, and had a closer connection at first with the Lowland movement, instituted chiefly by Robert Haldane, and his brother, James Haldane, ancestor, so strange are the changes of time, of Dr Chinnery Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, than with the corresponding movement in the Northern Highlands. It, therefore, followed when the revivalists split up, some adhering to the Church of Scotland, some becoming Independents, and some Baptists, that a good many of the Perthshire Highland converts followed the lead of the Haldanes and became Baptists. Grantown marked the limit of the Haldane influence. Peter Grant, the sweet Gaelic hymn-maker, gathered a Baptist congregation about him there, and William Tulloch did the same in Athole, while Archibald Cameron in Fortingall, Archibald Macarthur in Glenlyon, Peter Fisher and others in Breadalbane, became unpaid pastors of considerable handfuls of Baptists in their respective localities. The following letter was written before the divisions among the revivalists had come to a head. We do not know who was the writer P. M. As for the initials in the body of the letter, Mr K. of Aberfeldy was Mr Kennedy, who afterwards came as an Independent minister to Inverness, and for whom the church, which is now the Fraser Street Hall, was built. Mr M'G., who preached powerfully in the Church of Scot-

land chapel at Inverwick, was Mr M'Gillivray, then minister of Strathfillan, and afterwards minister of Kilmallie. The pious Mr F. was Mr Robert Findlater, minister of Ardeonaig, who also preached frequently at Lawers, on the other side of Loch Tay :—

REVIVAL IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Extract of a letter from a minister, who witnessed it, to a friend.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been up the country during most of last month, and being at that time a week in Glenlyon, I am now able to give a short account of the great revival of religion which has taken place in that highly favoured part of the Highlands. The great desire evinced to hear the glad tidings of salvation, by the people in general, surpasses every thing of the kind I ever witnessed. To inform any person, who may fall in the way, that a sermon is to be preached at such a place and hour, the report flies, like the fiery cross of old, in all directions, on both sides of the river, to the distance of many miles, and old and young are at the place fixed on, a long while before the hour appointed.

Mr K. of Aberfeldy, by his prudence, excessive and disinterested labours, and the remarkable success attending them, has gained the esteem and confidence of the people of Glenlyon. To introduce me, therefore, to them, he preached there in the open air, cold as the day was, on the Sabbath before I went thither, and intimated a sermon for me on Monday evening, at Invervar, and continued to labour with me during the week.

On my arrival at Invervar, the largest dwelling-house in the hamlet was immediately cleared, and temporary forms were placed closely in order ; but long before the hour appointed for sermon the house was completely filled, and men, women, and children were seen coming in crowds, with hasty steps, from all quarters of the long Glen. As we could not, like Mr K., once before, preach at night by candle light, in the open air, the people applied for a large meal mill which was near, and though busy at work, it was instantly stopped to give place to the bread of immortal life. When the broad two-leaved door was thrown open, by the eagerness of the people to gain admission, the press was so violent, that

we feared what might be the consequences ; a vast number, for want of room, stood contentedly before the door, beaten by the high wind and pierced by the cold. The most of those within were standing ; and when we, with some difficulty, got entrance, nothing could be seen around the rough machinery, and on the area of the mill, but human faces. In a Glen so narrow, and in many places of it where the inhabitants live at so great a distance from one another, it would astonish a stranger whence so many human beings came : I was so wedged in where I stood, that some of those behind had their chins placed almost on my shoulders. A young woman, who was very near, wept bitterly and aloud all the time, which would have been exceedingly disagreeable to me, had I not known the cause of her grief. Though we both spoke long, young and old heard with the most earnest and solemn attention. The solemnity of their countenances methinks is yet imprinted on my mind. Had Paul been there, and continued his speech till midnight, I am certain there would not have been any *Eutychus* asleep among them.

It was 10 o'clock when we dismissed, and many of our hearers were then above five miles from their homes, and some of them had to wade through the rapid river which runs down the middle of the Glen. But great distance, high wind and rain, dark nights, bad roads, flooded streams, snow, and even mountains covered with snow, cannot easily deter these people from hearing the glorious gospel of the blessed God : they do not consult their own ease or safety, nor regard walking several miles in the night, in face of wind and rain, to a place where a sermon had been appointed, when sinking to the ancles at every step in mire. I said to one of those who walked along with us, "this road is very bad." "Trifling matters of a worldly nature at times, Sir, give as much concern," was the pithy and significant reply made.

Having, on the first evening I reached the Glen, appointed sermon for next day, at one o'clock P.M. three miles farther up, on the south side of the river, we had scarcely finished breakfast in the morning, when told, unless we repaired instantly to the boat, we could not cross the water that day, the streams being in torrents, rushing down the face of the stupendous hills and rocks, on both sides of the Glen, and the river in many places already overflowing its banks. Of the many who wished to accompany

us, none ventured into the little crazy boat but Mr K., myself, and the man who ferried us over. Some of the people, in going round by the only bridge on the river in the Glen, had to walk eight or nine miles, and to return home again the same way; others, at the risk of their lives, crossed on horseback, at a place where the river divides itself into two branches. Being an eye-witness to this, and seeing the people moving from all quarters towards the place of meeting, with such apparent desire, to hear the gospel of salvation, I never had so deep a sense of my unworthiness and unfitness to declare it—I really felt as treading on holy ground. We were requested to preach in the evening at Inverwick, which was four miles at least still farther up, that those who had to remain at home might have an opportunity of attending; but the greater part of our hearers through the day attended us there also. The fact is, that being so much exposed to the stormy weather, and preaching so often, we were both quite wearied before we left Glenlyon; but the people were not, for they earnestly pressed one of us to remain longer with them.

They kept Mr K. once three weeks, labouring hard every day. His health at last began to yield. Many of them, I trust, will be to him for a crown of joy and rejoicing in the great day. Some of his hearers at Aberfeldy followed him at different times to Glenlyon (the distance being about 14 miles), and there two of them were led to believe the gospel, which they heard from the same person so frequently at home. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord!

There are about a hundred persons in Glenlyon itself who have been awakened since the beginning of last harvest. Some of these are children from the age of 7 to 14. Many, both young and old, have now found peace to their distressed minds, through a crucified Saviour, and adorn their Christian profession by their circumspect conduct: others are labouring still under the deepest sense of guilt and the most pungent grief; and not a few from time to time wonderfully and seriously impressed.

A few, who had at first made a sport of the fears of their neighbours, and even called the sincerity of their tears in question, heard the gospel, and they were soon convinced of the reality of both. The work of the Lord has gained so extensive and firm a footing now among them, that gainsayers are ashamed to avow

their sentiments ; and the people in general acknowledge, that a complete change of heart, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, is absolutely necessary before any one can be saved. Many indeed candidly confess, though they can distinguish truth in its grand leading doctrines from error, that no saving change has yet taken place on themselves ; they say that their hearts are too hard and indifferent to divine things to be changed.

These people, before the present revival, had a faint show of the form of Godliness, but as believers among them can well testify, they were to a high degree prejudiced against its real power. But little or nothing has been said by them against the gospel or its blessed effects, since one Sabbath, that Mr M'G. of ——, preached in the chapel of Inverwick. Like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he on that day spoke plainly and pointedly to them, and many believed to the saving of their souls : and as all had the fullest confidence in the piety and ability of the preacher, prejudices seem from that date to be wholly removed : at any rate, every thing like persecution is entirely chased from the place, and those who are seriously impressed are in the kindest manner treated by worldly men. Parents seem to rejoice when their children are concerned about their everlasting welfare ; and masters have allowed their servants to remit their work for days, during their distress of mind, that they might read the scriptures, with which they are well supplied, and to which they resort for consolation. Those who are not constrained to do good by the love of God, are either restrained from much evil by solemn awe, or a sense of shame before men.

Last Christmas, New Year's Day, Hansel Monday, their usual famous days for sport, madness, and superstition, were entirely overlooked throughout a Glen of 28 miles in length, and by a population that may amount to 600 or 700. A number of the young people having been invited some time since to attend a wedding in Rannoch, and finding on their arrival they were piping, fiddling, and dancing, they sat in a room by themselves conversing about profitable subjects.

All with whom I met distressed in mind were modest, teachable, and suppressed their agitated feelings as long and as much as they could ; and those who have obtained peace are attending diligently to the duties of their respective callings, read-

ing the scriptures, and are I hope making rapid progress in knowledge. It is indeed possible, that some of those who have been awakened may deceive others and also themselves; but a people so naturally sharp, active, and intelligent, and who have their minds so much led to divine things, we have every reason to believe that the Lord will raise up many of them to praise His name, whose convictions may not appear so pungent as those of some whom we have seen. But laying aside all conjectures as to the result of the present revival, in its different bearings, we most thankfully give the glory to God for what he has already done. The powerful work of his hand is conspicuously displayed in Glenlyon.

The great fertilising shower is now pouring down copiously on Fortingall, and the first heavy drops of it have begun to fall on Breadalbane. In all quarters of these places, there is a great desire to hear the gospel. Many are inquiring after truth—many are seriously impressed, and some of late gave decided proof of their being made new creatures. The pious Mr F.'s unwearied exertions to do good, both in public and private, are eminently countenanced; and the people of Glenlyon, crossing the high snowy mountains so often to hear him at L., have truly provoked those on both sides of Loch Tay to jealousy.

P. M.

THE POETRY OF DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BY REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, MANSE OF KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

III.

“**A**N claigeann,” or “The skull,” is the sixth, and usually reckoned the best poem in the collection. In it by a series of suppositions the poet gives a dramatic view of human life in the various characters of good and bad specimens in the different callings of life and orders of society. When a sceptic, Buchanan was deeply impressed with the fact of the existence of God from an examination of the skull of a horse; and now he draws lessons for himself and for the edification of others from a human skull. It is said that he saw this skull whilst attending the funeral of a young woman that was being buried in the graveyard of Lassintullich, in the shadow of Schiehallion; and local tradition points to the middle of the furthest west row of graves as the spot where the grave was dug and the skull that so powerfully attracted the poet’s attention turned up. The poem irresistibly reminds us of the grave-diggers in Hamlet, which Buchanan must have read; but it is in better keeping with the solemnity of the place than that unfeeling and outrageous farce which breaks out in the midst of an otherwise soul-harrowing tragedy.

He tells us that while sitting near a grave, looking over the heap cast out, he saw an unsightly skull lying on the ground. Having lifted it up, he heaved a sigh, turning it round in his hand. Then follows a minute and lively description of the miserable appearance presented by this skull, declaring that it mattered little now whether it once belonged to Alexander, or to a slave thrown out to die on a dunghill. He addresses the gravedigger thus—

“Fhir dheanamh na h-uagh’,
Nach cagair thu ’m chluais

Co 'n claigeann so fhuar mi 'm laimh ?
 'S gun cuirinn ris ceisd
 Mu ghnaths mu'n do theasd,
 Ged nach freagair e 'm feasd mo dhan."

Translated—

"Gravedigger, draw near,
 Whisper now in mine ear
 Whose skull is this I have got ?
 That ask him I may
 How he lived in his day,
 Though he answer me never a jot."

He first supposes it to be that of a young maiden, well-favoured, with beautiful eyes, attracting young men by her loveliness, and catching them, as it were, in a net. The poet moralises on the appearance she now presents :—

"Tha nise, gach agh
 Bha cosnadh dhut graidh
 Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach ;
 Mar bhaisg air an uaigh
 A chreach thu de 'n bhuaidh
 Bha ceangailt ri snuadh do dhreach."

Translated—

"Ah ! now every charm
 That won thee love warm
 Is changed into utter disgust ;
 Accurst be the tomb
 That robbed the sweet bloom
 Of thy winning form low in the dust."

The fact that Buchanan begins with the fair maiden, and introduces no other female character into the poem, supports the tradition that the subject was suggested whilst attending the funeral of a young woman. The characters of the just and unjust judge then pass before us. On the unjust judge he makes a characteristic comment :—

"'S mar robh thusa fìor
 Ann a d' oifig am binn,
 'S gun drinn thu an dìreach fìar,
 'S co cinnteach an nì
 'Nuair thainig do chrioch,
 Gu'n deachaidh do dhìt' le Dia."

Translated—

“ If thou wast not just
 In discharging thy trust,
 But over the righteous trod,
 As sure as death
 Took away thy breath
 Thou wast then condemned by God.”

There is a description of a doctor given, which, in wit and satire, is worthy of the genius of Burns:—

“ No 'n robh thu a d' leigh
 A leigheas nan creuchd
 'S a deanamh gach eugail slan ?
 A d' ioc-shlaintibh mor
 A deanamh do bhosd
 Gu'n dibreadh tu choir o'n bhas ?

“ Mu thruaige gu'n threig
 Do leigheas thu fein
 'Nuair bha thu fo' eucail chruaidh ;
 Gun fhoghnadh gun sta
 Am purgaid ro 'm plasd
 Gu d' chumail aon tra o 'n uaigh.”

Translated—

“ Wert a doctor of skill
 Professing to heal
 All the wounds and diseases we bear,
 And making great boast
 Of thy feats in the past
 In depriving grim Death of his share !

“ Ah ! thy skill to cure
 Forsook thee that hour
 When struggling so hard with thy doom ;
 Then of little avail
 Were plaster or pill
 To keep thee one hour from the tomb.”

The victorious General passes in review before us, conquered at length by an army of worms and beetles ; then the virtuous man ; then the glutton ; then the kind and generous lord of the soil ; then the tyrant, who skins his tenants—for it would seem there were difficulties about the land question in Buchanan's time as well as now. There is a fine picture drawn of the distressed agriculturist, his

cattle seized for non-payment of rent, while the poor man in vain calls out for delay, and now he stands trembling before the proprietor, or factor :—

“Gun chridh’ aig na daoine,
A bh’ air lomadh le h-aois
Le ’n claigeannaibh maola truagh,
Bhi seasadh a’ d’ choir
Gun bhoineid na’n dorn,
Ge d’ tholladh gaoth reot’ an cluas.”

Translated—

“No heart had the sage,
Now drooping with age,
With skull so naked and sear,
Before thee to stand
Without bonnet in hand,
Though the frosty wind bored his ear.”

The poet then describes two classes of ministers. First, the faithful minister :—

“No ’m ministear thu
Bha tagra’ gu dlu
Ri pobull, an ughdarras De ;
’Gam pilleadh air ais
Bha ’g imeachd gu bras
Gu h-ifrinn na casgraidh dhein ?”

Translated—

“Wert a minister of fame,
In God’s holy name,
That earnestly pleaded and well
With the folks to return
Who were running to burn
In the horrible furnace of hell ?”

In describing the unfaithful minister, he makes pointed allusion to his own experience under a stepmother :—

“No ’n robh thu gun sgoinn
Mar mhuime mu chloinn,
Gun churam de dh’ oighreachd Dhe ;
Na’m faigheadh tu ’n rusg
Bha coma co dhiu
Mu’n t-sionnach bhi stiuradh an treud.”

Translated—

“Or like stepmother thou,
Regardless, I trow,

Of the children and kingdom of God,
With mind quite at ease,
If thou didst get the fleece,
Though thy flock should be led by the tod?"

Then comes the unscrupulous schemer, who leaves an answer to God out of his plans, and the habitual liar and scandalmonger. The punishment of such wicked reprobates in the place of torment will be fearful. Here is a fearful description of the manner in which the body shall be prepared for enduring the fierce flames of hell, an idea which our poet takes from Vincent:—

“'N sin cruaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mor iar'n
'Us d' fheithean mar iallaibh prais :
'Us teannaichidh d' fheoil
Mar innean nan ord
Nach cnamb i le moid an teas.”

Translated—

“Then like iron or stones
God will harden thy bones
And thy veins, like latches of brass ;
And thy flesh in that smithy,
Hammered tough like a stithy,
Undissolved through the furnace shall pass.”

The following refers to the change that will come over the skull of the righteous at the resurrection:—

“'N sin deasaichidh Dia
Do mhaise mar ghrian
Tha 'g eiridh o sgiath nam beann,
'Cur fradharc ro gheur
'S na suilean so fein
'S iad a' dealradh mar reulta a' d' cheann.”

Translated—

“Then in beauty divine
God will make them to shine
Like the sun rising up from his bed,
Putting eyelids so bright
In these sockets, and light
That shall sparkle like stars in thy head.”

The poet concludes with the following stanza, which contains a reflection so weighty and admirable that it has been

put on the monument erected to his memory in the village of Kinloch-Rannoch :—

“ Fhir chluineas mo dhan
 Dean aithreachas tra
 'M feadh a mhaireas do shlaint 's do bheachd,
 Mu'n tig ort am bas
 Nach leig thu gu brath
 Air geata nan gras a steach.”

Translated—

“Thou that hearest my rhyme
 Repent thee in time
 While thy health and thy reason last,
 Lest death find thee so
 And to regions of woe
 From the portals of grace thee cast.”

Winter is the seventh poem in the collection, and is an interesting, instructive, and beautiful production. This season is often severe and gloomy enough in Rannoch; and Dugald's humble straw-thatched cottage endured many a fierce and pitiless blast in his day. Then, to walk or drive round Loch Rannoch on a cold, stormy, winter day, as our poet had often to do, was sometimes very trying. No doubt there is fine poetry in all this, and our poet does his best to extract it for the benefit of his readers.

Buchanan commences by describing how the approach of winter destroys all the beauties of nature that were developed in summer, spreading its wings over us, sending back the sun, snow falling—its breath like a scissors cutting down all the flowers, roses, and leaves everywhere, and imprisoning the streams under flags of blackish blues. A frosty whistle then issues from the throat of winter that blows into a tempest, ferments the sea to a wild raving of the waves, curdles sleet to snow, and burnishes the stars till they appear very brilliant. He then brings out very happily how men and beasts who have not laid up stores in summer are now in want, whilst those who were industrious have a tendency to grow inhospitable—contrasting the gay and idle butterfly with the industrious and

provident ant and bee. Having given this description, he applies it as a parable (1) to the case of old men, and (2) to that of the young, giving elaborate descriptions of both, and with great power of argument and language directing them to the path of duty and safety. There are several fine reflections and proverbs in this poem. For example—

“ Reir caithe na beatha
'S tric leatha gun crìoch i ;
Bidh an cleachda' fas laidir
Do-fhasach o'n inntinn ;
Na labhair an sean fhocal
'I deinhin leam fìor e
'An car theid 'san t-sean mhaid
Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh'.”

Translated—

“ According as one's life is spent
So does it often end ;
Habits grow stronger when their roots
Down to the mind extend ;
What the old proverb says, I think,
Is very true and right,
That when an old stick has a bend
It seldom will get straight.”

Again—

“ Faic seasan na bliadhna
'S dean ciall uath a tharruing ;
'S ma's aill leat gu'm buain thu
Dean ruadhar 's an earrach ;
Dean connadh 's an t-samhradh
Ni 'sa gheamhradh do gharadh ;
'S ma dhibreas tu 'n seasan
Dhut 's eigin bhi falamh.”

Translated—

“ Behold the season of the year,
And from it wisdom bring :
If thou desir'st to reap a crop,
Delve up thy ground in spring ;
In summer lay for winter's use
Good store of brushwood past,
And if the season thou neglect
Cold want must come at last.”

The following proverb is liable to objection :—

“’Se milleadh gach cuise
Bhi gun churam ’cur dail innt’ ;
’S ionnan aithreachas criche
’S bhi cuir sil mu Fheill Martuinn.”

Translated—

“Undue delay through want of care
Spoils many a hopeful case ;
And late repentance is like seed
One sows at Martinmas.”

Now, the analogy does not universally hold, for winter wheat, which is our finest grain, is generally sown about the Martinmas term. In Rannoch, however, where no wheat is cultivated, it may do very well.

The poet finishes with the following weighty reflection and advice :—

“ Faic a chuileag ga diteadh
Le siontaibh an naduir,
’S o dhibir i’n seasan
Gur h-eigin di basach ;
Faic gliocas an t-seangan
Na thional cho trathail ;
’S dean eiseampleir leanail
Chum d’ anam a shabhal’.”

Translated—

“Behold the laws of nature work
In case of butterfly,
Which for neglecting of its time
Is now condemned to die ;
Behold the wisdom of the ant
In timely gathering food ;
And save thy soul through profiting
By its example good.”

The eighth and last poem in the collection is entitled “A Prayer,” and manifests an amount of reverence, humility, contrition, gratitude, faith in God through Christ, earnest desire to do the right, desire after holiness, and meek resignation to the will of God, seldom found in any similar composition. For obvious reasons, I will not enter into a detailed examination of this prayer ; yet I shall

quote two remarkable passages. The first passage—the 11th and 12th stanzas—is interesting as a very comprehensive view of the Gospel scheme—

“Giheadh am faod an lasar threun
A sgoilteas as a cheil an tuil,
Drughadh orm troi’ umhlachd Chrìosd
'S mi gabhail dìon a steach fo' fhuil?
An fhuil a dhiol do cheartas teann
'S a dhoirteadh air a chrann gu lar,
'S ann aisd tha m' earbsa, O mo rìgh,
Nach dìt thu m'anam air a sgath.”

Translated—

“Yet can the potent lightnings of thine arm
That cleave asunder even the mighty flood,
Through Christ's obedience pierce to do me harm
When I repose 'neath covert of his blood?
That blood which once upon the cross was shed
And all the claims of justice satisfied,
Is now my surest hope, O Sovereign dread,
That thou wilt spare my soul for Him that died.”

The other passage I shall quote is interesting as containing a presentiment of the manner of his death-plague—he died of a malignant fever in the summer of 1768—and how he would be enabled to encounter it or any other visitation so long as he placed his hope in God—

“'N sin atadh tonnan borb a chuain,
'Us beucadh torrùn chruaidh nan speur,
Thigeadh crìth-thalmhainn gort us plaigh
Bhios roinn a bhais gach taobh a theid.
Bi thus a'd' Dhia do m'anam fein
'S bidh iad gu leir dhomh 'n cairdeas graidh;
Cha loisg an tein' gun ordugh uat
Cha slujg an cuan 's cha sgriecas a phlaigh.”

Translated—

“Then let the swelling waves of ocean roll,
And thunders hard of heaven crash far and wide,
Let earthquake, famine, plague, assail my soul,
Dispensing death to men on every side.
Only be thou a present help to me,
And I of these the friendship will enjoy;
Fire shall not burn without command from Thee,
Nor ocean swallow, nor the plague destroy.”

The poems of Dugald Buchanan have now been 115 years before the reading public ; and during that time more than 20 editions of them have been issued by the press—being at the average rate of an edition every five or six years. This is a large circulation, considering the necessarily limited number of Gaelic readers, and to the credit of Highlanders their esteem for their great hymn writer still continues. He has now lived his century—the term prescribed by Horace as the test of literary excellence—and his position as a Gaelic sacred classic is secure ; and although they have demolished his house in Kinloch, so long as the granite obelisk will endure, and the fountain now opened will continue to run, yea, and after they both have perished in the final conflagration so vividly described by himself, his name and work in Rannoch will be held in remembrance amongst the angels and saints in glory.

DELILAH.

HE stands before her glorious, that strong man in the pride
Of his all matchless manhood—thus she lures him to her
side ;

A woman of a hostile race, endowed with wondrous dower,
In subtle brain and supple limb, to wield a tempter's power.
A ready wit, a witching smile, a woman's wish to please,
Her very accents softly fall, like bird-notes, on the breeze ;
Eyes gleaming with seductive light, wherein fierce passions lie
With lurid splendour, like the shine of some tempestuous sky.
No need to woo the kisses from those fragrant, fruity lips,
Unchidden he the nectar in intoxication sips,
And yields himself, a willing slave, to such frail love as this,
And for the hour, insensate fool, dreams this is perfect bliss.

From Askelon, from Ashdod—Gaza, Gath, and Ekron too,
The lords came forth all eagerly the syren's aid to woo.
“ Entice him, O Delilah, with the love-light of thine eyes ;
Entice him, that he tell thee now, wherein his great strength lies ;
And we will dower thee richly, only be brave, and free
Our country from the baleful yoke of this man's tyranny.”

“ How beautiful thou art, love, in the freshness of thy might !
How beautiful thy ebon locks, thy dark eyes' matchless light ;
Hath no man ever bound thee, from thy youth up, until now ?
Come, tell me all, O Samson, while I smooth thy noble brow.”

“ An thou bindest me with green withes,” said he, with mocking
mien,

“ I shall be weak and powerless, thy captive, O my queen.”
He lied, as men do lie sometimes, nor deem the thing a curse,
For the devil salves it over—they feel themselves no worse.
Three times he lied, and three times—such is woman's weakness
still—

She dreamed her leman captive subservient to her will.

“How canst thou say ‘I love thee,’ when thy very actions prove
Mistrustful of my truth, which is the touch-stone of true love.
Three times thou hast but mocked me, yet I love thee, Samson, still,
Shall love thee truly always, e’en through good report or ill !”

“Peace, woman, prate no longer, for my soul is vexed to death ;
I will this time answer truly—from the hour I first drew breath
Hath no razor come upon me ; thus I my strength retained
For a scourge unto thy people, as the Hebrews’ God ordained.”

“Nay, scold me not, my darling, I know thou lov’st me now ;
I did but try thee, Samson, and in return I vow
To be thy slave for ever, thine own, thine abject slave,
Surely thou’lt not refuse me now the one small boon I crave ?
Smiling again ? ay, even so, my lion-hearted king,
Who can compare with thee, my love ? who can thy praises sing ?
But how thy pulses throb, dear, how eager is thy tone,
How full of passion are thine eyes, my beautiful, my own.
Come to thine own old resting-place, upon my knees to sleep,
And may Dagon bless thy slumber, that it prove both long and
deep.”

Swift gleaming steel performs its work, while prone the strong man
stays ;
And if, half-wakened by its touch, Delilah’s finger strays
With soothing power upon his brow, he feels her witchery still—
No earthly arm can save him now from her relentless will.

“Wake, Samson, wake ! thy foemen come, their grasp is on thee
now ;
Wake, dotard, wake ! and learn, thou fool, how I have kept my vow.
I swore by Dagon’s sovereign power to bend thy will to mine.
Where is thy God—the Hebrews’ God—with vaunted power divine ?”

“’Twill be like music to my soul, to know thy mother weeps—
To feel some dark-eyed Hebrew maid will murmur while she
sleeps ;
True, even where thou hast been false, for so thy women love :
They tell me that disgrace and death their constancy do prove.
And I have won thee from them all, to lure thee to thy fate,
A sacrifice to Dagon’s wrath, and my own people’s hate.

See, see my wealth—the price is paid. Thou hast been bought
and sold ;

A very slave. Say wilt thou yet stay by me, and be told
How sweet it is to mock thee now, when I have cringed so long,
To feel *my* power hath laid so low, the mighty and the strong ”

Man-forsaken, God-deserted,
Lead him forth, dishonoured fool,
To a prison, filthy, loathsome,
Vilest woman's weakest tool.

M. O. W.

SEALLADH AIR GACH TAOBH.

AIR dhomh dol a suas air mullach cnoic, air latha fogharaidh, chi mi sealladh math air an duthaich mun cuairt orm. Tha an t-arbhar a fas geal, 's tha na buanaichean a deanadh deas air son a bhi an greim leis an speal 's leis a chorrán. Feumar a bhi ag obair a nis, gus am bi na saibhlean lan, 's gum bi doigh aig daoine air tighinn beo 'nuair a thig an Geamhradh, agus a bhios an talamh na luidhe fo phlangaid an t-sneachda. Sin mar tha na laithean a ruith. Cha'n fhada gus an tig am bliadhna gu crìch, 's gus an ruig sinn an ath chlach mhìle air turus na beatha so.

Bu lan mhithich do'n fhogharadh tighinn mu dheireadh. Thoisich na speuran air uisge a dhortadh aig toiseadh mìos meadhonaich an t-Samhraidh, 's is gann a thainig latha do thormachd gu ceann raidh. Bha an t-arbhar co gorm aig Lunastal's a bha e aig a Bhealltuinn's bha choltas air nach tigeadh abuchadh idir. Coma, thainig deadh aimsir mu mheadhon an naoidheadh mìos, agus feudar suil a bhi againn nach fhada gus am bi an iolainn lan do chruachan geala, 's gus am bi am muilleir a bleth mine, rud a dh'fheumas a bhi deanta fhad 's a ruitheas clach 's uisge.

Thugamaid suil air eachdraidh an t-saoghail. Gu cinnteach is iomadh car a tha an roth a toirt. Tha an lagh ur a nis ag oibreachadh, leis an deachaidh Parlamaid beag a chur air bonn anns gach Siorramachd. Chaidh na comhairlichean a thaghadh anns an Earrach, agus tha iad a nis a riaghladh anns gach aite. Bu mhor an strì a chaidh a dheanadh air son aiteachan a thoirt a mach anns a chomhairle, agus b'e ar durachd gun deanadh an dream a chaidh a thaghadh deadh bhuil do'n dreuchd a ghabh iad os laimh. Chi mi gu'm bheil an luchd-lagha nan cabhaig

ag iarraidh a bhi air an tuarasdalachadh aig na comhairlean, air son sgrìobhadh agus cunntas a dheanadh. Cha'n 'eil ni a thachras air an talamh so, anns nach faigh an luchd-lagha buannachd. 'S eiginn do gach neach ni eiginn a deanadh air son a theachd an tir a chosnadh, agus mar sin tha an dream a laimhsicheas am peann a dheanadh oidhirp air sgillinn a tharruinn a dh'ionnsuidh am pocaidean feine. Cha'n 'eil fhios aig duine beo fhathast ciamar a dh' oibricheas an lagh ur. Feudar a radh gun dean e da ni, co dhiubh. Ni e moran struidheadh air airgid, agus ni e moran aimhreite am measg dhaoine. Ciod sam bith an lagh a thig a mach a nis, tha so a leantuinn na luirg—tuille airgid a chur a mach, agus tuille uallaich air a leagail air amhaichean nan daoine a ta a paigheadh na cise. M' as ann a chum math a tha so, cha bhi aobhar gearain ann, 's cha'n fhada gus am faicear gu soilleir co dhiubh is calldachd no buannachd do'n duthaich gun tainig an lagh ur a mach o'n Pharlamaid Bhreatunnach.

Thainig am na sealgaireachd. Thugadh an coileach ruadh an aire dha fein, an uair a chi e na h-oganaich a togail a bhruthaich, gach fear dhiubh le a ghunna 'na achlais ag iarraidh na sithinne. Is iomadh lambach fudair a theid a losgadh am measg an fhraoich m' an tig an Fheill Martuinn. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil na sealgairean Sasunnach a tarruinn morain airgid do 'n Ghaidhealtachd, 's nach 'eil iad a fagail cuid mhath dheth nan deigh. 'S math gu'm bheil an urrad sin do bhuanachd a tighinn air an duthaich air an tailleadh.

Is e so an t-am, mar an ceudna, anns am bi daoine a' cruinneachadh thall 's a bhos, air son cluichean na duthcha a ghnathachadh. Tha so 'na dheadh chleachdainn, 's bu choir a chumail air aghaidh. B'e abhaist ar sinnsirean a bhi g' am feuchainn fein aig a chloich neirt 's aig tilgeil an uird mhoir, seadh agus ann a bhi a dannsadh ri fuaim na pioba. Cha bu mhiosa a sheasadh iadsan an aite fein 's an t-saoghal air son, 's gu'n do chleachd iad an obair so le h-aobhneas agus cridhealas. Bu mhath gu'm biodh soirbh-

eachadh air daoine a thaobh na side, air chor 's nach biodh riobainean nam maighdean air am fliuchadh, 's am maise air a mhilleadh.

Thainig Tormoid Macleoid gu bhi na mhinisteir ann am baile Inbhirnis aig toiseach an fhogharaidh. Sin far am bheil Gaidheal foghainteach, agus fear a chumas a suas cliu nan daoine o'n tainig e. 'S mor am beud gun do luidh co trom air an Ollamh Dhomhnullach, 's gu'm b' eiginn dha dreuchd na h-eaglaise a leigeil dheth. Cha robh fear 's an Airde Tuath, 's cha 'n 'eil mi ag radh gu'n robh fear 's an Airde Deas, a dheanadh searmon co math ris. Ach air dhasan sgur do theagasg, is coir a bhi toilichte gu'n robh do ghliocas ann am muinntir Inbhirnis gu'n tug iad gairm do fhear co freagarrach air son seasadh 'na aite.

Is mor an t-aobhar doilghios a bhi ag innseadh gun tainig a chrìoch air Mairi Nic Ealair. Cha robh a laithean buan, ach is fada a mhaireas a cliu. Cuig bliadhna deug agus da fhichead, 's e sin na chaidh orduchadh dhith do reis an t-saoghail so, an aite nan trì fichead agus deich. Bha i ainmeil mar bhan fhilidh agus mar bhan sgrìobhaiche. Cuiridh sinn clach air a charn aice, agus is fada a bhios cuimhne orra 's a Ghaidhealtachd.

Tha am *Miosaiche* a ruith gus an dara bliadhna, 's bu choir gu'm biodh e a deanadh grama air cridheachan an t-sluaigh. Rinn na cinn iuil an culaidh mhaithis air a shon, 's bu mhath an airidh gun soirbhicheadh leo.

I. G.

THE PICTISH LANGUAGE; VIEWS OF
DR WHITLEY STOKES.

THE question as to what language the Picts spoke has now passed into the hands of trained Celtic philologists, and one or two of the leading scholars have already pronounced their opinion on the matter. The last, and by far the most important, pronouncement on the subject has just been made by Dr Whitley Stokes, who may be called without any invidiousness the best Celtic scholar of our time. In the volume of the *Proceedings of the Philological Society* now being published, he has a contribution of seventy pages dealing with the "Linguistic Value of the Irish Annals," and, therein, he gives a complete vocabulary of Pictish words as handed down in the old geographers and annalists, together with etymologies and the deductions to be drawn from the phonetics of the list of words which he has brought together. The severely scientific and practical character of Dr Stokes' two dozen pages of Pictish words makes it far and away the best contribution ever made to the study of the Pictish question.

First, we shall give Dr Stokes' account of his own and his predecessors' views about the Picts, and thereafter draw attention to some interesting facts which he brings forward. He says—"As to the linguistic and ethnological affinities of the Picts, four irreconcilable hypotheses have been formed, three of which are still upheld. The first, due to Pinkerton, and supported, I am sorry to say, by the late Mr Oldbuck, of Monkbarne,¹ is that the Picts were Teutons and spoke a Gothic dialect; the second, started by Professor Rhys, is that the Picts were Non-Aryans, whose language was overlaid by loans from Welsh and Irish; the third, the

¹ See Scott's *Antiquary*, chap. VI.

property of Mr Skene, is that they were Celts, but Gaelic Celts rather than Cymric; the fourth, and, in my judgment, the true hypothesis, favoured by Professor Windisch and Mr A. Macbain, is that they were Celts, but more nearly allied to the Cymry than to the Gael." Dr Stokes, in fact, endorses the view first indicated by Professor Windisch and afterwards elaborated by the present writer, first, in the *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XII., and afterwards in the columns of the *Northern Chronicle*¹ newspaper in the spring of this year.

The extent of Pictish possessions in Scotland, Dr Stokes lays down as, in the 8th century, all north of the Forth except Argyle, and perhaps a Gaelic settlement on the Tay. He has, of course, no Picts of Galloway. In Ireland, he points out that the annalists plant Picts or Cruithni in Dal-Araide (Down and part of Antrim), in Meath and in Roscommon; but their power, position, and origin are alike obscure. The name *Cruithnig* Dr Stokes refers to the root word *cruth* (form) with a "probably" qualifying the reference; the word Pict is referred to a root *quik*, whence the Irish word *cicht*, an engraver. The resemblance to the Latin *pictus* is deceptive, but he connects the Picts, as to name, with the Pictones and Pictavi of Gaul, as Professor Windisch did. In the vocabulary many interesting etymologies are suggested and parallel words are given from Gaulish and old Welsh, which go far to prove the close connection between Pictish and the Celtic P group of languages, as Professor Rhys has called Welsh and Gaulish in opposition to the Q group, whereby he characterises the Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland. The thoroughly Brythonic character of the words *aber* and *pet*, in place names, is fully shown, and no less so that of *pean* (head), *Perth* (brake), *Pern*, &c., while the Welsh phonetics of words like *Urgest*, *Elphin*, *Naiton*, *Ochil*, and others, are duly noted. Two or three of the most striking of Dr Stokes' derivations may be mentioned. The puzzling island name of Iona, the

¹ *Northern Chronicle* for Feb. 12, 19, 26, and March 12, 1890.

Hii of Bede, and the I of modern times, may be cognate with the Latin word *pius*, whence comes the English *piety*. The river name Ness is connected with the Greek Neda, a river of the Peloponnesus, and a Sanskrit word for river, viz., *nadi*. The older forms would then be Nes, Nes-ta, from Ned-ta; as *fios* comes from *vid-tu-s*.

Dr Stokes deals a quiet blow at some of Professor Rhys's theories. The great "dog" theory which the Professor propounds in the July number of the *Scottish Review* is called in to explain some Pictish names having a syllable like *cu* or *con* therein. Thus Mailcon, the father of Brude the Great, is explained by Professor Rhys as *Macl-chon*, "slave of the dog," which connects the name and the idea with totemism, and gives it a Non-Aryan character. Dr Stokes, with far greater probability, compares the name with the Welsh *Maelgwn*, which stands for Gildas' Maglocunos, a powerful British prince of the sixth century, who may indeed have been Brude's father, since the Pictish rule of succession allowed the sons of Pictish princesses by foreigners to succeed to the throne. The Professor's account of Macbeth is, however, the most strange part of his article, Macbeth is identified with the enigmatical Karl Hundason, that is, Churl, "Son of Dog," which practically means "Dog's slave," as in Mailcon's case. All other writers have identified Karl Hundason with King Duncan. Anyway, the story certainly does not suit Macbeth's history. On the strength of Hundason being a translation of Macbeth, Professor Rhys discovers a Non-Aryan word *beth* signifying "hound." Dr Stokes points out that Macbeth is a corruption of Mac Bethad,¹ the *Mac be ad* of the Book of Deir, and means "son of life," that is, a religious person. We may point out that *Macrae* stands for *Mac Rath*, "son

¹ The genitive *bethad* is equated by Dr Stokes with Gr. *βιολῶτος*, pointing to an Old Celtic *bivotōtos*. Though this form might conceivably explain Old Irish *beothu*, yet the modern *beatha* has the *ea* (for *e*) short, clearly pointing to an original *bitōl* as stem, and merely the same root as *bit* (world) with a different stem. The *eo* of the Old Irish word represents an *i* affected by the subsequent *u* for *ō*.

of grace," and both it and Macbeth were originally applied as *Christian* names, not patronymics; for King Macbeth was patronymically "Macbeth, son of Finlay." Dr Stokes cites another instance where *mac* goes along with an abstract noun similarly, viz., *Mac báis*, "son of death," meaning a wicked person. In fact *mac* was and is common in this use—such as Mac-leisg, "son of laziness," which stands for a lazy person; Mac-mhallachd, "son of malediction;" Mac-samhuil, "a like son," *i.e.*, a match, not to mention Mac-talla (echo), and Mac-tire (wolf).

ADDITIONAL POEMS FROM THE
MACCOLL MS.

[FROM MR EVAN MACCOLL].¹

EARRAN DE DHAN MU NA MNATHAN.

Leis a' Bhard Laoimneach, mac Moraire Leamhnaich.

LUAINEACH ged a gheobh thu 'ghaodh,
'S luainiche na mnaidh nan run ;
An te gheall an diugh dhuit gradh
Taghaidh 'maireach leannan ur !

Mar is boidhche gheobh thu iad
'S ann is lugha 'n ciall d' a reir ;
'S tric, trath dhoibh bhi 'mealladh chaich,
A gheobhear iad 'gam mealladh fein.

A 'm fear laidir cha'n 'eil am miann,
Cha'n aill leo duine dian, bochd ;
Cha taobh iad ri brammanach breun,
Fear seimh cha'n fhaigh iad gun lochd.

Nam fhaigheadh i lan a sul
De gheugan ur a' teachd o thraig,
Cha bu ruith leath' sud ach leum—
Cha'n 'eil feile air na mnaidh !

¹ Mr MacColl writes us :—"The poems I herewith send you—a further batch from the MacColl MS., quoted from in the *Highland Monthly* of last March—will, I hope, be found equally worthy the attention of lovers of the Celtic muse. *Thuguibh dhuinn iad ma ta!*

"The titles given to these poems, the parties to whom they are ascribed, &c., I give you just as they are found in the MS. before me. It is a pity that, with the exception of the verses credited to the Bard O'Daly, MacColl leaves us quite in the dark as to the actual name of the author of any of the other three poems, the reason most likely being he did not himself know.

"In the 7th verse of the 'Rannan an aghaidh an Oil,' in your March number, I found the word 'tighiche' misprinted 'lighiche'; and in the last verse of 'Bruidhinn le Mairi nan Dan,' the word 'earradh' in place of earrail'—both, however, mistakes of very slight consequence, and for which I blame only my own bad handwriting."

Cha'n aill leath' ach nis aill leath' fein ;
 Cha bhi i beo mur faigh i (a) miann ;
 'S cha mhotha dheanamh i do d'reir
 Na ged leigeadh tu leath' fein an srian.

Ged bhiodh agam da-bhaile-dheug,
 Ged a thogam coig-ceud ath,
 'S muilleann a chur air gach sruth,
 Gheobhainn-sa guth bho na mnaidh !

DUAN LE FEAR THEARLOCHAIN.

B' aithne dhomh-sa bean, aon uair
 Bha lan ceill 'us stuaim 'nam shuil ;
 Cha chreidinn, ged a b' ann bho fhaigh,
 Gu'n robh mi gle chearr 'nam dhuil.

Chunnaic mi, tiom ghearr, o sin,
 M' ullaidh 'ruidh air falbh le daoidh ;
 B' e sud an comunn gun adh,
 'S mairg a bheireadh gradh do mhnaoidh !

Bean le *da* chridhe 'na cliabh,
 Na leig an Triadh mi 'na dail—
 Aon dhiubh rium ri comhradh ciuin,
 'S aon dhiubh air mo chul 'g am chnamh !

'N ath-uair fhuair mi seal d' a gnuis
 Air an dun ud siar bho m' theach,
 Labhair i, le comhradh borb, rium,
 " Co as an corra-ghiullan glas ? "

'S glas am fochunn, 's glas am feur,
 'S glas a' choill 's an cluinnte ceol,
 'S glas an soc tha 'm bar a chroinn,
 'S glas muir shaibhir nan long mor.

'S glas an claidhe theid 'san truail,
 'S glas an tuagh 'g am bheil a' chas—
 'N uair bhios i gu tana, geur,
 Cha mhist' a beum ged robh i glas !

Mar fhadadh teine fo 'n t-sail,
 Mar bhuille uird air stailinn fhuar,
 Mar thiomachadh cloich 'an lièine
 Comhairle thoirt do bhean gun stuaim.

Iasgach air lochan gun lion,
Siol a chur a' m fearann fliuch,
Deamhas thoirt a lomadh gheadh
Gradh a thoirt do mhnaoidh gun thus.

Mo thruaigh mise nach do chreid
An deagh shean-fhacal 'na thrath !
Mar ghreim air easgunn 'an sruth
Geill a thoirt do ghuth nam mna !

Ceart mar gheobhar iad an diugh,
Bi'dh iad mar sin gu brach, buan ;
Di-donaich ged robh iad 'gad reir,
Bi 'nad earalas fein di-luain !

RANNAN LE CLARSAIR EIRIONNACH.

Bha mi seal aig O'Cuirealan caomh,
Bha mi seal aig O'Muirealan mor,
Bha mi seal aig O'Neil 'na theach,
'S cha robh mi riamh 'an teach a b'fhèarr.

'S e Nial O'Neil a thog an teach
O 'm faichte gach long 'us gach loch ;
B' fheile O'Neil a steach
Na mhuir mhor mu'n mhaorach.

Nial O'Neil nan steud-cach luath,
'S e bu bhuachaille air Eirionn ;
Bu lionmhoirre daoine 'na theach
Na duilleach air a' choille chraobhach.

A bhi coimeas Clann O'Ceinn
Ri Clann Neil nam abhal oir,
B' e bhi caoimeas lochan faoin
Ri cuairt ghreadhnach na muir mhor !

'S e tir O'Neil is taine traigh,
'S e 's caraid do na cliara ;
Dheana eoin na mara mach
Deoir fhala 'ga fhiarraidh.

Dh' eirich a' ghaoth o'n airde noir,
 Chinn fearg air an fhairge mhor,
 'Us chrom an fheile air a glun—
 Mar long gun stiuir, Eirionn gun Nial.¹

OIDHCHE GHEAMHRAIDH ANN AN TAIGH
 TUATH'NICH EIRIONNACH.

LEIS A' BHARD O'DALUIDH.

Bha gach aon de ghillean an tuath'nich (do am b' ainm Gillebride) a' tobhairt cunntas fa leth dha air olcas na side am muigh, agus labhair iad mar a leanas, fear an deidh fir :—

A cheud ghille—

Mar ghob guilbinich air crith-reothadh,
 Buirbe na tuinne 'ga reotha ;
 'S e dh-fhag mo chridhe-sa bi-reotha,
 Crith-reotha na h-oidhche 'ga reotha.

An darna gille—

Am muigh ta torman trom,
 Guth na mara 's gaodh nan gleann ;
 Chaidh casg air onfhagh nan tonn
 O'n churr throm is ceann-bhan greann.

An treas ghille—

Tha crannlach na coille air chrith,
 Tha 'n saoghal 'na chath-cuir,
 Tha 'n sneac a' dalladh nan eun ;
 'S amhluidh mo sgeul 's mar tha 'muigh.

Arsa O'Daluidd (do 'n do thachair a bhi 'cur seachad na h-oidhche 'an taigh Gillebride)—

A mach ort gu clis, Illebhride !
 Mar a toir thu dion gu luath dhoibh,
 Bi'dh closnaichean reoidhte am maireach
 Gun ghainne 'measg alach do bhuaille.

¹ The O'Niel here eulogised was evidently the Chief of that name who, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, refused to acknowledge her rule, until eventually, though not till after having had the best of it in many a hard-fought fight with the forces sent to subdue him, he was forced to make the submission hinted at in the Clarsair's closing verse.

Ach arsa 'm bodach (Gillebride) r'a nighean—

Eirich am mach, aiteal, a dh' amhrac
Nam bo chaol-dhubh, chrotach, bhacach,
Ged bheireadh gaoth fhuar an aonaich
Slatan caol o 'm freumh air chnoca !

Ud ! ud ! ars' O'Dàluidh, th'air leam fein nach 'eil e
idir freagarrach a bhi cur na h-ighinne a muigh 'us fir gu
leoir a staigh—cainnt a thug an tuath'nach 's a chuid
ghillean gu'n casan, 's amach thug iad orra, le deagh-thoil
na caraid a dh' fhag iad a staigh a' cur seachad na tiom'gu
sona, sugrach gu am do chach tilleadh dhachuidh.

'S beag an t-ioghna 'm bard bhi sporsail
Mu na pogan an sin fhuair e
Bho ni'an bhoidheach Ghillbride,
Tainng do'n droch-shid thug mu 'n cuairt sud !

MARY MACKELLAR, BARD AND
SEANACHIE.

FOR the last six years we have had annually to mourn the loss of one after another from the narrow number of our leading Gaelic literary lights. First, in 1885, J. F. Campbell of Islay, the collector of tales and ballads, died, and there followed him in consecutive years the three great protagonists of Gaelic criticism and scholarship—Drs Maclauchlan, Clerk, and Cameron. Last year closed the chequered career of Dr Charles Mackay, the poet; and we now with sincerest regret record the death of Mary Mackellar, poetess and folk-lorist. This unexpected event took place on the 7th September at her residence in Edinburgh, and at the comparatively early age of fifty-five years. Mrs Mackellar, it seems, was ailing for a considerable time. She had caught a cold during the winter, and every partial recovery was followed by a relapse, until she became the subject of what seemed to be a stubborn bronchitis, aggravated by heart disease, of which she died. About a month previous to her death she felt herself better, and was preparing to make her annual visit to the North, to try the effect of her native air in Lochaber, when she had a relapse from which she never recovered. Her body was conveyed from Edinburgh to Lochaber, and buried in the churchyard of Kilmallie among her own kin of the Clan Cameron. The funeral, which began in Edinburgh, and was resumed at Fort-William, was conducted in a most impressive and touching manner, all Highland honours being accorded the dead poetess. Not the least appropriate part of the ceremony was the playing by the pipers of "Lochaber no More," for Lochaber and the Clan Cameron formed the centre and soul of the poetess' life and work.

Mary Cameron—the Mary Mackellar that was to be—was born at Fort-William on the 1st October, 1834. Her father was a baker in that town, but Mary's earlier days were spent with her grand-parents in Corrybeg, on the north shore of Lochiel. Here she drank in the lore of the glens, and laid the foundations of the wealthy store of tradition which she possessed. The early death of her father brought her early into the rough battle of life. The shop which he kept at Ballachulish was, as a consequence, left mainly in young Mary's charge, and here she had to learn the wisdom of practical life—the wisdom most useful to a poet; and, therewith, she was able to study human nature as it displays itself with undisguised simplicity in the incidents of a populous village community. At an early age she married John Mackellar, who was captain and joint-owner of a coasting vessel, the name of which was "Glencoe," and to which reference appears more than once in her poems. With Captain Mackellar she visited many continental ports and cities—in France, the Netherlands, Germany, and Russia. Some of her fugitive pieces are dated from some foreign town, such as Harburg in Hanover, from whence she greets the Marquis of Lorne on his marriage with the Princess Louise; or, finally, St Petersburg, where, in 1875, she composed an eloquent poem on the Well at Loch Eribol. This extensive experience in travelling, both by land and sea, sharpened her natural faculties of observation, and, like Ulysses of old, she marked the manners of many men and of many peoples. In these travels she met and became acquainted with several people of quality, such as Prince Gortschakoff, whom she met in St Petersburg. Possessing a retentive memory, she was able in her later years to draw on this wealth of experience in her brilliant conversations. Stirring adventures by flood and field were not wanting. In the year 1868 their ship was wrecked in the river Weser in Germany, and after hanging for ten hours in the rigging, they were rescued with much difficulty. Writing in 1876,

Professor Blackie says :—"She has recently remitted her sea wanderings, and lives at present in Edinburgh." Four or five years later found Mary Mackellar fighting the battle of life alone. For her married life in the course of years ceased to be a happy one. Troubles and misunderstandings, arising from incompatibilities of taste and temper between the poetess and the bluff sea captain, were finally ended by judicial separation. Her sufferings during this period find utterance in her best poems, especially in the two poems that are entitled "Wasted Affection," wherein she teaches herself that "it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And she ends the second and more resigned poem thus :—

"Then we think our affection wasted,
When stricken with sorest pain ;
And 'tis hard when the bitter is tasted
To know that our loss is gain."

During the last decade of her life, Mary Mackellar had to earn her living by pen and household work ; and, though she bravely kept the wolf of poverty at bay, yet it was no easy task. But friends were kind everywhere. In 1883 a movement was started to get her a literary Civil List pension, but though the leading men in the north backed her claims, the pension, though always expected to be granted, never came ; and in 1887, when the matter seemed settled, the pension which was due to Gaelic literature was given to another ! Mrs Mackellar, however, received some official recognition, for in 1886 she finished the translation of the Queen's second series of "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," which she had been commissioned to translate, and for which she received a considerable sum. She had been bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness since 1876, and she enriched the annual volumes of that Society with many valuable contributions.

Mrs Mackellar was a woman of high spirit, warm heart, and fine intellect. Her education was all her own doing, and yet her English vocabulary was cultured and chaste

both in writing and conversation, beyond that of many who could boast of much better advantages than those of Mary Cameron of Corrybeg. As a conversationalist Mrs Mackellar was admirable. "No one who spent an evening in her company," says the well-known I. B. O., "will forget the charm and richness of her conversation — never obtrusive, never reserved, but always as willing and active and clear as one of her own mountain streams. And this was true whether her interlocutors were Gael or Saxon." She dearly loved the heroic past of the Highland Gael — clan history, legend, custom, and even superstition. Her command of the Gaelic tongue was excellent; she wrote it with force, accuracy, and clearness. Her knowledge of the literature, too, was wide and minute; she had given her days and nights to the study of her poetic predecessors. She was in full sympathy with the re-assertion of the claims of the Highlander for the recognition of his language, literature, and history as equal to any in the modern world. But Mrs Mackellar was no politician. Her sympathy was with the heroic side of Highland life; she seemed indifferent to that other aspect of it which looks, like rustic England, on "three acres and a cow" as the ultimate and ideal goal of rural life.

A collected edition of her various scattered poems was published in 1880, by Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, under the title of "Poems and Songs, Gaelic and English." Only a third of the book is Gaelic, there being about ninety pieces altogether. The poems had appeared in various publications. Some had been published in *The Ladies' Own Journal*, some in the *Highlander*, in the *Celtic Magazine*, *Gaelic Society's Transactions*, *Inverness Courier*, and the like. The Gaelic poetry is marked by felicity of diction, but it cannot be said to attain to the excellence of the English portion, either in imagination or feeling. Like most Gaelic poetry, it is purely objective; a scene is described, painstakingly and minutely, as it is, and not as looked at through the feelings or passions arising in the

beholder. So, too, the charms of a woman are described with a rich physical glow, but "ah, we start, for soul is wanting there!" It is not so with most of the English poems. Here we have many self-revelations: experiences of soul—phases of passion, longing, despair—are admirably portrayed, and in choice language. We have already adverted to the poems on "Wasted Affection" as probably records of personal trials. Here (from another poem) is a verse which brings out the pain and the antidote for blighted affection:—

"When our heart's deep love is slighted
By those for whose smiles we languish,
When our fondest hopes are blighted,
And high swell the waves of anguish;
Why should we be found repining
Though our souls are deep in sorrow?
Hope's bright star is sweetly shining
On the pale brow of the morrow."

And the poetess goes on to say that "words of strife sound like children's prattle, when we look skyward, onward." The following extracts from a poem on "Home-Sickness" combines the objectivity of the Gael and his love of description with the expression of the strong feelings of home and of kin:—

"Oh! for the beautiful sunlight
That smiles on hill and lea,
And oh! for thy glorious freshness,
Thou rippling western sea!
The smell of the purple heather,
The myrtle wild and thyme,
And the balmy fragrant sweetness
Of the Autumn's golden prime.

Oh! for the sight of Ben Nevis!
Methinks I see him now,
As the morning sunlight crimson
The snow-wreath on his brow.
As he shakes away the shadows,
His heart the sunshine thrills,
And he towers high and majestic
Amidst a thousand hills.

.

But dearer far than Ben Nevis,
And thy blue shores, Lochiel,
The touch of the hand that bringeth
Emotion's gladsome thrill ;
And the sight of the kindly faces
Mine eyes have yearned to see ;
And the music of living voices
That sound like psalms to me."

Her poetical work since 1880 is yet scattered in the columns of papers and periodicals mentioned, as well as in the *Scottish Highlander*, *Oban Times*, and *Highland Monthly* ; but it will neither add to nor detract from the reputation gained by her first published work.

She had gathered much folk-lore and many legends and songs, a goodly portion of which she has published, but most of it, we fear, has died with her. She had a chatty and informal style of writing these essays in prose, never ambitious, and always interesting. Her most important papers have appeared in the Gaelic Society's Transactions. These are "The Educational Power of Gaelic Poetry" (Vol. 11), "Unknown Lochaber Bards" (Vol. 12), "Waulking Day" (Vol. 13), and the "Sheiling. its traditions and songs" (Vols. 14, 15, and 16?) making altogether something over four score pages. In the *Celtic Magazine*, passing over many short pieces, we can only single out two of any length and importance, viz.:—"The superstitions of the Highlanders" (Vol. 2), and the "Bodach Glas" (Vol. 12), an excellent version of one of the most famous of our folk tales. The *Oban Times*, conducted by a Cameron, and the organ of the Cameron and surrounding country, naturally enough received most of her contributions. Here she wrote much on the history of the Camerons, and she was engaged in contributing a series of chatty off-hand articles on Highland lore and legend, under the title of "A Basket of Fragments," until two months before she died. Her last contribution appeared on the 28th June, and was the fifth of the series.

Mrs Mackellar was also a writer of fiction ; she wrote some serial tales for the weekly press, and one of her

productions in this line lately ran its course in the *Oban Times*, under the title of the "White Rose of Callart." The characters in her stories were always human, and hence interesting, and a tone of high moral purpose breathed through plots, incidents, and persons. She also compiled a very serviceable and popular book of "Gaelic Phrases," with phonetic pronunciation and English translations, for the benefit of tourists. Some years ago she prepared a very pleasing guide-book to her native district of Fort-William and vicinity—a task which few people were so well qualified to perform. Her translation of the Queen's "Further Leaves from Our Life in the Highlands" is a masterpiece of forcible and idiomatic Gaelic—"Queen's" Gaelic, we may say. Gaelic is a language, it is said, which few can read and none can spell; and, as we might expect, especially from a lady, the orthography is the weak part of the book, not to mention the punctuation. A new and cheap edition, with these errors removed, would be a real boon to Gaelic literature.

She has been the life and soul of the newly-started Clan Cameron Society, of which, of course, she was the Bard. "Her love for her clan," says "Fionn," a well-known Gaelic enthusiast, "amounted to a passion," and he goes on to add that as one of the objects of the Clan Cameron Society is the "collection and preservation of matters relating to the clan," we should look to it for a volume of the literary remains of this distinguished member of the Clan, whose genius shed a lustre not only on the Clan Cameron, but on the Highlands generally. The Society could certainly render no greater service to Gaelic literature and folk-lore than the gathering together of Mrs Mackellar's various pieces of poetry, and her scattered essays in folk-lore. One goodly volume, we believe, might contain the whole, both poetry and prose; and a rich volume it would prove to be to learned and unlearned alike!

THE CAT :

WHEN AND WHENCE IT CAME.

IT is often difficult for us in the present age to realise how our not very remote ancestors could have lived without certain accompaniments and commodities which form so necessary a part of our present civilization. The potato, whose blight can now cause a political crisis, and tobacco, without which no Highlander could have his "sneeshan," have come to us from America, and are scarcely three hundred years known to the European world ; while the taking of a cup of tea is noted by Pepys in 1660, as a red-letter day in his diary. In the animal world around us, or rather among our domestic animals, nothing like so great a change has taken place. Our present domestic animals have, with one notable exception, followed the destiny of European man for at least the last two or three thousand years. The dog, the horse, the cow, the sheep, the goat, and the pig have an antiquity as companions of man dating back to "Aryan" or Indo-European times. Of equal antiquity are also the mouse, the pole-cat, and the weasel, not to mention the hare, fox, wolf, and bear. Both linguistic and archaeologic palaeontology attests to this. Among all these well-known friends and foes of man, we miss only the domestic cat, the home-keeping, warmth-loving puss! It is difficult to imagine a civilized community wanting cats; but it is now clear that until the migration of the nations consequent on the collapse of the Roman Empire, that is, until the commencement of the Middle Ages, the domestic cat was rare in Europe. The late Professor Rolleston, on archaeological and palaeonto-

logical grounds, proved that the domestic mouse-killer of the ancient Greeks and Romans was not the cat at all, but the white-breasted marten, for which *felis* is good Latin. This word may mean "marten, ferret, or pole-cat," as well as "cat," as any Latin dictionary will disclose. Similarly, the Greek *aielouros* is explained by "weasel" as well as by "cat." Though the dictionary-makers regarded the "cat" idea as the primary one in the case of both Latin and Greek, yet modern philology has in the latter case, at any rate, considerably shaken their position. The Greek *aiel-ouros* may come from a root form *a-vis-el* or *vis-el*, which exactly corresponds to the middle German *wisel* and English *weasel*. Hence Dr Otto Schader claims the idea of "weasel" as the primitive force of the word, and he concludes that the "weasel or closely allied marten and pole-cat" was an animal well-known and named in Aryan times. His conclusions are also supported by archaeology.¹

Nor had the Latin *felis* that official position as mouse-killer which belongs by right to our present-day puss. The *mustela* or mouse-catcher *par excellence* was a tamer form of the weasel, which, as Pliny says, wandered through their houses, and shifted its quarters and it kittens often. A parasite in one of Plautus' plays comes on the stage in one scene, congratulating himself on a happy omen which befel him as he left his house. A weasel had carried off a mouse just between his feet, and similarly he was to win his prey. But alas! his hopes were blighted, and he thus moralised—"I am resolved hereafter never to believe a weasel, for I know no beast more uncertain—she who herself is ten times a day shifting her place." Again, in the famous fable related by Horace about the "town-mouse and the country-mouse," when the latter visits the superb mansion of the former, and both have just finished a glorious feast in the dining-hall, it is not the cat that suddenly and

¹See Rolleston in Greenwood's *British Barrows*, p. 735.

unceremoniously curtails their post-prandial joy, but the loud-baying Molossian dogs rushing into the room.

The cat was, however, a domestic animal in Egypt at least thirteen centuries before the Christian era. Mummies of it have been found in abundance. Herodotus makes full mention of it as an animal that received divine honours. "In whatever houses a cat has died by a natural death," he says, "all those who dwell in this house shave their eyebrows. . . . The cats, when they are dead, are carried away to sacred buildings in the city of Bubastis, where, after being embalmed, they are buried." Cicero remarks that the Egyptians would undergo any torture sooner than do harm to the cat, dog, or crocodile. Egyptian myth imagined a great cat behind the sun, which was the pupil of the cat's eye, rounding at mid-day, and elongating towards evening.

It is supposed that the European domestic cat is a descendant of this Egyptian cat, and that it spread westwards during the supremacy of the Roman Empire, being carried into the various northern and western lands during the great movement of races which took place as Rome fell. In any case, it is not descended from the wild cat—the *Ferus Catus* of the zoologist, certain anatomical peculiarities, such as the thickness of the wild cat's tail, precluding such an idea. But the wild cat abounded in Europe from the pre-historic times all along until comparatively late; and it is still to be met with, though rarely, in the Highlands of Scotland. When the domestic cat was introduced into Europe, a new name was given to it, but when or where is not exactly known. This is the name by which it is still known—the name *cat*. It spread slowly. In mediæval times the animal was valuable, and in Britain, among the independent Welsh, certain enactments of law were passed in the time of Howel the Good (circ. 938), to protect and foster the cat kind. Legends of countries, where mice and rat killers were wanting, and where a lucky mariner introduced the cat, and gained immense wealth,

such as the Dick Whittington myth, point to the previous non-existence of the cat and the recollections of its scarcity. Nunneries are said to have been centres for cats, and some explain therefrom the connection between cats and old maids.

The history of the word *cat*, if clearly known, would throw most light on the origin of the cat in Europe. The word is common to all the Aryan languages of Europe, and it has been borrowed into the Finnish as *katti*. But the word is, nevertheless, native to only one group of these, and the contest lies, not between Latin and Greek, but between Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic. In a future number we shall discuss the origin of the name *cat*, and consider how far it throws light on the animal's entry into Europe, concluding with a glance at the cat's position in folk-lore.

NEW BOOKS.

SCENES AND STORIES IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND. By JOHN SINCLAIR, Author of "Heather Bells," &c. Edinburgh, James Thin.

THOSE who possess an intimate knowledge of the history, the traditions, and the folklore of the Highlands, may possibly find reason occasionally to quarrel with Mr Sinclair's statements; and it is equally possible that the purely literary critic may not always feel that in the matter of style he is entitled to unqualified praise; but they must both admit, and frankly too, that Mr Sinclair has produced a book which is extremely readable, and, to a large extent, entertaining. This was, apparently, the author's primary aim and intention, and he may consequently be congratulated upon the unquestioned success of his undertaking. Overrun as the Highlands are each succeeding summer with visitors, most of them eager to view the scenic glories of the country, all of them bent upon enjoying the invigorating breezes of the mountains; though the literature pertaining to the Highlands—historical, descriptive, and antiquarian—might fill a library, there is still left ample scope and new pastures for the pen of the clever writer; and here and there, and up and down, there are numerous "bits" and scenes of outstanding grandeur which have come within the ken of comparatively few tourists. Except the stray ones, those who shoulder their pack and "do" the country on foot, or those who go in for cycling exploration, our tourists may be likened to an annual procession which has its route carefully laid down: all behold the same scenery, travel in the same boats and trains, eat the same number of dinners, pay the identically same charges (at which they unanimously grumble), and arrive home equally sunburnt. Mr Sinclair would like to see this monotonous procession broken up, and in order to induce desertions from the ranks, he describes half-a-dozen places which, in beauty and interest, are unsurpassed, but which sightseers neglect because they happen to lie aside from the ordinary thoroughfares. We expect that in this appeal he will achieve a striking success. His book is attractive even for those who call themselves Highlanders and are familiar with the country in its best and brightest aspects; and it has, we believe, already had a large circulation in the south, principally, we daresay, among those who have "done" the North in the orthodox way, and desire a *souvenir* of the occasion. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of the latter will find that the book contains not a *souvenir* of what they did, but of what they missed doing. The boat steams up Lochalsh, and sways round for perhaps twenty minutes at a small pier called Totaig, and the

tourist thinks he has seen Loch Duich, which, as Mr Sinclair says, is absurd ; the train passes by Dingwall, and he gazes upon the mighty bulk of Ben Wyvis, and tells himself that he has seen all that is worth looking at there, whereas that wonderful and awe-inspiring spectacle, the Black Gorge, is a few miles distant and unvisited ; and so it is with Sutherland, Caithness, and perhaps the Hebrides, the general tour is one of considerable omission.

If any inquisitive stranger appealed to us to name the most striking example of nature's handiwork in the northern counties, we should unhesitatingly direct him to the Black Rock. And yet the place is one of those most neglected by sight searchers. Why this should be the case it is difficult to explain, but we suspect that much of the explanation is to be found in the unfortunate nature of the name. Black Rock is utterly misleading ; the " Devil's Gorge " or chasm would be at once more truthful and realistic. The name of the water which has cleft the rock, the Aultgraat, itself suggests a weird title, the Gaelic meaning of the word being the ugly or fearsome burn. In his description of the chasm, Mr Sinclair perhaps attains his highest literary altitude, and we propose quoting a passage with the two-fold object of doing him justice in this respect and shewing the wondrous character of the place :—

" Though I venture to claim that I know more of the chasm than most people, no words that come to me can describe the infinite freaks and strange fortunes of the waters, cribbed, cabined, and confined in this pit-like channel. Sometimes they rush forward straight and strong between two opposing ledges ; sometimes they stumble, suddenly and unawares, over an obstructing ridge ; anon they whirl in serpent-like coils round and round a foaming caldron ; yet again they plunge into a pit or tunnel in the rock, to emerge again—no one knows where, and no one knows how. Very sad and weary—ever sad and weary—are the burdens of song they bear. Heard from a distance, the voices of the chasm are but one low dull murmur, but, if you listen attentively, sympathetically, as you go along the pathway, you may catch at intervals every note in the whole gamut of sad passion and wild emotion. Now we hear a sulky roar, as of a wild beast crawling from his den ; again, a weary sigh, as of a hapless, hopeless lover ; at times it seems an eerie wail, as of an infant alone in the night ; at times a wild dirge, sinking and swelling, as when the clan bewails its fallen chief. But while you look for glimpses of the waters, and harken to their ever changing music, do not forget to mark how wild and grand are the rocky walls of this deep, dark rent in mother earth. They present every possible variety of form and combination to be found in the old red conglomerate. Here, there is a sloping ledge, as smooth as pudding-stone can ever be ; there, a bluff corner behind which the shadows are black as night. More frequently to be found than perhaps

any other form is a scooped out hollow like the valve of a gigantic shell, sometimes widening into bays, sometimes deepening into dripping caves. . . . The waters wearied looking after the long struggle in the cruel darkness, creep out almost motionless between two pillars of rock, whose capitals are real foliage, and whose feet are fringed with foam. What a change—so bright and happy—in the fortunes of the stream! A sweet, almost sacred, repose settles on its face as it breathes again the free air of heaven.”

Mr Sinclair's description is extremely vivid, well conceived, and eloquently put; but the chasm must be seen before its shuddery grandeur can be thoroughly appreciated. Considerably over a mile in length, 130 feet deep or thereabouts, the edges almost kissing each other at the surface, it forms truly a wonderful spectacle; and the visitor will find the interesting geological question irrepressibly confronting him, how the stream has been able to cut out for itself in the solid rock such a strange unearthly looking passage. Here and there where a view can be had of the imprisoned waters, there is a little fenced in space from which the visitor can peer over the precipitous ledge, but the erection of a few bridges across the chasm would be a great advantage; and the running up of a fence along the whole length of the pathway might give courage to the nervous and ensure a greater measure of safety.

Beginning with Loch Duich, where, “generally speaking, the climate may be termed damp,” that is, it rains for weeks should the wind be in the west or south-west, Mr Sinclair places the localities of his scenes and stories wide apart. It is a far cry from Loch Duich to the Black Rock, and a big jump from there to Assynt, which is the next scene of his travels; then he skirts the Caithness coast and comes to Thurso, the chapter on which is rendered extremely interesting by the introduction of three local “characters” whose portraits—in colours—are quite the feature of the illustrations scattered through the volume. Leaving the mainland, Mr Sinclair finds some interesting descriptive, historical, and anecdotal material in the Lews and the Shetland Islands. Descriptions of scenery, however beautiful the word painting may be, or magnificent the scenes and vistas pictured, pall on the reader sooner or later; and historical or antiquarian matters can never be quite shaken free of the dry dust with which assiduous students have powdered them. Recognising this too apt to be forgotten fact, Mr Sinclair weaves adroitly into his sketches elements of real human interest in the shape of stories, which have the great merit of being new, or at least fresh. As every one would naturally expect, the stories crop up most numerously about Creich, and as the prevailing tone is ecclesiastical, their source is perhaps not a problem that is deeper than a well. The humour is not unfrequently of a crafty complexion, as,

for example, the following :—“ In an old Kirk Session Record, there is reference made on one of the pages to ‘ A collection for the Northern Infirmary,’ but I forget the sum which had been contributed. Prosaic persons of ‘ vinegar aspect,’ as Shakespeare puts it, might be foolish enough to suggest that the last three letters should be “ ary ;” but such a suggestion would destroy all the suggestiveness of the entry, and put a damper on humour and speculation alike. What is, *par excellence*, the Northern Infirmary? Is it craft, pride, or greed, or some other unknown and equally pardonable weakness,” and so on. Again, “ here is a simple and significant preaching transaction. ‘ To mending the minister’s preaching, is 6d.’ Just imagine what a prospect ! The modest sum of £75 would repair the preaching of a thousand ministers, Free Kirk or Auld,” and then, after more moralising, we are told that the word which follows preaching is “ tent.” This is a somewhat dangerous method of perpetrating jokes at the readers’ expense, and Mr Sinclair wisely abandons it, after a brief innings in favour of anecdote. Those fond of this class of reading should turn to the Thurso characters already mentioned—“ Peelans,” “ Moozie,” and “ Boustie”—whose mental twist sometimes indicated that there was more of the innocent rogue than the down right fool about them. Boustie’s (surely from Boastie) primary failing was lying, or, to put it more delicately, a weakness for exaggeration, his own peculiar person being the hero of every story. He used to tell, without as much as a twinkle in his eye, of how, when on board ship as a sailor, his feet became frozen to the deck and he had to run to get boiling water to extricate them? Moozie was in his day town crier of Thurso, and would repeat his message without much regard to pronunciation, meaning, or grammar. As a practical joke he was on one occasion paid his usual fee of sixpence to go his rounds and announce that an “ empty pock full of salt ” had been lost, and when remonstrated with on the foolish character of the intimation, calmly replied, “ Weel, I never thocht o’ that ; but deil cares, I hae a sixpence.” It is to be hoped that there are not many fishermen on the Caithness coast at present so demoralised as to condemn lighthouses because they reduce the number of wrecks, and through that the illicit gains of the population. “ How is it that your sails are so poor and tattered,” asked Mr Stevenson, the noted lighthouse engineer, of a skipper one day ; “ if it had been God’s will that you hedna built sae many lighthouses, I wud hae gotte a new sails last winter,” was the ill-natured response, and the subject dropped. But we cannot follow Mr Sinclair further, and can only add that we have derived much enjoyment from the perusal of his handsome well printed volume. He hints that he has a store of material of the same interesting kind in hand ; we trust the reception of this volume will be such as to induce him to publish it on an early day.



MRS MARY MACKELLAR.

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CHAPTER I.

CRAIG-NA-BEARN.

THE name, which means the Rock of the Gap, is descriptive of the place. A grey wall of conglomerate rock stretches for some distance along the waters of the firth. It has here and there detached outliers, which suggest the idea of time-worn sentinels that have battled for numberless centuries with winds and waves, frosts and rains. The height of the rock-wall increases gradually until it culminates in a kind of platform, situated on the top of a bare, beetling cliff overhanging the firth, and dipping its foot sheer down into its deep waters. This cliff presents another perpendicular side to the gap or entrance to a miniature back valley of singular beauty, which lies screened behind it. On the rock platform the Abbot of a famous Lowland monastery, to whose house the little Highland barony of Craig-na-bearn belonged from King David's time until the Reformation, built at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century a grimly solid square tower, meant to last for ever. Local

tradition said that the Abbot's tower succeeded a Celtic round fort, which, in the days of Norse invasions, served as a watch and beacon place for a wide stretch of country. The rectangular lines of the Abbot's tower were only broken at one of the inland corners, where a small round tower for the spiral stone stair reared itself against the main edifice. The spiral stair went down to the kitchen, cellar, and dungeon, which were partly excavated from the living rock, and up to the battlemented roof. It gave access by a proper landing to the great banqueting-hall, which occupied the whole extent of the second storey, and in its course upwards threw off two narrow stairs in the thickness of the main building walls which led to the sleeping apartments. Originally the Abbot's Castle, as it was called, had only one wall door. This door was not placed at the bottom of the stair tower, but half-way up to the banqueting-hall level, and it opened on outer stone steps which led directly to the draw-bridge of the dry moat. The Abbot's tower overlooked the pleasant valley behind the gap, and was unassailable from that side as well as from the sea before the days of gunpowder. Tradition said that in the war times there was a well which never got dry in the middle of the cellar floor, far down in the live rock, but, if that was so, the later occupants of the old building filled up the well, flagged the cellar, and obtained their water supply in a pipe from a fine spring in the hill behind the Castle.

The monks had their own chapel—Cill Moire, or St Mary's Chapel, it was called—and this chapel continued to be used as a side-place of public worship till the middle of the seventeenth century. The chapel was built on the rock beyond the gap, opposite the Castle rock. It was built on the face of it which slanted inwards, like a half-shut door, half across the miniature valley at the back of the castle. It helped to shut out round the small bay some hundreds of acres of cultivable land from which the inhabitants of the village of a dozen houses down on the beach got their

potatoes, barley, oats, and the winter keep for their cows. The villagers were partly fishermen and partly crofters. But they were more crofters than fishermen, and their sons and daughters, whatever they did afterwards, spent most of their early days in the service of farmers and resident proprietors. The villagers did full justice to the land they possessed, and paid their moderate rents with great punctuality. As for the valley lying more than half concealed beyond the projecting nose of the castle rock and the slanting side of the corresponding chapel rock, it produced, by the steepness of its sides, its varied features, and unexpected twists and corners, all condensed in the course of a mile and a half to the upper plateau, on which the best of the barony farms were situated, an illusion of magnitude which its ascertained area belied. The stream which passed through it to the sea had banks high enough for the dignity of a magnificent river, and yet it required a heavy downfall of rain to swell this well-banked stream into a brawling brook. In a bend of this valley, where the miniature hills receded a good bit, was once situated the Grange of the Abbot, to which the rent, paid in kind—straw, hay, grain, wild bees' wax and honey, capons, eggs, butter, cheese, cattle, and sheep—was brought in by the tenants, and consumed in the tower, or shipped away to the Abbey. The villagers had also of old to supply a certain quantity of salmon and other fish, fresh and cured, according to their bondsmen's duties, which, on the whole, did not seem to be oppressive. But times changed, and in the first quarter of the present century a quaintly-gabled, much-turreted red sandstone modern mansion, was built upon the site of the old Grange. This French chateau edifice had a peep out at the sea from its front door side, and its gables and turrets, rising amidst trees behind a low cross knoll, suggested the importation of a picturesque bit of France into a beautiful piece of Highland landscape. Where the lower rock and the chapel rock met and overhung the burn chasm above the village acres, one of the

Abbots had built a narrow bridge, and cut steps from it in the rock up to the chapel platform. It was therefore a short distance by this path from tower to chapel, while it was nearly two miles if one followed the public road round by the Grange.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHAPEL BELL STARTLES THE VILLAGERS.

ON a June morning, in the year 1835, the villagers were startled by the sound of the chapel bell, which was only tolled at the funerals of members of the Maoldonaich family. Some legend stuck to the Abbot's bell, and it was held improper and dangerous to use it as a joy-bell at Maoldonaich family marriages. Once only had it been so used, and the result, as the villagers who heard it so profaned loudly testified, had proved frightfully disastrous.

On this occasion the bell spoke in a confused way. It gave forth a jumble of sounds, now tolling solemnly and anon jangling angrily and irregularly. But the villagers, as they hastily poured out of their houses, were all of one opinion, that it was sounded for death; and they lost no time in scrambling by the shortest way up to the chapel to ascertain who was dead. The chapel, with its low, square bell-tower well advanced towards the edge of the cliff, frowningly looked down on them, and suddenly became awe-inspiring. As the bell was worked, not from the outside, but from the interior of the tower, the door of which opened at the top of a short flight of steps, the operator was not visible, and the curious crowd had to enter by the churchyard from the public road behind, as the Abbot's steps were forbidden ground. The bell still went on tolling and jangling, but as the tower door was shut to, although unlocked, nobody ventured at once to go up the few steps and look in. While they hesitated, whispered, and looked in each other's faces, a boy came from the

other, or public, road side of the chapel, who said the Captain, the Baroness, and all their company were hastening down from the house, as the chateau was called. So the Captain was not dead then. Could it be his son? Or was it one of the Disinherited? All put questions and none answered.

The Captain, who was the owner of the place, soon appeared on the scene with the Baroness, and followed by several guests, one of whom was a London doctor, in whom the Baroness put much faith for the time being. The Captain was a handsome, but rather bloated, man of fifty. The Baroness, a tall, lithe, dark woman, might be perhaps ten, but she looked twenty, years younger than the Captain.

The Captain, who looked angry and flustered, asked the crowd who dared meddle with the bell, and what was it all about? The crowd could not answer, being as much in the dark as he was himself.

The Baroness said in French—"It must be one of the wicked pranks of thy mad son."

Answering in the same language, "We shall soon see," the Captain let the lady's arm drop, and moved to ascend the steps. Immediately the door of the tower flew open outwards, and a strange-looking and dwarfed young man appeared on the threshold. The Captain recoiled, the Baroness looked wicked, and a hush fell on the crowd.

The young man, slightly leaning against the doorpost, for his legs were weak although his arms were strong, pulled himself up to his proper height, which was over five feet, although he usually looked much shorter from his much stooping, and crossing his arms, said with an effort, "My mother is dead."

The crowd murmured deeply and sympathetically. The Captain looked guiltily confused, and as if for the injury inflicted by him on the dead he had received a severe retaliatory blow. The Baroness was a perfect actress in hiding real feelings and simulating false ones, but she was on this occasion taken by surprise, and for the life of her

she could not prevent an exulting glad expression from illuminating face and eyes for a moment, and leaving a flush behind. The little man in the doorway noticed her joy, and it made him mad with rage. His eyes scintillated or, to use the Highland word, became *colgach*, or danced with sword points. He raised his long pointed chin from his breast, and said—"Yes, my mother is dead; and there (pointing to the Captain and the Baroness) stand her murderers."

"It is a lie he is telling you, good people," screamed the Baroness.

"Wicked, slanderous imp," said the Captain in a hoarse voice, "do you forget that I am your father?"

"Forget that you are my father! I wish I could. Do you think that you would have been my father if I had any say in the matter? My father! Look at me, you people. I was born as straight as any of you. Many of you knew me as a boy, like other boys in all respects. It is true that I was not so robust as my two elder boy brothers, whom God in mercy called away before they saw their father's infamy and their mother's slow martyrdom. But while not so strong as they, I would still have grown up a man like other men, if, boy of twelve and delicate, I had not rushed in between my mother and that man, who bids me remember he is my father, and, receiving the blow intended for her, was tumbled down stairs, and so became the stunted deformed being you now behold. And she, the Baroness, the speckled snake who rejoices at my mother's death, was his temptress, my mother's murderess, and my ruin. She will yet be his ruin, too. He'll have to marry her, for she has bought him by her money—she being rich, and he an incurable gambler. But after marriage he'll be brought to a reckoning, or, like her former husband the Baron, whom I knew, and who trusted in me, he will die suddenly of some unknown disease. The woman is such that she can only be constant in sin."

Here the Baroness, who seemed to be half beside herself with mingled rage and fear, spoke rapidly in French to the Captain, who made a move as if to ascend the steps and take his son captive. His son observed this, and, diving inside the tower for an instant, returned with a heavy grave-digging implement, which he flourished above his head, while declaring, in words which had lost every trace of control, that he would brain any one who tried to touch him. The Baroness, who for once in her life became half hysterical, screamed out that the "poor little fellow was clearly mad, and did not know what he was saying or doing." The Captain seemed to catch up the idea with a sense of relief; but, on referring the question to the London doctor, the man of science shrugged his shoulders, and said the young man's madness had too much method in it, but that he expected he would work himself into a fit if they did not all go away, and leave him quietly to recover himself in the company of some person to whom he had no aversion. The Baroness, whether from confusion or *malice prepense*, contrived to heap terms of commiserating endearment on the "poor mad dear," until she was silenced by an astounding attack in Gaelic, of which she did not understand a word, but which seemed to impress the villagers deeply. The "poor mad dear," after silencing the "venemous serpent" by his Gaelic avalanche, then reverted to English.

"You" (speaking to the crowd) "know how I became deformed through the intercepted brutality of the man I am obliged to call my father. You have witnessed the prolonged martyrdom of my mother, who died this morning of heart disease, as Dr Mackenzie certifies, although I would rather call it myself of a broken heart. And the murderers—the hardened murderers—flourish. They shall now marry, after having flaunted their iniquity for several years at home and abroad, and the humbug called 'Society' will receive them as a pair of white-washed lambs. Where is justice? Who now cares for the

Mosaic law, which declared adulterers worthy of death? The Baron, who so quickly and strangely departed this life before he could alter his will, as he intended, suffered wrong like my mother, but he did not endure insult and pain as she did, year after year. Oh, my poor mother—mother—mother!”

The last words gurgled. The London doctor, pushing the people in his way aside, rushed up the steps and caught the unhappy youth as he was falling, and bore him quickly down the steps to the level. The doctor waved back the crowd, and, while making a rapid examination, ordered a stretcher or some substitute to be brought. The youth was, if not dead—the spectators thought him dead—in a dead faint. A substitute for a stretcher was quickly found in the handbarrow of a neighbouring crofter, on which a blanket and cushions were placed. “Where is he to be taken?” asked the doctor. “To the house.” said the Captain. But a voice from the crowd said—“No, he must not be taken there; it would be the killing of him after what he has spoken.” The Captain looked at the speaker and said—“To the tower, then.” But the doctor objected to that, as the mother’s death, and the preparations for the funeral would weigh heavily against the recovery of his patient in the tower. “Will my cottage do?” asked the old pensioned retainer of the family who had previously objected to the chateau. “No, Duncan Maclean,” replied the Captain with emphasis, “my son is not yet of age, and he seems to have gone mad; I’ll keep him under my own control until the state of his mind is properly ascertained. Doctor, how will the yacht do? It is there in the sheltered cove, riding at anchor, and you know there is good accommodation for your invalid.” The doctor said the yacht would answer his infirmary purposes excellently, and Duncan Maclean did not object, although he knew perfectly well that the yacht belonged to the Baroness. So the young Laird, or Tearlach Crion (Little Charles), as the Gaelic people called him, was taken on board the yacht in

an unconscious state. The Baroness, her artful maid Fadette, and one man-servant, left the same evening for the South by coach to Perth.

Little Charles very soon recovered consciousness on board the yacht, and the doctor found that his fainting fit was due partly to his not having eaten anything that day, although passionate excitement was the chief cause. The doctor reported to the Captain that he could see no signs of madness in his patient's conversation, but that, taking all things into account, he was singularly apathetic about his mother's funeral and his own removal to the yacht. One thing the doctor refrained from telling to his host, and that was the earnestness with which his patient begged of him to prevent the Baroness and Fadette, especially the latter, from visiting the yacht while he was kept on it. The doctor had sent on board a villager's wife, whom his patient himself had named, to nurse him, but he said he would for some days to come give him his medicines himself. The doctor meant nothing more, when he first spoke about giving the medicines himself, than that his patient would for some days remain probably in a critical state. But, on visiting the yacht next day, Tearlach Crion reproached him for not having guarded him against Fadette, who, he solemnly said, had visited his cabin during the night, and, thinking he was asleep, had poured a few drops of what he was sure was poison into one of the medicine bottles, which he pointed out. The doctor said that Fadette could not have been on the yacht, as she had left with the Baroness for the south in open daylight on the previous evening. Tearlach replied that she must have doubled back by night to poison him, as she had, he was firmly convinced, poisoned the Baron, when her mistress feared he would, for good reasons, change his will. The doctor muttered to himself, "Fixed idea, groundless suspicion, signs of lunacy after all—and yet." He took up the bottle, uncorked it, smelt it, held between him and the light; and Tearlach saw with delight that his face exhibited great surprise. The doctor questioned the nurse and the two men who had charge of the

yacht, but the whole three of them declared nobody had been on board between the time he left himself and came back next day. The doctor pocketed all his medicine bottles and left, with injunctions to the nurse and the two men to keep better watch for the future. After applying tests, he became convinced that an attempt had been made on his patient's life by a rare and subtle poison little known in this country. He wrote at once a bluntly-stern and short note to the Baroness at her London address, stating the conclusion to which he had come, and saying that if her maid did not immediately leave the United Kingdom he would call in the aid of the criminal authorities. But the doctor was not at all sure that the Baroness, even if in a plot with her maid, could recall Fadette before she had done mischief. He felt sure the Captain was ignorant and innocent, and that it was of no use asking his aid either. The doctor found himself getting nervously anxious, and he did not conceal his anxiety, as perhaps one might expect him to do, from his sharp-eyed and now very clear-headed patient, who was surely recovering, although he could not yet stand on his feet. Tearlach rejoiced in the doctor's sympathy and confidence, and on the day of the funeral, when they were for a long time together, because the doctor suspected Fadette, if still lurking in the neighbourhood, would be tempted to hazard another deadly move when public attention was drawn away to the Chapel, the patient suggested a conference that night with Duncan Maclean, the pensioned old family servant. The doctor thought the idea good, and a private message was sent to Duncan accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

THE YACHT BOARDED.

HAVING got rid of the Baroness for the occasion, the Captain buried with all due solemnity the wife from whom he had lived separate for several years. He had felt

bound to invite the deceased lady's brother, a solicitor, banker, and factor at Inverness, with other neighbours, to the funeral. This gentleman, Duncan Grant by name, wanted to see his nephew, having heard from Duncan Maclean of his outbreak, illness, and his being conveyed on board the yacht. The Captain said that his son was ill and mad, and that he would not allow him to be excited. Could he be in better hands than those of Dr Hunter? The uncle, however, resolved to speak to the doctor privately, and, as it happened, the doctor was particularly anxious to speak privately to him. Dr Hunter was obliged to leave for London the day after the funeral, and the suspicion had grown upon him that his patient would be despatched by a rare foreign poison if left long where he was. Duncan Maclean had confirmed the doctor's suspicion by telling him he was sure he had caught a glimpse of Fadette or her ghost once, if not twice, in the gloaming among the bushes of the Castle rock, but could find no trace of her on going to the spot, nor guess how she managed to disappear. A ghost story was evidently in process of evolution; but the doctor only wished it was a ghost, and not a bad woman possessing a potent agent of destruction. Dr Hunter bluntly told all he knew and suspected to Mr Duncan Grant, who was horrified.

"You surely do not believe the Captain, bad man as he is in other respects, would join in a conspiracy to poison his own son?"

"No," said the doctor, "I am quite sure he has no knowledge or suspicion about the poisoning business. I am not equally sure he would not, if he could, shut up his son in a madhouse; and although he is, with all his irritability, as sane as you or I, sending him into a madhouse would soon make him a lunatic for life."

"I am one of his guardians under his mother's and grandmother's wills. The Abbot's Tower and a good few thousands of pounds belong to him; but he'll not be of age for three months yet. His father is determined to keep

him under his own control, and the law is on the father's side. What then can be done?"

"Break the law, and save your nephew's life or reason."

"Why not reason with the father?"

"Because he is not in a reasoning mood. If I get him to believe in the poisoning attempt, he will still sail away with his son on the yacht; and in his present condition that itself will upset the son's mental balance. Break the law, and I will help you to show good cause for it afterwards, if necessary."

"Can my nephew bear removal? If he can, why we'll board the yacht to-morrow night, and take him away."

"Yes, he'll bear removal, and in bidding him good-bye I'll prepare him for the event. By fair means or foul take him off at all risks to-morrow night without fail. And one thing more, give Duncan Maclean some help to hunt down the poisoning Frenchwoman. She is hiding somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. On hearing that your nephew is rescued she will try to slip quickly away."

"But if we catch her is there a clear case against her?"

"Legally no, morally yes. Let your nephew deal with her as he may deem fit. Notwithstanding his frail body and excitability, he has a powerful mind, and a sort of overawing influence, which may or may not be due to mesmeric power. I saw the Baroness quail before his look, and the maid can scarcely be stronger-minded than the mistress, after failing to poison him."

Dr Hunter left for London pretty early next morning, but not before he had seen his patient, and told him that he would, if possible, be rescued that night.

Lawyer Grant, being a douce elder of the Kirk, was very unwilling to make himself prominent or responsible in a case of trespass and abduction, but he was frightened by the energetic doctor's apprehension of danger to his nephew into active measures. Instead, therefore, of going back by the usual way with the other people from Inverness who attended the funeral of his sister, he got Duncan

Maclean to take him straight over the firth in his boat to a summer cottage he possessed on the other side. Duncan was not a bit afraid of breaking the law to save his young master, as he called Tearlach Crion, and he undertook to carry out the rescue next night without any help from the lawyer beyond a promise to defend him should he be prosecuted. He knew where to get willing and able assistants, whose names it would not be necessary to mention. Furthermore, he would cause the yacht to be well watched next day till the rescue time came, because he suspected preparations were being made by the Captain for sailing away in her with his son, which would need to be prevented until the son was freed. Then, also, he was sure that the ghost was Fadette, and he should like to catch her—the wicked woman that she was.

It was getting dark before Duncan left the lawyer's cottage to recross the firth, and the night was dark as pitch before he reached the other shore ; but he knew his way and the currents of the firth too well to get far astray. Still he found himself straight in below the Castle rock, in a small cove, instead of opposite his own door, on reaching the further shore. He had been thinking, and allowing his boat to drift with the current, which caused it to glide silently into what was called the Abbot's Cove, and from which tradition said the monks used to ascend by steps, of which no trace now remained, to a tunnel in the rock, which let them out on the ground floor of the Castle. The tunnel had also been for generations a mere matter of tradition. Duncan was about to take his oars and turn his boat, when he heard a strange sort of hiss from the rock shelf above, which was answered by a low but perfectly human whistle from below. Then he heard the whish-slash sound of a rope thrown from above to the small rock jetty to the west of him, and in a whisper, "Keep out of my way." Immediately two people, whom he knew by their voices to be Fadette and the butler, another servant and compatriot of the Baroness, were eagerly whispering in French beside him.

"I have brought you plenty of nice food and a bottle of your favourite wine."

"That is good. I am nearly killed with cold and weariness in that accursed corridor of the monks. When is the yacht to sail?"

"The crew will be ready to-morrow, and monsieur is impatient to be off. He has no suspicion that you are to be a passenger, nor does he believe his cat of a son ever saw you in his cabin, with, bah! never mind—something in your hand for doctoring his medicine."

"Good. I must get my own cabin. The cat is in the Baroness's cabin. Monsieur must not know I am at all on board; nobody must know it but you."

"Bah! It will not be difficult for me to smuggle you on board as a parcel of goods before we sail, but mind you there must be no doctoring of drinks or anything."

"Nothing of the kind. Hide my existence, and let me go ashore at Aberdeen unknown to everybody, and I'll warrant you I'll make the cat go really mad before I part with him."

"If he'll see you and raise a clamour, we have two of the village savages and the skipper, too, on board, who might take his part."

"He'll not see me, but only my image in the glass making faces at him, and pouring something into a medicine bottle. You know the arrangement of mirrors, and the secret opening between the two cabins, by which the Baroness and I have sometimes amused ourselves at the expense of superstitious people, even of monsieur himself, who does not know the trick. My shadow will mesmerise the terrible cat, and his clamour will convince his father and the mariners that he is really mad. And really mad he shall be—the little devil."

"I hope he'll not mesmerise you. His piercing eyes and his bitter tongue are dangerous. But I must be off before I am missed. Can you get up this black night without help?"

“Easily. Good night.”

“Good night; and be ready to be smuggled on board as a parcel of goods or blankets to-morrow.”

Duncan Maclean had been in France with old Madame, and knew the language well enough to understand Fadette's diabolical scheme. He resolved to capture her and rescue the young master that night itself. During the talk between the two conspirators, he got hold, by careful feeling, of a bend of the rope behind them and cut it. Fadette continued eating and drinking contentedly and unsuspectingly, almost within reach of his arm, after the butler left. Duncan knew from the sound of her voice that she sat on the narrow platform with her back to him. He had his plaid in the boat, and very carefully unfolding it, he threw it at a venture over the unseen figure. The throw was successful. A stifled scream, a fall backwards into the boat, and Fadette was in a few minutes muffled almost to suffocation, and hand and foot secured in the bottom of the boat. He then steered his course very silently to the cottage of a man he could trust, and after some little delay, got him to join him. There was no time for seeking further assistance. But the one helper had good news. The butler had invited the skipper and sailors to supper at the house, and the yacht was left in the custody of a man who could be easily surprised and overcome. The daring pair succeeded to a miracle. The keeper of the yacht was found buried in a drunken sleep, and not touched at all. The honest nurse was snoring in her bunk, and the only precaution taken was to shut her cabin door. Tearlach was wide awake, and without a cry or sign of surprise got up, and dressed, with Duncan Maclean's assistance. He was gently taken over the side into the boat, and placed in the stern. Silently the boat edged away for a short distance, and then the oars were vigorously applied, nobody during the whole voyage speaking a word.

Fadette was thoroughly saturated with French atheism and materialism, but her mysterious capture and the silent voyage filled her with superstitious awe. She was left for some time tied and muffled in the boat after it reached the opposite shore. Then she found herself lifted up, and carried into a house. She was untied and unmuffled in dead silence. She saw she was in a lighted room, and something more—Tearlach Crion standing, actually standing before her like a stern judge. She fell on her knees shrieking for mercy before he spoke a word—

“Mercy, Monsieur, mercy, and I’ll be your slave for ever. I’ll betray the Baroness, and warn you if she’ll ever more plot against you.”

“Thou promisest that?”

“I promise and swear it.”

“Nay, swearing is not for such as thou. I’ll hold thee to thy promise by other means, even by the influence which is mine, in consequence of thy attempt to poison me, and thy fiendish plot to rob me of reason, or, at least, to produce fictitious evidence of my insanity, so as to get me shut up in a lunatic asylum for the rest of my life :—

By heaven, and earth, and hell,
 I lay thee under spell.
 Be present, elemental band
 That ride the tempest, work the mine,
 Or change and ruin scatter—
 Ye sprites that roam o’er sea and land,
 Blind agents of the will divine
 Within the realm of matter—
 All ye who neither stood nor fell,
 Who have no fears nor hopes like man,
 Attest my spell !
 Be faithful, and ’tis well,
 Be false, Fadette, and then,
 Plagues of the marshy fen,
 Plagues of the noisome city,
 Plagues of the stifling den,
 Plagues without cure or pity
 Seize thee, strike thee,
 Twist thee, blight thee,
 Rack thy joints, and throb thy veins,

Scorch thy marrow, sere thy brains,
While on memory's scroll within
Rise writ in living fire,
Of ever-torturing ire,
Each act of falsehood and of sin
Committed or intended.

He glided away through the open door of the next room, where Duncan Maclean waited for him, and from which he had witnessed the scene. Fadette's back had been to this open door. She had seen nobody but Tearlach Crion, but she thought the room filled with grey misty forms when the spell was being laid upon her. Like one in a dream she raised herself from the floor, and groped her way out into the open air, seeking only to get anywhere away from her dread.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPRAY OF HEATHER.

ON mountain's crest, with rowans waving overhead
 In ruby clusters ; on an autumn day
 I pulled these purple heather bells, and said,
 My friend is far away
 Who loved this land of hill, and tarn, and glen,
 And clansmens' legends—Highland chivalry.
 So, thus, until I hold his hand again,
 This heather spray I send o'er hill and sea.

Bright heather bells, whose kinsmen weave a purple
 wreath
 On Scotland's lofty and unconquered brow ;
 From this rare land of mountain, stream, and heath
 Speed ye full fairly now
 To distant Africa, where brighter skies
 And warmer sun can nurture ne'er a gem
 That wears such simple grace in Celtic eyes
 As heather bells—our nation's diadem.

Across wide seas, the exiled Scot, aye leal of heart,
 Oft thinks of heath-clad heights, and sparkling streams,
 Where speckled trout 'mid gleaming pebbles dart.
 He visits her in dreams,
 Standing again upon her friendly shore,
 Nor longs for ruddier sun or skies more blue ;
 Content to dwell where men were brave of yore,
 And valiant still for what is right and true.

GEO. MACKENZIE.

INVERNESS.

A SCOTCHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

IV.—SOCIAL LIFE.

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THE travelled Russian presents a curious contrast at home and abroad, and to no individual of any nation is the homely adage, "follow him home," so applicable. If you meet him at the *table d'hote*, he is faultlessly attired in broadcloth, fine linen, and *pince-nez*. He scans the *menu* carefully, is fastidious about the cooking, snubs the waiter, feels that the eye of Europe is upon him, and is superb. If you follow him to his private apartment, you will probably find him on the first floor of the hotel, in the most thickly carpeted, richly gilded, most be-looking-glassed rooms he can find. Everything around him bespeaks luxurious ease, and yet he will tell you that these rooms are "poor affairs, that at home he has things on a much larger scale, that the toilet table appointments are defective," &c., &c.

My first acquaintance with the Muscovite began under these circumstances. I was looking for something to do at the time, and accordingly I went to call upon a lady who was in want of a chaperon for her daughters. I was directed by the hotel porter to the rooms of the Countess, and found myself in a spacious apartment, luxuriously furnished, which was one of a suite occupied by the lady and her daughters. I had time to look well about me, for madame was slow at putting in an appearance, and I thought to myself that the style of the room fully confirmed what I had heard of the riches of the family, and the comforts enjoyed by their dependents. The lady's appearance corresponded with the magnificence of the room, and the

contemptuous fashion with which she spoke of the miseries to be supported in foreign lands, and the pleasures to be found at one's own fireside, made me less averse to trying life in a country so often discussed, and yet in reality so little known, as the empire of the Czars. We came to terms, and after wandering about abroad for a couple of months, we set out for Russia, under the conditions which I have already described in my first paper.

The outside of my new abode was sympathetic enough. It was a low wooden building, painted a dark stone colour, with well draped windows, and a general air of tidiness. When the door was opened, a flight of carpeted steps led straight up to a tiny landing, on which stood a wooden bench, and opposite which a glass door led into a small entrance hall, and thence into a square room with a polished floor, known as the *saal*. Alas for my visions of comfort! They terminated with the strip of carpet at the *saal* door, and I may say here that they never re-appeared during my sojourn in that much-vaunted mansion.

Houses in Russia are built upon the economical principle of saving passage room. They are, as a rule, large buildings of three or four storeys in height, and constructed so as to be let out in flats, or in lodgings of five or six rooms, but the general plan is the same for large or small dwellings. There is usually a large hall in the middle, which is employed either as a reception room or a ball room, and the other rooms have access to it and through it. In some houses the dining-room partakes of the same character, being a thoroughfare from the bedrooms to the kitchen and offices, and possessing numerous doors or doorways, as the taste or rheumatism of the occupant may decide. In the majority of houses (or rather lodgings) carpets are the exception, but in the *saal* there is generally a small square on one side for the "highflyers of fashion," and upon the square stands a sofa, sacred to the mistress of the house and some especially favoured guest, with a round table, and a few chairs for folks of less distinction. At the

end of the room stands a grand piano, and down the sides small benches are placed for the dancers to rest upon during the intervals.

An ordinary lodging only consists, in addition to the offices, of a bedroom or two, the *saal*, dining-room, and the *cabinet de monsieur*, a sort of half smoke room, half business room. The furniture of this apartment comprises a large writing table, three or four chairs, a sofa or two, a few realistic pictures and statuettes, and a regiment of smoking appliances. Sometimes there are a few books lying about, but they are not of an improving nature. The room is slovenly and uncomfortable, and completely impregnated with the odour of tobacco. In a larger abode *madame*, who, by the way, is generally the supreme half, has a *saal*, drawing-room, and cabinet, the latter also *a la tabac*, where the furniture is like that used on the boards of a French theatre, and where the portraits of popular actresses, and especially of popular actors, are cheek by jowl with the last sweet thing in French novels, especially those of such authors as *Maupassant* and *Zola*.

In the more aristocratic houses a few decent pictures may sometimes be seen, usually of course by Russian artists, but anything like real artistic culture is yet in its infancy. Drawing-rooms and boudoirs (I am speaking of St Petersburg, not of the provincial towns), are often crowded with furniture, and so little taste is displayed in the arrangement that any bit of artistic sculpture, pottery, or painting, that may have been picked up abroad, is entirely thrown away—a literal casting of pearls before swine.

Nurseries, in our English acceptance of the term, are unknown in Russia. The children have rooms, and these are miserable enough, where they sometimes take their breakfast or tea, but as a rule the little ones are all over the house, seeing and hearing in their peregrinations a host of things that are unhealthy even for grown up folks, and thus laying the foundation for the lax morality, I will not

say depravity, which characterises the nation at large. I shall not enlarge upon this subject now, as I shall have occasion to allude to it at some future time, when speaking upon the subject of education.

Every room in a Russian house has an icon, or sacred image, placed in one corner, a little below the ceiling, besides the special ones that decorate the beds, etc., of the different members of the family. These icons are literally the household gods, before whom the people cross themselves before and after meals, and kiss and bow down to at morning and evening, when saying their prayers. They do not hesitate to ask of their patron saint anything they may require from a temporal point of view, and they promise in return to give him or her, as the case may be, any number of candles, or to make a certain pilgrimage to a favourite shrine.

The general love of plant culture is very remarkable in Russia. You will hardly find a dwelling without some green thing in it. The peasant has a bit of ivy or some such plant in his tiny window, or on a trellis-work in his room. The rich tradesman or noble has small date palms, fern palms, &c., in every room of his residence. They are seldom tastefully grouped, but they are green, and they give the characteristic touch of melancholy to the dwellings, and make them fitting abodes for the tea-drinking and slothful inhabitants of this curious country. Floral decoration is in its infancy. Hideous bunches of flowers are sometimes seen standing stiffly in a corner, and now and again, especially at Christmas and Easter, baskets of flowering plants are sent as presents to friends and relations. But they are not a flower-loving people, and you will never see a child with a posy in its hand, or a man with a rose or a bit of heather in his button-hole.

The Muscovite delights in gay colours. Bright red, yellow, or blue enter into the composition of the national costume, and when this is laid aside to follow the fashions of the rest of Europe, the most wonderful combinations of

blue, red, violet, and majenta may often be observed in the ladies' dresses.

The sleeping apartments are generally arranged as sitting rooms, so that during the day, when there are no visitors, the reception rooms are seldom used. I suppose that this partly arises from the slovenly habits of the people. The ladies in their own domain are at what they would term *their ease*, *c'est à dire* without tight-fitting garments. A skirt and a loose jacket or dressing gown in summer, with the addition of a warm shawl in winter, is all that is necessary in the way of clothing.

Here you may find them, if you are an inmate of the house, with a cigarette between their lips, a book in their hand, and a box of sweetmeats, or a small glass dish of jam and a glass of water at their elbow, stretched full length upon a sofa, or negligently lying back among the cushions, enjoying life according to their lights. Do not condemn them too severely for this. Less than thirty years ago, a train of domestic slaves waited hand and foot upon their masters, and it is only by slow degrees, and by reason of diminishing incomes, that people are learning to perform even the most necessary offices for themselves.

A Russian lady of the richer class never thinks of setting foot in her kitchen. The cook makes his appearance in the evening with a written *menu* for next day's luncheon and dinner; the mistress orders any alterations she may think proper, and generally settles his account for the day's provision, under protest, however, unless she be either too careless or too credulous to see the exorbitant percentage he has laid upon each article. I may add that if a cook be caught filching too much, he will amend his ways by charging for more of a thing than he consumes, and as he is generally in league with the different tradespeople, the keeping him in check is a matter of difficulty. The kitchens are generally dirty and ill-kept, and there is a paucity of cooking utensils that would send an English servant frantic. One reason for this is, that the cooks are

largely addicted to the practice of selling their saucepans, &c. At one house that I visit, such an incident happened very inopportunately. I had been invited to dine one day, and on my arrival the mistress of the house begged me to excuse the delay in serving the meal, as the cook was too drunk to prepare anything, and she had to get someone else. It turned out that this man had not only systematically cheated the family, but had also sold the greater part of the culinary utensils; yet, notwithstanding, we could see him in his white jacket and cap watching the progress of the dinner through the half-open door of the housemaid's pantry, and making *sotto voce* remarks on the ill treatment he had received. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which this man had been treated. Besides his regular salary, he received a present in money every time that his employers gave a dinner party, and it was his boast that he made a profit of £8 per month on the provision supplied to the family. Servants, and sometimes even governesses, have very strange sleeping accommodation. A place for female servants was arranged in one house that I know of by means of a large wardrobe on one side, and a curtain on the other. The rest of the room was devoted to a bath, &c., so that one might either say "the maids slept in the bathroom," or that "one took one's bath in the maid's room." The mistress was firmly convinced that her people were sumptuously lodged, and she was accustomed to say majestically "that each person had their own corner," which was indeed almost literally true. The footmen had a room, but so dirty that it would be impossible to describe it. The cook had a kind of partition in the kitchen, behind which he had a bed, and I believe that the coachman slept in the stables. As to the kitchenmaid's quarters, they are a mystery to me to this day. I suppose that she did sleep somewhere, or she could not have appeared on the scene during the day, but that somewhere is an enigma.

I knew of another house where the young lady's companion could never go to bed when there were any visitors, for the simple reason that she slept in the entrance hall, and her bed could not be set up until the house was clear of guests.

In St Petersburg the number of servants kept in the better class of houses is restricted. In the provincial towns, and in the country, the denizens of the lower regions are legion. I have often watched with amazement the number of persons who turned out of the underground kitchens in the house where I lived. The *dvornik* (gate porter) slept in a kind of hole in the wall, where there was just room to lie down, but not enough to stand upright, but nevertheless he had taken unto himself a wife. The cook was married, so were the coachman and footman, and both the latter had families; while our neighbours, who occupied a kind of doll's house with an underground cellar, seemed to have a whole swarm of people in the tiny little cavern yepeled a kitchen. I asked the lady of the house who these strange folk might be. "Oh," was the reply, "the cook has her little boy to live with her, and one of her married daughters is there, and the last few days her youngest daughter, who is out of place, has come to see her." "And the young man like a student whom I saw?" "Oh, I don't know who that may be; most likely he is a friend of her daughter's."

As I said just now, things are not quite on this patriarchal scale in the capital, but even there female servants are largely afflicted with cousin-worship, and males with that of problematical wives and sisters-in-law. If a mistress wishes to keep her servants she must allow them the same latitude that she demands for herself, and which society, from a fellow-feeling, generally accords to her.

M. O. W.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN "OLD MASTER."

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Dr Oliver, on his sixty-fifth birthday, announced to the villagers of Auchterleigh, where he had been sole medical practitioner for over thirty years, that he had resolved upon the engagement of an assistant, a feeling of suppressed excitement seized upon the little hum-drum community, and spread into the rural district around. Dr Oliver had become so much "one of themselves" in the uneventful current of life in Auchterleigh, that every villager and farmer regarded the intimation somewhat in the light of an impending family change, which might turn out for worse, but could not possibly better the existing state of matters. The people had unqualified confidence in, and a genuine affection for, their aged physician. Though his practice was financially so poor that no member of the profession dare offer him rivalry, his name stood eminent in medical circles. Blessed with an independent income of moderate amount, the Doctor had found the simple, quiet country life congenial to his studious mind, and, refusing all offers of advancement, pursued physiological experiments, and made discoveries—particularly relating to the circulation of the blood and to brain phenomena—which kept his name in the forefront of scientifico-medical writers.

It thus happened that, when Dr Oliver advertised for an assistant, the applicants were numerous, and flattering in the character of the men who were willing to make considerable sacrifices in order to have the privilege of being associated with him in his work. But the Doctor, after much deliberation, felt that he could not pass over the son

of his old friend and fellow student, Dr Richards Austin, then one of the leading "society" practitioners in London. Harry Oliver Austin had just finished a distinguished career at the medical colleges, and it was arranged that he should at once proceed to Auchterleigh, while his enthusiasm for the science was still glowing, and benefit all he could from Dr Oliver's sage counsel.

Dr Harry Austin was but twenty-three when he began his duties at Auchterleigh, though hard and persistent study had given his face an older cast. Of medium height, slender, but well shaped in figure, features rather handsome and decidedly pleasant in expression, the young doctor elicited many approving comments as he drove up to The Villa with Dr Oliver on the day of his arrival.

"An intellectual face, indicating more than average mental resource," mused Dr Oliver, after dismissing his young friend for the night, "but too handsome to become a studious physician. His society polish and attractive conversation, strong points in their way, will become his professional weakness when he is thrown into independent contact with the world. He'll be led astray by lovemaking, which is inimical to the pursuit of medical science." For the Doctor had never married, and was fond of attributing his success, without qualification, to that, shall it be called, questionable fact.

As everyone predicted, Dr Austin became a highly popular and much sought after and appreciated member of "society," as such a thing existed in Auchterleigh. No dance or dinner party—and these social functions were never known to be more numerous "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant"—was considered complete without his presence, and as his duties were light, and his aged colleague, so far, indulgent, Dr Austin was disposed to make his absences more the exception than the rule.

Society in Auchterleigh was headed by the laird, Albert Randal Jefferies of Clunes, and, in the little procession, the minister, the banker, a captain on retired pay,

the licensed grocer, and others of lesser light, followed in well recognised sequence. Clunes was a property of good extent and decent rental, let out principally in sheep farms. The mansion-house, an ancient-looking whitewashed structure, occupied a site on the terrace, overlooking the village, almost concealed by a growth of fine old, spreading beech trees, which imparted sylvan interest and beauty to the lawn. An only daughter, Alice, a young, lady-like person, of prepossessing appearance, presided over the laird's household ; the story of their loneliness being told in the village churchyard.

The young doctor's social predilections ere long became the subject of much good-humoured, gossipy insinuation and speculation. And there were certain indications of preferences in the company he kept which might have suggested that old Dr Oliver's prophecy was shaping itself towards fulfilment.

"All the maidenhood of Auchterleigh is at his feet," generalised, in whispered tones, the spouse of the principal grocer over her cup of tea one day. "I'm sure he'll get married, but who he'll take is another question. Though he is so handsome and nice spoken, they say he took up his head little with women afore, and that he is *quite* free. It's *real* interesting."

"It'll be the laird's daughter, or the Miss at the manse, I warrant," replied the Captain's wife, with a decisiveness which even that ex-warrior would have respected; "they're both daft about him already—oh, I can read between the lines, mind you. The laird's proud, but the Doctor's well connected, and would just make a fine match ; and as for the minister, he would be like to jump out of his broad-cloth could the Miss but make it up with the young man. And she's real willing to do that, faith!"

This conversation reflected, pretty truthfully, current opinion in Auchterleigh. The flutter which Dr Austin's advent caused among the village belles had apparently subsided upon a tacit understanding that if he selected a

wife at all in Auchterleigh, it would be from Clunes or the manse. The whole female community seemed to set themselves to watch the progress of events; but the young doctor, it was complained, was so impartial in such attentions as he paid to the young ladies in question that the greatest wiseacres in the place after a period ceased to hazard a prophecy in the matter. Then the time came when the entire population had their interest quickened as by electric shock.

For about a year, the project of a church—or rather, manse—bazaar had been engrossing the attentions and the busy fingers of old and young in the parish. Such an event was altogether new in the sequestered annals of Auchterleigh. But at last all preliminary matters had been satisfactorily settled except one, and for that the villagers waited in anxious expectancy. Each stall-holder—and the mistress of Clunes and the daughter of the manse were of course of the number—was to rally their particular friends around them for the occasion, for a great financial rivalry; at whose stall would the popular young doctor serve? It was veritably felt that his preference in this momentous affair would solve the love riddle which had perplexed every tea party for the past six months.

We will introduce ourselves into the mansion of Clunes for a few minutes, and have a look round. The laird is attending market at the county town, and Alice occupies the study, busy over one of those confessional missives by which young ladies generally maintain an old school friendship. As we peer over her shoulder, Miss Jefferies is doing a little punctuation and underlining, and we take the liberty of stealing the sentence, which she evidently regards as of very particular import:—

"The Doctor would be *such* an acquisition; he is so well liked by everybody, and is *so* genial and energetic; and I do so *very* much wish the Clunes stall to be the most remunerative and popular. But of this I am fully determined, I shall not *ask* him; oh, dear no, Milly, I could not bring myself to do that."

Closing the letter, and flinging it down carelessly, Alice lay back in the luxuriously cushioned chair and looked dreamily out of the window. The sun was disappearing in a blaze of red behind the Ben, and the shadows flickered from the trees, playing the most fanciful tricks with her features. Now a crimson streak would illumine her face, throwing over it an almost angelic charm, then a shadow would cover it with gloom, as the massive boughs of the beech bent to the evening breeze. It was the shadows which harmonized better with her mood just now. Surely no bazaar ever imparted such thoughtfulness to a maiden's face, or rendered the eyes so liquid and yearning. Will he come? she is asking herself; and the deepening shadows seemed to answer, "he will not." Then he cannot love her? Love!—what made her think of that? She starts up, blushing at her own consciousness, and glides from that room of dreams and flickering phantoms.

About the same time, there is another and a livelier picture at the manse. While Mr Cameron is scribbling his Sunday's sermon, which, in view of the bazaar, is to be on liberality in all things, his elder daughter has slipped in, and takes up a pen at a corner table. She, too, writes to a bosom school companion:—

"Of course, *I* don't care a bit *personally*, but it would be such a triumph (capitals, my dear), in a way you can't understand, did Dr Austin attach his dear self to the manse stall. And I mean that he *shall*, dear old school-fellow mine."

Miss Cameron was not a lady much given to "love's young dream," or even to serious thought, though a daughter of the manse. Giving her letter to the old beadle to post on his way up the village, she ran upstairs, humming the latest chamber song, and was soon engaged in the mysteries of her evening toilet. Occasionally, she would pause and take a good, honest stare at her sweet self in the mirror. Hers was a merry, sparkling, and well-favoured countenance, set off with a fine head of auburn

hair, which she had the cleverness and taste to work into the most wonderful and graceful *coiffures*.

"I suit him better than quiet Alice Jefferies," she said to herself in the course of one of those inspections. "I have more 'go,' as Mrs Turner says, and Dr Austin likes 'go.' And I like the Doctor, say I."

She was merry with herself that night, for Dr Austin had promised to call in connection with the case of some interesting pauper, and she had determined to settle at once that ticklish question about the bazaar.

Jeannie Cameron was quite right in her own personal estimate; she was a sprightly, laughing creature; in fact, it was a saying that Miss Jefferies at the manse and Miss Cameron at Clunes would have been an arrangement more in harmony with the nature of things.

At last, the day of the bazaar came round, and all Auchterleigh turned out to hear the laird's speech at the opening ceremony. Mr Jefferies, who had just gone through the experience of an unsuccessful Parliamentary campaign, explained the object of the sale in felicitous language, and then diverged into a vein of jocularly. It was only the goods, he said, with one of his genial smiles, and not the ladies themselves, that were to be disposed of, though the latter were without doubt the prettiest "concerns" in the room. Still, empty stalls and full hearts—with love, of course—would not be a bad result for their two days' money-making.

Full hearts! There was one—among the fairest there—whose heart was already full, and who, while others laughed and cheered, felt sad and heavy. It was the laird's own daughter! She had come to the conclusion, in her silent way, that if the Doctor preferred herself in any degree above other women, he would proffer his assistance on such an important occasion as this, when every stallholder's friends rallied to their aid, and there was much rivalry to secure the best returns. But what had happened?

Dr Austin was Miss Cameron's cavalier, never away from her side; bargaining, laughing, joking, the merriest of the merry, the handsomest of the handsome, with a huge moss rose, the gift of his equally gay companion, conspicuous in his button-hole.

The manse had triumphed; the news spread through Auchterleigh in a twinkling, and for a time the bazaar was but a theme of secondary interest. Many side glances were cast in the direction of Miss Jefferies, but though a trifle pale, which might reasonably be attributed to the excitement of the occasion, she betrayed no interest in what was interesting so many, and conducted her business with an energy and *esprit* which was the emulation of all.

Strangely out of place among the huge array of trifles with which the tables were laden, was a picture valued at £1000! A few years previously it had been picked up among a lot of castaway paintings at an old country house sale by one of the county lairds, Sir Ralph Lindsay, and had been pronounced by connoisseurs as a veritable Turner, and a fine, well-kept specimen of that great artist's early landscape work. The baronet was a liberal friend of the Kirk, and he had presented this unique and valuable canvas to be sold either at Auchterleigh, or in London, at not less than the figure named, on behalf of the manse fund.

This wonderful picture had many admirers in the bazaar, and none were more enthusiastic over it than young Dr Austin. He was something of a painter himself, cultivating the art not alone from love of the accomplishment, but as a pastime, and a relief from his own more abstruse studies. When business in the bazaar was not pressing, he would saunter up to the "old master," as it was called, and gaze with rapture upon the exquisite colouring.

It was the afternoon of the second day of the bazaar, and there was a lull in the stream of purchasers, for the Auchterleigh people had by this time emptied their purses with a liberal hand. Dr Austin and Miss Cameron wandered up and down the empty room discussing the

day's operations in confidential tones, and then seated themselves within the screened-off part of the hall, where dining arrangements had been carried on, to finish their *tete-a-tete*.

"You seem *very* fond of that 'old master,'" observed Miss Cameron.

"Immensely; I think it compares favourably with the best things Turner did in landscape. Good gracious! what a strange incident to find such a glorious piece of work in this trumpery bazaar."

"Trumpery, indeed!"

"Excuse me, but the comparison is not exaggerated, I assure you. The picture is undervalued, I am convinced; it is worth double the money, and still would be a sure bargain."

"Is Turner your ideal of a painter, then?"

"I often have passed days revelling among the collection he bequeathed to the National Gallery."

"Why, then, not purchase this 'old master?'"

"Haven't got the money."

"But as a speculation—you say it's worth two thousand at least."

"Yes, but, you see, if I once got possession of this picture, it and I would never part more."

"Indeed; how sentimental to get over a piece of painted canvas. Why, Dr Austin, you should go and make love to it. Things of beauty are obtained that way," she said with a low laugh.

"Yes, but they are not a joy for ever always, as this picture would be," he rejoined smiling. "Could I only win that glorious picture which a country boor threw away, I would woo it in the tenderest phrases that ever came from the lips of foolish lover. Like this, for instance: 'I love thee with all my heart and all my soul, come, come to these arms.'"

"Oh! Doctor, how can you."

Our interest in the conversation here changes ; a silent drama is being enacted. As Dr Austin, in mock reality, expressed himself in those endearing terms towards the "old master," a trifling duty brought Miss Jefferies within earshot. The sentence fell upon her ear, and she started, turned pale, clutched, a second, for support, and then fled like a ghost. To her, in conjunction with the proceedings of the past two days, those words of love had but one possible meaning. Poor Alice ! She had endured much these two dreary days—the triumphant glances of her rival ; the desertion of the man she loved—aye, whom she worshipped, as she told herself on her tear-stained pillow the previous night ; the whisperings of the ill-mannered villagers ; and now—accident had cruelly made her a listener in the final act by which he was to be carried out of her life for ever !

For ever ! without recall ! The thought was maddening ! She must get out of that stifling atmosphere, it was suffocating her ; she must get away from that hated love scene behind the screen—she must go somewhere, anywhere to be alone with her misery, to contemplate life's blackness with no human eye to witness her agony of soul.

When she returned from an hour's ramble, her face was perhaps a shade paler, but she was calm and composed in manner. It seemed as if, after an heroic struggle, she had reconciled herself to a line of action from which the element of joyousness was to be entirely excluded.

At last the bazaar came to a close. It had been a conspicuous success for Auchterleigh, the laird said in his closing address. The sum collected was £320, quite a third of the debt on the manse, and there was the "old master" still seeking a purchaser.

The laird expatiated so eloquently upon the picture, and Sir Ralph's generosity in presenting it, that many turned to have a re-inspection of the remarkable work of art.

It was not to be found—the "old master" had mysteriously disappeared !

At first it was asked who had taken care of the picture, and where had it been put, but as no one could answer either of these queries, the alarm of theft was at once raised. Consternation succeeded incredulity, for no stranger had been seen in the bazaar, or even in the locality, and the honour of Auchterleigh was at stake. The hall was searched up and down, in and out, but the "old master" was not to be found, and no one could depon to having seen it within the last hour. It was a thorough search, except that a box in the corner, which stood open, and contained Dr Austin's purchases in view of a charitable sale his sister was promoting in London, was passed by. No one thought of imputing such a palpable insult upon the popular doctor as a search of that receptacle would have implied.

When the fruitless search was ended, and all stood in a group discussing the mysterious occurrence, the laird stepped forward and made a proposition. It would be advisable, he counselled, to lock up the hall and place a couple of watchers on duty outside till the assistance of a detective could be obtained from London to unravel the mysterious and very regrettable theft. This course was assented to unanimously, and by none was it more heartily applauded than Dr Austin.

On the following afternoon a smart-looking fellow from Scotland Yard placed himself at the service of the Bazaar Committee, and, headed by the laird, the little procession entered the hall. Young Austin was of the company, and so also was old Dr Oliver, looking particularly grave over an occurrence which excited the suspicion that a thief lurked in that quiet and hitherto upright community. It took some time to state the case in all its bearings, and the officer listened attentively, taking few notes, but darting quick glances at those standing around.

"Have you made a thorough search of the hall, gentlemen?" he asked, as the laird finished his statement.

"We have searched most thoroughly."

“Everywhere except that box standing over there—it contains some trifles, and belongs to Dr Austin,” added one of the villagers.

“Ah! nothing must be omitted in a case like this, gentlemen,” quietly observed the detective.

The company regarded this action as a mere formality of the situation, and began a conversation amongst themselves; but the voice of the officer suddenly startled them into a state of intense expectancy.

“Is this your picture, gentlemen?” he asked, as he lifted from the box and displayed to the eager group the “old master” in all its charm.

A profound silence ensued; none could utter a word.

“It is the picture,” said the laird at last, in broken accents.

It was a terrible shock, and no one had courage enough to break the silence which followed till Dr Oliver beckoned the laird apart.

“Where is Dr Austin?” asked the detective.

“He was here,” replied one of the bystanders.

“And he went away with some one before you searched the box,” added another.

“Ah,” said the detective with emphasis.

“Gentlemen,” said the laird, advancing, “this is a strange case, but it is one which may yet be explained. So far we will not call it a crime. For myself, I am convinced there has been some blunder, which Dr Austin, whom we all know and respect, may now enable us to throw light upon. Officer, you have done your duty expeditiously; you will get your fee, and we will manage the other steps in the case ourselves.”

“But what of Dr Austin? He may have bolted, sir,” said the detective.

“No, he is here—what is wanted of him?” and young Austin entered at that moment, and stepped boldly into the circle. His face was pale with excitement, and his eyes flashed upon every face around him.

"The picture has been found in your box, sir," said the detective quietly, pointing to the heap of knick-knacks lying beside it on the floor.

Austin had taken in the situation swifter than the officer could speak. Drawing himself up, and gazing at those around him with an expression of infinite agony and appeal, he said slowly—

"Who is the enemy that has done this?"

"There has been a mistake, Dr Austin," said the laird in husky voice.

"A mistake!" he replied tremulously, "there has been a crime, a double and a cruel crime—the crime of theft and the crime to injure an innocent man."

All felt, with uncomfortable force, that it was an extremely awkward and painful situation. The young doctor's demeanour was truly that of an honest man; but still, the picture had been found in his box—the picture he had envied so much—and not a single name suggested itself as that of his enemy; in fact, to the knowledge of the community, he had none but friends in good old Auchterleigh.

"Do you arrest me?" he asked quietly, turning to the officer.

"No, sir."

Then he turned silently to Dr Oliver, and the old man, down whose withered cheeks the tears had begun to trickle, mutely gave him his arm. The company made way as the couple went slowly and silently out of the room.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

D. N.

RANN NA H-UISEIG.

FROM time immemorial the sky lark has been a favourite bird in all countries in which it abounds. It is one of the best known of British birds, and its praise has been often sung by poets of no mean order. Preachers often referred to its habits when illustrating some points of Christian practice. In his delightful book, "Heaven and Home," Dr Marshall Lang makes a beautiful allusion to it. The late Rev. A. Farquharson, who was for many years minister of the Independent Church in Tiree, used to say that the reason why the Tiree people are such good singers is because the sky lark abounds in the island. He was a firm believer in the influence of surroundings, and knowing that, during the singing season, numerous larks could be heard in every part of the island from day break till the evening, he could not help believing that its sweet and cheerful song helped to a great extent to stir up and develop the natural gift for music which many of the people possessed. He himself being both a good player and a good singer, as well as a poet of considerable merit, often felt moved to compose and sing when he observed how the lark cheerfully sang as it steadily ascended towards heaven.

The lark was a favourite in olden times chiefly because it was a bearer of good news. In those days there were neither clocks nor barometers to be found in country places. Early in the morning before any one without a watch or clock could definitely tell that the dawn was fast approaching, the lark gladdened the watcher's heart by announcing by its cheerful song, in the stillness of early morning, that daylight was fast approaching. When the winter was over, and the first of spring came in (under the old style), the lark began to sing. And I well remember that to hear

the lark beginning to sing on the first day of spring gave young and old more pleasure than to hear the cuckoo on the first of summer. In fact the cuckoo was never so great a favourite in the Long Island and in the other outer Islands as the lark, probably because the cuckoo seldom visited those islands. Again, when there was heavy rain, it was the lark that told the good news that the rain would soon be over. I remember that when the rain came down heavily, and people wearied for dry weather, they used to say—"Seallaibh a mach feuch an cluinn sibh na h-uiséagan a' gairm" (Look out and listen if you hear the larks singing). Those who have barometers know that the mercury rises before the rain stops. In like manner the larks invariably begin to sing before the dry weather comes.

In Uist the lark was looked upon in olden times almost as a sacred bird. It was quite common to hear the people, when referring to it, saying that it is a blessed bird. ("Tha 'n riseag beannaichte"). Occasionally one comes across a lark's nest with five eggs in it. This nest was believed to be the nest of St Mary's lark ("an uiseag Mhuire"). It happens sometimes that an egg disappears from the nest, or that it is not properly hatched, and that there is a bird less in the nest than the number of eggs. The missing egg may have been accidentally broken, and thrown outside the nest by the bird, or it may not have received the degree of heat necessary for hatching. These things were not taken into consideration at all. The lark, being looked upon as a blessed bird, was believed to have given away the egg as a tithe, in other words, devoted it to the support of religion ("Chuir i anns an deachamh e").

It was considered a great sin to rob any lark's nest. Parents repeatedly warned their children against doing such a cruel thing. Hence the following rhyme which mothers used to teach their children in order to keep them from robbing larks' nests. Children in their innocence believed that larks could do them harm if they robbed their nests :—

“ Bhid, bhid, bhidein,
 Co chreach mo nidein ?
 Ma’s a duine beag thu,
 Cuiridh mi le creig thu.
 Ma’s a duine mòr thu
 Leagaidh mi gu làr thu.

Ma’s duine gun umhail gun nàire thu,
 Gu ’n gleidheadh Dia do d’ mhàthair fhein thu.”

The following *rann* used to be sung on the first of February in olden times. It must have been composed upwards of 150 years ago. It was taken down from the dictation of Angus M’Phee, crofter, Island Flodday, in Benbecula, in January, 1878. Angus heard it when he was quite a boy from an old man in Benbecula known as Domhull Ban Mac Iain (Donald Macpherson). Macpherson died upwards of 50 years ago. He could recite hundreds of old songs and old stories. Angus M’Phee emigrated to Manitoba with his family in 1883. He is, if still living, about 80 years of age:—

“ Air sgiathaibh subhlach an aird nan speur,
 Tha ’n uiseag bheusach bhreac-bhallach chluiteach
 A’ seinn a ciuil dhuinn le deagh ghleus,
 A’ toirt sgeul an earraich as ur dhuinn
 An deigh a ciurradh le fuach brein ;
 A’ taisbeanadh maise agus umhlachd
 Do ’n Triuir a tha ’n aird nan neamh ;
 Mar fhianuis an aghaidh nan slogh ;
 Mar dhearbhadh air gloir nan neamh ;
 Tha ribheid a cleibh a’ toirt urram air gach ceol ;
 Truailleachd nadair no gnìomh lamh
 Cha chuirear mar thair air a h-eoin.
 Craobh mheangannach, dhosrach,
 O dhuslach na talmhainn
 Mar an duine tha falbh ann an ceo,
 Gun subhailc, neo-bheusach, lan truailleachd,
 Tha ’n duine fo bhuaireadh mar sgleo.
 A Thi phriseil, nam buadhan caomha,
 Ceadaidh dhuinn aomadh gu ceol
 A sheinn do na naomhaibh
 Tha comhnuidh an saoghal nam beo,
 Far nach fuaraich an gaol,
 ’S am maireann an ceol,
 Muire nan gras, Peadair, is Paul, agus Eoin.”

THE SONG OF THE ATHOLEMEN.

THE following is, *par excellence*, the song of the Atholemen when mustered under the flag of their chief. It has been so for many ages ; but the question is for how many? One thing is sure, that there has been no Earl of Athole since the 17th day of February, 1676, when the then Earl was created Marquis of Athole. The song could not apply to that nobleman when he was still Earl of Athole, for he did not marry the flower of the women of the North, but Lady Amelia Stanley, only daughter of James, seventh Earl of Derby, through whom the Kingship of Man and the Barony of Strange subsequently fell in to the Athole family, John Murray, Earl of Tullibardine, who, as female line heir of the earls of the Knight of Lorne descent, obtained the Earldom of Athole in 1629, after the two interpolated earls of the Innermeath line, was, we believe, undoubtedly the hero of the song, and that, too, about the time when he married Jane, youngest daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, and when Blair and other parts of the earldom were still in liferent possession of his mother and her sisters as coheireses of the last earl of the Knight of Lorne descent. Gillies published, more than a hundred years ago, the Athole song in his "Collection." The copy he used must, we think, have been supplied by Mr Maclagan, whose own copy with his name prefixed we now give as we find it. Mr Maclagan is seemingly surprised that Strathtunnel is mentioned as the residence of the Earl instead of Strathtay, but that was because the temporary breakdown of the property by division among the coheireses had already been forgotten in his time, as in a few years after 1629 all the severed parts got reunited with the earldom again. He would also like to substitute the odour of "fruit" instead of the odour of "musk,"

because he either disliked the word “musca” as a Gaelic form of musk, or more probably because the people who recited the song to him, knowing nothing about musk, had substituted a word which everybody understood, and seemed to fit the idea the unknown bard wanted to express:—

ORAIN D' EARL' ADHOILL.

'S mithich dhamhsa bhi 'g eir'idh
 'S a bhi 'g eileadh bhreacains' mu'n ghlun,
 Dol a thriall air an astar ;
 Do Shrath-teamhair¹ na'm breac is maith 'm iul,
 Dh'ionnsuidh Earla nam bratach,
 Leis nach b' fhiach a bhi tais ann an cuis :
 Leam is bliana gach seachduin
 O'n la thriall mi a cleachda do chuir.

Earla Adhoill t-fhaicinn slàn,
 Ur-shlat ghasta 's cás-bhui barr,
 Deud dhluth chaile air dhreach nan cnamh,
 Run mu'n Phás is Lágan-rat.

'S i mo ghradh do Lub ladhach,
 'S i bu sheolta, 's bu sheaghaich, 's bu shuairc',
 Bu neo-ghìoganaich 'gabhail
 'Nuair a dh' eir'eadh an latha glas fuar ;
 Air mullach a cheathaich
 Gheibhte ruaidhe nan abhall na d' ghruaidh ;
 Ceanna-feadh'n' thu 's fìor thighe
 Leis an eir'eadh na h-Adhollaich shuairc.
 Earla Adhoill, &c.

Cha bu Cheatharnach cliobach,
 Gun mhodha, gun mbeisnich, gun speis,
 Ris 'n do dhealuiche mise, .
 Mu'n taic-se latha roimh 'n de,
 Air fonn Bad-an-tibeirt,
 Le do cheathairne sciobailte, ghleust,
 Le do mhiol-chonabh seanga
 Chuireadh dìona re eangabh an fheidh.

Cha bhodach suarach o uachdar frìth,
 Ach Boinne uasal so dh' fhuil rìgh,
 Sar cheannart sluai, h d' am buailt' an t-sìth,
 Aig meud a chruadail 'nuair ghluaisea' sribh.

¹ No Shrath-tabha.

Bheirinn mionnan air Bioball,
Gu'm b' ionns' thu bhì 'n stiopail nan creag,
Paidhir shuigeinin feoir ort,
'S thu bhì siubhal air mointich gun each,
'G amharc fraithin an aonaich
Far an cluinnea'maid glaodh nan laogh breac,
Na bhì 'g amharc na 'm fallsoir
A bhiodh 'g imtheachd air cabhsair Pheirt.

'S tu marcach steud mhor nan each seang,
Bhuidhnea' reis is sreìn nan ceann ;
Fuilteach beimneach 'nuair dh'èigh' *adhbhans'*,
A thiorcadh t-fheim 's do bhreid re crann.

'S mor m' eagal 's mo churam
Mu do thaghall 's an du-mhachair mhin,
Aig a cheist thug an Crun duit
Oig aigiontuich shul-ghuirm gun ghiomh,
Gu bheil Gaill am mio-ruin duit,
Gu'n taìrg iad do chuis a chuir sìos,
'S gu'n glais iad na tuir ort,
Ma tharlas tu 'n lubaibh nan iion.

Is daor an eiric dhuinn air barr
A bhì ga bhuaìn air chluaran ard,
'S aig dealach uait cho luath 's a ta,
Gun fhios c'ì 'n uair an gluais am bàs.

'S lionmhor aigiontach gruagach
Agus ruaidhe na gruaidh mar an ròs,
'Nuair a shuidhte r' a slios-sin
Gu bu chumhraidh 'na musca¹ a pòg,
Aig am biodh am folt scaoilteach
Cho bhuidhe re teuda 'n or,
Leis am b' aidhireach t-fheadain
Fui bhrrataibh daor dhe 'n t-srol.

Ach thug thu gaol 's cha 'n fhead thu fuath,
Gu'n tig an la 'm bì bhur dail re h-uagh,
Do'n gheig uir aluinn a's sar bhuidhe gruag,
Ceist na mnaith'n o 'n Airde-tuath.

¹ No measa.

FROM OBAN TO PORTREE.

PART I.

IN these days of illimitable travel, of cheap and easy access to every continental centre: through darkest Africa; round the world (as it is called) in 100 days; of hunting and exploring parties to Western Continents; of London to Paris from Saturday to Monday once a fortnight or so; of the growing necessity for everyone who has a week and a sovereign or two to spare to journey somewhere—anywhere far from—or with—madding crowds, and that sort of thing; in such days the narrative of a trip from Oban to Portree is by no means calculated to excite undue enthusiasm or arouse much curiosity. Yet, as the poet hath it, “it is my humour,” and surely “every man in his humour.”

Professor Blackie claims the credit of having “made” Oban, or, alternatively, “helping to make” it. What a picture could be made of this!—the gaunt and lean Professor, with mystic wand, in a silence which could be felt broken only at irregular intervals by the raven’s hoarse croak, floating at midnight over Oban’s bare cliffs and shores. Or picture a horrid chamber, deep, embosomed ’mong the rocks, where, with crucible and furnace, with map and scale, some old armour and a stuffed crocodile, the Professor works steadily, unwearingly, ’midst the gloom, busily, busily, busily making Oban.

Naturally, therefore, he took a lively interest in his child, watched with fond parental eye its quick development—praised it when it did right, chided it when it erred—but the *denouement* was coming. Young Oban would no more be pleased with a rattle, or tickled by a straw. It must have better toys—a railway and a steam engine; it was sick of steamers. Bring that skirling, squealing, smoke and dirt-vomiting monstrosity here, said the Professor, and

I leave you to your fate! I cut you off without even a shilling! Is this gratitude? Is this to be my return? But Oban was adamant, and its dust was indignantly kicked from off the professorial heels, the owner thereof vanishing into space.

Be that as it may, Oban was "made" and founded secure enough on a rock, and now, doubtless out of gratitude to its maker, it keeps open house to all comers. Truly a hospitable lot—if you are hungry, they will feed you; if weary, they will let you rest; if a stranger, they will take you in. It is a mere detail to mention that it will all be in the bill. It (Oban, not the bill) consists mainly of several dozen hotels, of varied types of architecture and degrees of magnificence, some shops, a railway station, a steamboat pier, and a vast modern structure, described—perhaps sarcastically—in a guide book as being "unfinished." Yes, Oban's attempted Hydropathic—how would Hydropathetic do?—*is* unfinished. The guide book is correct for once, there certainly is a want of finish about it; a little paint might make a difference, or some tidying-up about the place add to the finish, but it is not ours to make suggestions. Suffice it for the present to say that it opens up a grand field for the speculator, and, as an outlet—or should it be *inlet*?—for spare capital, it stands unequalled.

The view from it, Oh! how shall the view from it be described? Perhaps it were best not to attempt it. To paint such a scene, with only ink as the pigment, would not be a satisfactory painting, it would not sell, and even that most modern demon, the amateur photographer, could hardly do it justice. To a poet with unimpaired digestion, and with a large amount of extra fine frenzy, this tomb of extinct hopes (and cash), looking on the glories of the setting sun, where not a "sound" is heard but only seen, offers unlimited possibilities. For any one who still indulges in the now almost extinct art of meditation, such a condition of things and such a scene is fitted to suggest a new thought.

But let us descend, for Oban is lighting her lamps ; the yachts are retiring back into the gathering gloom, their lines hardly traceable ; the people are in the street ; the German band is in full blare, and the stringy notes of a dulcimer steal in upon the ear. Steamers are lying at the piers, lazily puffing their evening pipe, tired out with the rush and bustle of the day. In another hour the people will have retired, the dulcimer will be hushed, and the voice of the band and of the turtle will not be heard.

So much for Oban ; so much also for Tobermory, only less so. We break the journey here (journeys, to be complete, ought to be broken). The sail up the Sound of Mull is very fine, and positively necessary if you wish to get to Portree. Query—Why call it the “Sound” of Mull? Sound cannot be seen. As well call it the “Smell” of Mull? At Tobermory this name would seem appropriate, particularly when there’s “fush.” At Lochaline, a group of crofters had gathered on the pier, and were apparently turning over a grievance or two, with uncharacteristic volubility and extravagant gesture. I thought of going ashore, appointing myself a Royal Commission, making a searching enquiry into their grievances, squaring up their arrears, and asking them when they would like their railway ; but I was too late. The steamer moved off, and these men will never know how near they were to a consummation of all their hopes. *Sic transit gloria.*

Tobermory’s chief hotel is a castellated mansion situated on a cliff, attainable by means of a series of flights of steps and several very much inclined planes, which are, as a rule, nicely bestrewed with large-sized gravel, making the journey up laborious, and the idea of the journey down discouraging. Good idea this for an hotel. When you get up and recover your breath, you come to the conclusion the tariff will be very high up here ; better get down while there is time to execute this strategic movement without loss of dignity, but the memory of the gravel lingers about your corns, and you decide to remain where you are.

When a traveller comes off the steamer at the capital of Mull he unsuspectingly supposes that, being safely landed, he is free to betake himself whither he pleases. There never was a greater mistake—he will presently find that he has been unblushingly misled, and that he is simply put on shore at a pier, while Tobermory real and proper is on the other side of (except certain conditions be complied with) quite an impassable barrier. As he proceeds to make his way into the city, he finds himself face to face with a narrow wicket gate; struggling manfully to get through, a fine kippered old specimen of a Muller fixes him with his eye (he has two eyes, but only uses one for this branch of his business), and whispers laconically “a penny,” with tremendous emphasis on the “pen;” the eager bustling traveller referred to is at once transfixed. A penny! What for! are the indignant queries. Did I not pay my fare from Oban to Tobermory on board that steamer? Did not M’Brayne undertake to convey me from the one place to the other for value received? It is a swindle! I will force my way through! I will write to the newspapers and expose you. You old—— “A penny” is once more repeated in mild but emphatic tones. Some people coming up behind begin to elbow him, they know it all; possibly they are in the swindle themselves. On reflection, a penny is not much; he decides to pay it, and does pay with a look which means (though it is utterly lost on the tough example it is intended for) unutterable things.

There are several ways of escaping this impost. One method, and perhaps the best, if craftily carried out, is to, after landing, hang about the goods shed, and, of course, try to lead gazers to suppose that you are deeply interested in the addresses of its contents, poke the bags and bales with a stick; if necessary, turn one or two of the lightest over; then when suspicion is allayed, and the old cerberus off the alert, or gone to his dinner or his bed—make a bolt. Another method, probably the safest, is to jump the seven-foot paling at the back of the pier. Walk or run, not too

smartly, so as to avoid suspicion, a distance of say a mile and a-half in the direction of the lighthouse, then scale the cliff, taking care not to skin yourself too much, double sharply back in the direction of Tobermory, and enter it by the top storey, with as innocent an expression of face as possible, for the women and children who stare at you cannot by any possibility know the facts. Either of these methods, if judiciously carried out, will be successful ; they require craft and time certainly, and are apt to lead to somewhat undignified complications. It is just possible, however, that on the whole it might be better simply to pay the tax and have done with it.

JAS. A. GOSSIP.

THE CAT :

ITS NAME AND ITS PLACE IN FOLK-LORE.

I N our last number we discussed when and whence the domestic cat came into Europe, and the conclusion arrived at was that the cat spread throughout Europe on or about the time of the collapse of the Roman Empire, and that its original habitat was ancient Egypt, where it was domesticated in the very earliest times. Now, in Europe it acquired a new name—the name *cat*—a term probably first applied only to the wild cat, which was native to Europe; which of the nations gave it that name? The answer to this question would naturally throw much light on the early history of the cat in Europe, and probably disclose what nation we owe its spread to. The word *cat* is foreign to Latin and Greek; they designated their mouse-killer as *felis* and *ailouros*, and though that animal was not the same as the domestic cat, yet they used these names to designate the Egyptian cat, the probable ancestor of our own cat. Hence we have to look to one of the more Northern languages for the name *cat*, and the contest lies between Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic.

The first mention of the name *cat* is in a line of Martial's, a Latin poet of the end of the first century of our era, and it runs thus:—

“Pannonicas nobis nunquam dedit Umbria *cattas*.”

This connects the *catta* with Pannonia, which was practically a Celtic district. A Latin version of the Septuagint of about 250, translates the Greek *ailouros* by *catta*, and thereafter we have to pass on to the year 600, or thereabouts, when the word again appears in a life of Gregory the Great,

by Diaconus Johannes. From this point forward the word is common in mediæval Latin, either as *catta* or *cat(t)us*. It appears in Greek, about 350 A.D., as *katta*, and later *kattos*, as a familiar term of equal force with *ailouros*. In the Teutonic languages the Anglo-Saxon has *cat* or *cett*, and old High German *chazza*, but it does not exist in Gothic, the oldest of all. The Slavonic languages have the word with the type-form *kot*. The Italian is *gatto*, and the French *chat*, both from the Latin, doubtless. In Celtic, the two main branches have the word in forms which have all the marks of age. Breton is *kaz*, Welsh *cath*, Old Irish *catt*, and Gaelic *cat*. These various forms in the leading languages are not cognate; either Teutonic borrowed it from Celtic, or both from Slavonic, or *vice versa*. For if English *cat* had a cognate in Celtic, the old Gaelic form of it would be *gad*; or if Gaelic *cat* were to have a cognate in Teutonic, the form would necessarily be *hath*. The theory that the word is of Teutonic origin finds most favour. Dr Otto Schrader thinks he proves his case, because a military writer of the fourth century says that the "barbarians" call a pent-house *cattus*, which, doubtless, means "cat," for these engines of war were called variously "tortoises," "cats," and "sows." He infers that the barbarians were Teutons, and that the word originally denoted the wild cat, which was sacred to the goddess Freya. Dr Murray, of the great *English Dictionary*, thinks the Pannonic cat of Martial's line points to either a Teutonic or Slavonic source. But Pannonia was Celto-Illyrian, and well within the confines of the old Celtic Empire, during the Roman supremacy; and, as a consequence, Pannonic does not imply Teutonic or Slavonic by any means.

We think the Celts can put forward a much better claim than either Teuton or Slav. A coin of old Gaul—one of many—belonging to the country of the Lixovii (Lisieux), contains the legend on one side, "*Cisiambos Cattos Verco-breto*;" which has been rendered "Cisiambos and Cattos the

two Vergobreti" or consuls. Here we have *cattos*,¹ which is the ideal proto-form of the late Celtic words for "cat," appearing sometime about the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar; it is a man's name, but there is nothing strange in that fact. Again we have a king of Ireland, whose date is 14 A.D., and whose name is Carbri Cenn-cait or Carbre Cat-head. Of course the king's name appears only in the annals, which are comparatively late; but since Carbre is represented as heading a proletariat revolution—a thing unknown before or after in Ireland as far as the annalists knew—there may be truth in his story and reality in his name. We need not adduce the mythic son of Cruithne, the ancestors of the Picts; he is called Catt or Cat, but evidently the name originated from the territorial name, known in Middle Irish as Cataib or ancient Cathanesia, which meant Sutherland and Caithness. How old the name Cataib is we cannot say; it is evidently pre-Norse, that is, anterior to about 800 A.D. The word is the dative plural of *cat*, a "(wild) cat," for territories were named often, as in Gaul and Italy, after the people, the plural of the people's name being used; and, also naturally enough, the oblique cases prevailed, that is, either dative or accusative. Hence Ultaib and Ultu, *i.e.*, Ultomiis or Ultonios, for Ulster. Hence Cataib is equal to Cattis, "in the (land of) cats." The people must originally have been called the Catti or Cats. They were not, however, connected with the German *Chatti*, for *Hatti*, a name which now appears as Hesse, in Germany. The phonetics, not to speak of other difficulties, are against the connection. The word *cat* also entered into the personal name Catan; this name was borne by an Irish-Scottish saint of the 8th century, his *floruit* being given as about 710 A.D. The personal name formed in honour of him was Gillie-Chatan, who is given as the far-off ancestor of the Clan Chattan. Mr Elton and others explain this clan name on

¹ The word may be divided thus—*cat-to-s*, and the first part compared to the Latin *cat-u/us* (whelp).

“totem” principles as the clan of the “Wild Cats;” but such an idea is untenable when the saintly origin of so many other clans is considered. Nor do the crests and armorial bearings of Clan Chattan or of the Sutherlands, which is the cat, mean anything further than mild heraldic punning. The numerous place-names in Ireland and Scotland containing reference to the “cat” prove nothing; they are probably not old; but if they are old, they are of course so named from the wild cat.

The conclusion to which we are driven by the foregoing arguments—and there are no arguments on the Teutonic or Slavonic side save those indicated—is that the name *cat* is of Celtic origin, and that the other nations borrowed the name from the Celts, as also the cat itself doubtless. But whence did the Celts get the animal? How did they bring it from Egypt to the Danube? We know that the Celts were great wanderers in all ages of antiquity, appearing as conquerors in Asia Minor in the 3rd century B.C., and more especially as mercenaries in all portions of the then known world. These wanderers may have brought the cat westward on their home journey.

THE CAT IN FOLKLORE.

The cat, despite its late advent among European nations, fills a large place in folklore. In many instances it succeeded to the superstitions attaching to its predecessor in the mouse-catching line—the martin or weasel. Thus in some places it is considered unlucky if a cat crosses one's path; “to meet the cat in the mornin'” is a proverbial expression in north-east Scotland addressed to one who has returned from an unsuccessful mission, or met bad luck during the day. Now here the cat quite takes the place of the weasel of antiquity. Theophrastus' (B.C. 300) superstitious man, “if a weasel run across his path, will not pursue his walk until someone else has traversed the road, or until he has thrown three stones across it.” In the Highlands, the hare is the uncanny animal in these circumstances; but a

Highland sailor does not care to meet a cat when going to join his boat, for it may augur drowning.

In myth and folk-tale, the cat does not play any important part. The best known myth or legend is that which details the fortunes of Dick Whittington and his Cat. Dick was a poor boy in a merchant's house in London ; one of the merchant's ships was sailing for Africa, and, according to custom, his servants were allowed to make a little venture in foreign trade under the charge of the captain. Dick had no money, but he sent a cat which he had "bought from an old woman." The ship arrived in Africa ; the captain was well entertained ; but the dinner was spoiled by a rush of rats and mice, who devoured nearly everything. The captain then introduced the cat, and presto ! every rat and mouse hid its diminished head. Untold money was given for the cat. The ship returned, and Dick was a rich man ! He married the merchant's daughter, and was thrice Lord Mayor of London ! That was in the reign of Henry Fifth, about five hundred years ago. There are some prosaic people who will insist on disillusionising us, and explaining away all our fairy stories by scientific processes and hateful dates. They say that Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London in 1397, made his money in the coal trade ; that the coal-heavers with their black faces are the Moors or Africans ; that the "cat" is a ship on the Norwegian model, having a narrow stern, projecting quarters, and a deep waist, used in the coal trade in old days, and that the whole story is, as Max Muller would say, caused by a "disease of language," where misunderstood words and popular imagination play revel with historic facts. The story is well known in the Highlands, where of course it gets a local habitation and a name. The tale has been known in some places as that of "Rìgh nan Rodanan Ruadh," the tale of the King of the Red Rats. A mariner from *Cataobh*, or Sutherland, relieves a foreign potentate of his red rats by means of a cat, and he gets untold wealth : these are the

bare facts of the tale. There is in these stories possibly a reminiscence of the time when cats were unknown in this country.

In the folk-tales, the cat may appear as an enchanted prince or princess. In the Gaelic story of the "Grey Speckled Cat," published in the last volume of the *Celtic Magazine*, the hero is bewitched, and appears as a cat, but the constancy of the heroine, the youngest of three sisters, saves him. The mediæval Irish romance called "The Voyage of Maeldune," made famous by Tennyson's rendering of it, contains an interesting reference to the cat. Maeldune and his men were once hard pressed for provisions, when they sighted a little island with a large palace on it. They landed and entered the wonderful palace, They walked through many rooms and found no one there. At last, in the principal apartment, they saw a small cat that was continuously jumping from one pillar to another ranged around the room. The cat looked at them for a moment, and resumed its play. On the table was food of all kinds, and the room was gorgeous with gold and silver brooches, torques, and swords. They partook of the food, but Maeldune forbade anyone taking aught of gold or silver with him. But his elder foster-brother took off with him one of the gold torques; and the cat then followed them into the court, and, "springing on him like a blazing fiery arrow, he went through his body and reduced it in a moment to a heap of ashes." But Maeldune and the rest departed in safety.

In superstition, the cat has a doubtful reputation; nor is this wonderful when the characteristics of the animal are considered—its stealthiness, unsocial habits, and its self-centred and not entirely confident disposition. In the Middle Ages, cats were regarded as the familiars of witches, and the favourite shape assumed by Satan was that of a black cat. In the Highlands it was—and doubtless in certain places is—firmly believed that witches might assume the form of cats. With regard to matters of luck,

we have already noticed that a Highland sailor does not like to meet a cat, nor would some of them take a cat aboard ship, for fear of never seeing land again, the cat being considered quite a Jonah. "Never take the cat with you in flitting," is the Highland maxim; but in Aberdeenshire the exact opposite is the idea—"Leave cat, leave luck;" and the cat there is thrown into the new untenanted house first, so as to receive upon its head any ill-luck or disease left behind by the former tenant. The East Coast fishers, when moving with their families in summer, leave the cat locked up in the untenanted house, so as to ensure safe transit and passage to its masters. In Lewis, when the boats used to leave for the East Coast fishing, a cat was put into a bag, and kept there, without food or drink, until word was received announcing the safe arrival of the boats at their destination! In these days of telegraphs it might not be so much cruelty to poor puss; but in former days, when postal service scarcely existed, and, besides, when it is remembered that Donald himself was no scribe, nor in a hurry to procure one, no one need wonder that few cats survived the ordeal. It is unlucky for a woman to kill a cat.

Divination by means of the cat's action is also common. A Highlander knows, when he sees the cat washing its face with its paws, especially when it brings the forepaw over the ear, that fresh fish is soon to come to his house. Others say this portends rain. When the cat is seen licking its tail, with its hind leg projecting straight out, this betokens bad weather, and the wind will come from the direction in which the cat's leg is pointing. We have heard of a sony Gael, whose life was mostly on the sea, rushing on the cat when he saw it in this attitude, and kicking it away, thinking thereby, no doubt, to break the spell, and avert the coming storm. A cat seen in an unusual place on certain leading days of the year—as on New Year's Day—betokens ill-luck for that year. A more reprehensible method of divination has been

known to exist in the Isles. A cat was taken alive and half roasted. Its screams were expected to call in the "king of the cats," and this king could reveal all hidden knowledge, and he would answer any inquiry put to him in exchange for the release of his roasting subject. J. F. Campbell says:—"To roast a cat on a spit was a method of raising the fiend and gaining treasure, tried, as it is asserted, not long ago."

By way of symbolical spell, the following recipe has been tried—A cat has been killed and coffined with a view of similarly effecting the death of a certain lady in the neighbourhood. This goes on the principle of the "clay body," so well known to all students of Highland superstition. The warmth-loving character of puss often makes it curl itself beside the babe sleeping in the cradle or otherwise. But this must not be allowed; the cat has sinister designs; it will suck that baby's breath out, so that the child will die, if the matter is allowed to go on. This piece of superstition is by no means confined to the Highlands. Even intelligent people believe it all over the world; and we laughed heartily when last month we found this hoary superstition receiving all the dignity of a Reuter's Telegram, which stated the following facts (?)—

“[REUTER'S TELEGRAM].

“NEW YORK, 2 Oct.—A Chicago newspaper to-day asserts that the district coroner has notified a peculiar case of the death of a child aged six months. The death was caused by a large female cat, which, it is stated, actually drew the breath out of the infant's body. The cat was a pet of the family, and had been placed in the cradle for the amusement of the infant.”

A smart evening daily in London gave place to the above telegraphic news, under the appropriate heading of "Enough to make a cat laugh," and added the following comment:—

“On what the cat did with the breath extracted, and why the infant did not draw a further supply of breath in again, Reuter is silent. The last time we heard this story it took a slightly different form. The cat sucked the breath of a whisky-drinker, and the cat died.”

That there may have been certain considerations of health underlying the foregoing superstition is likely, just as it is possible that considerations of cleanliness in food dictated the following curious caution :—The food over which a he-cat has jumped is not to be eaten. It might cause the next increase in the family to be cat. Dogs and cats should be kept out of a house where lies a dead person : it is unlucky these animals should jump over the body. Death is the result to the animal itself. We were not long ago gravely informed of a cat that died soon after jumping over a corpse, its death being entirely attributed to that unfortunate action.

A SONG ABOUT CLUNY OF THE '45.

THE following song about Cluny of the '45 we found in a manuscript collection of Gaelic songs made by Benjamin Urquhart, publisher, Edinburgh, in 1823. We reproduce it exactly as it is in the MS., for, though the spelling is barbarous, it is quite easily read and understood. The poet is Cluny's own bard, who was a tailor of the name of Mac Dhonachaidh, that is, Duncan-son, or Robertson.

ORAN DO DH' EOMHAIN RUAGH TIGHEARNADH
 CHLUANIGH MAIR A CHAIDH E N' FHRAING AN DEIGH
 DHI BHA FALLACH NAOGH BLIANNA ANN AM BAIDE-
 ANACH A MEASG A DHAONE FHEIN, LEIS A BHARD AIG
 A FHEIN RIS AN ABRAREADH IAD AN T' AILLEAR
 MAC DHONNACHAIDH.

Deoch slainte Tighearnadh Chluainaidh
 Linn¹ mu n' cuairt ann sa chuip i
 'S ge do chodseadh i gineadh
 Smi fin nach bi diomach
 Tha na dh' olladh do shlainte
 Chruinntean spaintach nam phuige
 An deigh sa mall a thoirt seachaid
 Do dh' ath-chorc a Phrionnsa

Se bhi bogairt air t' fhearain
 Tha toirt gol air mo shuillean
 'S mi bhi uilleachd mo leabaidh
 Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha shuid orm
 Gu m bheil bruidhain intinn
 Ann sa 'n tim's cuir orm curam
 Mu na Bharantaes sharaigh
 Tha tighean an airde bho 'n Diucht orn

¹ Cuir.

Ceannard feadhna Clann Mhuirich
Luinn is duillich gu 'n cuailleas
Gu na bhuainaichd thu 'n Fhraing oirn
'S tu thighean slan as gah cruadal
A laoich bhorb bu mhoir misneachd
'S bu mhoir mios aig na h' uaillesean
Fhir bhuanachd gach trioblaid
'S moir is misde sinn bhuan thu

Tha do chinneadh 's do dhuthich
Fuidh shiabh-mhuig aig na gallaibh
'S fuidh chasan an naimhdean
'S iad nan camp ann sgach baille
Ga do bhuail iad sa cheann sinn
Cha neil ann na ni 'm farraid
'S mar tig comhair bho 'n Fhraing oirn
Tha sinn caillte gun mhearachd.

The meaning of the poet's words is shortly this :—Health to Cluny ! send round the cup to drink to it ; though it cost a guinea, I care not. I have of Spanish crowns as much as will drink thy health, after paying the rent to the Kiln of the Prince.¹

Threatening to take thy lands keeps me awake on my bed of nights, and I am much disturbed in mind over the distress warrants that come up from the Duke.²

Thou Chief of Clan Vurich, sorry we are to hear you have had to leave us for France. Mayst thou come out of every trial ! Thou high-spirited and honoured laird, who overcamest each trouble, 'tis we who miss you from us !

For thy clan and country are under cloud by the Lowlanders—under their enemies' feet, encamped on each township. Though hard hit, we cannot remonstrate, and, if help come not from France, we are undoubtedly done for !

¹ They paid their rents both to the Government, who held the forfeited estates, and to Cluny as well ; such was their loyalty to their chief.

² The Duke of Gordon, superior to Cluny's lands.

MRS MACKELLAR.

HER PORTRAIT.

AS a frontispiece to the present number of the *Highland Monthly*, we reproduce a portrait of the late Mrs Mackellar. This is a feature of the magazine which we intend developing, and portraits of leading people in the Highlands may be expected in future numbers, with suitable letterpress notice.

LAMENT BY MRS MARY MACPHERSON.

Mrs Macpherson has kindly sent us the following “Cumha” for her friend and fellow-poetess, Mary Mackellar:—

CUMHA DO MHAIRI CHAMSHRON, BANA-BHARD NAN
CAMHSHRONACH.

LE MAIRI NIGHEAN IAN BHAIN.

Och, ochon a Rìgh ! gur is sgàth an galar an cràdh,
Cha 'n 'eil neach air am bi nach saoil gur e seachdan gach là ;
Tha iomadh 'nar linn 's an cinn a' cromadh gu làr
Bho 'n a dhealaich i rinn 's nach till bean-chomuinn nam bard.

Bean-chomuinn nam bard, 's gach cearnaidh deas agus tuath,
Bean-chomuinn nam bard, 's a tàlant cumar gu buau,
Bean-chomuinn nam bard, 's gach cearnaidh 'n teid Gaelig a luaidh,
A caraid¹ a b' fhearr cho tràth 'ga sgioblachadh bhuainn !

'S tha 'n fhirinn cho fìor—thug diachainn cuid gus an ùir,
Le iomadach giùmh a dh' fhiachtheadh 'chuir air an cliù ;
Ach 's iomadh osnadh fo d' ehlìabh agus déar a shìl bho do shùil
Mus do choinnich thu trian dhe na liath do chiabhagan dlùth.

Cha bu mhath leam bhi 'n còt', am bròg, an osan, no 'm bréid,
Na chuireadh ort sgleò 's an còir dhe 'leithid aca fhein ;
Gu fàgamaid diblidh, sìnte an comunn nam marbh,
Na chuireadh ort spìd no mi-chliù idir air d' ainm.

O tha onoir nam bard air a fàgail dhuinne le uail,
'Ga gleidheadh gu brath cho làn 's a chumas a cuach,
'S ged gheobhadh iad tàr is tàmailt iomadach uair,
Dar a thigeadh am bàs rachadh caru agus clach air an uaimh.

Ar beannachd le bàigh do na sàr a choisinn a' bhuaidh,
Rinn t' onoir cho àrd ga do chàireadh sìos anns an uaimh ;
'Nuair a dh' éireas tu 'n àird air àithne sagairt nam buadh,
Gu seinn thu gu bràth do dhàin aig cathair an uain.

¹ Am bàs.

NEW BOOKS.

SCOTLAND: FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT CENTURY. By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series. London, 1890.

It was the late Professor Thorold Rogers that remarked—and remarked truly—that. "for some reason or the other, the beginnings of authentic Scottish history are later than those of any European nation, though the sense of Scottish nationality is as keen, as vigorous, and as healthy as that of any race in the world." Both these facts stated by Professor Rogers are amply proved and illustrated by Dr Mackintosh's handy and eloquent volume lately issued in the series of the "Story of the Nations." The early history of Scotland, from the beginning till the end of the eleventh century, fills exactly one-thirteenth of the book, while the great struggle for independent nationality connected with the names of Wallace and Bruce, and the later struggle for independence in religion, generally called the "Covenanting" times, form a very large portion of the book, and the portions, too, which Scotsmen read with the most pride, as they recall the gallant stand against fearful odds made by their liberty-loving and God-fearing ancestors. Without the first struggle Scotland could not have so strong a sense of nationality, nor without the second would its nationality be still of so distinctive a type, and, if we may say so, of so distinctive a flavour. The two struggles, also, are the best portions of Dr Mackintosh's book; he describes the incidents and the personages with a realism and a vigour that are deeply striking and highly interesting. The work altogether reflects the highest credit on the author's industry and judgment. It is with rare skill, for example, that he engineers his way through the few pages which he gives us of early history, so that at the end no party to the conflict as to who were the Picts can say anything that could seriously disturb Dr Mackintosh's conclusions. The great Church struggle of the present century, which ended in the Disruption of 1843, is described with a fairness that, however, cannot hide its

sympathies, and a most interesting, though brief, story it forms. Highland history, save in connection with the Rebellions—and these are not much dwelt upon—receives but scant attention. Perhaps in a work of this size such a state of matters cannot be helped; but every other historian neglects the Highlands to describe the baronial feuds of Douglasses, Hamiltons, and Grahams, and we had expected that Dr Mackintosh would give us a little more about “Celtic Scotland.” One or two misprints and slips which we noticed might be removed in newer editions. Cæsar landed here in 54 not 45 B.C. At page 13, in the third line from the foot, “keepeth” should be “keepeth.” For “Columbian Church,” we should read “Columban Church.” The hero of Harlaw was not *Duncan* Stewart, Earl of Mar, but *Alexander* Stewart, a man in whom ancestral turbulence was tempered with gallantry and all the knightly graces of the time.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN the latest volume of Chambers' *Encyclopædia*, which extends from *Fr-* to *Hum-*, Professor Mackinnon writes the article on Gaelic. For conciseness, combined with a large degree of fulness, we know nothing so good on its subject, and in scholarship it easily ranks equal with Professor Rhys's article on the "Celts" in a previous volume of the same work. After a brief but pregnant paragraph dealing with the history of the language, where the Professor judiciously waives the "Pictish" question, he deals with the branches of Gaelic in Ireland, Man, and Scotland, showing especially where Gaelic and Irish differ. Then follows a fuller discussion of Gaelic literature, where the Professor makes use of his wide and accurate knowledge of the Edinburgh Gaelic MSS. The last portion is almost a catalogue of Gaelic writers and their works, interspersed with explanatory and critical remarks.

IN what dialect was the first printed Celtic book written? That is a question suggested by Professor Mackinnon's article, for there he says—"The first book printed in a Celtic dialect was John Knox's Liturgy, translated by Bishop Carswell of Argyll, and published in Edinburgh in 1567." Probably the word Celtic is here a pen-slip for Gaelic—two words that are often confused and abused. For in that very same year—1567—and six or seven weeks previously, a work on Welsh Grammar with other tracts, entirely in Welsh, by one Griffith Roberts, was published at Milan. The date of Roberts' book is 1st March, 1567, that of Carswell's is 24th April, 1567. We may further mention that twenty years previously a Welsh dictionary was issued, which describes itself thus—"A Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe, moche necessary to all suche Welshemen as wil spedly learne the englyshe tōgue . . . wherevunto is pfixed a litle treatyse of the englyshe pronūciacion of the letters by Wyllyam Salesbury . . . Imprinted at London . . . by John Waley (1547)."

WE understand that the "Skye Poetess," Mrs Mary Macpherson has her collected poems for the first time in the press, and that the book will soon be issued under the title, "Gaelic Songs and Poems, by Mrs Mary Macpherson ("Mairi Nighean Ian Bhain"),

the Skye Poetess." The price is half-a-crown, and anybody desirous of procuring a copy should write to the authoress at Woodside Cottage, Skaebost, Skye.

MRS MACPHERSON has the true bardic gift, and she is destined, we believe, to fill, among female poets, the part that "Duncan Ban" does among the bards of the sterner sex—both in point of literary excellence and educational disadvantages. The poetess is close on seventy years of age, and is still hale and hearty, and active enough for a woman that might be twenty years younger. Her maiden name was Mary Macdonald; she was born in Skye, and left her native island to marry in 1847, Isaac Macpherson, a shoemaker of Inverness. Here she lived and reared a family of seven, till, shortly after her husband's death, in 1871, she migrated to Glasgow, where she learnt the duties of hospital nurse, and she lived there and in Greenock till her return to her native isle, some seven years ago. Her poetry contains the eloquence, the satire, and the love of natural scenery characteristic of our best Highland literature in a remarkable degree.

MUCH discussion has lately taken place in the daily and weekly press over the starting of a Highland "Eisteddfod," similar to the great Welsh gatherings that annually take place in the summer time. Some, like Professor Masson, think that the Northern Meetings might develop a literary as well as a purely athletic side; but the combination was tried, and was unsuccessful. The Gaelic Society of Inverness, at starting, fondly hoped to make its summer meeting a regular Eisteddfod, but the money for prizes was not forthcoming. Ay, there's the rub. It is money that is wanting. Two or three hundred pounds annually spent in literary prizes would not merely give Gaelic a longer lease of life, and stimulate an interest in Gaelic literature and history, but would add materially to our store of Gaelic works in poetry and prose. It would, besides, create a Gaelic reading constituency, and thus benefit the newspapers, and especially the magazines published amongst us. The Edinburgh Celtic Chair was founded with some twelve to fourteen thousand pounds, and the interest of an equal sum, or less, could give an impetus and a sustaining power to Gaelic literature that would make its votaries, in comparative affluence, place their best thoughts and work before an appreciative Gaelic constituency. At present Gaelic literary work does not pay!

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EDITED BY

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AND

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CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY HISTORY.

LAWYER GRANT'S natural fear of trouble from the Captain because of the abduction of his son, was not realised. The Captain hastened his going away on his yacht next day before the villagers had learned about the great event of the preceding night. As for the capture of the ghost in the form of Fadette, they did not hear of it at all, and they have kept their legend of the Castle rock being haunted by a female ghost to the present day. The hasty departure of the Captain was probably due to the butler, who in his consternation told him that Fadette had been lurking about the place, and that she had been spirited away. The butler had been to the Abbot's Cove very early in the morning, and had removed the severed rope before anyone else had seen it. Duncan Maclean thought fit for a time to keep his own secret.

Tearlach Crion, with Duncan Maclean to guard him, remained for months in his relative's summer cottage, reading books during the day, and walking on the sea beach in

the morning and evening. He was invited to Inverness, but did not like to go before completing his majority. When he got tired of printed books, he plagued his uncle about family and other manuscripts. He had heard from his mother, that her father, the old lawyer Grant, had compiled, from records and family documents, full historical accounts of the two branches of the Craig-na-Bearn family, and he gave his uncle no peace until he promised to overhaul the old lawyer's papers. Mr Grant did not care for searches which would bring no grist to his mill, but he knew where to lay his hand upon one of his father's manuscripts, although he could not tell at all what had come of the other, the one about his own disinherited side of the house. On giving Tearlach the manuscript found easily, he warned him that the old lawyer, his own father and Tearlach's grandfather, was a Whig and a Presbyterian, who despised the later Stuarts, and denounced "the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender." This is what Tearlach found in his grandfather's beautiful round handwriting :—

"Before the Reformation it became the custom of the abbots, although they retained the Craig-na-Bearn tower for themselves and the monk who served at the Chapel of St Mary, to 'set' the Grange to a tenant middleman, or *firmarius*. In 1559, the last abbot, who next year joined the Reformation, sold the whole barony to Ludovic Grant, called in Gaelic 'Maoldonaich Grannd,' who was then *firmarius*, as his father had been before him. Ludovic was himself, like his chief of Freuchy, favourable to the Reformation, and by all accounts a very prudent worthy man. He had a hard struggle with the powerful Mackenzie clan, who looked upon all the Church lands of that part of the country as their natural spoils, and in a less degree with the Frasers, who were rivals of the Mackenzies in the division, to retain the lands he had presumed to buy and pay for without asking their leave. His chief gave him all the assistance he could. His mother was a Rose of Kilravock, and his wife a Campbell of Cawdor, and so he had the help of the Baron of Kilravock and the Thane of Cawdor, as well as the aid of his own chief. The Baron and Thane made strong representations to the Regent Moray, who

peremptorily ordered the Mackenzies and Frasers to let Maoldonaich alone. The Frasers obeyed, but the Mackenzies bided their time; and their time seemed to come when Regent Moray was shot at Linlithgow. On that occasion it was the strength of his tower which saved Maoldonaich from being captured, and probably killed. He was besieged in his tower, and his lands were ravaged. It had, in truth, by this time become a point of honour with the Mackenzies to turn the cadet of the house of Freuchy, and the ally of Kilravock and Cawdor, out of what they considered to be their own province. But they were baffled again. Colin, Earl of Argyle, Lord-Justice-General of Scotland, married Anna Keith, Regent Moray's widow, and the Black Baron of Kilravock became their 'doer' or Commissioner in the Earldom of Moray, now held by Anna Keith and her second husband in trust for Regent Moray's two infant girls. The Black Baron, Freuchy, Cawdor, the Frasers, and others now formed a self-protective Protestant league, with the Lord-Justice-General at their head, and the Earl of Sutherland, with the Munroes, Rosses, Mackays, and others co-operating in the far north. The wings of Huntly's power were largely clipped by this movement, and the clans who wished to be a law to themselves were, for the time, effectively checkmated. The Mackenzies had to pay dear for the spuilzie of Maoldonaich's lands, and for besieging his tower. He was never molested again by his neighbours, but on the passing of the Act of 1584, which declared that 'Kirk-landes set in feu-ferme' since the 8th of March, 1558, must be annulled, if not confirmed, he had to pay a somewhat heavy sum to King James for the completion of his titles—all the heavier, no doubt, because he was a thorough Presbyterian and a ruling elder of the Kirk.

"Maoldonaich's eldest son and successor followed in his father's footsteps, but though a good Presbyterian, and the husband of a wife fanatically so, he quietly attended to his own affairs, and died in peace with all men about 1630, or at least before Charles the First and his Archbishop of Canterbury set the Scotch heather on fire by treating Scotland like a conquered province. MacMhaoildonaich, usually shortened into Mac'ildonaich, became, of course, the patronymic of every Grant of Craig-na-Bearn after the death of the founder of the family. It became a habit among them to call every eldest son Ludovic or Maoldon-

aich, but as two eldest sons in the succeeding times died in infancy, and one who succeeded happened to be childless, two Duncans and one John got inserted in the line of succession. The third Mac'ildonaich was a fierce Covenanter, and a captain in Leslie's army. He belonged to the Remonstrants, and hated the Resolutioners, because, in his opinion, they were too ready to compromise Presbyterian principles, and to associate with Malignants. He had witnessed the massacrings, burnings, harrings, and other abominable atrocities committed by the Irish followers of Montrose in the north, and he volunteered to serve with Munro in Ireland out of a spirit of what he deemed righteous retaliation. But when that prince of scamps, Charles the Second, was crowned at Scone, after having signed the Covenant, he fought for him with right good-will, not refusing even to associate with Malignants, until he was killed at Worcester.

"This Covenanter's son was brought up in the strictest tenets of the Covenanters. He was the coeval, cousin, and school friend of Fraser of Brea, the St Augustine and Leighton in one of the Covenanters of the north. In early youth he was supposed to be far more pious than his cousin. He married a nice piously brought-up girl of his own clan before he completed his majority. It was said to be a marriage of affection as well, but within a year his young wife died in child-bed, leaving behind her a baby boy, who was given to her mother to be brought up. Ludovic the Renegade, as he came to be called among the Presbyterians, or Ludovic the Royalist, as his flatterers called him, plunged soon after his first wife's death into all the excesses of the Restoration period, abandoning family principles and alliances. He got into debt before he married his second wife, a Stewart of Appin, and she, with the clannish loyalty of her race for the Stuart monarchs, induced him to serve in the Black Host with her relations and with the rovers of all the Highlands. He afterwards served under the Marquis of Athole in the occupation of Argyllshire up to the Revolution. He would have turned Papist to flatter King James, but in this matter his second wife put the stopper on him. With all their clannish loyalty, none of the Stewarts of Appin would follow James the Seventh into the Church of Rome. Chancellor the Earl of Perth, and his brother Melfort, renegaded in vain. King James's devoted clansmen would not budge a step out of their Protestant

Episcopalianism. But his Stewart wife allowed or induced Ludovic the Renegade to disinherit his son by his first wife—who grew up into a determined Presbyterian, a frequenter of field-preachings, and finally a minister of the re-established Presbyterian Kirk—and to put her own son in his place. The Renegade must, however, have had some compunctions, for, although he executed his settlement and entail in 1686, when King James seemed to be strongly seated on his throne, he put in a proviso that the male descendants of the disinherited would succeed to the exclusion of female heirs of his body by his second wife, or male heirs by any subsequent wife. He had no subsequent wife; his Appin spouse, in fact, survived him for ten years. They had a good many children, but all of them died young, except a son and a daughter. The disinherited son had been baptised Ludovic, and the surviving son of the second marriage, who displaced him, was baptised Ludovic Stewart, because the owner of Craig-na-Bearn ought to be Maoldonaich Mac'ildonaich. The Chapel of St Mary was the burial place of the family from the first. They obtained it in sole ownership by special tenure and bargain with the other heritors after it had been disused as a place of worship, and had been unroofed. Bell, belfry, and clerk's house were included in the cession. The thick old walls got covered with ivy. Most of the side windows were built up, and a grille or iron gate was placed in the only entrance left open. By some oversight, Ludovic the Renegade or Royalist forgot to convey the chapel and its pertinents to Ludovic Stewart Grant, and so after his death they were found to belong to Ludovic the Disinherited, who had to be applied to for leave to bury his father within the chapel. Leave he gave on condition that his father, stepmother, and all their descendants should be buried in the vacant nave end of the chapel, and that he and his descendants should possess the chancel end, and be buried among their ancestors up to the first Maoldonaich.

“Although a Jacobite, who hoped for the restoration of the Stuarts, and wished to have the same chances as his father had for sharing in spoils, fines, and forfeitures, Ludovic Stewart Grant escaped by some fluke from being prominently implicated in the 1715 rising. He died in his tower, and was buried beside his father and mother, before the Prince Charlie rising. His son and successor, Ludovic Mackenzie Grant, was the best man of the junior line. Posses-

sing enviable affluence and a contented mind, handsome, honourable, and popular, he was induced by the Master of Lovat and others, contrary to personal inclinations, but in accordance with his junior line inherited principles, to join in the rebellion of 1745. His men did not follow him to the field, for they were all Presbyterians, and defenders of 'Our glorious Constitution in Church and State.' He fought well and persistently from beginning to end as a gentleman volunteer, and when the collapse came he was fortunate enough to escape in a fishing smack to Denmark, whence he made his way to France. For the next fifteen years he served His Most Christian Majesty—a title of extreme mockery in the case of Louis the Fifteenth—but on condition that he should never be asked to fight against his own countrymen. He gathered a small competence, and was foolish enough to marry the daughter of a Court parasite, who boasted that his elder brother's son, *Sieur de Boisville*, represented a very ancient family of Languedoc, which was true enough. The parasite himself was the one sad losel of an honourable Huguenot race, who possibly might have inherited their heresy and their sturdy virtue from Albigensian ancestors. Ludovic Mackenzie Grant acted wisely in taking away his giddy young wife from Paris and Versailles, the fatal plague centre, immediately after marriage, to Languedoc, where he bought two farms and a village not far from the estate of the *Sieur de Boisville*, his wife's cousin. In that quiet retreat a son was born to them, and they might have long lived happily, if the wicked father-in-law had not come to visit them, and resolved, on seeing how beautiful his daughter had grown, to wile her to Paris in pursuance of a vile speculation of his own. He utilised his visit to fill her mind with longings for a complete change of life; and soon after he got home himself he sent an urgent message for her to come to him without delay, as his doctor had told him that he was rapidly dying. Leaving their boy with the kind *Sieur de Boisville* and his newly-wedded wife, Ludovic Mackenzie Grant took his wife to Paris. There she soon, poor moth! singed her wings in infernal flames. Her husband fought and killed her first gallant. He was sent to the Bastille for that, and during his incarceration his wife shamed him openly. He was let out of the Bastille, only to be killed under cloud of night by the hired ruffians of his wife's new paramour.

“The boy Ludovic de Boisville le Grant, who was left with the *Sieur de Boisville* and his wife, was tenderly reared as if a son of the family. His shameless mother did not fail to claim and to obtain her full share of the small estate left by his father. Ludovic de Boisville le Grant was scarcely of age when the forfeited estates were restored to the rebels of Culloden or their heirs. Ludovic did not return to Scotland at once, for he had to bring home with him a French wife. He and *Aimee*, the eldest daughter of the *Sieur*, loved one another from early childhood. *Aimee* was only seventeen when she was united with her first and only lover. Her portrait taken when a bride shews her as a demure and graceful but slight girl, with large dark eyes, and a happy, vivacious, and taking, if not a regularly beautiful, face. In after years little *Madame* became one of the most popular ladies in all the Highlands with all sorts and conditions of people. She and her husband lived twenty years without a quarrel, when their union was dissolved on earth, only to be, as they believed, renewed in heaven, through the husband dying of a chill which produced congestion of the lungs. They had only one child, who grew to maturity, a son who, in the usual way, was called Ludovic de Boisville le Grant. As long as his father lived, young Ludovic showed no stronger tendency to the viciousness which, as afterwards shown, he inherited through his grandmother's blood, than a marked liking for fast companions, and a wilful disregard of his anxious little mother's many moral and religious monitions. He was sent into the army when the war with Napoleon was drawing near its close. He did not disgrace himself, for he was brave enough, but he was not the sort of man to strive to distinguish himself among his fellows. It happened that he was taken prisoner in the Peninsula, and sent to France. Here, through *Madame*, he received much kindness from his relative, *Monsieur de Boisville*, and fell, as *Madame* declared to me, madly in love with *Ninon de Boisville*, a girl of fifteen, who, however, preferred to marry one of Napoleon's newly-created Barons, who was very rich, but older than her father. Being exchanged, Ludovic came home a sadder if not a wiser man. *Madame* was glad he came home unmarried, for she had determined that he should marry my daughter *Elizabeth*. I would much rather have had another son-in-law, but *Madame* and my wife conspired against me. The young people were much brought

together. They wanted to get married, and there was no use in my trying to oppose them all. Elizabeth undoubtedly gave her young heart fully to Ludovic, but I have no faith in him. God grant I may have mistaken his nature and character.

“JAMES GRANT.

“Inverness, 16th March, 1817.”

That was all.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUPPRESSION OF A SUPPOSITIOUS HEIR.

TEARLACH CRION was, in virtue of Madame Aimee, his grandmother's will, owner of the Abbot's Castle, garden, and the stretch of wood, rock, and bush-land extending to Duncan Maclean's cottage, which was also included in the perpetual lease the old lady had obtained for having built the new house or chateau with her own French money. She had lived to see her son and the Baroness flaring their iniquity at home and abroad, and had secured this refuge, with a small income, for her ill-used daughter-in-law and her surviving child, the youngest of three, and the only weak one of the three. Tearlach would not go to Inverness, and his uncle would not let him, till he attained his majority, return, as he wished to do, to the old tower. So he settled down for a time in the cottage on the firth, to which he had been brought, and from which he could see Craig-na-Bearn over the water. His father, on his return, took possession of the tower and its appurtenances; but he found he could not evict Duncan Maclean, as he threatened to do.

But it was some months before the Captain and the Baroness were heard of, after the yacht's hurried departure. They went abroad, and only came back to London when they thought all danger had blown over. Their marriage in a fashionable London church—an innocent Bishop officiating—was next widely announced by the home and

foreign press. Still another long period elapsed before they reappeared in the Highlands. Dr Hunter's letter had thoroughly scared the Baroness. Fadette had been scared even worse than her mistress by Tearlach Crion and his spell. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Baroness prevailed on Fadette to come back with her at all. Both women were alike in one respect—they had not a shade of moral principle, but they feared the law. The Baroness, at that time a woman of forty, was dark, tall, and lithe, with sparkling black eyes, and a sort of china-cup-enamel complexion, which, however, owed nothing to art, but was naturally her own. Fadette, short, thin, and seeming, with restless cat-like eyes, to be always trying to look suspiciously round a corner, looked older than her mistress, while in reality she was five or six years younger.

Having been made all right by marriage, the Baroness now resolved to make a new departure, and to become a sort of star among the hitherto stand-alooft aristocracy and gentry of the North. Bohemian as she was, her wealth, intellect, graciousness, and careless generosity gained her a good deal of popularity before ladies could decently visit her. When socially rehabilitated by marriage, she had, to Tearlach Crion's disgust, the exclusives of the North, both ladies and gentlemen, with few exceptions, almost at her feet. Tearlach Crion resented her popularity, and poured out bitter jets of sarcasm upon what he called "the scabby head" of fashionable and aristocratic society. He amused himself, moreover, by studying the tragedies, sins, crimes, and meannesses of noble and county families, which Sir Robert Douglas and flattering sennachies sedulously concealed. He armed himself with weapons of offence from the armoury of truth, and did not hesitate, on the slightest provocation, to throw his darts. His uncle proposed him as a member of the Northern Meeting, and he was elected accordingly. The Captain, his father, was likewise a member; and, after she had established a good social position, the Baroness resolved to go in great state to the gatherings,

and in all the splendour of her finest jewels, and latest Parisian dresses to the balls. At both she was the observed of all beholders ; but in Tearlach Crion she had one beholder with whom she would have gladly dispensed. He could not dance, and although he liked Highland pipe music, that would not have drawn him out of his shell without an ulterior object. From a corner of the Grand Stand he watched the Baroness, paying no attention to anything else, until she felt that his keen eyes were piercing through her, and unnerving her. It was still worse when she went to the balls in all her bravery. There, too, was Tearlach, with his long chin resting on his breast, his eyes glowing with hatred, and sarcastic expressions flitting over his face, watching her all night. She felt that her low dress gave him an advantage, and that the more her person was exposed the worse she suffered from a burning sensation which she could not explain nor overcome. Tearlach Crion, whom she once despised, became her horror. He seemed to haunt her like her evil genius.

She took care to keep out of his way as much as possible, and, in spite of him, she found herself becoming very popular with most of the highest and lowest in the land. Then, at the end of a couple of years, after her marriage with the Captain, the Baroness sent letters from her country house in France to several of her Highland lady friends, of whom, by this time, she had many, announcing with apparent joy that she expected in two months' time to be a happy mother, and she was coming to Craig-na-Bearn before the usual time, so as to have her lying-in in the Abbot's Castle, the cradle of her child's race. Before the time she mentioned Tearlach Crion would become of age, and the tower was his, and he could turn her out. When he heard the news he grinned his unbelief, and felt sure the Baroness was planning a devilish imposture, for the carrying out of which the tower would be more convenient than the chateau. He got nobody but Duncan Maclean to share in his unbelief. That, however, only made him and his henchman all the more watchful.

The Baroness, with a French doctor, Fadette, and her other servants, came at the appointed time, not by the yacht, but by coach, and it was announced that the Captain would come down in the yacht from London before the great event. The Baroness took immediate possession of the tower with Fadette, while the doctor, with the other servants, took up their residence in the chateau. The Baroness lost no time in showing herself all round. She was in excellent spirits, and her interesting condition was visibly in evidence. Being now socially rehabilitated, she made and received many calls, and drove about almost every day visiting towns, villages, homes of the gentry, and huts of the poor—the most affable and charitable of rich ladies.

Tearlach Crion, who had daily accounts of her doings, hardened in unbelief. One night Duncan Maclean told him that on the morrow the Baroness was to pay a two days' visit to a titled dowager in the neighbourhood, who lived in a small ornamental cottage, and that she was to go without Fadette, because she could do with one maid, a young innocent country girl newly picked up, and the cottage was so small.

So Tearlach Crion, with long pointed chin on his breast, and eyes scintillating sword points, said to Duncan—

“Ferry Fadette over here to-morrow at midnight. I must see her.”

“But if she will not come?”

“She must come. Tell her I order her to come by the spell laid upon her.”

Duncan laughed, for he knew the spell was an old Highland one, put into English with variations by Tearlach Crion for his own amusement, long before he laid it on Fadette. Tearlach was from early boyhood a dabbler in Highland folklore, *geasan* and *eolasan*. He joined in Duncan's laugh, but added quite solemnly—

“An evil conscience, and some influence, I know not what, which, with the help of words of power I can throw over her wicked spirit, will make Fadette obey my behest. Bring her without fail.”

Fadette made no demur to obeying the order. Yet, when landed on the other side, she clung tremblingly to Duncan's arm, who led her into the cottage, and straight into the presence of Tearlach Crion.

Tearlach, seated in a huge arm chair, a smoking cap on his head and reading a big tome placed in front of the lamp on the little table in front of him, looked rather "uncanny," and Fadette, a hardened infidel in her own country, had come to look upon him as a perfect wizard. The old book before him frightened her, although it was only Geffray Fenton's translation of Guicciardini's History.

Tearlach raised his head, and waved his hands, signifying that Fadette should sit in the chair opposite him.

She sank in it with a suppressed "Oh!" and then Tearlach said sternly:—

"Tell me truly what thou knowest about this bairn conspiracy. Whose child is it that thy mistress intends to palm off as her own."

"The child of Patty Murgatroyd, an English servant we had in the London house, and with whom Monsieur the Captain, your father, amused himself when the Baroness went to France about her affairs, and I too went with her."

"Ah! thou shouldst have remained behind to mount guard over him. It is not she then, but he, my disreputable sire, who can only be constant in sin. Thinkest thou Patty's child is his?"

"Yea truly. She is a young innocent, and was, what do you call it, a Wesleyan convert before she backslided with the Captain."

"I wonder the Baroness has not murdered the girl."

"She was very near doing that at first, but changed her mind, and thought it best to make the child pass as her own."

"Why?"

"Because her people—not the late Baron's people, mind you, but her own—have been much dying of late, and there is only one very old man's life between her and large

property, with higher titles too, if she only but have a child."

"How is the imposture to be carried out?"

"With the help of the French doctor and mine."

"Has Patty Murgatroyd come?"

"Not yet. She will come by the coaches to Aberdeen, and then the Captain, doctor, and I will fetch her to the yacht. I'll have the keeping of her afterwards."

"Where wilt thou keep her?"

"Her child is to be born in the monk's vault which I discovered when—"

"Aye, when thou did'st try to poison me. What kind of a vault is it?"

"It is a room and a narrow passage outward to where there were steps before a part of the rock fell away. A stair in the wall goes up from it to the back of that recess in the large bedroom, and the back of that recess is itself a door. There the Baroness has placed her bed. The country doctor, Mackenzie, who loves his dram, will be called in; but ah me! he will be easily imposed upon. The Captain will drink with him till he be half blind and fit to believe and swear anything."

"Is Patty to be killed when she has served her turn?"

"The Baroness has persuaded her to give her her child, on condition that she'll be its nurse herself. And the Captain—ah! surely he will not let her be disposed of by—medicine."

"I must see the girl before the crisis. Send word when she comes."

"Monsieur must please himself, but——"

"Never mind buts. I must and shall see her. Send word without fail, on thy peril—"

'For the spell
Holdeth well.'

He turned to his book, and Duncan Maclean helped Fadette, who could hardly stand, out of the cottage, and into the boat.

Tearlach Crion lost no time in opening a correspondence with the French relations of the Baroness, who would be defrauded by the success of the conspiracy, and they lost no time in taking steps to protect their own interests. Their proceedings were too slow and legal for Tearlach's taste. He wanted a dramatic exposure, and the capture of the conspirators *in flagrante delicto*. He remembered his mother, and his soul was filled with vindictiveness.

The yacht and the Captain came. The voyage to Aberdeen soon afterwards took place, but Fadette gave no sign. Duncan Maclean made several ineffective attempts to speak to her. He saw her once or twice with the radiant-looking Baroness, and thought she had the aspect of a hunted creature living in constant dread of death.

While watching and waiting for speech with Fadette one day a rumour reached Duncan from the village that the ghost of the Abbot's rock had reappeared again. He went to the village for further information, and what he learned was that an imbecile but observant villager, who entered the kitchen of the Tower when the Baroness was out, heard the voice of Fadette and the voice of another woman, who could not be any of the Chateau servants, speaking, and moaning, and crying, "underground, in the very heart of the rock."

Tearlach Crion became terribly excited when he heard this news. He was sure that Fadette and Patty were both kept prisoners in the rock vault, and that unless they were instantly liberated only Patty's child would get out of it alive. His French correspondent had warned him that the Baroness's doctor was a clever man of infamous character, and he was sure the Baroness herself was capable of anything, although she feared the gallows. He would, therefore, wait no longer for any man. He had just come of age—a fact overlooked by the Captain and the Baroness. The Abbot's Tower was his, and not theirs. He would take possession of his own without further delay. His lawyer uncle and the legal gentleman whom the relations

of the Baroness had sent from France to protect their interests, found it necessary to give way to him, and to accompany him. He took care himself, through Duncan Maclean, to let the villagers know about the iniquities in progress, and to muster an indignant army of men and women to storm the Castle early in the morning.

The surprise was complete. The Baroness found herself roughly handled by half-a-score of angry women, and heard her attempted imposture denounced in bad English and excellent Gaelic. She was bundled out of the Tower with small ceremony, scantily clothed, and no longer in an interesting condition. Fadette and Patty were liberated from the vault, and they respectively emitted their declarations. Tearlach Crion, who had no pity, set a watch on the chateau, so that neither the Baroness nor his father could escape before warrants for their arrest were obtained. He went for the warrants himself—Duncan Maclean driving him—motion, action of some kind or other, being a necessity of life for him in his excited state. By going away notwithstanding the guard he set on the chateau, he gave his uncle, the lawyer, an opportunity for letting the Captain and Baroness escape on the yacht, after they made and subscribed full and formal confessions. They took Fadette with them, although she would have much rather stayed behind had she dared to say so. They offered to take Patty, but she rebelled, and hastened to return to her people in Yorkshire by coach. She slipped quietly away, thankful for her liberation. The French doctor and the butler went away in the yacht. They sailed into the sunshine with a prosperous breeze, but ere morning they were overtaken by a storm, which strewed the British shore with many wrecks. The yacht went down with all on board.

Tearlach Crion got into a frightful rage with his uncle and all the world, when he returned with the warrants, and found that the conspirators had escaped. Their fate afterwards filled him with awe. He felt no remorse, but he

seemed to be satisfied that divine justice was not a myth. We now leave him for thirty years or more to grow, if he can, into something nobler than his vindictive early self.

CHAPTER VI.

SLOCUM.

SLOCUM is a Yorkshire town, and its population in 1871 was about twenty-five thousand. Its people were and are still chiefly employed in worsted and iron industries. The town is placed partly on the level and partly on the hillsides, where a naturally romantic mountain valley opens on a fertile dale. At the time of the Domesday survey the village of Slocum was inhabited by six families who were tenants of the Crown. In the next century a grand Norman Abbey was built a dozen miles away in the neighbouring dale, and the monks thereof, with their other possessions, had the three neighbouring rural manors, which they united into one parish. A Parish Church was built in Slocum, and that gave the place superiority over the other three manors. The preference given to Slocum by the monks was not only justified by its more central position but also by its greater natural advantages; for while the other three manors were stowed away in nooks of the heath-clad hills, Slocum stood on the back valley beck at the head of fertile fields and wide meadows which extended a full mile to the Dale river—a tributary of the Ouse—into which, below Slocum, the brawling beck poured its stream. Until the mill and workshop era polluted them the river and beck were swarming with pink-fleshed trout and glorious silver-scaled salmon. In truth, the amenity of the scenery and the purity of the waters did not materially suffer until well on in the present century, when steam power, blast furnaces, and the energetic pursuit of wealth upset the old order of things, and marred the fair face of nature.

For many centuries Slocum's motto was "Slow and sure." It sent no more than a dozen braves to Flo'dden, although the whole array of the then fairly populous parish was called out under threats of the Supreme Authority, and although, for reasons best known to themselves, the Scotch raiders always made a dash at the Norman Abbey when they were not manfully met and repulsed on the Borders.

The land spoils and Church patronage of the Abbey passed in Bluff Hal's time to an obscure but respectable family, which afterwards steadily progressed in wealth and honours until the time of William of Orange, when the head of it shaded his noble Whig brow with the ducal strawberry leaves.

The people of Slocum did not derive much benefit from the ever-increasing prosperity of the Dukes of Dewlap, who lived elsewhere, and only came occasionally at grouse-shooting time to the Abbey gate-house, which they had got converted into a handsome lodge. Slocum, indeed, suffered grievous detriment from its ducal connection, when Smokedale and other towns in its vicinity were growing like Jonah's gourd. Until the first half of the present century nearly ended, Slocum remained a grey weather-beaten village, clustered round its Parish Church, because the Dukes of Dewlap would not sell sites for mills and working men's houses. The small expansion which took place a little earlier was due to the fact that the lords of the manor before the ducal period had sold or granted, at different times between 1545 and 1670, several considerable pieces of freehold land to local men. On Slocum becoming a side station on a great trunk railway, the fortunate successors of those freeholders built mills and workshps, crowded labourers' cottages back to back, polluted streams, generated epidemics, and greatly prospered. They closed their ranks as an exclusive caste, and wished to retain for ever a monopoly of the business of the place; but one of themselves, "Owd Jacky Green's son," betrayed them. Owd Jacky was a great miser and local

celebrity. He had more acres, more houses, and more money than any other Slocumite. Yet in his latter years he was haunted with the delusion that he was a bankrupt pauper, and was only kept from going about begging with a wallet on his back by receiving half-a-crown a-week from the parish, which his family of course refunded. Owd Jacky's son retired from business at an early age, and sold his acres in Slocum to new men for fabulous sums, by means of which he bought a large ring-fence estate elsewhere, and set up as a county gentleman, waiting for a baronetcy or a peerage.

After Owd Jacky's son had thus broken up the strict monopoly of the Slocum business, there rose a Duke of Dewlap who, by freely selling building land, allowed Slocum to grow rapidly. Still, the place retained much of a village character, while it lengthened its narrow tortuous streets.

Slocum has lately fully developed into a corporate town with charter, mayor, aldermen, and councillors. It has missed its other ambition—to get a Parliamentary seat for itself—by having been thrown into one of the new county divisions. Let no one suppose that Slocum was unknown to fame twenty years ago, although it was then, and years afterwards, without a Town Council. The Local Board was enough in itself to crown Slocum with a halo of notoriety. It had been known, when public convenience alone was in question, to exercise its power with such judicial deliberation that it once spent ten years over the making of a bit of new road; but it could be as swift as a Scotch express when an official, say a medical officer of health, required to be squelched for insisting on sanitary improvements, such as better drainage, the keeping of mill pollutions out the beck, and the banishment of pigs. Later on, when Slocum got a School Board, the Liberal five that ruled it went in at any cost for forcing the Church of England schools to close their doors. The Board of Guardians, however, out-distanced all other Slocum institutions, including the bran new Mechanics Institute, of which Mr

Bradlaugh had the run. The Board of Guardians, in the person of its ruling majority, went up to London to plead at the bar of the Queen's Bench the sacred duty of resisting vaccination; and it had afterwards to go to York Castle to expiate its martyr contumacy.

The people of Slocum worship Mammon constantly, and God occasionally. They throw equal energy into both worships. They are a most industrious race, and terrible hands at a bargain. So deeply rooted in their minds is the maxim—"Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market"—that a man gains Slocumite respect by a business sharpness bordering closely on criminal practices—if he escapes the clutches of the law. The Slocumites, however, have another and better side to their character. Their virtues show to advantage in domestic and social relations.

Things have much altered now, but twenty years ago two-thirds of the Slocumites were Dissenters—classed as—Wesleyans of three kinds, Independents, Baptists, Roman Catholics, mostly of Irish race, Swedenborgians, Plymouth Brethren, Unitarians, and Secularists. The Secularists excelled all other Slocumites in hardness of head. They denounced belief in God, and put faith in quack doctors. They detested superstitions, and got their nativities cast by pretended astrologers, and their fortunes told by genuine gypsies. They denied the immortality of the soul, and yet by means of table-rapping some of them tried to consult their hard-headed dead about business matters.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC MINISTER.

IN the year before Sebastopol surrendered to the allied British and French armies, there came to the Independent Chapel of a rough and rural little village in the close vicinity of Slocum a young and well educated minister with the good Scotch surname of Grant, who thought it his sacred and sole duty to preach the truth as he knew it, and

to labour in season and out of season to save souls. At first his enthusiasm kindled his small, yet wealthy, congregation into at least a comfortable perception of religious warmth. But, from the very first, the experienced shook their heads, and hinted that a religious enthusiast, who did not denounce the Established Church, and who negatively indicated dislike to Liberation Society politics, would not long suit or "draw" the hard-headed, practical people of Clough. The Rev. Ludovic Grant gently disregarded well meant warnings. He was not worldly wise, and without knowing it or caring for it, he offended in sundry ways the despotic rich supporters and self-conceited rulers of his Little Bethel. He had a sort of strength which was not of earth, and which, for the time, overawed his critics; but still, after a while, he would probably have been dismissed with a presentation teapot, purse, and address—a professionally ruined man—if death had not kindly interposed its protecting shield.

In the fourth year of his ministry at Clough, and the third of his married life, the Rev. Ludovic ended his brief mortal career, and left behind him a very young widow and a two year old son, named Ludovic Grant, like himself. A violent epidemic, due to bad water and want of drainage, had broken out in the village. In afflicted dwellings the young enthusiastic minister, with his St Stephen's face, was to be found more regularly than the doctor. He caught the fever at last, fought manfully with it, and after passing the crisis broke down in a heap, literally dying in harness. The village gave him a great funeral. The works and shops were closed, and men and women followed his body to the grave. His saintliness passed into a local legend, out of which the worldly wise rulers of the chapel, who had been thinking of dismissing him when alive, tried to make some profit for Little Bethel.

The Rev. Ludovic had not as much as tried to lay up of the riches which perish. His unworldliness, even in the opinion of friends, of whom he had a host among the poor, and not a few among the rich, who were not of his own

synagogue. fell little short of being culpable, and could only be excused on account of his age, which, at his death, did not exceed twenty-seven years.

To go back a little, the Rev. Ludovic, as soon as he got settled in a house of his own at Clough, married a daughter of the land—a bonnie lass of sweet eighteen, the only daughter and youngest child of a Slocum widow, who owned a freehold house, yard, and garden, and kept a shop. Mary Smith had received fairly good schooling—for the place was not in total darkness before the Mechanics Institution, School of Arts and Science, and School Board illuminations—and she had been exceedingly well trained by her mother in all the good housekeeping arts, including brewing and baking, in which the Slocum middle-class girls excel to the present day. But the Rev. Ludovic's love marriage with Mary Smith gave much offence, not only to spinsters and widows, who had in vain set their ribbons and caps at him, but to the wise hard-headed men of Little Bethel, who thought he might have disposed of his handsome person and enviable social position in a commercially better market, and thereby rendered any prospective need for increase of salary less likely.

The Rev. Ludovic and his sweet young wife were too simple to take any thought at all about such things. He had a foolish trust in providence, and she had a foolish trust in providence and in him—particularly in him. Never lived a happier pair beneath a sword of Damocles with two edges—dismissal or death. Their baby boy's coming tightened bonds of love and trust which were close enough before. The Rev. Ludovic, working like a willing slave in his Master's cause, as he understood it, and superbly regardless of narrow means and gathering clouds of tribulation, compressed within the small compass of a few years the God-given happiness of a full lifetime, and then the angels opened a way for him into other spheres.

According to the usual Slocum tests, the Rev. Ludovic was a failure. But in his case the usual tests, thanks to his

death and the circumstances thereof, were not applied. He was certainly not the right man for Clough Independent Chapel, in which many Slocum manufacturers, who had attained to the beatitude of carriages and country houses, assembled once a week to pay their respects to the Almighty and themselves. But the young enthusiast's unworldliness and earnestness must have reached down to deeply buried hankerings after the better life in those hard-headed people; for the breath was no sooner out of his body than the men who had been ready to corner mob and squelch him, loudly sang his praises, and blew their noses as if they could hardly restrain their tears. And in this sudden revulsion of feeling there was no conscious hypocrisy. The reality of their admiration for the dead enthusiast, who would never again disturb their Sunday complacency nor question their title, in the name of the Lord, to rule their own chapel as they liked, was proved in the most practical manner. It was well known that he left at death nothing to widow and child—not even an unpaid debt. A subscription therefore was quickly and quietly made for widow and child, and the result was a sum which would have filled a dozen of the customary presentation, or dismissal, purses.

The little fatherless boy—who had been baptised and registered Ludovic, but always went by the name of Louis at home—was too young to realise his loss, although his eyes filled with wonder at his mother's grief, and although he called in vain on his "papa" in his baby way to come and give him a ride, and became restless and cross because the call was unheeded. The young widow, overwhelmed by a great sorrow which oppressed all the more because it fell upon her so unexpectedly, was unable for weeks to look after her affairs; but, luckily, she had a mother who was as hard-headed as she was soft-hearted—she always denied, however, the soft impeachment—and daughter and grandson were at once taken under her lawful guardianship, and speedily removed to her home in Slocum.

SAMSON.

LIKE one befooled by potions deep, he stumbles on his way,
 While in his path a frenzied crowd, whom fiercest passions
 sway,
 With maledictions mighty, hang around Delilah's tool ;
 God help the Hebrews' trammelled land, when such as he must rule !
 "Curse him !" cried a veteran, "curse him ! for he slew my only
 son ;"
 "Curse him !" fiercely cried a maiden, "I have lost my dearest one ;"
 "Curses on him !" cried they eager, father, mother, sister, bride ;
 "Curse him, for our darlings stricken in their manhood's stately
 pride !"

On he went, no look betraying the dread anguish of his soul ;
 Hebrew, son of Hebrew mother, early trained to self-control.
 Sang they praises of Delilah, called her "noblest woman born !"

Not the quiver of a muscle spake his soul's unmeasured scorn.
 Gibing, taunting, swift they bear him over Hebron's rugged crown,
 Swiftly o'er the valley passing, come they now to Gaza's town.
 Open wide those gates receive him ; doth he think upon the day
 When, in matchless strength, he bore them to the hill-top far away ?
 Gaza's daughters flock around him, one frail woman 'mong the rest,
 Doth a pang of keen emotion shoot athwart her heaving breast ?
 Yea, but not akin to pity ; envies she Delilah's power,
 Marvels that a love so fleeting hath received so rich a dower.

Prison gates have closed around him ; silent waits the gaping crowd,
 Eager for the shrieks of anguish from the prey those walls
 enshroud.

Will he sue his captors' mercy, weep and wail with woman's cries,
 "Spare me, oh in pity spare me ?" Nay, not e'en to save his
 eyes

Will he stoop to ruthless foemen. See, he stands before them now,
 Dauntless, daring, not a gleam of coward sweat upon his brow.

“Curses on these wretched Hebrews!” thus they mutter, one by one,
As they leave him strengthless, sightless, when their fiendish work
is done.

All alone within a prison, will he seek him after God?
Own his sins, implore forgiveness, meekly kiss the chast’ning rod?
Will he yearn with fevered longing for his mother’s presence now,
Dream her arms again enfold him, feel her kisses on his brow?
Wake to hear his gaoler calling, “Come thou to thy task away,
Toil and grind, thou happy Samson, revel in thy pleasant play.
Faster yet, my Hebrew champion, sure thy hands are dainty still;
Even yonder graceful maiden worketh with more strength and will.
Devil’s cub, will nothing move thee, nothing rouse thy native ire?
Tauntings, lashings, all are powerless to evoke thy wanted fire.”

Through the land the good news ringeth, “Dagon holds high
feast to-day;
Sacrifice with joy and gladness, let the faithful-hearted pay;
For our holy god hath risen in the greatness of his might,
Laid our fell destroyer helpless, turned our darkness into light.
“Bring him forth,” they cry, elated, “Let him make us sport and
play;
Let us feast our eyes upon him in his wretched plight to-day.”

By the hand they lead him onward, sightless; but upon his brow
Dark locks wave in wanton splendour. Tremble, Dagon, even now,
For thy foeman, strong and mighty, prayeth, while he seems
unblest,

Leaning idly on the pillars whereupon the house hath rest.
“Oh, my God, in mercy hear me, listen to my anguished cries,
Let me be avenged for ever for the lost light of mine eyes;
Thou hast seen my woe and sorrow, heard my groanings, seen my
tears,
Kept me, when I blindly stumbled, through the mists of other
years;
As a father Thou has pitied, stronger Thine than mother’s love;
Hear me, oh in mercy hear me; to the last Thy goodness prove—
Give me strength for this one effort, ’tis a mighty boon I crave—
Death for thousands, and for Samson rest, oblivion, and a grave.”

With bent head, and arms encircling those fair columns, tall and
strong,
All around delight, rejoicing, red lips rife with mirth and song.
Crashing timbers, crushing grimly, love-lit eyes and dainty limb ;
Shriek of maiden, curse of strong man, Dagon's priests with chant
and hymn ;
Hideous yellings, frantic wailings, break on many a list'ning ear,
Dead by dying clasped, how wildly, now, alas, all doubly dear.
Samson lieth where the keystone of that proud arch struck him
low ;
Lies alone, no man regarding, Death hath aimed that fatal blow.

Man avengèd, God-forgiven,
Lay him softly to his rest ;
Drop no tear, he needs no pity,
Death hath proved a welcome guest.

M. O. W.

ANCIENT NORTH SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1852 BY THE LATE ÆNEAS GUNN, SOLICITOR, EDINBURGH,
AND NOW EDITED BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

[THIS article forms the introductory chapter of a manuscript history of the Clan Gunn, which, if printed, would make an octavo volume of at least 150 pages. The author, Æneas Gunn, was a native of Caithness, and took great interest in the clan system, especially as affected by Norse admixture or influence. He does not often mention the authorities from whom he quotes or compiles, though his composition has the undoubted marks of veracity, and is therefore worth preservation. The substance of his M.S. has been given in the appendix to the "Gunn's," a work published by Rae, Wick, in 1890; but the introduction having nothing very specially connected with that family, as will be seen immediately, was entirely avoided. Its general value, however, demands that it should not be left in obscurity, and it will find fit place in the *Highland Monthly*.]

OF the origin of the earliest inhabitants of the North of Scotland no record is preserved. All trace of their descent is lost. The first authentic accounts of them are gathered from the Roman writers. When Agricola visited the country, A.D. 81, it was inhabited by twenty-one tribes, to whom separate names and different localities were ascribed. The Cantæ possessed the east of Ross, from the estuary of Vevar, or the Moray Firth, on the south, to the Abona, or Dornoch Firth, on the north. Their name is said to be derived from *caint*, a British word denoting "an open country." This district certainly was so, in comparison with the rugged mountainous interior of the west. The Logi held the south-eastern coast of Sutherland, from the Dornoch Firth to the river Wlly, or Helmsdale, on the east. *Wlly*, or *Iligh*, means "the floody water." Their name comes from the British word *lygi*, "dwellers on the

shore." The Carnabii inhabited the south, east, and north-east of what is now called Caithness, from the river Willy. In their district were the three promontories of Verubium, or Noss Head; Virvedrum, or Duncansbay Head; and Tarvedrum, or Dunnet Head; the last also known as the Orcas Promontorium. It is thought they had their name from occupying remarkable points or horns (*cornua*) of the mainland. The Catani dwelt in the north-western corner of Caithness proper, and in the eastern half of Strathnaverina, the river Naver (Ptolemy's *Navarus fluvius*) forming their western boundary. Chalmers supposes them denominated from their chief weapon, the *cat*, or *catai*, while Sir Robert Gordon thinks that they are the Catti of Germany, who migrated to Caithness at a very early period. Some have said that they took their name from the country, which was called Cattey because of the number of wild-cats which infested it. The Mertæ lived in the interior. The Carnonacæ had the northern and western coast of what is now Sutherland, with a small part of the western shore of Ross. They extended from the Naver, their eastern boundary, to Volsa's bay on the south-west. The river Straba falls into the sea on the west of the Naver, and the headland there is the Ebudium Promontorium.

These, and the other southern tribes, were the descendants of the ancient Albions, the earliest inhabitants, and had a main division into Caledonii and Maeatae. The former in the British language were *Celyddone*, or "the men inhabiting the woody regions," which word the Romans made Caledonii.

In the third century the inhabitants of Scotland are described as the Picts, the Scots, the Saxons, and the Attacots; but while nomenclature changed in the other parts of the island, the north, as being unconquered, remained unaffected. It will be found that the Picts were the descendants of the northern tribes, for Eumenius, the first author who writes of them, says that they existed in the time of Cæsar. They are identical with the Caledonii

and Maeatae. It is supposed that they received the name of Picts from the habit of painting their bodies. In the Celtic language they are termed Cruithne, Cruinith, or Cruineacht, probably from the fact of their having been cultivators of the soil. Such are designated by the Highlanders Draonich, the original name of the Picts. They were divided into two nations, the Dicaledones and the Vecturiones, of whom the former possessed the most northern parts of Britain. The prefix "di" or "du" means "real," the full word expressing that the Dicaledones were the genuine men of the woods. Till the eighth century North Britain was held to be inhabited by the Picts or Caledonians. The general opinion that the Picts were exterminated by Kenneth Macalpine, King of the Scots, who reigned from A.D. 844 to A.D. 860, seems altogether improbable. A great revolution then took place, but it only tended to an amalgamation of the various tribes under the sovereignty of this monarch. It is not to be supposed that the Pictish race, who were at that time very powerful, could have been easily destroyed. They formed the sole inhabitants north of the firths of Forth and Clyde, with the exception of southern Argyle. Before the ninth century no change came over these northern tribes, the convulsions which agitated the southern parts of the island not extending to them. It is therefore evident that the Highlanders of modern days are the descendants of the Picts, speaking the same language, and claiming kinship to the various early Romanised tribal names.

The first changes which took place among the Picts arose from the invasions of the Norwegians, who seized the Orkney and Zetland islands towards the end of the ninth century. Prior to this time, though the north of Scotland was subject to the aggressions of the Norse pirates, they had not obtained a footing in the country. Harold Harfager, King of Norway, first reduced those islands, placing a Scandinavian jarl or earl over them, Rognvald or Ronald. His son Sigurd succeeded, who formed an alliance with

Thorstein the Red, grandson of Ketel, an Hebridean chief ; and they subdued Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross. On the death of Earl Sigurd, his son Guttorm became jarl of the Orknies, while Thorstein the Red reigned as king over the half of Scotland. The latter, however, did not enjoy his possessions long. In the sixth year of his sway the northern chiefs determined to make a stand against him and recover the territory which had been taken from them by the Norwegians. They united under the command of Duncan, who was then earl or maormor of Caithness, and, attacking Thorstein, he was defeated and slain. This may be termed the end of the first reign of the Norwegians.

About the middle of the tenth century Thorfin, then jarl of Orkney, married the daughter of Duncan, the maormor of Caithness, and regained a footing for the Norse on the mainland, probably through his marriage. Shortly after this event a second conquest of the whole north of Scotland was made by the Norwegians, the invasion being caused by the Gaelic-speaking Scots attempting to recover Caithness. Finlay, the maormor of Moray, assembled a powerful army, and marched to Caithness. He was met by Sigurd, the second jarl of Orkney of this name, who vanquished and put him to flight. This battle, according to Torfaeus, was fought "in the mossy plains south of Spittal Hill," in Caithness. The standing stones erected at Rangag are in memory of some of the leaders who fell. Earl Sigurd, as the result of his victory, became master of Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Moray.

After enduring the Norwegian yoke for seven years, the Celtic inhabitants of the districts revolted, and drove out the Norsemen, killing the governor who had been appointed to command the district. On learning of the insurrection, Sigurd levied a large army, and proceeded to the mainland of Scotland. When he arrived on the shores of Caithness he was told that Kenneth and Melsnechtan, the maormors of Ross and Argyle, had taken up position at Duncansbay Head, and were awaiting his approach.

Sigurd at once gave them battle, with the result that Melsnechtan was slain and the Celtic army routed. He was stopped from following up his success by the news that Malcolm, the maormor of Moray, was advancing towards him with a force so numerous that it was inadvisable to meet him. He re-embarked and sailed to Orkney, leaving Malcolm in possession of Caithness. On account of the good fortune and the influence he had from the rest of the wide territory under his command, Malcolm ultimately succeeded in becoming king of North Scotland. Earl Sigurd and he entered into friendship, the earl marrying Malcolm's daughter.

Of this marriage was Thorfin, who succeeded his father as Earl of Orkney. The province of Caithness, which then extended south to Lochbroom and the Dornoch Firth, in accordance with the Christian diocese, had been made over to Thorfin by his grandfather Malcolm, who, after a reign of twenty-six years, died, and was succeeded by Malcolm, a descendant of Kenneth Macalpine, king of the Scots. Malcolm Mackenneth, as the new sovereign was named, determined that Thorfin should not peacefully enjoy his possession of Caithness, and began trouble by demanding tribute. Thorfin resisted the proposal, whereupon Mackenneth made a grant of Caithness to Moddan, his sister's son, with the Norwegian title of jarl. Moddan levied an army to take possession of the district thus assigned to him. But the Norwegians speedily forming under Thorfin, and strengthened by a numerous force of Highlanders commanded by Thorkell, he declined an engagement. On his retreat, Thorfin subdued Ross. Moddan informed King Mackenneth of what had taken place, who resolved to overwhelm Thorfin. With this purpose he raised a fleet of eleven ships, and levied as many of the inhabitants of the south of Scotland as could be mustered for an attempt by land. He himself accompanied the fleet, Moddan commanding the army. When King Malcolm Mackenneth arrived at the Pentland Firth he was met by Earl Thorfin,

who defeated him after a severe engagement. Malcolm fled to Moray, making a narrow escape for his life, pursued as he was by Earl Thorfin, supported by Thorkell. Upon the arrival of the pursuers in Moray they heard the news that Moddan had proceeded to Caithness, and was then at Thurso. Thorkell marched immediately to oppose him, while Earl Thorfin continued his pursuit of King Malcolm Mackenneth. On arrival at Thurso, then the chief town of northmost Scotland, Thorkell gave battle to Moddan, killed him, and burnt the town. He then returned to join Earl Thorfin, augmenting his army by raising fresh levies in Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross. The end was that the Scots were effectually subdued, who remained under the Norwegian sway for thirty years, till the death of Earl Thorfin, A.D. 1064. His sons, however, could not retain authority over the Gaelic chiefs, and the Pentland Firth again became the boundary between the Celts and the Norsemen.

The effects of Norse invasions on the population had considerable modification by the nature of the localities. The Logi on the coast of Sutherland, from Helmsdale to Dornoch, were destroyed by Earl Thorfin; and the Mertae, who, inhabiting the interior and protected by mountains, were inaccessible to enemies, gradually occupied those devastated shorelands. The eastern plains of Caithness afforded no defence against the invaders, and subjugation was therefore easy. A consequent influx of Norse settlers gave a Norwegian character to the people of that lowland district which strongly survives to this day. Lord Reay's country or Strathnavernia, which was anciently a province of Caithness, had been seized by the Norwegians again about the middle of the tenth century, and they continued in possession for nearly two centuries thereafter. Its different character, as being mountainous and difficult compared with the eastern parts of Caithness, left the original population more unchanged.

Strathnaver is termed by Norse writers *Doluni a Katenesi*, "the glens of Caithness." In the west, Gaelic

names predominate, while in the level eastern country Scandinavian nomenclature prevails. The numberless places in East Caithness with the termination "ster," a "farm" or "steading," are proofs of thorough Norse occupation. Seater and its various compounds in Thuster, Scrabster, Lybster, Brabster, Stemster, Sibster, Brubster, and Ullbster, or Olaf's ster, may be given as examples. The prefixes to "goe," "a narrow arm of the sea," suggest the same fact, as Fresgoe or Freya's goe, Girnigoe, Staxigoe. "Wick," which signifies a "bay" or "haven," is in itself and in the compounds such as Freswick or Freya's wick, pure Scandinavian. "Dale" is common to Norway and Caithness, as Romsdal, Gudbrandsdal, Bersidale, Harpsdale. The diphthong "æ," meaning "island," is in Stroma or "the island of the stream," so well known to voyagers through Pentland Firth tide; while "aa," "a river," is met with in the word "Thurso," "the river of Thor," the Norse god. "Eir," "an open beach of sand," is in Eriboll, the "boll" meaning "farm." "Ffiord" as "ford" appears in many compounds.

By force or taste, the Celts and the Norsemen adopted each others' customs; the most remarkable illustration of imitation being that of Magnus, King of Norway, who is thought to have adopted the kilt, and so received the surname Barfoed or Barefoot. See Torfaeus, vol. III., book vii., chapter 8.

Where the Scandinavian population predominated, the feudal system was adopted in all its rigour; but the Norsemen who became Celtic chiefs accepted the patriarchal system of government belonging to the clans. To show that neither the feudal nor patriarchal arrangements were known in their home country, reference may be made to their tenure of land, called "udāl." By it every Norseman was a landowner, without the control of a superior or overlord, and he required no charter from the king or the legal courts. The law of primogeniture was unknown. Every udaller, or *bondi*, had the privilege of appearing personally

at the parliament, or "thing." Each district had a thing, which settled all civil and criminal causes. The udallers had equal voices in these courts, which sat in the open air at the most central parts of the local divisions. To give examples, such an assembly was held at Tain or Thing, Odrig, Caithness. For the Latheron district, the thing was held on the summit of a rock at the side of the bay of Forse, south of Lybster. In Ross, courts sat at Tain and Dingwall, the latter, equivalent to Thingvalla, meaning "the valley of the thing." The Tinwald Hill in Dumfriesshire, the Tinwald Hill of the Isle of Man, Tinwald in Shetland, where the Norse first settled, and Tingvalla in Iceland, belong to the same social polity. The circles called druidical were also the scenes of Norse legislation and executive, the standing-stones at Achkinloch in Caithness being traditionally one of those centres. In his "Diary" of 1814, describing the Stennis monuments of Orkney, Sir Walter Scott says—"The idea that such circles were exclusively druidical is now justly exploded. The northern nations all used such erections to mark their places of meeting, whether for religious purposes or civil policy." His discussion there of Pictish castles and houses, such as Cleik-him-in, Mousa, Dundornadilla, and the rest, with the smallness of the chambers and passages implying their occupancy by a diminutive race, is in keeping with the Celtic origin here ascribed to the Picts. The modern Highlander, being of a larger growth, owes this in considerable degree to the Norse supremacies at various epochs.

A table of the descent of the Highland clans may be reduced into paragraph form thus:—The Dicaledones, Cruthne, or Northern Picts were the tribes named by Ptolemy, the African geographer of the second century, as the Kaledonioi, the Kauteai, the Tarnones, the Kreones, the Kournaovioi, and the Kairinoi. The Kaledonioi afterwards formed the maormorship or earldom of the Gallgael; the Kautiai, that of Moray; the Tarnones, Ross; the

Kreones, Garneoran maormorship; the Kournaovioi, Caithness; and the Kairinoi, Ness or Inverness earldom. The Gallgael maormorship included five great clans, the Siol Cuinn, Gillevray, Eachern, Donnachie, and Pharlane; Moray maormorship five, namely, clans Chattan, Cameron, Nachtan, Gillean, and Siol O'Cain; Ross, four, clans Anrias, Kenneth, Matthew, and Siol Alpine; Garneoran earldom, two, clans Leod and Campbell; Caithness maormorship, the single clan of Morgan; and Inverness earldom, the clan of Nicol. The small clans, into which some of the great ones were divided, generally took their title from a distinguished chief. Siol Cuinn was composed of clans Rory, Donald, and Dugald; their chiefs being respectively the Macrory, the Macdonell, and the Macdugald. Siol Gillevray had clans Neill, Lachlan, and Ewen, with chiefs named accordingly. Siol Eachern was made up of clan Dugald Craignish, of whom Campbell of Craignish was the chief; and clan Lamond, with a chief named Lamond. The clan Donnachie's chief was Robertson, and clan Pharlane was led by the Macfarlane. Of the Moray clans, Chattan's chief was the Macpherson, Cameron's, the Cameron, Nacton, the Macnachton, Gillean, the Maclean; the Siol O'Cain being divided into clan Roich, of which Munro was chief, and the clan Gillemheol led by the Macmillan. In Ross earldom the clan Anrias were headed by the Ross, the clan Kenneth by the Mackenzie, and the clan Matthew by the Mathieson; while the Siol Alpin was sub-divided into the clans Gregor under the Macgregor, Grant under the Grant, Fingon under the Mackinnon, Anaba under the Macnab, Duffie under the Macphie, Quarrie under the Macquarrie, and Aulay under the Macaulay. The great clans Leod and Campbell were led by the Macleod and the Campbell, the clan Morgan by the Mackay, and the clan Nicol by the Macnicol.

AN "OLD MASTER."

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS passed, then months, and still the mystery remained unsolved, the question unanswered: who transferred the picture to Dr Austin's box, and, granting the innocence of the latter, for what purpose was the deed done? The subject became the whole conversational stock-in-trade of Auchterleigh; so much tea was consumed over its discussion that the village grocer ordered his supply of that refection a week earlier than he had been known to do for a quarter of a century; there was so much head wagging that it threatened to become a chronic affliction; the local policeman leaped into importance as a man with a mission, a thing which he never previously appeared to possess; the reputation of the community was at stake, and *apropos* the minister preached sermons relating directly and indirectly to the moral law of *meum* and *tuum*. But no individual conscience seemed to wince; and even the policeman got faint-hearted at last in his clumsy investigation.

The laird, the banker, the clergyman, and the apothecary—a ghostly-looking person, whose professional dabbling in the mysteries of protoxides and binoxides was vaguely supposed to give him a preference over the retired captain—held a court of inquiry, and filled portentous rolls of foolscap with evidence which simply told, what everybody knew before, that nobody knew anything about the matter. Dr Austin, as the *prima personna* in the affair, was of course the most interesting witness.

"Does any explanation of this strange matter occur to you, Doctor?" asked the laird, and the audience held their breath for the reply.

“The only explanation which I can suggest,” replied the Doctor, “is that some one intended a practical joke, and became so alarmed at the serious turn of events that, rather than confess, they permitted the consequences of their ill-starred action. That is the most charitable construction I can put upon it.”

There was a general murmur of dissent from this light view of the case. Auchterleigh was much too sedate a place for such questionable capers, for which even the blacksmith, who was in his nineties, could remember no precedent. Still, as no other theory was put forward, the suggestion received a certain amount of countenance. Better far to have a practical joker than a thief or a black-guard in the village. So said the minister, and his authority on moral questions could not, of course, be disputed.

Young Austin was the recipient of profuse expressions of sympathy. A very evident struggle was even made to maintain the round of little social gaieties which his coming had inaugurated; but he was too shrewd an observer not to know that where there is the remotest possibility of an “if,” or a “but,” or a “maybe,” being used in connection with an individual’s character, human nature is inherently weak. His presence became more the exception than the rule at card parties and dances. Under the damping influence, the life of the village by-and-bye deadened into the monotony of former days. While this was so, Dr Austin devoted himself to his professional studies with an earnestness which delighted his aged tutor. The mental grasp and originality of thought he shewed struck Dr Oliver powerfully. More likely than not, he regarded the incident of the “old master” as an evil out of which a great deal of good had emanated. Yet there was an element in the case, and it had perceptibly developed of late, which caused Dr Oliver grave concern. His *protege* had lost somewhat his fresh, ruddy complexion, his step was less sprightly, and he was prone to fall into dull and thoughtful moods.

One day the two men were engaged in a discussion on that apex of all physiological problems, life, and its proper definition, when these signs of mental unrest became more than usually conspicuous in Austin's behaviour.

"Life is a profound mystery, as you say," summed up Dr Austin, "and a scientific explanation of it would split the problem of the universe. But the universe is quite safe. What our eminent men have been investigating and describing is not life *per se*, but its manifestations. The building up of the tissues, the working of the body's machinery, are the mere indications of life. Life itself is the hidden, unknowable something which prompts and superintends those operations. At death, the organs and tissues remain, and we miss from the body nothing which we before could see, except a certain *power* of movement, but of which movement is only a manifestation. The thing called life has fled, laughing at all our weak efforts to hold it. Life is a bitter disappointment, considered from a scientific point of view; we are baffled, humiliated in its presence at every turn—and to live our life scarcely alters the experience."

As he thus clenched the argument, Austin threw down the volume to which he had been referring, and, rising, gazed dreamily out of the window. Dr Oliver watched the young man narrowly for a few minutes, and a shadow crept over his face.

"That last remark of yours is not pertinent to the question," he said after a while, "but I am glad you made it, for I wished to have a talk on matters strictly personal in character. I am an old man, nearly done with life now; like a late member of the Scottish bench, I shall soon welcome death as the solver of the great mysteries which surround us. You can surely confide in me, my lad. I have noticed that your spirits, if not your health even, have been affected of late. Come now, sir, confession is good for the soul, and the body as well."

Austin started at the question, and blushed like a woman. How stupid he had been, he thought, to provoke the very subject which he had dreaded these weeks past.

“Dr Oliver,” he said at last, “I will confess to you frankly what is troubling me. I trust you thoroughly, but when you have heard you will appreciate the reason of my silence, perhaps also of my thoughtfulness. It is a short story—need I say it begins with that unfortunate picture? There are two people for whose opinion I care very much. You are one of them, and I know you acquit me of blame in that strange affair.”

“Emphatically; and the other gentleman is?”

“The other person is a lady.”

“Ah! Miss Cameron is not uncharitable is she—pardon me for presuming that she is the lady you mean.”

“Miss Cameron is, I believe, charitable enough not to lay guilt to my charge, though I never asked her whether she did or not. I mean Miss Jefferies. The laird has been very friendly towards me, more friendly than ever, in fact, since that unfortunate occurrence; but his daughter avoids me on every opportunity. When we meet she is restrained in manner, and leaves me on the most frivolous excuses. Her frankness and joviality have passed away so far as I am concerned. I have convinced myself now that she thinks me guilty of—theft.”

“My dear boy, I think you are entirely wrong in that impression. Alice is a generous girl, as you must have found out for yourself, and, so far as I can judge, she respects you. But this is a surprise; like others, I thought it was Miss Cameron’s opinion you would be most jealous of. Dear me!”

“The daughter of the manse,” said Austin, after a pause, “why, she is just a pretty butterfly. Butterflies are pleasant creations—they improve the social landscape, so to speak, being fragile creatures, and fit for sunshine only—but they should not be caught. At least I have no wish to catch a specimen.”

"Well, I am glad you have deceived me, as well as, shall I say, this very gossiping little public of ours on this point," said the old man, with ill-concealed signs of relief.

"Dr Oliver, I have been endeavouring to deceive myself, but I find the effort futile and hopeless. I will make a clean breast of it. Listen: The first time I met Miss Jefferies I saw the future before me as clear as noon-day. Her companionship was sweet, and life with her seemed fraught with possibilities of which I had not dreamed. The day would come soon when I would make a confession. I knew it. What had I to offer her? Nothing but love—neither fortune nor home. Many years must elapse before I have either. Before words were spoken or feelings betrayed themselves, I resolved to smother this growing affection for a lady whom I could not ask in marriage. Reasons, professional and prudential, prompted me; but the task is harder than I imagined. Life seems dull and wearisome with all her sunshine shut out. And, oh God, she may think me a criminal, *that* I cannot bear."

"In the circumstances, your resolution is a brave and judicious one, my lad. It does you credit. Stick to it and consolation will come in time. But you need not accentuate your trouble by remaining under any delusion as to her opinion about the picture—pooh! ask her like a man!"

"That is an expedient from which I shrink; and yet, how gladly would I learn the truth."

"Well, well; see what unpleasant complications women bring upon deluded mankind. As I have often said, science brews no such troubles," added Dr Oliver, rising and leaving Austin to his reflections. These were sufficiently bitter. Sinking down in a chair he buried his face in his hands.

Whether it was a mere coincidence, or a piece of good humoured manœuvring on Dr Oliver's part—of that there is room for suspicion—does not matter, but it happened that the day following this conversation found Dr Austin writing a polite note to the laird informing him that the

“faculty,” as represented by Dr Oliver and himself, would avail themselves of the invitation to dine at the lodge that evening. It was a strictly *en familie* affair. At the head of the table was the beaming countenance of the laird—he invariably did beam over the dinner table—and the three sides of the small square were occupied by Alice, Dr Austin, and Dr Oliver, the latter reciprocating the excellent humour of his host, and passing observations worthy of a *connoisseur* on the wines, for which Laird Jefferies cellars were justly noted. The demeanour of the young people was in strong contrast to that of their elders. Alice looked pale, had little to say, and apparently very little desire to eat. She scarcely suffered her eyes to wander in the direction of Austin; and the latter, who was labouring under a sense of suppressed excitement, never, as the laird laughingly remarked, shewed to such great disadvantage as on that occasion. His raillery might have been just a little pronounced and pointed. Alice became fidgetty, and Austin stammered; then both would blush together; and, curious to say, the merrier grew the two old men.

At last the feast was ended, and Austin offered up a heartfelt thanksgiving that it was so. In her haughty, reserved mood, this lovely white-faced girl appeared more an angel than ever in his eyes. What if she should believe him guilty? Could human fate be so cruel, so merciless as that?

Alice left the room without even bestowing a smile on Austin. How welcome even a kindly look would have been! As he stood up, watching her slender form disappear behind the curtains, he felt that he could endure the suspense no longer; even then the thought flashed upon him to rush after her, regardless of consequences, and upon his knees implore her to pronounce her verdict—guilty or not guilty! He would put the question at anyrate that night before he slept again upon his pillow—a restless pillow it had been these three months past. But when, shortly

afterwards, the Laird, with a knowing wink at Dr Oliver, suggested that Austin, being neither a smoker nor a wine bibber, might, if he so desired, retire and keep Alice company in the drawing room, this frenzy cooled down, and he shrank almost from the interview. What if this woman whom he loved pronounced "guilty," and all hope of happiness should be banished from his life!

"I have deserted the old men early, you see," he said as he entered the silent drawing room, in a voice intended to be gay, but which sounded funereal.

There was no response, the apartment was untenanted; and looking through the open window he could see a white clad figure flitting and receding among the huge beeches.

"She flies from me," he whispered in hoarse accents, "she abhors me as she would a felon."

There are depths of distress when the mind becomes rebel in its despair, and turning upon that which crushes it, accepts, almost welcomes, the worst. Mental calm and a certain kind of satisfaction is then attainable in the very contemplation of misfortune. There is a sort of unreasoning glory in it. An attack of this kind seized upon Dr Austin after a while, and he sallied forth with a harsh laugh to search out this angel of torment, and taunt her with unbelief in an innocence which he could not himself establish.

It was still, peaceful, dreamy, amongst the beeches, the only sound being the music of the river as it tumbled over the weir. It came wafted up from the valley in soft, wavering cadences, and the birds answered with their sweetly-piped good nights.

In the deepest recess of the plantation, seated upon the prostrate trunk of a felled tree, sat Alice Jefferies, rocking herself to and fro in her distress, and stemming with a handkerchief the flow of burning tears. At the sound of an approaching footstep, she started up. She would have stolen away, but for the certainty that Dr Austin had seen her. Therefore only did she wait him, under a neigh-

bouring tree, where the gloom of the overhanging branches protected the tell-tale expression of her face.

"Pardon me for this intrusion, Miss Jefferies; you evidently prefer the woods to the drawing-room," Austin said as he approached, with an assumption of freedom and ease which he was far from feeling.

"Yes, on an evening like this it is more pleasant; besides, I thought you gentlemen would linger a considerable time over your wine." As she spoke Alice kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, and, moving back a step, rested her shoulder against the trunk of the beech.

"That is scarcely true of me, is it, Miss Jefferies? Why, we used to get through quite a programme of music together before the others joined. You cannot surely have forgotten that so soon; and though the evening is pleasant, as you say, I do not think, allow me to say, that fact tempted you out of itself. Miss Jefferies, it has appeared to me of late that you are trying to avoid me."

As he spoke, Austin stood just within the spread of the branches, with folded arms, his eyes steadily fixed upon the white, fairy-looking figure profiled against the tree. His manner was a trifle defiant; about his voice there was the slightest suspicion of a sneer. What cared he? He had only one question to ask and then he was done with this woman, perhaps forever. At his last words, "you are trying to avoid me," Alice stood erect and gazed keenly into his face; then she clutched at a branch—the light was dim, but perhaps her emotions were such that she needed support.

"Well?" was all she said.

"That leads me up to the one question I wish to ask you, Miss Jefferies; and considering our previous friendship I think it is one which I am entitled to put. If not, lay the indiscretion to the distress of my position. It is merely whether you consider me guilty of purloining the 'old master?'"

"No, a thousand times no," she cried, in a hurried troubled voice, at the same instant clasping her hands convulsively. "You are—that is, I believe you are, *innocent*."

Why this agitation? A shadowy thought—it could not be called a hope—thrilled Austin for a second, and passed away as swiftly.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed in a voice which was almost tragic.

The intensity of the words threw Alice into an attitude of surprise, and she stood, one hand raised till it nearly touched her lips, and the other bearing against the tree, her eyes rivetted upon his face in questioning appeal.

"Why should my opinion affect you that way?" she gasped; and then she shrank back, startled at her own words. What had she done?

Austin gazed for a moment upon the shrinking figure before him, as she clutched the tree for aid; how angelic she seemed now as the gloom deepened, with her face pale as death itself, her eyes flashing with excitement. A great light then dawned upon him, and he trembled with the gladness of it.

"Why? You ask why?" he cried, advancing a step with outstretched hands, "because I love you, because your blame would have killed me, because without you life is wretched, dreary, a prairie of despair. Oh, Miss Jefferies—Alice!—is there any hope for this great love of mine, a love you yourself kindled the first moment we met, a love which I have tried to quench only to make it burn the brighter—is there any hope? If not, then—give me your pity, for I will sorely need it."

Alice moved forward, just a little, slowly at first, as this passionate appeal was made. She seemed drawn to the speaker against her will, yet glad, infinitely glad, she had no power to resist the magnetic influence.

He loved her! The words sounded, reverberated, in her ears, as would a hosannah from Paradise. She smiled

—sweetly, wonderingly. She was being carried away by a vision of happiness her imagination had never conjured up; every word made it brighter and brighter. Her whole being pulsated the unuttered answer, "I love you." Nothing more was there to reveal. Two hearts stood confessed of their deepest and most sacred promptings. Ah, life is sometimes worth living!

With a glad cry, Austin seized Alice in his arms, and her face sought his—gleaming with a happiness it had never known before. It was a beautiful picture! But even as he imprinted the first thrilling kiss upon those lips, a shadow began to creep over her face, and the smile faded away. How magic the change! She was now quivering as if from a great fear. Austin started, and, as his arms relaxed their impassioned hold, she sprang with an agonising cry from his embrace. From the heights of bliss, it appeared as if some mysterious influence had hurled her back to the realms of despair.

"It can never be—never, never! Don't come to me; back! I will write you, and you will know. Yes, I will write."

Before Austin recovered himself, Alice had disappeared; and he stood there alone, stunned, and wondering in a vague way what it all meant. Had Alice gone mad?

There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance that Miss Cameron was out walking alone this balmy evening, nor in the coincidence that the road she selected for her short pedestrian trip should take her past the beech plantation at the Lodge. She was reputedly fond of outdoor exercise, and the road in question, leading through a bit of picturesque country, was a favourite with the villagers. She was wandering homewards, treading softly on the grass-grown strip along the furze wood, where wild roses were most plentiful, when the sound of a familiar voice reached her from the wood. For a moment her face flushed with pleasure, and the next instant it frowned.

Peering through between a couple of bushes, she saw Dr Austin and Alice. They were locked in each other's arms! With a little cry, she stepped back, then walked, almost ran, along the road, and did not pause till she reached the Manse Glebe, which she entered by a back way, so as to reach the garden summerhouse. Therein she sat, her heart palpitating with the shock and the hurried walk, a half-angry half-scared expression on her face; tapping the ground vehemently with one foot. She had never thought of this. What a fool she had been!

Since the episode of the picture, Miss Cameron had shewed particularly good spirits. Her manner towards Dr Austin was pronouncedly friendly, but she did not seem particularly anxious to hurry on the crisis in their relationship which, rumour had it, was impending. She rather liked that rumour, and would toss her head with the air of a queen when gently chaffed on the subject. Dr Austin, she had told herself—was it not written very plainly in her diary?—would have to woo *very* hard, and she would not, when he proposed, give him an answer till *next* day. That was the way of her favourite heroines in fiction. Hitherto the Doctor had not been an ardent sweetheart; in fact, when he visited the manse, she could not deny that he talked more to the reverend papa than to herself. They had some horrid controversy about science and theology; but there was plenty of time, and he would not come to the manse if she was not there. Of that she was convinced beyond question. Upon this fabric of foolish imaginings had this superficial young lady built her castle in the air.

It was a rude awakening, but she neither fainted nor shed tears over it. On the contrary, a look of something like triumph came into her face as she gazed vacantly into the cabbage plot.

"*She* marry the Doctor," the final tenor of her thoughts ran, "the nasty, scheming, wicked thing! She won't," and here the foot began to pat vigorously again; "I'll tell him at once, and all Auchterleigh shall know of her wickedness."

This mysterious threat makes it necessary to follow Miss Cameron into her boudoir, and con over with her one interesting passage in her diary. It read thus :—

“ Oh, what a shock ; the ‘ old master ’ was found in Dr Austin’s possession, at least in the box which he was filling with goods for his sister. But *he* did not steal it. I see it all now. It was Alice Jefferies who put it there. What she could have done it for, I cannot imagine, unless it be *spite*. *I saw her take the picture while the people were all at the door giving the Laird a welcome.* I thought she was going to pack it up. When the alarm was raised I was afraid to mention what I saw for fear of making a terrible mistake. But there can be no mistake now. She is jealous of me, I know ; and I *was* jealous of her before, but I would *never*, never think of such a mean, *nasty* trick. Should I tell? What a sensation it would be ; and it would spoil *her* completely. I don’t like it though. It would be *such* a scandal, and people would say I was acting spitefully. That would not do for the Manse. How would it do to hold this little secret as a trump card, to be played *when* necessary. That is a bright idea, and I’ll act upon it.”

Having scribbled another entry to act upon the “ bright idea ” without delay, the dutiful daughter of the manse went to papa’s prayer meeting.

Dr Austin was called away early next morning to a distant part of the parish, where a critical case occupied his time and absorbed his thoughts until late. He thus escaped Miss Cameron’s revelation—she was keeping it specially for his own ears—and was prevented from working himself into a fever over the unfathomable behaviour of Alice in the beech wood. It was satisfactory to know that she loved him ; but what obstacle could possibly exist to make her execute such a dramatic stampede? He knew of none ; but that only made the case all the more mysterious, and increased his nervous restlessness. The second morning came, and still no letter had reached him from the lodge. He ascended a knoll in the policies of the villa, and endeavoured by the aid of a telescope to learn something,

but Alice was not to be seen, and even the laird was not in his accustomed corner over his forenoon cigar.

At last, in the afternoon, the missive came from the Lodge by special messenger. Few lovers have opened a letter with more eagerness; fewer have perhaps been more dismayed by the contents of one. Undated, without greeting, only bearing the signature Alice Jefferies, the note was as follows:—

"As I promised, I now write you in explanation of my conduct last night. It must have appeared to you extraordinary, but when I make my confession you will understand things better.

"After what has taken place I may speak frankly. Before the bazaar I loved you, as I do now; but you were not friendly to me. You neglected me; yet why should I say that, since I had no claim to your attention. I heard you, as I thought, speak words of love to another. I think now I must have been dreaming, or mad. Yes, I must have been mad. I was jealous, bitterly jealous, and very unhappy, when the words came to me, and I thought you were lost to me for ever. You and she were behind the screen when they were uttered. They took you out of my life, I thought. Life thus seemed so very, very dreary; it must have maddened me. An evil spirit got the better of me. It seemed to say, 'Do this thing and it may stop the marriage; and at anyrate there will be hope for you.' I must have hope at least—I could not live without that. I sometimes had thought you cared for me; you might come back. Such were my feelings; and seeing you admired the picture, *I put it into your box*. By what mental suspension the criminality of my action was then concealed from me I know not. I was only conscious of having interrupted a love-making which was killing me. Yes, *I must have been mad!* Oh, Heaven only knows what my sufferings have been since. Every day I made up my mind to make confession; hundreds of letters I have written, and like a frail creature I have faltered. I prayed heaven for guidance, and something seemed to say, 'wait yet.' I waited, and see the bitter meaning of it now. It was that my punishment should be all the greater. The happiness of heaven—your love—was offered me, and I have been compelled to dash the cup from my own lips. But no punishment

can be too great for me. I do not ask your forgiveness. That is impossible. But I ask you to pity me, the me who was mad, and did you that terrible injury.

“ Before you get this I will have bid a silent farewell to all that is dear to me in Auchterleigh. Never ask after me ; it will be useless. Henceforth I must be lost to the world. But pity, do pity me, Arthur—let me use the name of my beloved once only—pity and pray for one who is broken-hearted, and whose only hope of happiness concerns another world.”

There was a postscript to the tear-stained pages intimating that a confession of a more formal kind had been sent to the Convener of the bazaar committee, so that the full justice of publicity might be done. As Austin finished reading, Dr Oliver entered the apartment. He flung the letter to the astonished old man, and seizing his hat rushed from the house like a man demented. At least he would save the scandal of publicity, he thought. But he was too late. The first villager he met hailed him with words of congratulation ; the villagers were already assembling in groups to discuss this fresh instance of the old adage that truth surpasses the inventions of fiction. With swimming head and unsteady steps he returned to the villa. Dr Oliver was at the door to meet him, and taking his arm in silent sympathetic clasp, led him in. It was not an occasion for words. They sat down together ; and the old man took Austin’s hand in both his own and held it there. That was all he could do ; how eloquent those simple actions can become !

A stroll would do Austin good ; so counselled Dr Oliver as the shadows of a beautiful evening crept in, and the advice was taken. But how unfortunate it was that he should meet, face to face, the very person of all others in Auchterleigh he wished to avoid, the daughter of the manse.

“ Oh, I knew all about it,” she cried eagerly, “ I saw her take the picture, and I have kept the dreadful secret all this time.”

"You knew it all?"

"Yes, everything."

"And you kept the secret to yourself?"

"Oh, yes; I did not like to scandalise the Lodge, you know. Isn't it dread—"

"Of course, it was nothing to you that I should be scandalised? Miss Cameron, permit me to say that I think you have acted disgracefully in this matter. One word in time and you would have saved me a world of misery, perhaps altogether averted this distressing exposure."

He left her standing in the path, looking after his retreating form with a perplexed expression. Her delusion was over for ever; not a vestige of hope remained.

A year passed by, a long weary year, during which life at Auchterleigh dragged itself along as if the whole community were under a cloud of sorrow which refused to lift. Dr Austin remained, prosecuting his studies with an assiduity which had often prompted Dr Oliver to write glowing letters to London, predicting the advent of a rising young genius who would soon overshadow his own name. But while this was so, the question of love and duty ever haunted him; the mystery of Alice's disappearance was the subject of constant brooding.

Austin has been a frequent visitor at the Lodge of late, and to-day he stays longer than usual in close consultation with the laird. At last the two men emerge and walk down the gravel path, arm in arm. Though their manner is not one of gaiety, it indicates a certain well-defined happiness, to which each has been a stranger for some time.

"Then good-bye, dear boy; go to her with my blessing. May Providence guide and protect you both."

Following Dr Austin by the first express which he found available for his journey, we find ourselves in a small town, famous as a sanitorium. The principal building is a large, well-ordered establishment devoted to the alleviation

of suffering humanity, who come and go in a constant stream from the dens and streets of the great throbbing city, the smoke of which dulls the western horizon.

It is Sunday evening; the bells, deep-toned and silvery, clanging and pealing, sound in confusing but not unpleasant medley. On the hillside, concealed by trees but for the peep of its spire, stands a small edifice of old-fashioned design, surrounded by rustic woodwork, the entrance surmounted by a Swiss-looking porch overgrown with lovely honeysuckle. Flowers bloom in profusion round and about. Hither come many of the sisters of the hospital for worship, as the bell tinkles out its modest invitation; and hither, too, came Austin. The last group arrives, and he starts so that a worshipper near by regards him with an enquiring look. Alice Jefferies is there! Her expression is sweet and thoughtful, suggestive of previous suffering, present resignation, and devotion to a high and noble duty.

The congregation is dispersed, and Austin notes with satisfaction that Alice is walking back alone. He follows, with throbbing heart, more than ever doubtful what her answer will be.

“Miss Jefferies!”

In the darkness she does not recognise him at first; but as his identity bursts upon her, she utters a faint cry of surprise.

“Why did you come?” she asks slowly.

“To offer you my forgiveness.”

“That is—more than—I deserve; but it will make me—happier.”

“Alice, there is one condition which I must attach—you must become my wife.”

“No, no; it would never do, Dr Austin. I must do my duty here, a duty of penance once, one of pleasure now. I accept your forgiveness, so nobly proffered, but I am unworthy of anything more. Let us say good-bye!”

“I, too, have a claim upon you, Alice, greater, I think, than the sufferers in yonder big mansion. There are others

whose attentions to them, being strangers, would be equally acceptable, while I, a sufferer too, feel that you alone can cure me—will you not come?"

She answered nothing, but presently he sought her hand and it rested in his ; he drew her to him and she came ; he pressed her head to his bosom and it rested there.

Many years have passed, so many that another generation has sprung up in Auchterleigh. Long ago, Dr Oliver was laid in the old Churchyard ; and the laird also sleeps in the family vault near by, beside a long row of his ancestors. Dr Austin and his wife have come to the Lodge for the summer months. The old physician's prediction has been fulfilled, and he is eminent far above his fellows, and can afford a holiday. As we part with him he stands looking out upon the lawn, which is merry with stylish young Masters and Misses Austins. Alice, still young, sweet, and wifely, goes softly up and takes his arm.

"A penny for your thoughts, Arthur."

"They are about an old master," he says with a mischievous look.

"Arthur!"

"Not *that* old master, dear, but the one that has brought us such complete happiness."

"And he is?"

"The oldest master of all—LOVE!"

THE END.

FROM OBAN TO PORTREE.

II.

THE mountains look on Tobermory, and Tobermory looks on the sea; not much sea certainly, merely a bay, *a la* Oban, *a la* Portree, and shut in with the usual tight little isle: there is a striking family resemblance between the three places. Tobermory, and indeed Portree too, are Oban without the hotels, without the porters, without the music, and without the tourist: the tourist passes Tobermory by the thousand, but there is little attraction for him to make a stay there; it is not yet "made" in the sense that Oban is.

All the shops and nearly all the best houses are on the low flat just above high-water mark: judging from the names on the sign-boards, this stratum of the population is imported. The real natives live in kraals on the top of the cliff, and betake themselves to waiting for a steamer to come in, as a pursuit, and to agriculture and spasmodic fishing, as recreations. Islanders and Highlanders generally are not of the shopkeeping class, they leave such branches of industry to the foreigner. So far as the west coast of Scotland is concerned, the foreigner is generally a Glasgow man, with a business habit or two; the native is, with masterly inactivity, content to remain a gentleman farmer, and it must be added—general grievance agent.

A curious circumstance worth recording is discovered in the castellated hotel on the cliff. The waiter turns out to be Scotch, unadulterated—not German. At Oban and some other places one is forced to the conclusion that fifty per cent. of the German population must be waiters, the balance being musicians. The "season" is nearly over, and the large semi-gorgeous coffee-room is tenanted by but one,—a stout party, subsequently discovered to be Birming-

ham. He looks at me as if I were a rank intruder with thievish designs on his mutton chops, and I return the compliment with a scowl, signifying—what a nuisance to have even you here, and actually eating too. This, being the average manner which Great Britons assume to each other when they first meet, is recorded not as a curious circumstance in the sense that the absence of the German waiter is, but merely to show that Inverness and Birmingham meeting in Tobermory were true to a national instinct.

By and bye we grow more friendly, and as the evening wears on I suggest billiards, by way of diversion. At this the man from Birmingham shakes his head mournfully, and with almost a tear glistening in his eye, says he "hasn't played a doozen games of billiards since poor Loo died." Loo I infer to be his wife, and ask sympathetically how long is it since the sad event occurred. "More than three weeks, and even yet I don't feel oop to anythink," he replies with touching pathos.

After retiring, I am dismayed to find that the gentle breeze of the evening has heightened into what seems half a gale. I hear the wind moaning among the tree tops at the back of the hotel, and anon rising to a roar. The memory of a former experience off Ardnamurchan in half a gale comes back with painful reality; pretexts to remain in Mull for a day or two invent and force themselves on me so that I cannot sleep. The Glenforsan coast and Ulva's Isle I recollect is worth going a thousand miles (on land) to see. Yes, I will go there, it is settled, and I delude myself into sleep, a troubled wretched sleep. I dream that I am at sea, a terrible storm raging, waves breaking over the ship, sails in rags, masts creaking and bending, finally going by the board, so goes the cook's galley, so goes the cook, so go we all: a rush of raging water, and a weltering as in a Niagara of chaos, and all is over.

I see a deep, sluggish, inky stream flowing past me, and a boat silently gliding to the shore like an apparition.

It is the Styx! it is old Charon! I am saved! Horror! it is the Tobermony Pier man, and he wants his "penny." I have no penny, I offer him a postage stamp; I entreat, I implore, he laughs a fiendish bitter laugh, and leaves me to my fate. When I wake up I resolve to stay where I am for six weeks, or six months if necessary, till the storm abates; but it is not necessary, the morning light reveals that there is no storm, the wind apparently has settled as quickly as it arose, and things look as calm as if there was no storm or ever would be.

At the breakfast table I descant on storm to Birmingham friend. He cannot understand it; says there was no storm, at anyrate if there was he didn't hear any, but then he is a sound sleeper. Scotch waiter appealed to, but heard nothing—except!—here he winks to Inverness and leers at Birmingham. I resent wink, consider it a liberty, and resolve to keep it off him: justification of wink a little later on; almost button-holed by waiter, opines with much glee that there will be another storm at Gairloch to-night. Interrogated, says man from Birmingham going there; further interrogated adds, "thon Englisher wus the storm; he had the room next yours, and he's a perfect duvve at the snorin'." I grow pensive though unconvinced; in any case no storm to-day, so I step on board the "Glencoe" with a light heart.

Concerning voyages of this type, the veracious narrator generally thinks it essential that his intimacy with the captain and other officials is of a profound though somewhat patronising nature; it is therefore necessary that they should each and all be introduced to the public to make their bow as perfect paragons of all the virtues, graces, and accomplishments which their patronising friend chooses to endow them with. It is very entertaining reading, and an average sample is here inserted for the sake of variety.

"The captain's cheery face beamed on us as we stepped on board the good steamship 'Gasalier'—as tidy a craft as

ever rode a gale (the writer being, of course, a judge of crafts), and the welcoming grip of his—the cheery captain's—hand lingered in our knuckles for an hour. Captain Mac—— is as able a skipper as ever strode the quarter-deck (also a judge of skippers), and his second-in-command, Sandy Mac——, as capable a seaman as ever smelt the briny. We were quickly accommodated with a seat on the bridge. In this coign of vantage, from which the gorgeous panorama on either hand could be viewed with advantage, we chatted so pleasantly, and with certain reminiscences and some old stories, the journey seemed all too short. By-and-bye we interviewed the steward, Dugald Mac——, as active, intelligent, and, withal, as obliging a man as ever served hungry and thirsty humanity (also a judge of stewards). We can cordially recommend the viands and light refreshments on board as being the best of their different kinds procurable (also a judge of corned beef and whisky). When we learned that our old friend, Tavish Mac——, was chef of our floating hotel, all wonder at the excellence of the cuisine and the appetising nature and more than sufficiency of the good things ceased (also a judge of chefs). The purser too, Lachlan Mac——, was most indefatigable, and most assiduous in attending to our comforts. We regret much to hear that he is on the eve of shortly betaking himself westward ho. We cordially wish him God-speed, and feel assured that it will be many a day ere we see his like again (also a judge of pursers). At our landing place we stepped on shore with reluctance—difficulty?—and waved adieu to a group of officers it would be difficult to match in any line" (also a judge of officers in groups), and so on *ad nauseam*.

Far better pay one's way legitimately.

The saloon of the "Glencoe" is found to be in quite the normal condition of all passenger steamers, only rather more aggravated in this case, owing to its very circumscribed area; normal condition being a confused collection of all the necessary and unnecessary material fondly under-

stood to be requisite for a journey, long or short. The custom is, when a passenger comes on board, he or she—she being the highest transgressor in this way—descends immediately to the saloon, and on the cushioned seat deposits some rugs, a waterproof or two, an umbrella, several books, a hat-case, and a luncheon basket. These articles occupy about four to six feet of longitudinal space, and are understood as securing one's seat. This important matter being thus satisfactorily settled, he or she betakes themselves to a seat somewhere else, in a perfectly calm and equable frame of mind, and very possibly do not again revisit their belongings except at rare intervals. It is always unsafe to jump at conclusions, but really the idea is forced on one that the average traveller is not absolutely unselfish. This fact proves it.

Good place a steamer for studying character, better than a railway carriage. There is something very amusing about the idea of studying character. The interviewer is often the interviewed, and the studier the studied, that is if there be anything worth studying in him, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is not. Youths fresh from "Sketches by Boz," and Dickens generally, take to this sort of thing simultaneously with an affinity to tobacco. I can recall the case of two young men who projected a short—necessarily short, for financial reasons—railway journey, the main and most seductive part of the scheme was the opportunity they would have of what they called "studying character." In order to carry this out thoroughly they went to great trouble to secure an empty compartment; an absolutely empty compartment was for some occult reason a positive necessity: this attained, they stuck their heads and shoulders out at the windows—possibly the idea was to look out for a character on the platform, then take him in and study him; more probably it might have been craftily designed to lead their fellow-travellers into the belief that their compartment was quite full; in any case when the train moved off, they took to cigars (twelve for

ninepence), under the sweet aroma of which all ideas with regard to the object and aim of their journey were quickly dissipated, and the subsequent proceedings, as the poet hath it, "interested them no more."

To all such I would make the suggestion—take a steamboat in preference to a railway carriage, particularly an empty one, for the purpose of study of this nature. In a railway carriage the subject is apt to be a little too near to be properly focussed; in a steamboat, on the other hand, you have better distance and more varied conditions; *but*—and I put it as firmly as I can—leave the cigars at home.

JAS. A. GOSSIP.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES AT INVERNESS.

BY JOHN DON, M.A.

A PRACTICAL illustration of the mighty forces which Nature carefully hides in the crust of the earth has been before us during the past few days. So rarely occurring in this quarter, and so alarming in character and possibilities, it has claimed the foremost place in matters of general interest, and has given rise to a wonderful amount of speculation.

Earth motions began on Saturday evening, the 15th November, with a shock of such severity that almost every inhabitant in a wide district took notice of it. Even people in noisy thoroughfares were conscious of some unusual disturbance. The succeeding tremors, which followed at irregular intervals, escaped the attention of many; and only indoors could one be certain of their genuineness. Of such minor tremblings there were, up to 8.30 P.M. on the 16th, certainly three, and probably two more occurred in the early hours of the 19th.

The area shaken by the first earthquake of Saturday embraces the shores of the Moray Firth from Golspie to Elgin, westwards to Garve and Fort-Augustus, and south to the borders of Perthshire—altogether, not less than one-sixth of the whole of Scotland. But the Ness Valley and the hilly country lining it were the scene of the most powerful effects. The disturbance seems to have opened outwards from that depression, somewhat in a fan-like manner. It was heralded by a rumbling, crashing noise—a sort of air-earthquake—and as the distance from the Great Glen increased, so did the air undulation outstrip the earth motion. Thus, the propagation in air was more rapid than in the solid crust, a circumstance which has often been noticed on similar occasions.

According to modern views, earthquakes are waves in the rocky coast, which radiate from a centre. Above this centre, and in the vicinity, the wave makes itself felt as an up-and-down movement, while at places more remote the force of the wave strikes the surface at some angle between the vertical and horizontal. At considerable distances from the centre, the wave motion is felt as a lateral trembling.

Now, there is ample testimony that in Inverness itself, the surface of the earth did move upwards and downwards, though at what inclination to the vertical it is hard to say. One observer speaks of his house being canted to one side, others describe the motion as heaving, rolling, lurching and so on. In truth, as the shock was happily not great enough to make rents in the walls of buildings, the angle at which the wave emerged from the ground underneath the town can only be guessed at. Nevertheless we may judge from reports sent in from various quarters that the undulatory motion was more nearly vertical in Inverness than in most other places. This accordingly goes to prove that the disturbance originated at no great distance from the town. Here, however, it is proper to observe that the centre of an earth movement is not necessarily a mere point or spot. The shock, however caused, may be communicated to a great stretch of rock almost simultaneously, as when a broad ice sheet suddenly snaps in twain. When we turn to the time at which the shock is stated to have occurred in different localities, it would almost seem as if the earthquake had been felt at one and the same moment in Inverness, Glen-Urquhart, Beaulieu, and Nairn. If we remember, however, that an earthquake can travel as much as ten miles a minute or more, it is easy to see that very accurate chronography would be required to localise the starting point inside a radius of 12 or 14 miles. It is authenticated that the movement reached Dingwall, Golspie, Elgin, and Badenoch considerably later than Inverness. This is just what we should have expected, for at these places the wave motion was resolved into a horizontal oscillation.

It is interesting to note how conflicting are the reports as to the time that the shock lasted. Doubtless this is due to the inability of most people to tell brief intervals of time with any approach to accuracy, especially under such agitating circumstances. Putting this aside, however, the duration of the shock in any particular locality will depend very much on the elasticity of the strata immediately underlying. A house situated on a shingly foundation will experience a "short, sharp shock," which is commonly more disastrous than the prolonged vibration communicated to buildings on a firmer and more resilient basis. There is reason to believe that, in the present case, the vibration was more jerky and of briefer duration in the Hill district of Inverness, which is nearly all shingle, than in the lower portions of the town.

The direction of the earthquake wave was approximately from S.W. to N.E. in the Ness valley, including Glen-Urquhart, and this was also the route taken by it in the Beaully district. North of Dingwall it appears to have turned off to the north and west, while in the Nairn valley, it struck eastwards, in company of a dull, rumbling sound. At Nairn and Elgin the direction was still eastwards. Most these bearings are derived from observations of the direction which the sound-wave took, and certainly this is a fairly accurate test in an open country. But should the sound-wave be intercepted by any obstacle, it may appear to anyone behind this, who is then screened from the direct wave front, to proceed from an entirely different direction. Thus an observer stationed behind Torvean thought that something had blown up in Inverness, while there is little reason to doubt that the main sound-wave was at that time booming down the valley.

In addition to the guide furnished by the direction of the air commotion, the earth wave often sufficiently indicates its own course. Roughly, one can tell which side of the house is struck, or whether the motion seems to come from the right or left, from behind, etc. Hence we may

conclude that the consensus of opinion, which appears in the present instance, amounts to a proof that the earthquake did travel in pretty nearly the directions indicated. Broadly speaking, it spread out fan-wise from the Ness Valley, probably from the upper end of it, and diverged chiefly towards the north and north-east. Why the effects were felt more in these districts it is idle to conjecture. Such an occurrence as an earthquake travelling along a particular zone without diverging from it, is by no means unusual in countries liable to seismic changes.

When an earthquake impinges on a body of water, as an inland lake, or the sea, there are commonly two disturbances propagated through the water. One of these travels, as it were, on the back of the earth wave, and is less noticeable. The other is a heavy roll, or swell, caused by the first blow of the wave emerging from the crust, and this travels more slowly, as a rule, than the first mentioned. No report is to hand of any exceptional swell on Loch Ness on the evening of the 15th, and this would seem to indicate that the earthquake did not originate below the floor of the basin of that lake. When an earthquake strikes across a sheet of water, it may affect floating objects quite differently from the ordinary water waves, as the vibrating movements of the particles of water are vertical in water waves, but may be in almost any direction in earth waves.

Regarding the causes of earthquakes, there are several theories which have found acceptance with geologists and other students of nature. It may be comforting to Invernessians to know that serious oscillations of the earth do not occur for most in any but volcanic regions. There, the removal of material from the lower portions of the crust tends to produce a weakness which may either result in the overlying rocks crashing down, or in their sudden upheaval, by the explosion of super-heated steam and other gases.

In the case of oscillations detached from areas of volcanic activity, it is possible that a cause is to be looked for in the sudden collapse of the walls of some subterranean-

ous cavity hollowed out by that powerful solvent—water. Or again, the steady cooling of the crust and its consequent tendency to contract on the inner parts, are daily and yearly increasing the strain on the rocks to an extent hardly conceivable. For example, it can be shown that if a part of the earth's crust 30 miles thick were to have its temperature raised by an amount equal to the difference between the freezing and boiling temperatures of water, its surface would be elevated by 600 or 800 feet.

The rupture of strata, which are just on the point of yielding to augmented strains, may be precipitated by an increase of atmospheric pressure. On Saturday, the 15th, the barometer rose as much as three-fifths of an inch during the afternoon, and this rise represents an additional incubus on the surface of over half a million tons per square mile. Strange as it may seem, volcanoes are also much influenced by the varying pressure of the air. It is said that the fishermen of the Lipari Isles regard Stromboli not only as a lighthouse, but as a weather-glass too, its activity diminishing with a rising, and increasing with a falling, barometer.

The minor earthquakes that formed the sequence of the first more violent shock may simply be due to the rocks settling down to their new and easier position. It may be expected that years of slow cooling will be required to prepare for a fracture such as could cause a quailm like that which has just occurred. At anyrate, let us hope for a long spell of quiescence to our rocky foundations, so that Inverness may never compete with Comrie for the questionable distinction of sitting on the earthquake pulse of Scotland.

FOLKLORE.

THE *Folklore Society* was established in 1878, and has been ever since indefatigable in the pursuit of its main objects—the collection and the classification of Folklore. Its publications now extend to 27 volumes, and include such valuable works as Aubrey's *Remains of Gentilisme*, Rev. Walter Gregor's *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*, and Mr Black's *Folk Medicine*. The Society has also published its Records and Journals yearly, and these now appear under the title of *Folklore*, which is a quarterly, and which fills the place of the defunct *Archæological Review*, and of the old *Folklore Journal*.

The Society has done most service in the classification and explanation of its subject, and some years ago it was proposed that the joint efforts of the members in this line should be put into handy shape and published for the benefit of collectors all the world over. The result has been the publication of a neat little work under the title of *Handbook of Folklore*, edited by Mr Gomme, with contributions from such well-known folklorists as Miss C. Burne, Mr Clodd, Mr Sidney Hartland, and Mr J. G. Frazer, the learned author of the "Golden Bough." In this work the subject of Folklore is thoroughly classified, and a set of questions follows most sections, which suggest what the collector ought to have in view. An excellent definition is given of Folklore itself, which runs as follows: it is, "the comparison and identification of the survivals of archaic beliefs, customs, and traditions in modern ages." The classifications of folk-tales given by Mr Ralston, founding on Von Hahn, by Mr Baring Gould, and by Mr Nutt, are abandoned, and Mr Jacobs, who does this portion of the work, omits them all, though he allows that Baring Gould's forms "the basis of the following list," for the folk-tales are classified only in list form.

We reproduce the classification of the subject of Folklore in its entirety. It may stimulate some of our readers to consider what information they may have under each heading, and to write the same with a view to publication. There are first four radical groups, each of which consists of several sub-groups, or classes. They are all as follows :—

1.—SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE :—

- (a) Superstitions connected with great natural objects.
- (b) Tree and Plant Superstitions.
- (c) Animal Superstitions.
- (d) Goblinism.
- (e) Witchcraft.
- (f) Leechcraft.
- (g) Magic and Divination.
- (h) Beliefs relating to future life.
- (i) Superstitions generally.

2.—TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS :—

- (a) Festival Customs.
- (b) Ceremonial Customs.
- (c) Games.
- (d) Local Customs.

3.—TRADITIONAL NARRATIVES :—

- (a) Nursery Tales, or Märchen ; Hero Tales ; Drolls, Fables, and Apologues.
- (b) Creation, Deluge, Fire, and Doom Myths.
- (c) Ballads and Songs.
- (d) Place Legends and Traditions.

4.—FOLK-SAYINGS :—

- (a) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, etc.
- (b) Proverbs.
- (c) Nicknames, Place Rhymes.

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A DIVIDED RACE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MRS SMITH.

LIKE her daughter after her, and her mother before her, Mrs Smith married in her teens, and, after a long spell of wedded life, was left a widow, in an excellent state of preservation, at the age of forty-five. To hear Mrs Smith when in a dolorous mood—a mood, to be sure, which was rare with her, having seldom much time for sentimentalising—one would think that all women were born just to become widows, and that, consequently, all girls should be taught the trials and duties of widows with their Church Catechism.

Mrs Smith kept a shop. She had kept the same shop all her days from the time when she was a little higher than the counter. The shop, house, yard, and garden adjoining were her freehold property. They had come to her when a lassie, as a legacy from her grandmother. Mrs Smith had brothers and sisters older than herself, who received their shares of the family savings, and took their different ways. She, the youngest, remained with the old folk to the end, and kept house for them. So the freehold became

hers while still very young. A strapping lass she was, with brown eyes which had sometimes an unworldly look, but easily flashed with indignation, and, whether girl, wife, or widow, she was not a person to be "easily taken in" by anybody. She had a choice of wooers, and chose Jack Smith, a rather dissipated, yet clever, journeyman cabinet-maker, who seemed to her friends the least eligible of them all. Under the vigilant eye of his peremptory guardian angel, however, a work-place having been fitted up for him in the yard, Jack worked with more diligence and steadiness than most people had expected. Good home-brewed quenched his ordinary thirst, and if he did slip his leash now and then, and did go on the spree for a few days running, Mrs Smith said little more about it than that "Jack, poor fellow, needed a deal of guidance." It agreed with her idea of the fitness of things, that a woman like herself, who felt quite able to guide him, should take him in hand and make a man of him. But, after more than a dozen years of married life, Jack took a sudden religious "header," which very much perplexed and not a little troubled his wife for a time.

Jack had been on one of his sprees, and was very much down in the mouth after it. There were then few means of public amusement at Slocum. At fair and parish feast times, a merry-go-round and a Punch and Judy show, with perhaps a shooting gallery or a stray menagerie, formed the chief popular amusements of the Slocumites, big and little, when Mrs Smith was young. When things went very wrong with them—when trade fell off, or epidemics, due to insanitation, ravaged their town—the Slocumites of that era sought and found deeper excitement, and a thorough stirring up of their inner natures, in religious revivalism.

Mrs Smith took her husband, when he was down in the mouth as aforesaid, to a revival meeting; and the truly pious old Wesleyan minister, who was conducting the services, seemed to poor, dazed Jack to be probing his soul to the bottom. Feeling pained and alarmed, he went again

to hear the same man, and came back still more fully impressed than before that he was a miserable sinner. He continued to go regularly, Mrs Smith letting him, and attending herself comfortably to shop and children, until he was numbered among the converts, and soon afterwards became "a joined member."

As poor Jack needed such a deal of guidance, Mrs Smith ought to have rejoiced at his being taken in hand by a Higher Power; but her somewhat grudging thankfulness for Jack's change rather indicated that she thought in her heart he might have been safely left to her own control, as she had already made a man of him. Before he was "a joined member" for a week, Jack, to her utter amazement, expressed anxiety about her own state, and hinted broadly that Church worship—they had both been Church people, and regular worshippers in Mrs Smith's ancestral pew, before Jack's conversion—was cold, formal, and deficient in converting power. Paying cess and taxes, prospering in business, going regularly to church to say her prayers, and doing her best to bring up her children in the way they should go, Mrs Smith did not see why she should be supposed to need Wesleyan conversion; but she added that, as far as she was concerned, the Wesleyans were quite welcome to catch up those who could not conduct themselves like decent folk, nor take their drink like good Christians, without going on the spree and neglecting work and duty. It would astonish her, conversion here, conversion there, if, before a twelvemonth's time, Jack did not neglect his work a dozen times, and slip away to Smoke-dale to go on the spree.

Jack, to her astonishment, did not backslide in the way she expected; but the year of probation happened to be a time when the whole district seemed bent on paying up long arrears of religious duties in a heap, by a hurried effort which would interfere as little as possible with the regular worship of Mammon; and, by going to so many meetings, Jack neglected his mundane work to such a

degree that, in her heart, Mrs Smith came to prefer an occasional spree to religious excitement.

Jack developed an ambition to become a local preacher, and he was so fluent and unctuous in prayer and address that the Slocum Wesleyan authorities rather encouraged his ambition. But when Mrs Smith heard about it, she was down on him at once with steam-hammer force. He tried, in stammering words, to make her understand that he felt in his inner consciousness the Lord had given him a call to preach the gospel in a small corner of the vineyard. Mrs Smith snorted indignantly—"Give thee a call, indeed! The Lord is not so gaumless. He has only given thee a call to work in thy corner of the yard, and thou givest small attention to that call. Thou'rt nowt but a vain fool to think thou hast gotten the sense, learning, and gifts for preaching."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"—began Jack.

"Thou'rt a forty-year-old babe, and hast been a suckling of the beer stoup most of that time. Lord! if it has not gi'en me sich a turn to think of *thee* standing up in a pulpit. No, no! we'll not come to that nonsense."

Mrs Smith had her way, and relentlessly nipped Jack's ambition in the bud. She saw to it that all their children were baptised by the rector, and afterwards duly taught the Church of England Catechism. Jack himself deeply respected the rector, although he thought his sermons lacked fervour, and he made no attempt to oppose Mrs Smith's will in regard to the children's religious up-bringing. Honestly did Mrs Smith do her duty, but the upshot was not what she had bargained for. Five sons came before Mary, who was the only daughter and last child. The eldest son, Sam, and his next brother, John, lived and throve. The other three were swept away in childhood by a typhoid epidemic. They died, of course, in the Church of their baptism. But when they came to years of manhood, Sam and John dissented like their father, much to their mother's vexation. Of her eldest son, Sam, Mrs

Smith had not a high opinion. She said he was a deal too greedy, and she stoutly maintained, before his face and behind his back, that he joined the Wesleyans for commercial purposes, they being more noted than other denominations for fraternal, if not exclusive, dealings. She liked John better, because she believed he became a Methodist in order to win the hand of a very pretty young girl, the daughter of a strict member, who hated mixed marriages, and would not allow his daughter to be unequally yoked with an English Churchman.

The defection of her two sons caused Mrs Smith to be doubly careful in bringing Mary properly up in the maternal and ancestral faith. She intended, from the day of Mary's birth, that she should succeed her in the freehold property, just as she herself had succeeded her mother, and her mother her grandmother. It was an inheritance which seemed of right to belong to the spindle side. Was Mrs Smith, therefore, not dreadfully disappointed when her daughter married the enthusiastic Dissenting minister? Strange to say, she was not. She never kept lodgers, but, to oblige a friend, she consented to take in the Rev. Ludovic on his first coming into the district, until the chapel house could be rebuilt. Her young lodger pleased and interested her very much, and when the revelation of the domestic idyll one day burst upon her, she was neither shocked nor displeased, although she well knew marriage led to widowhood. In the Rev. Ludovic she found the firm yet kindly qualities desirable in Mary's husband, seeing the lass was timidly soft and needed guidance. Dissenter as he was, Mrs Smith could not have liked her son-in-law a whit more than she did if he had been an Anglican incumbent, who hoped to die Archbishop of York.

The unworldly look which came occasionally into her honest brown eyes decidedly told the truth. Mrs Smith had in her nature a good share of romance, although she kept it tightly pressed down, and denied its existence—Slocum fashion.

CHAPTER IX.

QUIET YEARS.

MRS SMITH had felt herself a lonely woman after her daughter's marriage, and, although deeply sorry for her son-in-law's death, she was very glad to get Mary and her boy home, and to be burdened with their guidance. Her house, a most substantial erection of the preceding century, had been built by a thriving yeoman ancestor to last for ever. It had such thick walls that its doors seemed to be culverts, and was three storeys high, besides the cellars. It was thatched with flags, like the parish church and all other respectable Slocum edifices. As for the oak beams which supported the different floors, they were big enough for an ancient baronial hall, and some of them were not badly moulded or carved. In the kitchen—once the principal apartment—and in the state-room above it, which was rarely used, except at Christmas time and on very high occasions, the oaken mantelpieces were splendidly carved. The roof flags rested, in solid security, upon oak woodwork. Evidently, love for oak was a weakness with Mrs Smith's forbears, for all the old furniture which had come down to her from them was of heart of oak every bit of it.

The large kitchen, with its tiled floor, splendid mantelpiece and ceiling beams, its oak-cased, ancient eight-day clock, and shining array of delf and china ware, of many ages and designs, was Mrs Smith's sitting-room. Here, when not attending to the shop or otherwise employed, Mrs Smith sat, stocking or sewing in hand, and looked through the mullioned window at her now clean and empty yard, where she hanged out her washings, and at her big garden, which stretched itself far down the fields. On being brought home a widow, Mary was established in Jack's old chair, newly cushioned for the occasion, opposite her mother, and little Louis had the roll and run of the floor, till it became too cabined, cribbed, and confined for

his roving activities. Mary, a minister's widow, was never asked or allowed to appear in the shop; but Louis soon found his way there, clinging to his grandmother's apron. At first, Mrs Smith dealt with Mary's grief as if a sacred thing; but when she thought her daughter disposed to cherish her sorrow unreasonably, and to fall into chronic listlessness, she took good care to rouse her, by giving her work to do which would not allow her gloom to feed on itself. She also—one having to stay at home with the child while he was too young to go himself—sent Mary turn about to church, and Mary made no demur about returning to the ancestral fold and the pew attached to the property.

For a long stretch of time, which looked short in the retrospect, the orderly, active tranquility of Mrs Smith's household was never broken, except by the childish diseases and mishaps of little Louis. He completed his teeth-cutting without minding it. Two years later he coughed his way through the chincough with more than the sedateness of an asthmatic old man; but next year he had the measles so badly that Mrs Smith, distrusting the efficacy of her herb medicines, called in Dr Beattie. Following the old practice, she had been treating the child on the principle that the fever should be fostered by a hot room, smothering clothes, and brandy punch, until an abundant eruption took place. Dr Beattie thoroughly scandalised her by opening the windows, throwing unnecessary wrappings away, forbidding roasting fires, and giving the boy cooling drinks. She was too frightened to "argufy," and in a day or two she believed the doctor infallible, for Louis was finely recovering. As soon as he got on his feet, she packed him off with his mother to Morecambe, and made them stay there, inhaling the sea breezes, for six weeks, till she could go herself to fetch them home on the parish feast-day—one of the rare holidays on which she shut up shop.

Little Louis turned out a shy, bold child—shy to strangers and people he did not like, and bold in following

up his whims and purposes. He got, when still in long clothes, many bad falls and bumps while trying to get at things beyond his reach, and to do things beyond his power. His constant habit of running full tilt into dangers or scrapes whenever her eye was off him, kept his mother for many a day in perpetual alarm ; but Mrs Smith laughed at most of his scrapes, and used to foment his bumps and bruises with hot water, followed by the application of a clean cambric handkerchief dipped in spirits, and to say that "t' lad was learning betimes how to guide himself, which was a heap better than to lean on the guidance of other folk."

His mother taught Louis his letters betimes. She wished, indeed, to teach him at home until he could go to the grammar school, but she found him such a restless pupil that she was glad to send him to Miss Pike's school when he was five years old. Miss Pike was the daughter of a curate, who would need, after hard honest labours, to find a treasure in heaven, as he never got more than £80 a year, with a house and garden, on earth. Mrs Smith, who was afraid Louis should be sent to the Wesleyan School, approved of Miss Pike's, but still thought it would be better for him to rough it from the beginning among the boys of the National School. When Mary, on one occasion, wondered at a neighbour in flourishing circumstances sending her children to the National School, where they would mix with working people's children speaking the broadest dialect, Mrs Smith clicked her knitting wires, and said—"T' measters of the time to come should be brought up with t' work-people of the time to come. That is best for both ; and what ails thee at the dialect? The Chairman of the Magistrates uses it, and he is the only born gentleman and University man on the Slocum bench."

The broad dialect grated on Mary's ear. When she was a little girl at school it was beginning to get tabooed among what Mrs Smith would call the "foine" folk. What seemed to Mary the symbol of vulgarity, recalled to her

mother's mind worthy, honest people who had passed away, after having humbly served the Lord, and saved much for their families, without ever thinking of burning down their premises to cheat insurance societies, or making profit out of nothing by dishonest bankruptcies, shoddy tricks of trade, and hard swearing when called to account. As a rule, Mrs Smith spoke good, if not "foine," English; but on one day of the week she invariably reverted to what she called her "mother tongue." This was the weekly market day of Slocum, when the people of the rural part of the parish came into the town to sell their eggs, poultry, butter, pigs, hams, and farm and garden produce. She also spoke it in snatches to little Louis. In the first case, the dialect aided Mrs Smith's profitable trade with "the parish" amazingly, and, in the second, it was a righteous protest against "foine and fond" folk in general, and her own daughter in particular. Very early in his career Louis became aware of the struggle between mother and grandmother regarding his parts of speech. He often joined forces with the old lady, to tease his mother; but, when he saw that this gave her real pain, he learned to reserve his dialectical transgressions for the feeding time of pig and hens, down at the further end of the garden, and for other occasions, when his mother was not present. So, before he could read easy books very well, he could broaden vowels, slope consonants, cut down the definite article to a *t'*, and use archaic expressions and old Saxon forms as fluently as Mrs Smith and her "parish" customers.

CHAPTER X.

THE BELLS.

TIME:—Sunday afternoon in the springtime of the year.
Scene:—Mrs Smith's kitchen, with the old oak furniture shining wonderfully after the great half-yearly overhauling and waxing.

Dramatis personæ:—Mrs Smith in her arm chair taking her Sunday forty-winks, and beginning to change occasional into continued snoring. Opposite, on the companion chair, Mrs Grant, with book on her lap, fighting uneasily with the soporific influence of the place and day, and looking like a lily which had borrowed something from the rose. At the window, Louis, now grown into a biggish boy, conning by heart his next week's Sunday school psalm.

It must be a hard one to master the psalm with which Louis is now tackling, for he shows mental tribulation by many outward signs. He reads his book, then half closes it, and, to make sure against temptation, shuts his eyes, and repeats in whispered tones, but very rapidly, what he has just read. He believes rapidity of recitation aids his memory, which it does, no doubt, to a certain extent, but not sufficiently to make frequent reference to the book unnecessary. Louis steadily pegs away, making pauses to recruit after every successful effort to conquer a new verse. Anon he gets to the end, and then tries to say it all over. Keeping a finger in the half-closed book, and with eyes solemnly shut upon the distractions of the world, he makes a capital attempt. He gets through six verses swimmingly, and attacks the seventh, which he mangles into—"Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to hide thy face." "Whew, that is wrong. There is 'strong' in it. Is it 'my strong mountain?' No; bother it, I must look," says Louis, opening eyes and book, and reading—"Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong. Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled."

"To be sure, that's it. How silly to forget and jumble! I must not do it again."

Louis glues his eyes to the book for some minutes, and then relieves tension of mind and eyes by looking around him. His mother is now unmistakably sleeping, and fighting hard with the difficulty of keeping her head from dropping away in every direction. Louis, the young rogue,

nods, loses and recovers his head, in exact imitation, smiling all the while softly to himself. Mrs Smith is snoring continuously, and, after several abortive efforts, Louis at last succeeds in snoring in the same style. It is not easy to get Mrs Smith to admit that she ever snores in her sleep, although it is her constant habit. Louis thinks of waking Mrs Smith with a shout in the midst of a snore. He looks out through the window for an inspiration, and something in the garden suddenly attracts his attention, and gives him an excuse for shouting—

“Grandmother, our hens are skedaddling.”

“Our hens are what?” inquired Mrs Smith, jerking her crossed arms as if galvanised, and waking sharp and business-like in the very middle of a snore.

“There now, grandmother, wilt thou deny thou heardst thysen snoring?”

“Drat t’ lad! Did he wauken me for sic nonsense? There’s nowt wrang wi’ t’ hens, is there?”

“Ah! but there is,” answered Louis, dropping the dialect, as his mother looked at him reprovingly.

“And what is it, lad?”

“They are skedaddling.”

“Did anybody ever here the like? What in the world is ‘skedaddling?’”

“It is what Tom the coachman said when the horses ran away and broke the trap, while he was drinking his beer at the Green Man. The hens are just running away. Two of them are on the Corner House yard wall, and others have gone over.”

“Goodness me! what can the matter be?” exclaims Mrs Smith, briskly getting up and making for the garden, while Louis forgets his psalm and eagerly follows.

They find that the pig, a new-comer, and as yet an uncivilised animal, has broken into the hens’ premises, and caused the flight.

“It’s nobbut a gaumless craytur,” says Mrs Smith, driving back the intruder into its sty with the dutch hoe.

“Louis, run in t’ouse and fetch key of back wall doon. We maun call on t’ new folk comed into Owd Lizzie’s Corner House, as t’ hens have gone into their yard.”

Louis was not slack in obeying orders, and the pair, passing out by the back wall door, soon got round to the little square Corner House, erstwhile belonging to Owd Lizzie, and now possessed by her next-of-kin, new-comers from the North, of whom Slocum gossips could as yet only say that they seemed poor, decent folk, and that the man, being nearly blind, had, whenever he left the house, to be led about by his little girl.

Mrs Smith had known Owd Lizzie for thirty years, and was aware she had a niece in Cumberland, married to a Scotchman of the name of Bell, who had “summat” to do with books and magazines, and of whom Owd Lizzie thought a great heap. When, therefore, in response to her knocker summons, a black-eyed, black-haired, rosy-cheeked little girl opened the Corner House door, Mrs Smith asked at a venture—“Are you Mr Bell’s daughter, dear?” And the little maid, with a flash of the speaking eyes which clearly indicated that she was proud of her father, replied “Yes.”

“I am sorry to trouble, but our hens have flown over the wall into your yard, and we have come to take them back. Tell this to your father and mother, dear, with my compliments—Mrs Smith’s, compliments, you know, your next door neighbour.”

“Oh! please, Mrs Smith, come in. Father and mother will be glad to see you,” said the little maid; and, pushing the parlour door open, she added in almost the same breath to those within, “Here are Mrs Smith and her boy come after their hens, which have flown into our yard.”

A tall, thin gentleman and a faded-looking lady rose to welcome the visitors; but Mrs Smith would not sit down before settling with her vagabond hens. So all, except the faded lady, went to the back-yard. The little maid flitted about her father, but he did not seem to need her guidance

about the house. The truant hens were found quietly reposing on the top of the rain-water barrel. They objected to being caught on their new roost, and ran and flopped about the yard, screaming and clucking ferociously. Louis and the girl had a great chase, and were fairly out of breath before the last of the truants, scorning to be caught by them, flew into Mrs Smith's apron. Then the house steps were placed against the yard wall, and Louis getting to the top of the wall, and the little maid to the top of the steps, the hens were without much ceremony tossed back into their proper premises.

Mrs Smith, having accomplished her purpose, was about to retire with thanks, but she reckoned without John Bell, who, hearing his wife clinking cups and saucers, so warmly pressed his neighbour to stop and have tea with them, that Mrs Smith could not refuse, especially as she was curious to find out what sort of folk Owd Lizzie's people were. She therefore sat down, protesting they were taking too much trouble.

"Trouble!" exclaimed Mr Bell. "It is an act of Christian charity to us, poor strangers, and to my wife in particular, who is just getting covered with rust or green moss from having no acquaintance with any outside people in this blessed place. Here, Kate," he sang out to his wife in exultant, boyish tones, "I have caught a prize. Mrs Smith and her boy are to stay to tea with us. Effie, show the boy your scrap-book while mother is getting the tea ready."

Mrs Bell said she was glad, and looked so. Effie took Louis to the kitchen, where she left him to pore over the beautiful scrap-book, while she toasted and buttered bread and muffins herself. Young as she was, Effie, with some reason, looked on her mother as the invalid lady, and upon herself as the active personage of the household.

Interesting as it was, the scrap-book did not keep Louis from taking note of Effie's proceedings. He was greatly impressed by the little maid's deftness. He had never

seen such a young girl doing things of the kind before, and doing them so wiselike and safely. She handled china cups and saucers without fear and without accident ; while he (Louis) had, from woeful experience, no little fear of intermeddling with common delf ware, because of the breakages which always followed. Effie was altogether such an old woman in her ways that she rather awed the boy. He was therefore quite startled when she suddenly turned round upon him and asked abruptly,

“ What do they call you ? ”

“ Louis.”

“ But what else ? ”

“ Grant.”

“ Oh ! that is a Highland clan name. Father has a story about the Grants. I wonder if your people are in it. Father, you know, writes Christmas books, and he also writes for magazines, but he does not see well now, and I am soon to be his eyes.”

“ His eyes ? ”

“ Yes, his eyes ; for you know, poor dear, he cannot read and write as he used to do, nor earn so much money. But I will be his eyes and his hands, and he will be my head, whenever I can get to grow a bit. Louis, am I a very little girl ? ”

“ There are littler ones at Miss Pike’s school. Don’t you go to school ? ”

“ Father and mother teach me themselves, and I do hope I’ll soon grow big enough to be father’s eyes and writing hand. I can read books to him already, and I am not so far from being able to write nicely. The spelling is the worst of it, but when he’ll let me write for him, father will not mind spelling the biggest words himself. Oh ! I do wish I would grow fast. He always says, ‘ Effie, wait a few years. You must get time to grow. You are so little yet ’ But I am only a little over eight years old, and I can’t be big at that age, can I ? ”

“ Effie,” said Louis, gathering courage, “ you are nearly as tall as me, and I am over ten years old, and must go to

the grammar school next term, because I am too big for Miss Pike's school."

"Are you clever or stupid?"

"I don't know. I think I am rather stupid, for I have not got my psalm for next Sunday all by heart yet. I was at it when the hens came over your wall, and then ——"

"And then you dropped it. Never mind being stupid. Father says that stupid boys often make the best men. I'll hear you say your psalm after tea, if you like."

"Thank you. I'll like it very much."

"Mrs Smith is your grandmother?"

"Yes."

"She is good, I know."

Effie nodded her head thrice to affirm positively her opinion that Mrs Smith's goodness did not need confirmation from Louis; but he was not to be thus debarred from saying emphatically,

"Yes, she is very good."

"It must be nice to have a good grandmother. Now, I can't remember of ever having a grandmother, and yet I must have had two sometime. Is the bonnie young lady at your house your mother?"

Louis said she was, and his shyness being now gone, he was beginning to question Effie in his turn, when Mrs Bell summoned them both to tea, and to tea they went very good friends.

Mrs Smith had much to say about Owd Lizzie, and how long and well she served Bill Green and his family, and how Bill left her the Corner House, with a small legacy besides—which was but right, since she faithfully attended him during the years he was a helpless invalid, moving only from bed to chair and back again.

Then John Bell, in his frank, cheery way, told Mrs Smith how Owd Lizzie acted like a good angel to his wife, child, and himself, when he was struck down by the illness which first nearly killed him, and then darkened his eyes.

"And are you quite blind, Mr Bell?" asked Mrs Smith with pitying sympathy.

“Not quite ; I can see things dimly.”

“And do the doctors give you no hope of recovering your sight ?”

“Not much. The best I dare expect is that the light will not wholly go out, and that, perhaps, in one eye, it may get a little stronger. I fear I’ll never be able to read and write again, and that is a great loss, because it was by writing I used to make a pretty comfortable living.”

“Father,” said Effie, sidling up to him, and leaning her head on his breast, “Father, dear, never mind ; I’ll soon be your eyes and hands.”

“Effie,” he explained, while gently stroking his little maid’s hair, “is to read and write for me, Mrs Smith. Yes, little woman, you will be my hands and eyes when you grow bigger.”

“I’m not so little now, father.”

“Well, not so little as you were last year, when you wanted to start work at once. Keep growing, little woman, and keep learning—but I need not say that, for it is the curb you need. Keep growing big and strong. Don’t be impatient. God is very good to us.”

“I do keep growing, and I am as strong as anything. Am I so very little, now, Mrs Smith ?” asked Effie, harping on her grievance. “But never mind if I am. I’ll grow yet like Jack’s beanstalk ; and so, Louis, come to the kitchen, and I’ll now hear you say your psalm.”

Louis was secluded and exercised accordingly. Effie would not let him pass over broken links. Whenever he was at fault she made him repeat the verse over and over till he had it perfectly. The task was scarcely finished to Effie’s satisfaction, when Mrs Smith, after a long stay, rose at last to go home, and summoned her grandson. She did not, however, take her leave before inviting the whole Corner House family to tea with her next Sunday, which invitation John Bell readily accepted on behalf of his small clan. Effie’s parting words to Louis were—

“I’ll hear you say your psalm next Sunday, too. See that you learn it well. I very much fear you are a lazy boy.’

But Effie laughed while reproving laziness, and Louis did not at all dislike her, although he felt she was far ahead of him in learning, and much wished she was a boy.

The Bells were poor, and made no pretence to hide it. The Slocum creed was to the effect that poverty meant failure, and that failure could generally be traced to personal shortcomings or want of energy. But the Slocumites allowed that ministers of religion, schoolmasters, and men of letters, like John Bell, were to be ranked according to another standard than the mere money one. Mrs Smith recognised at once John Bell's superiority over most of the people she knew, and his infirmity filled her with sympathetic pity. His wife she thought a washed-out woman, without sufficient pluck for her position, although otherwise good. But then Effie, although so little, had energy for two. Effie was a girl according to Mrs Smith's heart. On the other hand, Mary and Mrs Bell took wonderfully to one another. "Like to like," said Mrs Smith to herself. "They are two softies who need a deal of guidance." Effie was rather despotic, but Louis liked to be drilled by her. He liked still better to have Saturday strolls up the hills with Effie and her father, who saw better, or at least walked with less fear of stumbles and collisions, on the hillsides than on the busy streets.

At the summer term Louis passed from Miss Pike's school to the grammar school, and by a series of fights which he rather enjoyed, notwithstanding bumps and black eyes, horrifying to his mother, soon established a good position among his fellow-pupils. And before the end of autumn Effie had glorious news to tell. Her father let her write to his dictation, and the editor to whom the manuscript was sent, and whose opinion was asked, said it was passable, and that by practice and care he was sure Effie would write very good "copy" in a short—was it not "a very short time?"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST COLUMBA'S).

"Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep ! but thy son hearest thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice ; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave to bid the slumberer awake ? Farewell, thou bravest of men !" — *Ossian*.

FOURTH PAPER.

SINCE the third instalment of these papers was published in January last, a very neat and appropriate tablet has been placed in what remains of one of the side walls of the old Church. The tablet is of red freestone, and is in the form of an Iona Cross, from a design by Messrs Davidson, sculptors, Inverness. The photograph reproduced on the next page shows the inscription placed upon the tablet, the Gaelic portion being inscribed in old Gaelic lettering.

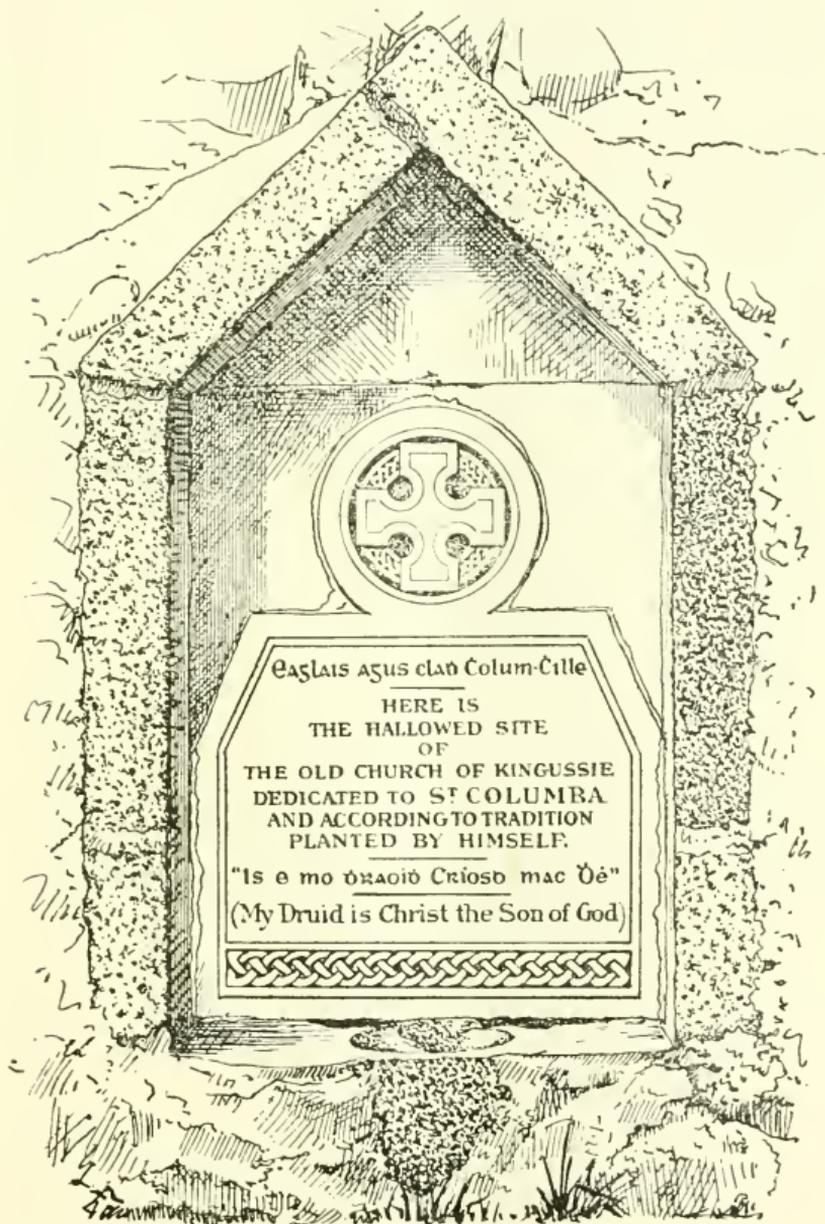
The granite piscina (or font?) of the old Church is described in the valuable communication from the late Mr John Macrae, Procurator-Fiscal, Kirkwall (a native of Kingussie), as given in the *Celtic Magazine* for December, 1887. That old and interesting relic was sacrilegiously removed from the Churchyard about a quarter of a century ago, and was entirely lost sight of for many years. After some searching enquiries it was fortunately recently traced, built as a copestone, with the cavity downwards, in the wall of a garden in one of the cross streets of Kingussie. The sacred relic was at once reclaimed, and is now, as shown in the photograph, appropriately placed beneath the tablet, where, let me express the hope, it has found a final resting place.

But to proceed with the transcripts of the inscriptions in the Churchyard and relative descriptive notes :—

18. FLATSTONE.

Beneath the flatstone covering the dust of Captain Macpherson of Ballachroan—the famous Black Officer—o

whom a sketch has been already given, there lies also the dust of a noted Malcolm Macpherson of *Sliochd Ghilliosa*—



(From a Photograph by William Chisholm, Kingussie).

or Phoness Branch of the clan—a near relative of that officer. This Malcolm Macpherson was a devoted

adherent of Prince Charlie, and one of the strongest men of his day in Badenoch. Like many other Highlanders of his time, Macpherson had imbibed no small share of the Jacobite indignation against the French, to which Mr Willam Hamilton of Bangour—the “Volunteer laureate” of Prince Charlie and his followers—gave such forcible expression in his imitation of the Scottish version of the 137th Psalm. Hamilton’s name, says Chambers in his History of “the Forty-Five,” “can never be altogether forgotten while that of Wordsworth exists, for it was in consequence of a ballad of Bangour’s that the great bard of the Lakes wrote his various poems on Yarrow.” Escaping to France after the battle of Culloden, Hamilton subsequently composed the following lines—“a composition of much more than his usual energy, and concluding with an almost prophetic malediction” :—

On Gallia’s shore we sat and wept
When Scotland we thought on,
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone.

“Revenge,” the sons of Gallia said,
“Revenge your native land ;
Already your insulting foes
Crowd the Batavian Strand.”

How shall the sons of freedom e’er
For foreign conquest fight ?
For power, how wield the sword, unsheathed
For liberty and right ?

If thee, O Scotland, I forget,
Even with my latest breath,
May foul dishonour stain my name,
And bring a Coward’s death !

May sad remorse of fancied guilt
My future days employ,
If all thy sacred rights are not
Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England’s children, Lord,
Who, on Drumossie¹ day,
Deaf to the voice of kindred love,
“Rase, rase it quite,” did say.

¹ Another name for Culloden.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,
Whose ruin is not far,
Just Heaven, on thy devoted head,
Pour all the woes of war.

When thou, thy slaughtered little ones,
And ravished dames shalt see,
Such help, such pity, mayst thou have
As Scotland had from thee!

Macpherson, it is related, was so much exasperated against the French, on account of their faithless conduct towards Prince Charlie, that, although he was then advanced in life, he joined the 78th Highlanders (of which a brother of Cluny of the '45 had become captain), and took part in the siege of Quebec in 1759. Rushing with the impetuosity of a Highlander, and in utter disregard of his own life, into the thickest of the fight, he performed deeds of extraordinary daring and bravery. Wielding his powerful sword with deadly effect, he succeeded in hewing down so many Frenchmen that his conduct ultimately attracted the notice of General Townshend, who commanded the brigade. Observing Macpherson, when hostilities had ceased, regarding his handiwork with grim satisfaction, the General, after complimenting him upon his bravery, and congratulating him upon his having so marvellously escaped uninjured, remarked that the killing of so many Frenchmen appeared to afford him no little amount of pleasure. Regardless of the fact that he was addressing a *Hanoverian* General, "I wish," Macpherson replied, "I could have cut down every one of the traitors in the same way. If the French had kept their promises to Prince Charlie, the Highlanders would never have lost Culloden!"

On the return of the regiment from foreign service, Macpherson, as one of its heroes, was presented by General Townshend to George the Third. The King graciously extended his hand to the brave soldier for the usual salute. Being unversed in Court etiquette, and taking it for granted that, by way of cementing their friendship, His Majesty wanted a "sneeshan," the worthy Highlander, in placing

his snuff-mull in the King's hand, shook the royal *palm* with both hands with such ardour and emotion that the King was fain to cry out for quarter. Realising that anything but disrespect was meant, the King at once partook of a *pinch* from Macpherson's Badenoch mull, and was so much pleased with his chivalrous conduct and manly bearing that a handsome pension was there and then bestowed upon him, accompanied by a gracious intimation that he might either continue in the army or return to Badenoch and enjoy the pension during the remainder of his life. Having, as he considered, accomplished in some measure the object he had in view in joining the forces of King George, Macpherson decided to return to the bosom of his family. While he remained in London, he became so well known that when passing along the streets he was frequently pointed to with the remark, "There goes the brave old Highlander with his famous sword."

The tradition in the family runs that after Macpherson returned home he never retired to rest without placing under his pillow the sword with which he had slain *the heap* of Frenchmen, and that at his express desire it was buried with him in the old churchyard. The worthy old man cherished such a grateful recollection of the kindness and consideration he had experienced at the hands of General Townshend that, as shown in the account of the Phoness family given in *Douglas' Baronage, &c.*, published in 1798, he got one of his grand-daughters named *Townshend Macpherson!*

19. HEADSTONE.

Here lie interred the remains of Angus Macpherson, who died at Kingussie, 3rd March, 1848, aged 43, and of Eliza Macfarlane, his wife, who died in Edinburgh, 4th September, 1876, aged 68.

This Angus Macpherson was a son of Alexander Macpherson (*Alastair Ban*), for many years tenant of the farm of Ettridge, near Phoness, and a grand-nephew of the *Black Officer*.

20. FLATSTONE.

Ewn. and Don. M^oP. from Laggan, their sepulchar, 1798.

21. FLATSTONE.

John Macpherson, died January 2nd, 1800.

This John Macpherson (*Iain Og Mac-Phearsain*) who resided at Phoness, was a brother of Donald Macpherson, Lynmore (*Domhnall Alastair*), and was one of the party who accompanied Captain Macpherson of Ballachroan on his memorable hunting expedition, and perished in the *Gaick Catastrophe* of 1800. As the beautiful Gaelic elegy, composed on the occasion by the Badenoch bard, Malcolm Macintyre, has it:—

Na-n tigeadh e slàn, an Caiptein,
Am Bràgh'dach, 's Iain Og Mac-Phearsain,
An Granndach, 's Mac-Phàrlain (cha b' fhasa),
Cha bu diùbhail gin de 'n tachdar.
Ged nach tigeadh na féidhich ghlasa—
Ged a bhiodh na mìolchoin tachdta ;
Na-n tigeadh tu 's d' òganaich dhachaigh,
'S an t-Aog a bhi 'm prìosan fo ghlasan.

Na-m bu mhise maor a' phrìosain,
Cha-n fhàginn ä chionta gun innse ;
Mo chòmhdach air phàipeirean sgrìbhte—
Air bialaobh luchd-breith agus binne.
'S cinnteach mur rachadh ä dhìteadh,
Gu-n cuirt' e gu grad às an rìoghachd,
'An ceangal air slabhruidhean-iaruinn,
'S ä chumail a's taigh leth-chiad bliadhna !

Translated—

Had he returned safe—the Captain,
Macgillivray and Young John Macpherson,
Grant, and Macpharlane—no easier woe—
The loss of the game would not matter :
Though the grey deer should not come—
Though the hounds should be choked with snow,
Had you and your men homewards come,
And death been laid in prison bonds.

Were I the keeper of that prison,
I should not leave his guilt untold,
With my accusation on paper written
Before judges and justices.
Of a certainty if Death should not be condemned,
He would at once be banished the Kingdom,
Bound with chains of iron,
And confined for half a hundred years.

22. HEADSTONE.

To the memory of John Macpherson, late feuar in Kingussie, who died 14th February, 1805, aged years, and James, his son, 17th October, 1817, aged 25 years.

This John Macpherson for some years kept the way-side inn at Chapelpark, about two miles from Kingussie, then called Tullisowe—a corruption of the appropriate Gaelic sign-board phrase of the time—*Tadhhal an so* (i.e., Call here). He was in consequence afterwards familiarly known by the cognomen of *Tulli*. His son, James, mentioned in the inscription, was drowned in a pool in the Spey, at the west end of the Dell, while fishing for char, and the pool was subsequently distinguished by the natives of the district as *Poul an Tulli*. Two other sons, John and Duncan, were long known and much respected in Kingussie as *Shoc an Tulli* and *Donnach an Tulli*. Another son, Alexander, was drowned at Greenock on his way to America.

23. FLATSTONE.

Here lys the corp of I. C., 1749.

24. HEADSTONE.

Sacred to the memory of Donald Kennedy, late tacksman of Kerrowmianach, who died there on the 12th August, 1833, aged 52 years.

If moral worth and modest mien
 Were able to avert the stroke of death,
 The tenant in the narrow house beneath
 Should now be living and inhaling breath.
 All those who knew him
 Mourn his early exit and his brief career,
 And stranger, had you known him,
 You would pay his memory the tribute of a tear.

Also in memory of James Kennedy, who died at Kingussie, 14th August, 1888, aged 86; and his wife, Janet Dawson, who died there, 1st July, 1883, aged 77; and of their sons, Donald, died at Delhi, 21st December, 1868, aged 35; Paul, died at Kingussie, 4th July, 1880, aged 44; James, died at Seuz, 23rd December, 1871, aged 32; George, died at Glasgow, 29th May, 1886, aged 39.

The Donald Kennedy, mentioned in the foregoing inscription, died, it is said, of cholera, contracted in Inverness—the only case of the kind, it is believed, ever known or heard of in Badenoch.

25. FLATSTONE.

Her lys the corps of A. C., 1747.

A. MACPHERSON.

KINGUSSIE, *December, 1890.*

Note.—In addition to the subscriptions notified in previous papers, I have gratefully to acknowledge subscriptions in aid of the fund for the improvement of the churchyard, and towards meeting the cost of the tablet, from Mr John Frazer, Devonview, Dunfermline : Miss Molyneux, Pitlochry : Miss Macintyre, Perth : Mr D. Macpherson, postmaster, Kirkwall ; Mr William Macpherson, Strone and Mr William Ross, Newtonmore, to the extent, in all, of £2 2s 6d

A. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

NA SEAN-FHACAIL.

THA barrachd gliocais air fhilleadh a staigh anns na sean-fhacail na tha iomadh neach an duil. Mar is dluithe 'ghabhas sinn beachd orra 's ann is mo 'chuireas e dh' ioghnadh oirnn gu'm biodh na daoine' bh' ann o shean comasach air briathran cho glic 's cho geur-chuiseach a chur an altaibh a cheile. Ach tha aobhar a bhith creidsinn nach robh na sean-fhacail gu leir air an labhairt le daoine ris am faoidte daoine gllice a radh. Is iomadh uair a chuala sinn dearg amadain a' labhairt bhriathran a bha araon glic agus geur-chuiseach. O'n a chuireadh cainnt ghlic, ghleusda 'n amadain mor-ioghnadh air iomadh neach, bhiodh i, air an aobhar sin, air a cumail air chuimhne, ma dh' fhaoidte, moran ni b' fhearr na cainnt nan daoine tuigseach, turail; oir cha bhiodh e idir 'na ioghnadh ged a labhradh daoine tuigseach cainnt anns am biodh gliocas agus tur nadair. Tha sean-fhacal ann a tha 'g radh—

“Is minic a bha comhairl' an righ ann an ceann na h-oinid.”

Ged a tha so fìor, tha e mar an ceudna fìor gu'm b' iad na daoine bu ghlice 's bu tuigsiche 'bha ri 'm faotainn anns gach linn a labhair na sean-fhacail anns am bheil doimhneachd gliocais. Bhuilicheadh tomhas mor de thur nadair air na daoine so, agus o'n a bha iad a' gabhail beachd gu curamach air gach ni a bha iad a' faicinn agus a' cluinntinn dh' fhoghlum iad iomadh air nach gabhadh muinntir eile beachd sam bith. Mar is trice, tha na sean-fhacail a labhair iad so fìor, aig gach am, agus anns gach aite. Mar dhearbhadh air so gabhamaid na sean-fhacail a leanas—

“An car a th' anns an t-seana mhaide,
'S diocair a thoirt as.”

“Is fhearr am beag seadhach
Na 'n draghaiche mor, mi-ghniombach.”

“Tha 'smudan fhein a ceann gach foid,
'S a bhron fhein aig gach neach.”

Ach tha moran bhriathran air an gnathachadh mar shean-fhacail nach 'eil idir fìor aig gach am, agus anns gach aite. Bha iad aon uair fìor, gu'n teagamh sam bith, agus faodaidh iad a bhith fìor an corr aite fhathast. Is ann diubh so an sean-fhacal a leanas—

“Cha 'n fhiach taigh mor gun straightlich.”

Cha 'n 'eil e idir furasda 'thuigsinn gur e duine glic, tuig-seach, turail a labhair na briathran so an toiseach ; oir cha chomharra gliocais air fear sam bith anns an linn 's am bheil sinne beo a bhith 'n geall air straightlich.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh 'eachdraidh fhein aon uair aig gach sean-fhacal. Beag air bheag chaidh na h-eachdraidhean air dichuimhn, ged a chumadh na sean-fhacail air chuimhne. Nan robh na h-eachdraidhean so air chuimhne chuireadh iad solus air cuid dhe na sean-fhacail nach 'eil gle shoilleir annta fhein. Nan cuireadh na Gaidheil rompa gu 'n deanadh iad e, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach rachadh aca air comh-chruinneachadh mor a dheanamh suas a dh' eachdraidhean shean-fhacal, a bheireadh araon toileachadh agus fiosrachadh seachad a dh' iomadh neach. Rinn an Siorram Mac Neacail obair air son am faigh e cliu fhad 's a bhios fìor Ghaidheal air ur-uachlar na talmhainn, an uair a chruinnich e aireamh mhor dhe na sean-fhacail a bh' air thuar a dhol air dichuimhn air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh fhios aige air eachdraidh mhorain shean-fhacal. Aeh o nach robh aite aige dhaibh anns an leabhar, b' eiginn am fagail gus am faighte uine agus am freagarrach air an cur ann an leabhar leo fhein. Nach biodh e fìor fhreagarrach cuid de na h-eachdraidhean so a chur a dh' ionnsuidh *Leabhar Miosail nan Gaidheal*? Tha mi 'm beachd gu 'm biodh, agus air an aobhar sin, bheir mi fhein an oidhirp, air a h-aon, air a' bheagan a th'agam air chuimhne dhiubh a chur d' a' ionnsuidh. Toisichidh mi leis an eachdraidh aig an t-sean-fhacal a leanas—

“Cadail fada ri gaoith mhoir
'S a' chlann a chumail o 'n teine.”

Bha tuathanach gasda, cothromach ann aon uair ris an cainte, Mac 'Ill Riabhaich, agus cha robh aige ach aon nigheann. Bha i 'na h-ighinn bhanaid chiuin, mhaisich, ghlic, dheanadaich, agus air an aobhar sin bha h-uile fleasgach a b' fhearr 's bu spaideile na cheile 'bh' anns an duthaich an toir oirre. Anns an am ud b'ann aig na parantan a bha 'm facal a b' airde an am a bhith taghadh fhear d'an cuid nigheann. Air uairean bha 'n cleachdadh so a' deanamh beatha iomadh te glc mhi-shona. B' eucorach an ni toirt air nighinn ghrinn, ghlain, oig duine dona air nach biodh gaol aice 'phosadh, ma thachair gu robh deannan aige de smodal mosach an t-saoghail so. Ach air a shon sin, bha, agus tha, e ceart gu 'm biodh facal aig na parantan anns a' chuis. Tha cuid de na nigheannan oga nach toir fa near co dhiubh tha gus nach 'eil na fir de 'n dean iad roghainn 'nan daoine glice, deanadach, steidheil gu leor, agus mar sin, tha e feumail gu'n tugadh na parantan agus na cairdean am beachd dhaibh air ciod bu choir dhaibh a dheanamh.

A thaobh am faicinn, cha robh cearb air fear seach fear de na spalpairean a bha 'n toir air aon nigheann Mhic 'Ille Riabhaich. Ach cha 'n ann air am faicinn is coir gillean oga agus nigheannan oga 'ghabhail idir.

A h-uile fear a rachadh a dh' iarraidh na h-ighinn air Mac 'Ille Riabhaich, theireadh e ris, " Bi thusa, 'laochain, a' falbh dhachaidh an diugh, agus cuiridh mise fios ort an uine gun bhith fada, agus gheibh thu freagairt an uair sin."

Bha h-uile fear dhiubh 'ga dheanamh fhein lan-chinnteach gur e 'gheibheadh an nigheam, agus mar so, bha iad a' tighinn beo ann an dochas. Mu dheireadh thall fhuair gach fear dhiubh cuireadh gu dhol do thaigh Mhic 'Ille Riabhaich air an aon latha. An uair a rainig iad bha lamhan sgaoilte rompa, agus chuireadh am pailteas de gach ni a b' fhearr a bha to na sparran fa 'n combhair. Bha Mac 'Ille Riabhaich fhein far am bu choir dha, 'na shuidhe aig ceann a' bhuid, agus a nigheann aig a' cheann eile, agus na fleasgaich air gach taobh de 'n bhord. An uair a

ghabh iad na thainig riutha de 'n bhiadh, 's a thogadh air falbh gach ni a bh' air a' bhord, labhair Mac 'Ille Riabhaich mar so:—

“Tha 'n t-am againn a nis an gnothueh sonraichte air son an d' thainig sibh a chur an dara taobh. Tha fhios agaibh nach urrainn mise mo nigheann a thoirt ach a dh' aon fhear dhibh. O nach 'eil mi cho eolach oirbh uile 's bu mhiann leam a bhith, feumaidh mi ceisd a chur air fear an deigh fir dhibh. An uair a chluinn mi bhur freagairtean, an sin innsidh mi dhuibh co dha 'bheir mi mo nigheann.”

Thoisich e aig an fhear a bh' air a laimh chli, agus ghabh e roimhe deiseal a' bhuid. Ri fear an deigh fir thuirt e, “Ciod a ni thusa?” Thug fear an deigh fir a fhreagairt fhein seachad, agus nam b' fhior iad fhein, cha robh na b' fhear na iad, anns gach doigh air an gabhta iad, ri 'm faotainn am measg na bha de fhleasgaich oga 's an duthaich gu leir. Ach thuirt am fear mu dheireadh air an do chuireadh a' cheisd, am fear bu dluite dha air a laimh dheis—“*Ni mise cadal fada ri gaoith mhoir, cumaidh mi clann o'n teine, agus gairmidh mi cairdean gu cuirm.*”

An uair a chuala na fleasgaich eile so, theann iad ri gaireachdaich. Bha iad a' smaointean gu'n deanadh am burraidh a b' aineolaiche' bh' anns an duthaich na nithean so a cheart cho math ris an duine bu tuigsiche air an cualas iomradh.

“Deanaibh air bhur socair, fhearaibh,” arsa Mac 'Ille Riabhaich, “sid am fear a gheibh mo nigheann-sa. Cha 'n eil e idir cho amaideach 's a tha sibh am beachd. Tha mise 'g a thuigsinn gle mhath.”

Sheall na fir air a cheile le mi-cheatamh, dh' eirich iad o'n bhord, 's dh' fhalbh iad.

Nis, cha 'n' eil e idir furasda do neach na briathran a labhair an t-oganach so mar fhreagairt do 'n cheisil a thuigsinn. B' e dubh-fhacail a bh' annta 'n b' air a labhradh iad, ged a tha iad a nis nan sean-fhacail. O'n a tha so mar so, feumar beagan mineachaidh a thoirt orra.

Le, “*Cadal fada ri gaoith mhoir,*” bha 'n t-oganach a'

ciallachadh gu'm biodh na taighean 's na cruachan cho math air an tubhadh 's air an siomanachadh aige mu 'n tigeadh stoirmeannan a' gheamhraidh 's nach ruigeadh e leas eiridh as a leabaidh an uair a sheideadh an stoirm.

Le, "*Cumaidh mi clann o'n teine,*" bha e 'ciallachadh gu'm biodh lan-phailteas de chonnadh aige h-uile latha 's a' bhliadhna, agus mar sin, gu'm biodh teine mor, math aige air a' chagailt' a chumadh, le a theas, a' chlann a mach uaith. Ged is iomadh uair a loisgeadh clann bheag, is ro ainneamh a loisgeadh riabh iad le teine mor. Tha so anabarrach comharraichte.

Le, "*Gairmidh mi cairdean gu cuirm,*" bha e 'ciallachadh gu'n taghadh e na *fior chairdean* a' measg nan cairdean 's an luchd-eolais. A reir choltais, cha do thuig Mac 'Ille Riabhaich fhein lan-bhrigh nam briathran so. B' i 'cheud obair a fhuair an t-oganach uaith ri 'deanamh, cairdean a ghairm gu cuirm. An uair a bha 'chuirm deas, dh' fhalbh e 'na dheannamh dearg o bhaile gu baile, agus o thaigh gu taigh, ag eigheach aig na dorsan, "Taigh Mhic 'Ille Riabhaich a' dol 'na theine, Taigh Mhic 'Ille Riabhaich a' dol 'na theine." An uair a chuala na *fior chairdean* so, 's gann a dh' fheith iad ri 'm brogan a chur umpa. Mar so bha e air a dhearbhadh gu soilleir co a bha 'nam *fior chairdean*, agus co nach robh.

Mar is trice cha ghnathaich muinntir ach a' cheud chuid de 'n t-sean-fhacal air an robh mi toirt iomraidh. Is ann ro ainneamh a bheirear iomradh idir air chuid mu dheireadh dheth. Tha moran eile de na sean-fhacail air an d' rinneadh a cheart diol. Is ann diubh iad so—

"'S beag orm an rud nach toigh leam—
Eireagan a' dol nan coilich."

"Ol Mhurchaidh is Fhearchair—
Lan a null 's lan a nall."

"Cha 'n fhan muir ri uallach,
'S cha dean bean luath maorach."

IAIN.

THE SNOW-BUNTING IN WINTER.

THE winter of 1880-81 will long be a memorable one for its unusual duration and exceptional severity, and indeed it fairly earned the somewhat unenviable notoriety of rivalling those good old-fashioned seasons which our grandsires seem to ruminatè on with such regret. The Fahrenheit thermometer frequently registered the low reading of ten to twelve degrees below zero, and this not intermittently, but for many nights in succession, a state of matters disastrous alike to the weaker members of humanity, as to animal and bird life. As it is however with the latter oviparous species alone that we have to deal, a few lines will indicate the ravages committed among them by the excessive frost.

Birds of all kinds suffered severely. Thrushes, black-birds, fieldfares, redwings were found lying dead in large numbers by the road-sides or in plantations, and in many districts, notably the Highland glens, it was a rare thing to observe any of the smaller feathered fauna, save about the villages, where hardy species, such as sparrows, robins, and finches, contrived to maintain a hand-to-mouth existence on scraps and refuse thrown out from the cottages. Inert with cold, their very blood congealed, they sat on trees and fences, puffed out into ball-like forms, the picture of misery and starvation, hardly to be moved from their perches, save by actual handling or other violence; the timid water-hen even, driven from its favourite pool or marshy swamp by reason of the ice, and rendered desperate by famine, was fain to consort with the barn-door poultry, and even to penetrate into the interior of dwellings in search of food. Vast numbers succumbed to the inclement weather, but many species, with greater forethought no doubt, migrated southwards to more favoured localities,

only to return when the rigidity of winter had given place to genial spring once more. Paradoxical though it may seem to say so, although in reality the reverse, while the havoc among our native species was so great, there could be no more favourable opportunity for noting Arctic breeding birds, in particular the Snow-bunting, which is to form the subject of the following sketch.

The highly-interesting and beautiful Snow-bunting, or snowflake, in Gaelic "Eun an t' Sneachdai," and in scientific lingo, *Plectrophanes nivalis*, is, ordinarily speaking, only a winter visitor to Great Britain, although it has now been indubitably established that a few pairs breed occasionally among the more Alpine heights of Scotland—to wit, the chain which comprises among its many giants Ben Macdhui, Braeriach, Cairngorm, &c., besides other mountainous parts of Ross and Sutherland-shires, as well as the distant isles of Orkney and Shetland. Isolated cases of this kind must nevertheless be looked at in the light of rare exceptions, the vast flocks which appear on our shores and inland muirs migrating from localities in, and adjacent to, the Arctic circle, to pass the winter in our climate, which, however severe, is mild in comparison to that of the regions they have left. "Cela va sans dire," therefore, the severer the snowstorms which visit us, or the more intense the frost, the greater the number of Snow-buntings, and the appearance of any extraordinary flight of those birds is an unfailing index to the extra rigour which prevails in more northerly climes. Arriving at a time of year when bird life is the reverse of abundant, they are on that account doubly welcome, their presence enlivening to an appreciable degree those dreary upland wastes now deserted by other animal life. Nothing daunted by the inhospitable character of the surroundings, or the prevalence of hard weather, they, to all appearance, lead a life of happiness amidst scenes which, delightful under the aspect of summer, are dismal and bleak in the extreme when viewed through the medium of chilly winter.

When "Boreas wi' his blast sae bauld," sweeping across the elevated wilds and howling down the glens, raises the snow in blinding clouds, and causes the traveller caught in his frigid embrace to bemoan his fate, and heartily wish himself safe once more in the enjoyment of his cheery "ingle-neuk;" then are the Snowflakes in their element, as they fly in large detachments swiftly, and with curious gyrations, at no great height above the snow-mantled ground, all the while chirping their pleasing and mellow sounding call-notes, as if they really welcomed the icy gusts and put to defiance the bewildering drift. Repeatedly while in the midst of their apparently headlong course, as if actuated by some sudden impulse, they wheel abruptly, to alight on the ground *en masse*, presenting at the angle of turning a perfectly white surface to the eye, from the under parts being exposed, consequent on the change of position necessary in veering round, but on settling the transformation to the brown plumage of the upper portions is so sudden as to make the onlooker almost doubt the accuracy of his eyesight. Should the storm be of unwonted continuance, the packs break up and descend singly, or in small bands, to the low grounds, to harbour about stack-yards or the vicinity of dwelling-houses, and fraternise amicably with sparrows, finches, and similar wayfarers, the common ground of mutual hunger levelling all distinctions of rank and habit, and forcing them for the nonce to associate with their more plebeian brethren.

Perhaps a better idea of their haunts and peculiarities than the above superficial description can pretend to give may be obtained from the following short account of a journey taken by a naturalist friend and the writer in January, 1881, partly with the view of obtaining a few skins for taxidermal purposes, but having more especially for its object the practical study of the species amidst their habitats, knowledge infinitely more valuable to the young ornithologist than information derived solely from books.

The scene of operations lay in a wild unfrequented district, lying midway between Beauly, Inverness-shire, and that prince of all Highland glens, Glen-Urquhart—the pleasant village of Drumnadrochit being the rendezvous where friend Macintosh appointed to meet the writer before daylight on a certain morning of above-mentioned month. Rising betimes, though, if truth be told, somewhat tardily, preparations were set in motion for the day's campaign. First, the ice had to be broken in the bedroom ewer, then the operation of washing had to be essayed, an ordeal that even the most ardent hydropathist might be excused for shunning under the existing circumstances of forty degrees of frost. Breakfast over, 6.30 A.M. found us ready to start, armed *cap-a-pie* with heavy topcoats, long sailor boots (for the snow was deep), guns, and all necessary paraphernalia complete. The full moon shone brightly, the centre-ground was pure white, and every tree and shrub hung scintillant with hoar frost, shimmering in the pale light of the lunar orb in a fashion that reminded one of the pantomimic fairyland that was the source of such intense delight in our youthful days, very much, however, to the disadvantage of the latter tinselled spectacle. As the sun rose the panorama became one of rare and uncommon beauty, some portions of the precipitous and rugged hills which hem in Loch-Ness being illumined, their hoary sides shining brightly under the steadily-increasing influence of the rising Phœbus, whereas others still sparkled in the fainter light of the less powerful luminary, a contrast seldom seen to such advantage, and calculated to leave a lasting impression on the memory. The warring betwixt the orbs continued for over an hour, until the weaker gradually surrendered, and appeared only as a round, white, lustreless disc, in an almost cloudless sky.

For many miles our way lay up the steep hill sides, dotted over with picturesque crofts, the direction being taken at random among these, as every vestige of a road was obliterated by the deep snow. The silence was

oppressive, not a sound to be heard save the crunching made by our boots on the crisp hard-frosted surface, if we except the somewhat excusable objurgations emitted when either of us plunged to the neck in some deeper wreath than usual, or rolled down the bank of what at other times would be a brawling mountain stream, but now a solid mass of ice that assumed at times fantastic form. These and other casualties made this part of the journey exceedingly toilsome, and, to add to our difficulties, when the great wide muir was gained at last, the ominous sighing sound, which usually preludes a heavy storm of wind, began to thrust itself with unwelcome persistence on our ears. Soon the gale rose in earnest, and howled dismally across the open, enveloping us in a maze of blinding drifts of finely pulverised snow, which careered furiously along the face of the country, carrying in their train an intensity of cold that stagnated the blood, and benumbed the hands to such an extent that it was almost impossible for these members to fulfil their office and retain hold of the fowling pieces. For the first time in our lives we now appreciated those tales which narrate the dangers of bewilderment encountered by travellers in snow-drifts, and certainly one can have no conception, save from actual experience, of the total helplessness of an individual under such an ordeal. While blast followed blast in quick succession, with short intervals of comparative lull, to seek for shelter was the natural impulse, but where in all this wide expanse was it to be found. By a lucky chance, in the midst of our aimless wanderings, we stumbled across a portion of a dry-stone dyke, which was not wholly covered by the snow, and under the lee side of this welcome haven we crouched until the gale had somewhat abated.

The old adage, "Better a wee bush than nae bield," could be applied with great propriety to this refuge, albeit the wind whistled through the interstices of the wall with sufficient vigour to prevent our forgetting the discomfort of the situation. Hours had now passed since leaving the

Glen, and under the circumstances it was sheer madness to anticipate finding snow-buntings at this elevation ; indeed, Mackintosh, in bitterness of spirit, while suffering the agonies of extreme cold, had with great fervour relegated the whole tribe to a more tropical clime than that in which it was our misfortune to be placed. With considerable chagrin we were fain to retrace our steps towards home, thoroughly fagged out ; but as the fates would have it, fortune proved kinder in the long run than we had any right to expect. After a tramp that to our weary limbs seemed simply interminable, a solitary croft with a few stacks in its vicinity was descried dimly appearing through the misty drift on the brow of a steep hill-side. To bend our steps thitherward was the course speedily determined upon, as there was every prospect of the gale bursting forth with redoubled violence, a surmise which proved only too true, as the interior of a ruined outhouse was barely gained when on came the storm with a force, compared to which its previous efforts were child's play. The gale raged and worked itself up into a perfect fury, culminating in a huge wall of drift that could be seen tearing along the opposite hillside at terrific speed. This, however, seemed to be its last dying effort, as an abrupt calm succeeded, and the moaning of the wind in the distant hollows became fainter and fainter, until a death-like stillness prevailed. Emerging, stiff and bad-tempered, from the broken-down stable, what was our joy and surprise to recognise in the distance the gratifying notes of the little feathered creatures in whose quest we had undertaken such a fruitless journey, and immediately thereafter a large flock were observed winging their way close to the ground, not many hundred yards from the little clump of corn stacks. Cold, hunger, fatigue, and ill-humour were forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and were superseded by the extreme delight of being privileged at last to watch the buntings in their native element. " Everything comes to him who waits," as the Spanish proverb has it, and never was proverb more

appropriate than to the present case. For several minutes the birds wheeled round and round the croft, ever and anon turning off at a tangent, to alter their course of flight in the most unexpected manner, chirping cheerily their liquid notes, evidently in the possession of decided enjoyment. In the midst of what seemed a heedless gyration, with one accord they alighted on the grain stacks. Now, thought we, is our chance to secure the coveted specimens; but just at the moment when judicious sneaking had brought us almost within firing range, a gust of wind raised the snow and coated the stacks with a powdery covering, setting the Buntings once more on their travels. It were useless to relate all the weary marches that those innocent little creatures were the unconscious means of making us perform; suffice to say, a couple of hours later still found us on the hunt. This marching and counter-marching ended, as night was falling, in a rugged little clachan, consisting of about a dozen or more cottages, situated in such curious order, or rather want of order, as to suggest the notion that they had dropped indiscriminately from the clouds, or been kicked into position by some giant foot, that would have done credit to Fingal, or any of the phantom crew celebrated in Ossianic verse.

The setting sun was gilding the jagged peaks of far away Glen Affaric and Strathglass, making darker by contrast the valleys and deep corries, where fell the shadows of the overhanging rocks, and to the tempestuous violence of the storm had succeeded an utter stillness, rendered the more impressive by antithesis with the hubbub of nature which had blustered all day long.

No sign of human life was visible, and were it not for the blue peat smoke that curled gently from the rude substitutes for chimneys, the village might have passed for one of the dead. Notwithstanding the magnificence of the surrounding scene, and the prospect of the distant mountains vanishing so swiftly from view in the fast approaching night, it behoved us to be stirring on the downward journey

to avoid being benighted at this high altitude ; but scarcely had a start been made when again the notes of the Snowflakes sounded their sweet music, and in the uncertain light a large band, numbering at a guess two hundred or more, flew overhead, and, after sundry evolutions of a most perplexing description, settled in a solid mass on a rising ground not fifty yards distant.

Quick as thought bang went both our guns and away went the troop, not however intact, as several of their number lay dead, marring the purity of the snow with a few drops of their life's blood. Kind reader, was it ever your misfortune to experience feelings such as you would suppose a murderer to be haunted with ? if so you have an idea of what ours were as we picked up the beautiful little creatures that a few seconds ago were in the enjoyment of an active and joyous existence. Grief was unavailing, the deed was done, and nothing now remained but to stifle our regrets and make for home. Darkness fell ere we set foot once more in Drumnadrochit, nothing loth to enjoy the comforts of a cosy fireside after our long and arduous Snowflake Hunt.

ARCHIBALD CRAIG, JUN.

FROM OBAN TO PORTREE.

III.

BY way of a philosophic reflection, it may be stated that one steamer-load of people is much like another—the grouping is the same, individuals only differ. There is always the same feverish eagerness in the early part of the day to see everything, and identify it in the guide-book or map; to inspect the machinery, and satisfy one's self that it is in good going order; to attend to the movements of all who disembark or come on board at the various stopping-places, and the same lassitude and indifference as the day wears on.

Travellers may remember the noisy party who take up their position on camp stools near the funnel, and who beguile the journey in a joyous way, with a light luncheon always going on, and who rarely leave their post except when a bell rings, but then —. There are the young ladies and their mamma who suppose themselves somewhat select, cover themselves with rugs, and read light feminine novels, dreaming away in sweet contentment. They look with horror on the two young men in blue tights who prance about the deck, and march backward and forward the whole length with aggravating persistence, evidently thinking themselves the motive power on board; tremendous walkers, with vague intentions of walking everywhere; discuss a twenty-mile stretch before lunch, and quite unlimited distances after. More of them anon.

There is the usual American group, hard-featured, showman-like. They have done all worth doing in the Continent, and are having a run through Scotland before having another week in London; then home to Massachusetts and the almighty dollar.

There is the group of fat, comfortable-like men, smoking fat cigars, with if anything fatter ladies, personally conducted by the lean bachelor friend, known as Geo-ge; a jolly lot, enjoying everything in their own heavy way; pay frequent visits to the steward to enquire as to the dinner hour, and seeing they are there, "may as well have sixpen'orth."

The detached lots—nondescripts—some of them newly married, having a short trip through Scotland prior to taking a longer one through life; and the military-looking man eyeing them with keen interest, perhaps recalling something akin far back in other days; and so on.

The sea is not so much "like glass" as might be wished. There is little or no wind, but a fairly heavy roll flows in from the broad Atlantic. Some of us are not quite sure if we can stand it or not, and are keeping pretty quiet on that account. The sun shines gloriously, and the hills about Loch Scavaig look almost transparent in the hazy light. Guide-books, field-glasses, and maps are in constant requisition, and lively enquiry as to striking features. One individual appears to labour under the insane delusion that all the hills in sight possess distinctive names; perhaps they may have, but the insanity shows itself when he expects anyone to know or to remember one out of ten. He has "worked" the captain on the subject till the captain fairly gives in. Man-at-the-wheel appealed to, says gruffly, "Och, I never haerd namse for that wans." Then he looks around for another victim. Out of the depths of unutterable ignorance, I name some for him—one name being as good as another. By-and-bye, all I can invent get practically done, so I fall back on Tomnahurich, Craig Phadrig, and such, to his great satisfaction.

Perhaps the finest bit of sea scenery in Scotland is just off Ardnamurchan. The grand distant Cuchullins can just be traced, their contour almost fading into the blueness of the sky; the little isles, Rum, Eigg, Muck, are bright with colour, and on our left is the bare, dreary, storm-lashed Ardnamurchan. Truly a grand, grand picture.

I remark sententiously to anxious enquirer on the subject of Ardnamurchan, "Fine place for eagles." This apparently innocent observation leads to great results. Anxious enquirer rushes to his party, and the news spreads like wildfire. Every pair of eyes, and every binocular are turned on to the bare rocks, which are scanned with almost microscopic minuteness—nothing to be seen but a couple of sheep and a lighthouse. The Captain, appealed to by a bevy of ladies, shakes his head. I engross myself in my book, and the anxious enquirer is looked on as a fraud. He is still in full quest for eagles, and it is not till we stop at Eigg that he withdraws his attention from the now far distant point. By way of making it up to him for his hopeless search, I name a few more hills, and tell him about Eigg and its Scur, and its bloody deed of vengeance by the Macleods. I go over the names of the islands to him—Canna, Muck, Rum, Eigg. He seeks to identify them on his map, and to see that they are all right there, then he loses his bearings. "That one," he says, taking his eye off the map, and dubiously pointing to Canna, "is Muck." "No," I say mildly, "it is Canna." "And that one," he resumes, "is Rum," indicating Muck. I take him once more in hand. "Don't you see Canna to the right, then Muck, then Rum, and then the Scur of Eigg; can't go wrong." He excuses himself on the score of want of bump of locality, and lapses into long story of experiences in London, trying to find certain well known spot. By the time he has quite finished we have passed all the islands, and are off the Point of Sleat. Looking back to them, he says, meditatively, "Muck is the prettiest." "I prefer Rum," I say, "it is the wildest and most beautiful, and that pyramidal peak is grand; look at the colour of it!" "Oh," he says, "that is Rum, is it?" I get up and leave him, and betake myself elsewhere: he is either hopeless or paying me back for the eagles. So I devote myself once more to my book.

The shilling novel of to-day is certainly a true sign of the times. The introductions, prefaces, preludes, intro-

ducing chapters, are now all gone, no time for that. The present book introduces you to the *dramatis personæ* in the first few lines, and into the interest of the plot in the first page. The old story books were for the good, old, easy-going days of stage coaches; the present ones for railway trains and quick travelling. Their construction seems very simple. The following are fair recipes:—Take a respectable-looking elderly gentleman, endeavour to make him as respectable, as suave, and mild as possible. Endow him with all accomplishments, literary, linguistic, and scientific; pour in plenty of the virtues. Make him, in short, everything that is valuable in elderly gentlemen—sociable, loveable, child-like. Then, having accomplished this, proceed to make him out in inner private life to be a most thorough scoundrel, swindler, forger, nihilist. Then transport or hang him, taking care to leave his beautiful daughter, who, of course, sees only one side of his character, to marry the young man who has had the privilege of being the most deeply wronged by the father.

Another good recipe is—Begin with a crime; follow it up with another crime. Shake the chief criminals well up together. Throw in a Hypnotiser. Get the wrong people sent to Siberia, or shot. Serve out violent ends to the chief criminals, and contrive to let virtue—if any can be got—triumph in so far that it gets justice in inverse proportion to its deserts. Serve quite cool.

But we are now well into Loch Scavaig, *en route* for Coruisk, and the company have gathered, to a “man,” on deck; have even given up their seats, and stand silently watching—drinking in—the surrounding scene. It is something to say of it that it makes even tourists sit up and be silent; even our friend without “locality” allows mountains to glide past him, and not even breathes the desire to identify them by name. On our right, the hills are smooth, pyramidal, apparently ice-planed; on the left, as grand a combination of fantastic rock-work as could be conceived. What a contrast is one side to the other! The one, green,

smooth, peaceful-looking ; the other, weird, dark, impressive, almost diabolic in its wild grotesque confusion—a scene to look at and be silent.

Our friends in the blue tights—tremendous walkers—see none of it. They have other things on hand ; are busy untying and re-strapping. The plot has gradually got wind that they are to leave at Coruisk, and walk on to Sligachan. This has much the same effect on some as an intimation that they are to walk to the moon would have—Sligachan being unheard-of, mysterious, unknown. Hence, those not too much engrossed in the scenery transfer their attention to them, and watch with interest their painstaking preparations. “Through Darkest Skye” is their watchword, and some people seem on half the mind to try to dissuade them from such a rash undertaking. The Purser, and at times even the Captain, have been describing their route to them, and they have made copious notes on their map. Verily, now is their hour of triumph ; amidst it all, now that they have finished the strapping, they alone are cool. By and bye, when we bid them good bye, it looks as if we should never see them again, and the fervent hope is that we never may. They will arrive at Sligachan—a distance of some five miles—probably done up as to legs, but with reputations established.

At the head of Loch Scavaig we anchor, get into small boats, land, and struggle through a morass to gaze at Loch Coruisk. This loch has had more attention by poets than probably any other loch of its size hitherto discovered. From this, and the fact that we are taken some twenty miles out of our course, one is led to expect a good deal. For my own part, I feel half ashamed to confess, that expectation is not by any means realised, though cannons are fired to heighten effect.

Perhaps my opinion on this subject may, however, be somewhat jaundiced. I remember a good many years ago, in company with other two, journeying in quest of it for a

whole day. Total results at conclusion of day's proceedings—thorough wetting, sore feet, general dissatisfaction, and no Coruisk, at least nothing we could identify as in any way answering poetic description, so set it down unanimously as a liquid fraud.

After doing injustice to Coruisk, we get on board and dine. Immense justice done now; briny fresh air of the purest and most invigorating does its share; the steward and the cook do theirs. Results quite satisfactory.

After dinner, the guide-books and the map are not in so much use, and the lorgnette is only taken up in a perfunctory way. We betake ourselves to the best seats we can find, and button ourselves well up, for clouds are beginning to show themselves on hill-tops, and it is not so warm as it was. Cigars and fresh books are hunted for, and some begin to have ideas about writing a letter or two.

The writing-table is some three feet by two, and there is only one pen. It has become the booty of a young man who seems quite oblivious of the circle of people who sit looking at him. In a cold-blooded way he sits writing word by word, line by line, page by page. It is expected that at every page he has finished, for he thoughtfully reads it over, carefully punctuates it, folds it up, puts it to one side, and then—begins a new one. It is really too bad, and so many people waiting. They glare at him; he is the centre of at least a dozen pair of eyes, which follow every movement of his pen, and grudge every dip of ink. At length we stop at Armadale, where a good many are to disembark, and all the glarers scuttle off to participate in the excitement. Even the demon penman bundles up his MS., thrusts it into an envelope, and follows suit.

I have seen Armadale before. I think it the Kent, the Devon of Skye. It is rich to me in pleasant memories and sweet associations; it is easy to recall the joyous days spent there among friends now scattered. Its little unpretentious inn, too, where the "latest" ideas were to have everything spotlessly clean, and to make you as comfortable

and charge you as little as possible. What a place for a painter or a fisher or a loafer to stay at! The comic little coffee-room in my time was not much larger than a full-sized billiard table, yet it could hold comfortably a perfect crowd. Said little coffee-room, said whole inn, now in process of enlargement; accommodation unlimited. Advice, gratis—go and stay at Ardsavor for a week.

But meanwhile, while indulging in a moment's dream of Armadale, I have taken my place at the little writing-table, and so, when the steamer moves off, there is a semi-rush to secure the coveted seat. Curious to watch the baffled look on some faces; funny to watch the would-be indifference on others. I am now the centre—the glare—and the glarers are around me. One or two crafty ones keep hovering around on various flimsy pretexts, so as to fill the seat as soon as it becomes empty. When at last I move off, I am glad to see that the crafty ones are not in it, and I get a look of gratitude from the fair one who is successful.

Find, on getting on deck, quiet demand for bullion on part of purser. Purser firm. Circular tourists easy. Surrounding hills heavy. Mist getting thick. By-and-bye, off Balmacara, rain begins. Everybody crowds into saloon, light luggage, with which seats are stowed, getting elbowed out. Several brave ones get inside mackintoshes, button tightly up to their nose, and sally forth, as if they were going down in a diving-bell. Rain getting heavier—perfect deluge. Brave ones hurry back, put soaking wet umbrellas into middle of dry ones, and soaking hat on top to trickle quietly, while they edge themselves into two-inch space, and gaze around with smile that is child-like and bland.

Conversation not brilliant; confined to subject on hand—state of the weather. "What a change!" "How it does come down, to be sure!" "Quite spoils the voo," says Geo-ge—a "voo" entirely acquiesced in by stout party. "Can't shee the sheenery," says man from Birmingham,

who has been seeing the steward; and thus we pass the narrows of Kylerhea and Kyleakin and all the way up to Broadford.

At Broadford the sun asserts itself again, mist and rain disappear as fast as they came, and after the dull, heavy, vaporous atmosphere, the air seems delightfully fresh and invigorating. We steam up through the Sound of Scalpa, the prettiest little "bit" in all the route. Half the time, the stranger looks in dismay, expecting we are to steam right on to the shore. No fear of that; a narrow opening appears just as the stranger gives up all hope, and begins to look at the captain with an expression signifying—Stop her, for heaven's sake! What does he mean? A clever bit of steering and we are safe. Dun Can and Raasay comes in sight, we are right under the Cuchullins, and Glamig looms up like a huge extinct volcano, and a hundred other peaks. Room for poetry here, for a Byron, for a Gœthe, a nature-made scene for Walpurgis night. Oh! how unspeakably fine.

Pass by the Braes, peaceful looking, not the place for war—looks like a fancy coverlet spread on the hillside, yellow streaks of arable forking in among the rocks—pretty to look at in summer when sun shines, wretched really, and in winter—misery. Feel thankful I am not monarch of anything I survey. Then in between the huge bastions which nearly enclose Portree bay, fit entrance for a kingly port, fit ending for a summer day's trip from Oban to Portree.

A SCOTCHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

V.—SOCIAL LIFE—(*Continued*).

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THERE are four things in which England is supposed to lead the rest of civilised Europe, *i.e.*, in naval affairs, the ordering of a household, the breeding and management of horses, and in masculine attire. Now, there is no question that public opinion is a safe guide in this latter respect, as, however *fagottee et mal coiffée* Mrs Bull may be, John's get-up is irreproachable. Russia, however, differs from the rest of Europe in this matter, and only takes our navy as a model, with a result highly creditable to her faculty for imitation. In matters *equine* she is right in keeping to her own traditions; but for the household—O ye gods!—if she would only take a pattern from somebody, she might become the first of the nations, and defy the rest of the world. I have no intention of entering into a learned disquisition upon political economy, but it is certain that no nation can attain either to rational cohesion in commercial affairs, or to a preponderating influence in the Stock Exchange of the world, unless the individuals of the community contribute their mite to the wellbeing of the whole. Now, it is in this respect, and in this only, as far as regards the business of life, that "*women's rights*" are incontestable. Unfortunately for the Muscovite, his females are of a different opinion, and you have only to pass a few days in a Russian household, to find out the lamentable defects in the social system of the nation.

I well remember my first experience in this respect, and no daughter of Israel ever looked back with more regret to

the flesh pots of Egypt than I did to the well-appointed table to which I had been accustomed in my own country when I first sat down to meals *a la russe*. The morning meal is, perhaps, to a stranger, the most characteristic. At the end of a long table, covered with a cloth not always remarkable for its whiteness, you will find a few cups and saucers, or glasses also in saucers, a jug of cream or milk, a sugar basin, and a plate containing a few slices of lemon. Farther down, in the middle of the table, a range of articles comprising a loaf of bread, a dish of butter, a pile of small plates, and half-a-dozen knives in a heap. By-and-bye a housekeeper, or servant, comes in and enquires "*schtu precatchik Ivan Ivanitch, or Marie Andrevna,*" as the case may be, "*tchi ele kofe?*" and, according to the answer, a boiling *samovar*, or a little common coffee-pot is brought in, and she will infuse you some tea, or pour out a glass or a cup of coffee, according to your taste. This sort of thing goes on for at least an hour, for folks come in when they think of it. Ladies in dressing-gown and slippers, and gentlemen in similar attire, with more than a suspicion of yesterday's beard. Each man and woman has a cigarette case, and they smoke and take their tea or coffee at their ease, and if anybody happens to remark that the "*Xleb ochen kousney*" (the bread is very good), another of the party will stretch out his hand, take a knife from the pile, butter himself a slice, and exclaim, with his mouth full, "*Da ochen xoroschy xleb vkoushate matoushka*" (yes, very good bread; eat some, mother)! He probably thinks nothing whatever about the matter, but he is accustomed to superlatives, and the remark will, perhaps, please somebody. When there are visitors, the master and mistress will either make an effort to get properly dressed, or more likely take their breakfast in their own room. Indeed, in many households this is the usual practice, and the unsavoury looking trays that are brought forth are a sight to behold—dirty cups and glasses, and bits of bread or biscuit lying with eigarette ends, empty match-boxes, &c., in pools of overturned tea or coffee.

Zavtrik (luncheon) is generally served between twelve and one. This is a slight repast, consisting of a small quantity of slices of meat, or a kind of *rissole*, and, sometimes in addition, a dish of vegetables or macaroni. In some families the dishes are placed upon the table, in others handed round, but even in the best of houses, there is not the slightest attempt at elegance or neatness.

At three o'clock the *samovar* is again brought in, and everybody sits round the table and drinks copious draughts of tea, sometimes sweetened with preserves of some kind, and sometimes by biting a tiny bit of sugar, and then taking a draught of tea to dissolve it. When people can afford it, jam, nuts, bon-bons, etc., are placed upon the table at this repast. In fact, in no country in Europe are the inhabitants so given to eating sweetmeats, and in no country will you find such hideous, uncleanly-looking mouths and gums. The *samovar* (literally "a self-boiler") is a brass urn with a hollow in the centre, into which a certain proportion of lighted charcoal is put. This boils the water, and when the tea is infused, the tea-pot is placed over this opening for a few minutes, and then its contents are served to the company. The Russians use very little tea. In the majority of cases the decoction is little more than coloured water very much sweetened, and so-called strong tea is simply the tannic acid produced by long infusion. *Obed* (dinner) is preceded by the *zakouska* (*hors d'œuvres*) which is laid on a small table, and consists of sardines, raw herring prepared with oil and vinegar, caviar, and similar delicacies, besides a bottle of *vodka* (a spirit something like Hollands), or bitters, of which the gentlemen, and occasionally the ladies, partake. The mistress of a Russian house prides herself upon her *zakouska*, and always endeavours to have it in profusion whenever she has guests. The soup is nearly always accompanied by tiny patties of some kind, these being filled sometimes with minced meat, and sometimes with chopped cabbage, or carrot. The second dish (not course) consists either of fish or vegetables;

the third, either of roast meat or game; and the fourth, of some kind of sweet jelly or cream. This is followed by a few grapes, apples, or whatever fruit may happen to be in season, and lastly by tiny cups of coffee, which are sometimes handed at table, and sometimes in the drawing-room immediately after the meal. This is a *party dinner*—the ordinary repast is of the same character, but it is much less abundant, especially in the matter of *sakouska*. In most houses the gentlemen all sit at one end of the table, and the ladies at the other, and although I am told that fashionable folks are trying to make the animals go in pairs, I have never yet seen such an arrangement. Everybody leaves the table together, the *post prandial* cigar or cigarette being unknown, for a smoker does not always wait even until the last dish has been handed round, but after a feint of asking you to excuse him, puffs tranquilly away, and very often lays down his weed to help himself to sweets. As to conversation, the Muscovite does not know the meaning of the term, for if the host or hostess, or any guest of importance, makes a remark, the whole company, male and female, begin to scream their views on the subject, and victory remains with the most persistent. Nobody has heard or understood anything, but everybody has said, or attempted to say, something, the feeble ones being very often in the condition of the unfortunate foreigner, whom Mr Podsnap tried to enlighten on the beauties of cockney pronunciation. Dressing for dinner is quite the exception in this country, dress coats and evening dresses being reserved for balls, weddings, or very unusual occasions. After dinner the majority of the guests betake themselves to the card tables, and very often remain there, with the exception of a few minutes devoted to the tea table, until an early hour the next morning. Those who do not play cards sit a little while, and give utterance to a few common-place remarks, or yawn helplessly with an attempt at secrecy, and after sitting thus for an hour or so, they will make their bow to society, and take themselves off, either to the theatre, or to

some more attractive atmosphere. The most common form of inviting friends is to a tea party (*priglasit gostei na tchi*). Such a form of invitation is not always a convenient one, either to the guest or to the hostess, as the term is very elastic. It may simply mean an hour or two's conversation, followed by tea, a card party, or even a dance, if there are any young folks to entertain. I have seen different ladies come to the same party in full evening dress, or in the dowdiest of morning costumes, and a gentleman with a crush hat under his arm, closely followed by a second in a frock coat, and a third in a little smoking jacket.

During the winter, theatre going, card parties, and a few dances keep town society alive, but after Christmas *troïka* parties are the favourite amusement. Generally speaking, the hostess invites a certain number of friends to dinner, and afterwards provides *troïkas*, or three-horse sledges, to convey the guests to a certain point at some distance from the town. Sometimes the members of the party alight at a place of entertainment, and take tea, or some other refreshment, and at times dance for an hour or two, and then return home, or they go back to their entertainer's house immediately after the drive, and finish the evening either in playing cards or in dancing.

During the Carnival, people sometimes indulge in a *folle journee*, which means that they go out to luncheon, and eat copiously of *blinnies* (a kind of pancake), after which they take a long drive in a *troïka*, and return to a kind of nondescript repast, to be followed by a dance. *Blinnies* are quite a feature of the Russian Carnival. There are of course other dishes at luncheon or dinner, but the invitation is always given "to eat *blinnies*." They are excellent when eaten simply with melted butter, but the Russians always add sour cream to the butter, and then either caviar, or slices of raw salmon. Balls in this country differ very little from those given in other parts of Europe. The intercourse between young persons of opposite sexes is less restricted than in France and Austria, but they do not enjoy the same liberty, or use what they do enjoy, in the

same frank, healthy good-fellowship that is the rule in our own country.

In private life a Russian has no opinions, but is simply swayed by the passion or fashion of the moment. You will often hear him speak in the most unpleasant terms of a thing, or person, that only a few days before he had lauded to the skies; or perhaps you will find him on terms of the closest intimacy with somebody whom he had sworn only a few days before never to speak to again. If you venture to tax him with this change of front, he will either tell you that he has been misinformed as to the ideas and intentions of his friend, or he will regard you with astonishment, and assure you that you are quite mistaken, and that he never in his life entertained any other sentiments than those that he now professes. Such a thing has happened to me many times during my residence among the Muscovites, and at first I really felt, from the unblushing nature of the denial, as if I had made a gross mistake. Now, such an occurrence never takes me by surprise, for I know that whenever there is anything to be gained by such a proceeding, the sentiment of self-interest will overpower every other feeling.

One of the most noticeable features in Russian society is the utter absence of class distinctions, for you will meet almost as strange a medley of persons in a great lady's drawing-room as you would on an English race-course. This arises from the fact that the principal gods of the nation are *gold* and *brains*. The wise man said "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." The Muscovite says, "Get cunning, and with all thy cunning get gold, for by gold the doors of the mightiest fly open, and the highest places are accessible."

Popularity is very short lived. Society calls "to-day hosanna, to-morrow crucify," without any perception of its absurdity. So that when a man attains to popular favour, he may be almost certain that his fall is near, and that no one will gloat more heartily over his disgrace than the persons whom he has loaded with favours, and who have been his most fervent partisans.

M. O. W.

RESTORATION OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

LOVAT'S SPEECH IN GAELIC AND ENGLISH,

THE interesting document, of four printed pages, whose contents follow, was lately picked up among the rubbish heaps at Abertarff House. It is docketed on the last page thus :—

AN T'AOTACH GAELACH.

Cuit do labhairt MHCIMIE
an s a Pharlliament ag airi
Cead do Chlann' na Gaël
an t'aotach gaelach a chaidh.

HIGHLAND DRESS

EXTRACT from the Hon.
Mr. FRASER, of *Lovat's*
SPEECH relative to the
HIGHLAND GARB, 1782.

This Hon. Mr Fraser was the last of old Simon's line, and had just succeeded to the estates on the death of his brother, General Fraser, and also to the representation of Inverness-shire in Parliament. The document is interesting, further, as an attempt at writing Gaelic from a more or less phonetic standpoint. The first page contains the Gaelic, and the second and third pages are English, the Gaelic being a condensed version of the English :—

CUIT do bhriarive MHCIMIE, ans a Pharlliament, a geari Cead do Clann' na Gaël ant', AOTACH GAELACH a chaidh.

GAT thanic dâl er mo thuras go conni mhôr na Parlliament, sáun lhe eivnas ús thol-eintin a rug mi er ceani lhuis a gniamh ghasda chôr ghennoil a thôsich a Morer † uasal uramach.

Mas ail luivh, Dhuinna uaslha, fhisrachdhin, er beachg na Gaël er aoubhar a chomhanoil 's anáum sa, se sheo an dûl, gun

bhuannich iad le a fuil 's le a fherraliachd, 'naoighi naidinn na riochd, an 's gach cairni den domhuin turr, comas caidh le cead laodha na ducha, a *Breachan gnatha Gaëlach*, s' fheàr 's sdeassa thig er garbh criocha na Gèldochd, na Cloa na Gàul a cheannir ga daor er feiltinn macharach.

Gus a lheiggar Beantachin na h'Albinn cho còrat ris a mhachir, cha bhi soccair do Ghael an a cialtachin thánn na Briggis.

Cha lenn mi na saidd ri dearbha gam bell Gliachcus mhòr an sa chuilla riavailt chiun a ghleias a sluagh staigh.

Ha mo d'huill an 'sa Tì mhòr ás an'sá Coinibh Mheassach sho ga fhai Clann' na Gaël an iarratus, go caibhaile na s' teinna na va é riabh, an Dioislachd dón Ri agus dón *Dhuchòs*.

An dheì Sho fur ed an iarratus.

† Morer Græme.

MR. SPEAKER,

ALTHOUGH I came so very late in the sessions to take my seat in this honorable house, I cannot avoid rising, with some degree of satisfaction, to second the motion which you have just heard so fully, so candidly, and so humanely stated by the noble lord who spoke last, that he has left little for me to say—and yet, Sir, if I may ask some indulgence of the house, I shall beg leave to mention, that the bill, meant to be brought in, not only concerns—but, deeply interests, a number, not less than the—whole body of people, of a very large and extensive county, which I have the honour here to represent; as well as the inhabitants of several neighbouring counties; many of whom have bled so freely, so loyally, and so usefully to this empire, in the course of two successive wars, that they, of themselves, have construed their services, a sufficient toleration, even under legal prohibition, for wearing a dress, the best calculated, in point of utility and frugality, for the hilly situations they live in; and the fact is, that for many years past the dress is universally known.—Their prayer therefore, Sir, is to be freed from all their apprehensions on this subject, and to be allowed legally to wear the striped party-coloured woollen manufactures of their own country, cut in the fashion the best suited to their fancy and predilection.—Allow me, Sir, to observe, that the prohibitory law, relative to their dress, (if necessary, even at the time) was in effect, most certainly a double tax, of a very severe nature, being at one and the same time, a prevention of their domestic manufacture, and a compulsion to wear more expensive garments,—garments, most unfit, indeed, Sir, for that country, unless an act could be made to level the hills:—For I can with truth declare, and I trust without prejudice, (having lived thirty years in this country) that when I tried, very lately, to ascend the mountains in the north, in the very dress I have now the honor to appear before

this house in, I found it difficult in the extreme, or to speak more truly, impracticable.

I have to offer but a word or two more in favor of this mark of candour, now come to be proposed by the legislature, because I own myself one of those, who wish to see that body of people cherished from a political view of their utility.—I hope, and trust, I hardly need trouble the wisdom of this house any further, by insisting, that all such regulations as make the subject easier and happier at home, must be sound policy, as well as truly constitutional maxims.

I, therefore, hope the protection of the Almighty, and the wisdom of the legislature, will permit the prayers of the Highlanders to be attended to, and thereby increase their loyalty and attachment to their king and country.

After this, the bill was ordered.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN CELTIC STUDIES.

DURING the year 1890, we have to record that satisfactory progress has been made in matters of Celtic Literature and Antiquities. The number of publications is quite up to the usual average of former years, and one or two works of first-class importance have made their appearance. We may, without invidiousness, single out Macinnes' *Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire*, and Mr Moore's *Surnames and Place Names of the Isle of Man*, the former being worthy of comparison with any of J. F. Campbell's volumes, and the latter being quite equal in merit to Joyce's *Irish Place Names*. The activity and success displayed by British and Continental writers in researches into the history of the ancient races of Europe, and into the philology of the Aryan languages, have also told upon Celtic antiquities. Dr Isaac Taylor, in his remarkably suggestive work upon the *Origin of the Aryans*, practically accepts the Celts, or Celto-Slavs, as the original and true Aryans, at least as far as physique is concerned. Needless to say, this theory has been vigorously combated, and equal ability has been brought to the advocacy of the theory that the primitive Aryan was a Teuton, hailing from Scandinavia. At present the locality that finds most favour as the original Aryan home is Southern Russia, or ancient Sarmatia, "there or thereabouts," a view in which Dr Otto Schrader, the philologist, is supported by the biological and geological influence of Professor Huxley, who lately, *more suo*, tackled the great "Aryan question," in the *Nineteenth Century*. Professor Huxley's article is well worthy of study, if for nothing else than the stand he makes against those who *will* insist that all our civilisation must have come from the East.

In the purely Gaelic area of the Celtic field, literary and scientific activity has been really great. Not to mention the Gaelic Society of Inverness, whose *Transactions* appeared in May—an excellent volume—we have to record the unusual impetus given to periodical and other literature by the newly-started Clan Societies. These are bound to do good ultimately to the cause of Gaelic literature, history, and research. Already valuable papers have been read and discussed before these Societies, and it is hoped they may be put in the more permanent form of Clan records, proceedings, or transactions. We have to hail the advent of a new Gaelic poet. The songs of Mr John Macfadyen, of Glasgow, published by Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street, in the same town, have been favourably received, and we hope on a future occasion to draw more particular attention to them. Mr Macfadyen calls his book *An T-Fileanach*. The same enterprising publisher has issued a second edition of Thomas Pattison's *Gaelic Bards*, a book that has got rather scarce and expensive, for the merits of this work have long been recognised. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's *Letters of Two Centuries* we already reviewed in a former number, and we lately drew attention to Dr Mackintosh's *Scotland* in the "Nation Series." Mr Alex. Gardner, of Paisley, is issuing a second edition of J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, the first two volumes of which are now in the hands of the public. Mr Gardner deserves the best thanks of every lover of Highland folklore, and we only hope he may see his way to publishing what is worth in the MSS. which Campbell left behind, and which are deposited in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. A "Report" on these MSS. was contributed to *Folklore* for last September, by Mr Alfred Nutt, and though Mr Nutt's account is marred by necessary haste, and by want of knowledge of the Gaelic language, yet it shows that a treasure-trove of Gaelic lore is ready to hand in this collection. Mr Nutt has further laid Gaelic and Celtic enthusiasts under a heavy debt of

obligation by publishing and annotating Mr Macinnes' *Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire*, which is issued in Lord Archibald Campbell's series of *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*. This work was reviewed in our April number. Nor must we omit to mention here Mr Sinclair's racy work entitled *Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland*, noticed in our October issue

The periodical and more ephemeral literature of the daily and weekly press has had the usual amount of matter about or in Gaelic. At the beginning of the year Professor Mackinnon had a series of articles in the *Scotsman* dealing with the more ancient literature of the Gael—the Continental, Irish, and Edinburgh Gaelic MSS., and stopping in the middle of an excellent discussion on Macpherson of Ossianic fame, a theme which we hope the learned Professor will soon take up again. A castigation of the Professor's views lately was sent us, entitled *Celtic MSS. in Relation to the Macpherson Fraud, &c.*, by the author of "Celticism a Myth." The style of the pamphlet brings us back to old Johnsonian days, and so also does the matter. Dr Johnson came to the conclusion that, as regards Scotland and the pretensions of James Macpherson, there was not in existence "an Erse manuscript a hundred years old." Mr Roger, the author of the brochure, is evidently of a like opinion, but he contemptuously acknowledges his "profound" ignorance about the old Gaelic MSS. He says:—"The collection proper, *it would appear*, consists of sixty-three separate parcels." The italics are ours. Why "it would appear?" If Mr Roger is to be a critic in such matters, he must go and examine the MSS. for himself. It is easily done, and their genuineness, which he suspects, can easily be tested by a visit on the part of anybody that knows a little about MSS. It is second-hand work in criticism and history, such as Mr Roger's is, that is the bane of present-day writing. Professor Rhys was the Rhind lecturer last December, and the six lectures then delivered have been since appearing in the *Scottish Review*. Three have already

so been published. The first lecture contains the brilliant piece of exposition in which Professor Rhys appealed to the popular fancy by calling the Gallo-British Celts the *p* Celts, and the Gaelic branch the *q* Celts, because the original labio-guttural *qu* was changed among the Gallo-British, as among the Greeks, into *p*, while among the ancient Gaels the sound, as in Latin, was hardened to *qu* or *q*, and *c* latterly. The Belgæ and the Britons belonged, he says, to the *p* branch, while the Celtæ of Cæsar, dwelling from the Seine to the Loire, and the Celts of Spain, were, like those of Ireland, that is, the Gael, *q* Celts, speaking ancient Gaelic. The view that the Celtæ were *q* speakers is a bold departure from all previous opinion, and has been seriously impugned by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, as indeed it ought. In the second lecture, the Professor tries to find traces of a non-Aryan element in the Celtic family, especially in the old Gaelic and Pictish names. The Aryan names were compounds, like "White-head" and "God-given," while he holds such names as "Servant of God," or "Columb's Slave," that is, Gillie-colum or Malcolm, to be of non-Aryan character. The many dog (Cú) and animal names are also appealed to as indicative of non-Celtic infusion. M. de Jubainville again objects that similar names are found in Latin and Teutonic—the hound and the wolf in the latter, and such names as Asinius, Porcius and Verres (boar) in the former. The third lecture deals with the "Mythographical treatment of Celtic Ethnology," wherein an interesting attempt is made to utilise the old myths of the Irish books for the purpose of elucidating the history and racial connections of the people. The name of Ireland—Iverio—is referred to a non-Celtic origin, and the Picts, or Cruithnig, are identified with the earlier non-Aryan inhabitants.

The important contribution made to the "Pictish Question," by Dr Whitley Stokes, was noticed in our October number, where it was shown that he traverses Professor Rhys's views as to the non-Celtic character of the

Pictish language. Dr Stokes' valuable work, entitled the *Lives of the Saints from the Book of Lismore*, which contains learned and laborious contributions to Gaelic lexicography, was reviewed by us in May. Besides contributing notes, glosses, and etymologies to the *Academy*, Dr Stokes also has articles on Celtic philology and literature in the erudite reviews of Germany and France, as in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift* and in the *Revue Celtique*. The latter periodical still continues to flourish under the energetic editorship of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, and is contributed to by the leading "Celtists" of the Continent. Professor Zimmer is continuing his researches into the antiquity and composition of the old mythology, his present theme being the "Voyage of Brendan," in a review devoted to German antiquities (*Deutsches Alterthums*). Nor must we forget Mr Alfred Nutt's contributions and reviews on "Celtic Myth and Saga," first in the 2nd Vol. of the defunct *Archæological Review* (1889), and secondly in the June number of *Folklore* (see *Highland Monthly* for last July, where the leading folklore books are detailed). The *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* and the *Archæologia Cambrensis* do for Ireland and Wales what is being done so well, though on a less ambitious scale, by the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

In the more philological department of Celtic study, besides Dr Stokes' several works already mentioned, we may note, first, M. Loth's *Chrestomathie Bretonne*, a work that may be classed equal with his compatriot, M. Ernault's, Breton Etymological Dictionary, appended to the *Mystery of St Barbe*. It contains a *resumé* of the history of the Breton language, with examples and vocabularies for all the periods from Gaulish down to the present time. The old chartularies are extensively quoted from, and the famous Chartulary of Redon is given in vocabulary form. Professor Atkinson of Dublin University is to the front as usual with an excellent piece of work, under the patronage of the Royal Irish Academy. It is an edition of Keating's 17th Century *Tri Bior-ghaoithe an Bhais* (the Three Shafts of

Death), with glossary and appendix. The glossary extends to about one-third of the four hundred and eighty odd pages of the book, and is most valuable to the Gaelic lexicographer and student. An appendix of over thirty pages discusses the irregular verbs of the Irish, and is well worth the study of any one that wishes to understand the origin of our Gaelic irregular verbs.

In general European philology, Professor Burgmann's great work on the "Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European Languages," now in course of publication, has a very full and satisfactory account of the old Gaelic language. The latest part brings its subject down to the end of the declension of nouns and pronouns, leaving the verb still to be dealt with. The *Etyma Latina* of Mr Wharton is a smart little dictionary of Latin etymology, and contains many valuable hints and derivations bearing on Celtic. Dr Otto Schrader, author of the "Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples," has been already referred to, and his is far and away the ablest work on its subject, which combines both linguistic science and archæology, but has little or no discussion on what Dr Isaac Taylor is so strong upon—the physique of the ancient Aryans and their modern representatives. The Celtic part of the book is, from a Gaelic point of view, very full and satisfactory, and several excellent as well as new derivations are offered. The book is published in English by Griffin & Co. The intelligent use of the Celtic languages in all these discussions by Continental scholars is in marked contrast with the ignorance of it which the English lexicographers display. But a new race is rapidly springing up that study Celtic, and foremost among them are two or three Scotsmen, like Mr Strachan, of Victoria University and Mr Lindsay, of Oxford, who can, for accuracy and enthusiasm, easily compare with German scholars.

NEW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.

THE GAELIC BARDS, AND ORIGINAL POEMS. BY THOMAS PATTISON. EDITED BY REV. T. G. MACNEIL. SECOND EDITION. Glasgow : ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR. 1890.

MR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR has done a happy thing in republishing Pattison's "Gaelic Bards," for the book has been scarce, with consequent heaviness of price. Mr Macneil has also done his editorial work with sympathy and intelligence. Thomas Pattison, the author, was born in 1828, the son of an Islay farmer. He studied for the Church, but devoted himself to literature, and died in 1865 at the early age of 37. The "Gaelic Bards" was published shortly after his death. The work consists of the translation of some threescore Gaelic poems into English verse, these poems being representative pieces from the various Highland bards dating from the mythic Ossian until the present time. The book is therefore a Gaelic authology in an English dress, and as every poet's work is introduced by a short sketch and criticism, the work shows in a brief form the main features of Gaelic literature with copious examples.

Pattison was the first to lead the way in the systematic translation of Gaelic poetry, and though he has been surpassed by such dexterous versifiers as "Fionn" and Lachlan Macbean, who doubtless have learned from him, his work covers so much ground, and has such an even excellence, that it must for some time be held as the completest presentment of Gaelic poetry in English guise. The translations are fairly literal, but the exigencies of rhyme compel departures, in omission and intromission, if we may so put it, which are not always satisfactory, and of these the additions and paraphrases are the least to be admired.

It is a pity that one or two errors were not removed. At page 77, Clachan-an-diseirt is resolved into Clachan an Dé 's airde, the Kirk of the Highest God, while it has been a matter of very recent discussion that *diseirt* here is the mediæval Irish *disert* or *desert* or *desertum* where the monks retired and built cells. Mary Macleod's songs were composed in praise of Sir Norman Macleod,

the chief's uncle, not in the praise of the chief himself, and the young man in a fit of jealousy banished the poetess to Mull. At page 116, it is stated that the authoress of Gregor Macgregor's Lament was a sister of Black Duncan, whereas she was really his cousin, the daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, as the "Black Book of Taymouth" testifies.

As a piece of elegant rendering, we may quote the Ossianic ballad of the "Sweetest Sound." This is found only in the Dean of Lismore's book, but it is characteristic of much of the mediæval heroic poetry of the Gael. The leading Ossianic heroes are introduced—the clown Conan, the warlike Oscar, the love-making Diarmad, the kingly Finn, and the music-loving Ossian.

THE SWEETEST SOUND.

Once when the kingly feast was spread,
On Albin's golden slope,
The bards they sang of bliss and woe,
Despair, and love, and hope.

And heroes, as they drained the bowl,
With joy or sadness heard ;
For those good harpers as they pleased,
Men's rising feelings stirred.

Lord of the feast there Fingal sat—
His fair hair touched with grey—
Near his first son, the warrior bard,
Strong as the noon of day.

The good MacLuy there conversed
With Oscar, young and bright,
And bald-head Conan, rash and bold,
Who never shunned the fight.

And Diarmad there sat, beautiful,
And rolled his eye of blue,
When Fingal spoke, and all the board
His regal question knew.

"Come, tell me now, my chieftains good,
At Fingal's feast who be,
What sounds are they that form for each
The sweetest harmony !

"What are the notes that charm you most,
And send your cares to flight—
What sound most charms your inmost core,
And thrills you with delight ?"

Then Conan—the rash Conan spoke—
Of all that company
The first to speak, the first to fight—
The last to think was he.

“The rattling dice I love the most,
When the play is running high ;
And my coming chances strain my ear,
And almost blind my eye.”

“When heroes rush together,
When battle wakes around
With clash and clang and crushing blows,
I hear my sweetest sound.”

So Oscar spoke—Thus Diarmad said,
“When in my secret ear
Sweet woman whispers love for me,
My best loved sound I hear.”

“When first I catch my good hounds’ cry,
Where the proud stag stamps the ground,
And stands at bay,” MacLuy said,
“I hear my sweetest sound.”

Then Fingal said, “My music is
The banner’s fluttering fold
When winds blow free, and the brave I see
Beneath its streaming gold.”

Alas ! alas ! my sweetest sound
Was once in Fingal’s hall ;
To hear bards sing, and heroes speak,
And now they’ve perished all !

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

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AND

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

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CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE PINDER GOT HIS CHRISTMAS-BOX.

LATE in the autumn of the year in which Louis was sent to the Grammar School, Mrs Smith quarrelled dreadfully with Bill Bowsy, the pinder of Slocum town and parish; and Mrs Smith was in the right, too, for Bill had been guilty of what she considered a high crime and misdemeanour.

Besides kitchen vegetables and fruits, Mrs Smith cultivated flowers and medicinal herbs in her large garden. She was, indeed, famous at flower shows for her roses and geraniums. She and Louis, who was fond of gardening and of his grandmother's company, did all the planting, sowing, hoeing, weeding, and fruit-gathering, but the spring digging, ever since old Jack's death, had been mostly done by Bill the pinder. Mrs Smith was, in fact, one of Bill's stoutest defenders; and he too often very much needed defenders, for although one of the best of swimmers in river or sea, he was a soaking sinker on land. Mrs Smith could

not deny that Bill was much given to gluttony and beer-drinking. But she declared she knew him since he was that high, and nothing bad could be said of him but that he made a god of his belly, like his father before him. What was bred in the bone could not come out in the flesh. He was the feckless son of feckless folk, and that was no fault of his, as he had no choice in the matter. Nor was he such a bad lot either. He was a geyan good gardener, and when his beer and meat were brought to him at the side of his work, and he was properly looked after, he earned his wage as honestly as any man in Slocum. So Mrs Smith used to speak about Bill before the quarrel. And to particular cronies she would tell how, with her connivance, but without his mother's knowledge at first, Louis had been taught swimming by Bill, till he could almost beat an otter in the water.

The office of keeper of the pinfold was doubtlessly an important one when Slocum was an agricultural village, and farms were not separated by good walls and fences. The pinder, moreover, was entrusted with some of the lower functions of feudal government, as well as with the guardianship of stray horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and geese. But the office had lost all its glory, and had become a poor shadow of its former self before Bill was appointed to it by the manor leet. Mrs Smith had canvassed for Bill's appointment, and sent old Jack to vote for him. So Bill had now been for nearly twenty years in the pinfold house, which was, of course, rent free, and he had once been married, but his wife was a drinking, raging termagant, and fortunately for Bill died four years after they were married, and providence had kindly denied them children.

Bill would have been in clothes and person the dirtiest of mortal beings had Mrs Smith allowed him. He had to wash well before venturing near her, and to see that his clothes were not disreputable. Bill took a long time over his spring cleaning before going to dig in Mrs Smith's garden. He commenced the long process every year before

Christmas, at which time he was in the habit of going the round of the bar-rooms and other places of public resort, asking a Christmas box from the liberal. There was another "sorning" of Bill which was less respectable than the Christmas box begging. At that time the innkeepers of Slocum still kept up the old-fashioned habit of furnishing regular customers with bread and cheese free from charge at noon on market days. Now, on market days all the year round Bill, by great diligence, got his share of that free providing in several places, with as much beer as hospitable landlords and generous guests felt disposed to give him. So unlimited was Bill's eating and drinking capacity that he never seemed to get enough; and most assuredly he was never known to cry— "Hold, enough!" Christmas time was a season of abounding hospitality and endless broken food, to which Bill looked forward with hope, and backward with regret, always wishing that it was Christmas all the year.

For a long time it was Mrs Smith's custom to give Bill half-a-crown at Christmas. He used, when beginning his round, to call on her first of all, and to present himself with a shining face, and clothes with the dust and grime well brushed *into* them. But the quarrel spoiled all, and Mrs Smith did not think Bill would have the impudence to show his face in her house or shop any more.

Bill, however, resolved, not without qualms of fear and trembling, to make a desperate effort to recover his lost position. He washed his face until it shone like Spanish mahogany fresh from the hands of a French polisher; and he attacked his clothes with such vigour that for once he brushed a great deal of the dust and grime out of them. Being thus purified, when shadows of evening closed in, Bill sallied forth from his den, resolved to go straight to Mrs Smith's house, but when he got as far as Church Green his heart felt faint, and the sounds and signs of cheer insensibly seduced him to a short cruise among the bar-rooms, and as he was treated liberally, he continued his

cruise for hours, and the faint heart, by plenty of drink and food, waxed stout and strong enough to face anything.

Eight o'clock struck. Mrs Smith closed her shop door, and put up her shutters. She then sat down, with Louis by her side, to count the day's take, which she knew was a big one. The counting done, Mrs Smith was just putting the cash in her Milner's safe when she was startled by loud knocking at the house door, as if the place were on fire.

"What can it be? Louis, go quick and see."

Louis went, and returning almost immediately, reported in his demurest manner, "Only Bill Pinder come for his half-crown."

"Bill Pinder! My word, he has cheek to come here, the rogue that he is," exclaimed Mrs Smith, as she passed quickly from the shop to the kitchen, without waiting to lock the safe.

There with his feet on her new mat, and his back to the fire, stood Bill very firmly, for firm planting of his feet aided his equilibrium, and made him look as if he were monarch of all he surveyed.

When Mrs Smith appeared Bill pulled his front lock—which showed a rough bristly mixture of red and grey—and with the solemnity of a bishop, gave his usual Christmas salutation:—

"God bless this house and all within it?"

"And," said Mrs Smith, "dost thou hope to get half-a-crown for thy blessing?"

"Yes, missus, ah reet."

"Ah reet! thou unchANGED rogue, and my geraniums all dead or dying by thy fault! The fairest lot I ever had, and when I wanted to give the Bells window plants next summer! I was well served in trusting to thee for fetching the new pots in time. And why didst thou not?"

"Was himpeded and hobstructed, missus."

"Yes, by drink and gluttony. Thou didst go to lick the pots and pans, suck the marrow bones, and drain the driblets, after the Dewlap banquet."

"Yes, missus, it was gradely good. 'Pon soul, that was gradely good."

"Very well. Be content with it. Live on the memory of it."

"Please, missus, my half-crown. Remember the poor, says Rector allers on Sunday."

"Remember the pots and pans, the driblets and marrow bones, Bill. I'll remember my dead and dying geraniums. Tom Gill would have fetched the pots in time, but I trusted thee, and thou didst not bring them before the frost. When they did come I potted the cuttings myself, but having been frost-bitten, what's the use? They have taken to rotting just like demick potatoes."

"Jerries 'ull be ah reet, missus. Touch of frost, just a sneeze won't kill 'em. Please remember poor Pinder."

"Get away with thee, Bill. Never come here again."

"Never again! Surely, missus, you do not mean that, for a little forget. Who will do delving as weel as me and as chape?"

"It was done afore thou wast born, and will be done after glut and guzzle have killed thee, man. Just be off with thee. I'm not to be overpersuaded, and my beautiful geraniums all spoiled by thy fault."

Mrs Smith had clearly said her last word. With a face as hard as flint she turned away from the astounded Bill, and began to talk about mincemeat and sausages with her daughter, who was dressing a plump turkey, which caused the poor Pinder's mouth to water. Had it not been for the "Jerries" he would have been dead sure to get a share of the reversion of the turkey and sausages, with a jug of strong home-brewed to wash it down; for Mrs Smith always cooked for Christmas day twice as much white and red meat as her household and guests could consume, and her October home-brewed was famous for mildness and strength. In regard to broken bread and meat she used to be the soul of liberality to Bill after her Christmas dinner. Bill wondered who would now get his big dole. He hated

the unknown recipient, and cursed the "Jerries" in his heart, as groaning pathetically he sought the door, and lurched away through the hoar frost.

Mrs Grant never interfered with her mother's affairs, and Louis, although he was sorry for Bill, thought it best to remain silent while Mrs Smith was having it out with the sinner, because he knew that any attempt to mollify her just wrath then would only act like oil poured on the flames. But he thought to himself—"She will be more forgiving in the morning, and Bill will get his half-crown yet."

Well, next morning Mrs Smith was up before daylight, and so was Mrs Grant, but Louis seemingly took a lazy fit and was not out of his snug bedroom before Mrs Smith, in the regular course of things, went to the garden to feed the pig and poultry.

Mrs Smith went out like a lamb, and in ten minutes minutes came back like a raging lion.

"The pig and geese are stolen!" she shouted to her daughter, as if she were deaf, and then in still louder tones she shouted up the stair to Louis to come down immediately. And the moment he appeared she bade him run to the police office, and tell the superintendent that a burglary had been committed on her premises, and her live stock stolen.

Louis, looking unusually prim and solemn, asked her to tell him again what he was to say.

"Say," she answered, "that my pig and the fat geese which I ought to have killed for Christmas, and didn't, because John Laycock sent me the turkey, have been stolen between now and ten o'clock last night, when I saw them last. Say it is the duty of the police to search for the rascal thieves directly. What else are they paid for?"

"Was the garden door locked last night," asked Mrs Grant.

"That it was, Mary, and it is locked now. I locked it myself, and there is the key hanging on the nail just as I placed it last night."

"How could the thieves have got such a pig over the high wall?" asked the daughter.

"Nay, Mary, that fairly caps me. A pig weighing fifteen stones, and grand for squealing too, could not be got easily over such a high wall unless they gave it that new thing they call chloroform."

"Perhaps they killed it first."

"Well, perhaps they knocked it senseless; but there is no sign of tug and struggle. What's the use of talking when it's doing that's wanted. Louis, be off. Fetch the superintendent himself if he is in. The rascals, to go thieving on Christmas morning, when we should all be at peace with one another!"

Louis looked as if ready to cry, but he was only struggling to hide a different feeling. He set out for the police office, but the pincfold lay in his way, and safely impounded therein were the missing animals. Bill was looking over the wall, glad to have prisoners, yet puzzled to know who the owner or owners of the animals might be. Bill was not a little shocked when told they were Mrs Smith's.

"She'll swear I have taken them mysen just oot o' spite," said he, dolorously.

"No, Bill. Drive them home and you'll get your half-crown after all," said Louis, laughing.

Mrs Smith, forsooth, was an amazed woman, when Bill and Louis brought back the animals, but she saw them housed and fed before asking questions. Louis and Bill, the latter rather unwillingly, and only yielding reluctantly to the tugging of the boy, then followed her into the kitchen to be examined.

"Where did'st thou find them?" asked Mrs Smith, turning round upon Bill.

"At bottom o' t' loine, cloise to my door. I think t' pig must ha' been a trying to get through t' door, and woke me."

"When was it?"

"Three hours ago, more or less."

“Art sure they were not driven there by thysen?”

“So help me, mortal sure. How could the garden door be opened by me if ye locked it inside?”

“How, indeed! I wish I knew.”

Louis, who had commenced dancing about, now seized Mrs Smith by hand and apron, and burying his face in the apron exultingly exclaimed—

“I did it.”

“You did it!”

“Yes, to make you and Bill friends. You were very hard on Bill, and I wanted you to forgive him on Christmas Day morning. So I got up in the dark before you and mother, got downstairs and out as quiet as a mouse with the garden key, and drove the animals to Bill’s door. I shook the door till I heard him grunting and rising. I watched after that from the corner, and Bill was so dazed when he saw the animals you would have laughed to see him. I was only back and to bed again just a little before I heard you and mother stirring and going down stairs. And that is all. You must forgive Bill and me on Christmas Day morning, and give Bill his half-crown.”

“Well, well,” said Mrs Smith, laughing heartily, while Mrs Grant looked far from being pleased, “I think we must forgive all round, and wish one another ‘a merry Christmas.’ Here, Bill, is your half-crown, and something more for pin-fold fees. But ah, Louis, lad, thou must not go on playing such tricks.”

CHAPTER XII.

A CURATE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

THE old rector died, and a stranger to the district was appointed in his place by the Duke of Dewlap. Mrs Smith did not like the new rector. She said he was a “worry man.” The old rector was thoroughly evangelical. The new rector was rather high. If he did not turn straight to the east, he made a half-turn, which Dr

Beattie called the stop at Mecca on the way to Jerusalem, which was the doctor's way of suggesting that the man was a Turk wishing to become a Romanist. The old rector preached on the authority of the Bible; the new rector talked more about the Church—meaning his own section—than the Bible, and so produced the very general impression on both Churchmen and Dissenters that he was not like his predecessor, a sound Protestant.

The new rector brought a new curate with him. The curate, unlike his superior, was pretty well known in the district as an ardent young Wesleyan revivalist, and a person of importance in Dick Butts' warehouse in Smoke-dale, before he passed over to the Church of England, and after the circumscribed training of a literate, got into orders. By what afterwards seemed to Mrs Smith a fatal coincidence, this curate had the same name and surname, Ludovick Grant, to wit, as Mary's late husband. There was but the difference of a letter, the curate spelt Ludovick with a *k*, while Mary's husband had always spelt it without that letter—a peculiarity which he also extended to the name of his son in the birth register. The new rector got hold of the ex-Wesleyan Ludovick as curate the moment the latter had been ordained deacon, because of his previous connection with the outsiders. The Slocum Wesleyans disliked Ludovick for what they called his perversion, and they hinted evil things about him, but when challenged to formulate specific charges, none of them went further than to say that it was said he had "capped" Dick Butts in some transactions during the blockade-running trade. Mrs Smith and many more thought the curate, when confidential clerk, must have been wonderfully clever if he capped Dick, whose selfishness and artfulness were as notorious as his somewhat effusive pietism.

When Mary heard the name of the new curate she showed some surprise and curiosity. Was he a relation of her former husband's? Was he like him? These and other questions of the kind she asked her mother, who felt

“fairly bothered” about this double of her late son-in-law herself. When Dr Beattie came on a wet Saturday for his snuff, she brought him into Mary’s presence and catechised him largely, without gaining much information. Dr Beattie said that different Highland clans had different favourite names. Donald Macdonald, Colin Campbell, Gregor Macgregor, Ludovick Grant, were specimens of the kind. Between the different Donalds, Colins, Gregors, Ludovicks, there might be no relationship even of fortieth cousinhood—nothing at all but the clan brotherhood, that is to say, real or supposed descent from a common ancestor hundreds of years back in the dim distant ages.

The doctor did not seem to like the new curate a bit, but he said he might for anything he knew be a good man of a strange sort of type. His dualism seemed to be great.

Mrs Smith wanted to get the doctor to explain what was dualism. He said it was the old Adam fighting with the Christian grace, the passions surging against the mind’s ideal. Mrs Smith gave it up. When the doctor got into that sort of sailing she could not follow him; but she wished to hear how had Ludovick, when confidential clerk, capped Dick.

“Oh!” replied the doctor, “I rather like him for that, although perhaps it proved his double-facedness. Everybody knows that Dick entered into large blockade-running adventures during the late Civil War in America. The Wesleyans of the Confederate States, like our own Wesleyans, are clannish in business as well as in devotions. Dick had been among them doing business, and a great deal of addressing and praying at religious gatherings, shortly before the war broke out, and when it was already expected and prepared. So it was arranged whenever the southern coasts were blockaded that Dick should send large quantities of Slocum and Smokedale goods in water-tight tin cases to points on the coast where, under cover of fog or darkness, they would be sunk till the Confederate Wesleyans could take them up, and sink cotton in similar

cases to be taken up by Dick's skippers in repayment. Dick made these ventures a subject for prayers as well as cunning precautions. He rather feared exposure or possible collision with the law, and so he made young Grant responsible, and gave him a free hand. Well, young Grant made ventures of his own which prospered, without committing Dick, and without being blessed by Dick's prayers. On finding out that the lad had netted a few hundreds Dick was furious, but he could not afford to quarrel openly. I have been told that he had to give a few hundreds more to Grant to get rid of him quietly."

"I'm main glad he capped Dick," said Mrs Smith, "and so are thousands of the Wesleyans themselves, for Dick is a mean sneaking fellow, who prayed owd Betty out of her cottages, although she had lots of poor relations; but what made young Grant leave trade for the Church?"

"Oh! his dualism no doubt."

"Bother dualism," exclaimed Mrs Smith, but there was no use then in asking the doctor more questions.

On a Saturday morning soon after this conversation, the doctor took Louis and Effie Bell in his dog-cart to give them a drive up the hill, where he had an old patient whom he visited once a week for months and years until she died. The doctor and his wife were childless, and Louis and Effie were great favourites of theirs. The doctor kept a carriage and a coachman, but it was only when he drove himself the old white mare in the dog-cart that he took the young ones with him. When he did that it meant that he was not overwhelmed with professional business, but intended to enjoy himself. It was also a sign to patients that he did not consider them to be in any immediate danger; and so he and his young friends were heartily welcomed. Louis, with Effie beside him and the doctor on the back seat, was this day allowed to drive on the home-coming journey. Now, as they turned in round a mill dam corner into the town, they saw some children see-sawing on a plank, one end of which, with a couple of boys on it, swung

suddenly over the dirty, smoking water of the dam. The endangered boys screamed and struggled, but the plank got over balanced, and the two of them fell into the water. People rushed from the street—the new curate among others—and people rushed from the mill, but the boy who fell furthest in would have most certainly perished if Louis had not thrown the reins to Effie, climbed the bank, kicked off his elastic boots, got rid of his coat, and taken a header into the horrible water, where he found the boy at the bottom. He was pretty nearly choked on reaching the surface with his burden, but by this time hundreds were ready with rescuing ropes and helping hands. So Louis, half-choked, and the boy wholly insensible, were quickly landed.

The doctor took instant possession of the boy, and, having got Louis bundled into the dog-cart, told Effie to take him home. The curate said he would go with them, and carried out his intention without waiting for anybody's permission. Effie was dazed and Louis too sick to offer opposition. The curate had been active in pulling to land the boy who had fallen near the dam bank, and who had caught hold of a projection which saved him from going down. Perhaps he would have jumped into the dam after the drowning one had he known how to swim; but as a matter of fact nobody but Louis offered to do that. Bill Pinder was glorified in his swimming pupil, and, on the strength of that, Bill got a half-crown from Mrs Smith, quite out of reason and season.

It was near the mill's closing hour when the accident happened, and when the "hands" left their work, instead of going home they stood in a dense crowd on the street near the gatekeeper's lodge, into which the rescued boy had been taken, waiting for the issue. They had to wait long, and meanwhile they talked sympathetically about the boy, and his hardworking, honest widow mother, Hannah Lister, who supported himself and her four little children by her own earnings—her husband having died two years before

of woollsorters disease, and left her nothing but the cottage in which they lived. Some woman in the crowd suggested that, tide what might, it would be good to make a subscription for Hannah on the spot. No sooner was the idea suggested than it was carried out, with the result that five pounds and some odd shillings and pence were gathered in a few minutes, and a deputation of three appointed to wait on the widow. Surface hardness and heart softness were Slocum characteristics.

The curate came back while the collection was being made. He gave his mite, and moved to pass into the cottage. But he was met in the door by the doctor, who stepped out bareheaded and announced that little Edwin Lister was recovering nicely, and would be as well as ever in a few days. Then the crowd cheered in lusty English fashion. Voices were then raised asking about Louis Grant. The curate raised his hands, and there was silence. The curate spoke :—

“ I have just returned from Mrs Smith’s house. Louis Grant was sick, but is better now. He has had a hot bath, and been sent to bed. Now, friends all, let us thank God for his mercies.”

Every man and boy bared heads immediately, and a deep hush fell upon the women while the curate offered up fervent prayer and thanksgiving.

“ He’ll do,” muttered the doctor to himself, “ if he can keep down the devil side of his dualism, and maintain mental balance. But something is radically wrong with his mind or body some way.”

The crowd followed the doctor and the curate to Mrs Smith’s house, for, although the curate gave good news, the people, now largely augmented in numbers, wished before dispersing to hear the doctor’s bulletin, and to finish off by hearty cheers. The doctor and curate passed into the house through the shop, while some two or three thousand people of all ages stood silently in the crowded street and back into the field corner. The doctor soon re-emerged,

followed by Mrs Smith with flushed face, hand in hand with Effie, who was still so upset that she trembled in every limb. Behind them the curate and Mrs Grant appeared in the back ground. The doctor said in a ringing voice :—
“ Louis Grant was only sick from swallowing some of the poisonous water of the mill dam. He is sleeping now, and will, I have no doubt, be quite well and hearty to-morrow.”

Some whispering took place, and then Bill Pinder asked,
“ Can't we just give one little cheer, doctor ?”

Ordering those in the background to shut the shop door, the doctor faced round to Bill and answered :—

“ Yes, Bill, you can all give three hearty cheers, and then disperse to your respective places of abode.”

The three cheers were given with a will.

Mrs Smith, like the doctor, admired the curate for his courage in calling upon a miscellaneous crowd to join with him in a thanksgiving prayer to God in the street. She had previously resolved to keep the name and surname double of her late son-in-law, and her grandson too, at a safe social distance, because, whatever the doctor might say about Highland clannish customs, the coincidence seemed to her to be unchancy ; but after he introduced himself, on the day of the accident, she could not tell him that his further visits were not to her mind. He got into the habit of coming to her shop on market days, to meet “ parish ” people. He discovered that Mrs Grant played the organ in her late husband's chapel, and he plied all his arts of persuasion to get her to act as organist in the mission chapel in the Slocum outskirts, in which he officiated on Sunday evenings. Mrs Smith opposed this, but Mary was musical, the influence of the curate over her was increasing, and, having played once, she went on playing regularly, and the curate always brought her home after service, and sometimes, but not often, stayed for supper. The curate was not so outspoken as the new rector in respect to his particular ecclesiastical views. His training among the Wesleyans gave him great fluency and unction in extem-

pore preaching and praying. But the sturdy Protestants of Slocum deemed him a more dangerous man than the rector, because his coat was longer, his choker stiffer, his hat lower in the crown and broader in the brim than the Catholic priest's, who, being an Irishman of the best sort, cared no more than was absolutely necessary for clerical millinery. The curate usually wore spectacles, although Dick Butts' people said he was not short-sighted. He was slightly bald about his forehead corners and top of the head. He kept his hair cropped short. His head looked as if it had been tonsured. It was whispered that he kept vigils and fasts, and the good soul, his landlady, openly expressed her fear that his want of attention to eating and drinking would soon bring him to the grave.

Suspicious Protestants said—"He must be a Jesuit in disguise." But he was constantly in abodes of infection, sickness, and distress, and by the bedsides of the dying. No one could deny that he was diligent in his vocation and charitable to sinners in general, if hard to himself.

Mrs Smith got, insensibly, and against her will, into the habit of standing up for the curate, saying that he was doing his best, and asserting that when he married and settled, all the Popish nonsense which young ministers caught like the measles would go out of him. Even when something in favour of Mariolatry and saint-worship, written by the curate, which appeared in the parish magazine, caused a ferment among Church people, and induced the Dissenting ministers of town and district to issue a manifesto, Mrs Smith tried to palliate what she felt she could not defend.

But one day, in consequence of some hints dropped by a neighbour, it suddenly dawned upon Mrs Smith that the curate was courting her daughter Mary, who at thirty-three retained much of the bloom of youth, and truly looked more beautiful than she did when a bride of eighteen. Mrs Smith wished the curate married, settled, and rid of his nonsense, but the last thing she would wish was to see

him marry her own daughter. She always held that Mary was a person who needed guidance. The curate clearly needed guidance himself, so, how could he guide a wife? Why should Mary wish to marry again and be, perhaps, a widow again, or, perhaps, get her heart broken? This could not be a fit match at all, but did they, after all, intend to make a match of it? She hoped not. Mrs Smith watched the curate's words and doings, and she could neither make heads nor tails of them. If the dogmatism went out of his voice when speaking to Mary, and if a soft look came over his face, he still argued for clerical celibacy, as if no man of his cloth who took a wife unto himself could ever rise to a decently high spiritual level, notwithstanding the mystical grace transmitted by Apostolic Succession. After much hard thinking, Mrs Smith understood that the curate was fighting with his Old Adam, and very much feared the Old One would prevail.

And so he did sooner than she expected. As a practical woman, Mrs Smith withdrew opposition to the marriage, when she found it was as vain to try to make her daughter appreciate her sound arguments as to drive nails into a featherbed. She took care, however, while acting liberally in other respects, to make the turtle-doves understand that they must find a nest for themselves elsewhere. She and Louis would live as they used to do, and she would, if necessary, get a girl to help her with shop and house.

So the curate and widow, who were much of an age—although Mrs Smith said the curate was, she was sure, several years younger than his bride—married and went into separate housekeeping.

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

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

BY DOUGLAS WIMPERLEY,
Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.

Do na Suinn Chamshronach
Gillean na feile,
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PREFACE.

THE compilers of the Historical Records of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, published in 1887, state that the manuscript records kept during the Indian Mutiny are extremely meagre, and that they have to thank Quartermaster-Sergeant Mackenzie, 3rd Battalion 42nd Royal Highlanders, late Paymaster-Sergeant of the Regiment, for the details which they have been able to publish.

As far as I am aware, no attempt was made to write up the orderly room records during the actual campaign: probably this might and ought to have been done, partly during the interval of the hot season in 1858, and partly after the campaign was over, from the regimental order-book, and the recollections of individual officers and men who took part in it. Unfortunately it was not done at the time, and I presume it was not done afterwards. During the hot weather of 1858, there was a great pressure of work in the orderly room. The regiment had never been in India since it was raised; much time was required in learning the Indian system as contained in a multiplicity of general orders; there was a good deal of shifting of quarters; the regiment was divided into wings at different stations, and a company for some time on detachment: much sickness prevailed, and at one time there were as many as 144 non-commissioned officers and men sick, absent from headquarters at twelve different stations.

I remember a suggestion being made to me by a brother officer in India about the year 1860, that I should undertake to write up the records, and I regret that I did not then offer to make the attempt ; probably I had not time. But I was not asked officially, and I was not then adjutant, having felt it my duty to resign the adjutancy soon after my arrival at home early in 1859 on sick leave. Having still in my possession a small diary, kept by me throughout the year 1858, in which various incidents were noted at the time, and also a note-book which I used as adjutant, it has occurred to me to endeavour to supplement the account given in the lately published Records.

Quartermaster-Sergeant John Mackenzie and I were comrades in the old No. 1 Company, of which I had the good fortune to be in temporary command during the greater part of the operations for the capture of Lucknow, and until I commenced the duties of adjutant. With the aid of his notes and my own memoranda, and by a free use of Colonel Malleeson's fourth volume of the History of the Indian Mutiny to explain operations and to check dates and movements, I think that, taking the published Records as a basis, I can compile a narrative which will be of some interest, and tend to preserve the memory of various minor details, which would otherwise be forgotten.

My own personal share in the operations ceases with 3rd November, 1858 ; I remained with the regiment, being carried in a dhoolie, till the 20th of that month, when I was sent by a medical board to Allahabad, and afterwards on six months' sick leave to England.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Mackenzie's notes and Malleeson's History supply material for the later portion of this account of the campaign.

D. W.

INVERNESS, November, 1890.

THE news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and the atrocities that occurred at various stations in India during the month of May, 1857, reached Britain in the latter part of June, and steps were at once taken by the Government to send out reinforcements to the British army serving in India.

The 79th was one of the regiments placed under orders to make immediate preparations for embarkation.

A few months previously it had given 70 volunteers to the 93rd, or Sutherland Highlanders; it was now directed on 1st July, 1857, to make up its strength to 1000 rank and file.

The regiment had just arrived in Dublin, and was quartered in the Royal Barracks there. Volunteers from other regiments came in fast, and within about three weeks the 79th was completed to the required strength, and on the 25th of July was inspected by General Lord Seaton, Commanding the Forces in Ireland.

By the 31st July, the regiment was ready for embarkation; but the number actually embarked was ¹ 43 officers, and 976 N.C. officers, rank and file, a few men having been left behind sick or deemed unfit for service in India, as also 2 men enlisted for 10 years, whose time expired previous to embarkation.

The regiment embarked at Kingston in three detachments, as follows, viz. :—

The Headquarters, Band, Grenadiers, part of No. 1 Company, No. 2 and Light Companies, under Lieut.-Colonel John Douglas, C.B., on board the sailing transport "Walmer Castle," on 31st July, and sailed the following day.

Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 Companies, under Major Butt, in the sailing transport "Louisiana," on 1st August; and part of No. 1, Nos. 7 and 8 Companies, under Major Hodgson, in the sailing transport "Tyburnia," on 8th August.

The officers of the different companies were :—

Grenadiers—Capt. A. C. M'Barnet, Lieut. J. M. M'Nair, and Ensign R. Stewart.

No. 1. Capt. H. H. Stevenson, Lieut. D. Wimberley, Ensigns A. R. M'Gwire, and H. P. Holford.

No. 2. Capt. K. R. Maitland, Lieut. J. E. Allen, Ensigns W. H. M'Causland and T. B. Dougal.

¹ Viz., 3 field officers, 10 captains, 15 lieutenants, 8 ensigns, 1 paymaster, 1 adjutant, 1 quartermaster, 1 surgeon, and 3 assistant surgeons. 976 N.C.O. and men embarked. 1 died on voyage.

No. 3. Capt. F. C. Turner, Lieuts. W. H. Mackesy and W. J. M. Crawford.

No. 4. Capt. P. Percival, Lieuts. F. P. Campbell and C. E. M'Murdo.

No. 5. Capt. G. M. Miller, Lieuts. W. B. G. Cleather, Ensign James B. Campbell.

No. 6. Capt. D. Macdonald, Lieut. C. G. Durant, and Ensign W. J. Kerr.

No. 7. Capt. J. M. Leith, Lieuts. H. J. De Carteret and D. Alleyne.

No. 8. Capt. F. G. Currie, Lieuts. Neil Campbell and Edward Gawne.

Light Company—Capt. G. T. Scovell, Lieut. E. Everett, and Ensign G. Duff.

Lieut. Wimberley accompanied Major Hodgson's detachment as acting adjutant.

The staff officers were Paymaster D. Cant, Adjutant James Young, Quartermaster W. Macgill, Surgeon T. Goldie Scot, and Assistant-Surgeons A. K. Drysdale, E. H. Roberts, and P. Kilgour; Instructor of Musketry, Lieut. A. Walker.

The depot was at Stirling, under command of Captain E. W. Cuming; the other officers being Capt. G. A. Harrison, Lieuts. R. B. R. Bedford, G. Smith, and T. Howkins, Ensigns W. Robertson, Lord Louth, and Simpson.

The following staff sergeants embarked with the headquarters, viz. :—

Sergt.-Major Thomas Bunyan, Quartermaster-Sergt. John Hunter, Paymaster-Sergt. Arch. Litster, O.R. Clerk John Allison; Hospital-Sergt. Charles Hackett; Armourer-Sergt. Wm. F. Fletcher, Drum-Major David Brown, Pipe-Major Richard Stewart, Band-Sergt. J. M'Laren, Musketry-Sergt.-Instructor R. V. Fitzgerald.

The following is a fairly correct list of the company sergeants :—

Grenadiers—Col.-Sergt. J. Fraser, Sergts. D. Mackintosh, D. Baker, Hugh Mackay, and John Robertson.

No. 1. Col.-Sergt. Alex. Thom, Sergts. John Mackenzie, J. Anderson, Alex. Gentle, and J. Glover.

No. 2. Col.-Sergt. J. M'Naughton, Sergts. J. Blythe, L. Mowat, J. Spence, and John Henderson.

No. 3. Col.-Sergt. Wm. Simpson, Sergts. Daniel Campbell, J. Milligan, A. Macbeth, and A. Singer.

No. 4. Col.-Sergt. J. Kelly, Sergts. J. Turnbull, W. Davie, Hugh Anderson, and James Tarris.

No. 5. Col.-Sergt. J. Miller, Sergts. A. Maclean, Alex. Macpherson, and W. Ramshaw.

No. 6. Col.-Sergt. T. Gilchrist, Sergts. J. Angus, L. Maclean, P. Walker, and J. Anderson.

No. 7. Col.-Sergt. W. Geddes, Sergts. W. Gow, R. Hay, J. Weir, and J. Macdonald.

No. 8. Col.-Sergt. G. Wells, Sergts. Alex. Allan, Wm. Brown, Angus Macleod, and C. Rawlingson.

Light Company—Col.-Sergt. J. Sutherland, Sergts. J. Donegan, Colin Campbell, J. Knight, and W. Newall.

Among the pipers were Richard Stewart, Pipe-Major, Grenadiers; Thomas Simpson, No. 1; Thomas Hardie, No. 2; Paton, No. 6; J. Macleod, No. 8; J. C. Ferguson, Light Company.

It may be noted that at that time there was not one officer or sergeant of the name of Cameron on the muster-roll.

The 79th had still a considerable number of old soldiers serving in it; the Grenadiers had about 25 per cent. enlisted for unlimited service, and only about 18 per cent. men of less than 4 years' service; a large proportion of the company were enlisted between 1852 and 1854, both years included. The Grenadiers were a remarkably fine body of men; their height was, front rank from 6 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ in., the rear rank 5 ft. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. to 5 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by regular gradation. The Light Company was also the model of what a light company should be, and it was an object of ambition with both officers and men to belong to the flank companies. The others also were of good physique, and presented a very fine appearance on parade, clean, smart, and well set up.

The conduct of all while in Dublin was excellent, and the soldier-like manner in which the headquarters marched from the Barracks and effected their embarkation at Kingstown elicited the strong approbation of the General Officer commanding the Dublin division as an example to the troops generally, under similar circumstances.

The hired transports "Louisiana" and "Tyburnia" arrived within a day of each other, after a prosperous voyage, at Point de Galle, Ceylon, where the latter vessel

dropped anchor on 6th November. She had also on board a strong detachment of the 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles.

An incident worth mention occurred on board the "Tyburnia" during the voyage. Lieut. Gawne made a bet that he would walk 100 half miles in 100 half hours, and he won it. As the ship was heeling over under a press of canvas very considerably during most of the time, so that he had to walk along the side of a sharp incline, it was a very different task to a similar undertaking along a level road, and the frequent turning increased the difficulty. Without any previous training he had great difficulty in keeping awake.

The whole of the detachments on board the "Louisiana" and "Tyburnia" were transhipped into H.M.S. "Simoom" on 8th November; they arrived and anchored in the Hooghly on the 20th.

The six companies disembarked on the 22nd, and marched to the Town Hall of Calcutta, where they were quartered. They were joined by Lieut.-Col. R. C. H. Taylor, who was re-appointed to the regiment, on augmentation, from the command of the Depot Battalion at Fort-George, Inverness-shire. He had proceeded to India by the overland route, and assumed command of the above companies.

The "Walmer Castle," with the headquarters of the regiment, after a quick voyage of 90 days, anchored in Madras Roads on the 1st of November. After a delay of two days, though reinforcements of British troops were urgently required, orders were received to proceed to Calcutta, where they arrived on the 27th. The headquarters and four companies disembarked on the 28th, and occupied quarters in Fort-William.

On this or the following day they were joined by that portion of No. 1 Company which had come out in the "Tyburnia." The 30th, St Andrew's Day, was celebrated by a dinner given by the officers in the Town Hall, to which most of the leading residents in Calcutta were

invited. During their stay in the Town Hall, the six companies of the 79th, brigaded with the 42nd Highlanders and Calcutta Volunteers, were reviewed by the Governor-General of India on the 23rd of November.

Seven young officers, cadets, belonging to the H.E.I.C.S., were attached for duty to the regiment, and served with it till the termination of the campaign; their names were Ensigns Thain, Glasscock, Gray, Blathwayt, Lewis, Maitland, and Pitcher.

No casualties had occurred on the voyage except one death, Pte. Mackenzie, on board the "Louisiana;" one private died in the guard-room of the Town Hall.

Sir Colin Campbell had made arrangements for pushing on troops with the least possible delay; they were sent by rail from Calcutta to Raneegunge, and thence by bullock train and gharries to Benares and Allahabad. Before the close of November, the 42nd had been sent on; orders were received for the 79th to move at the beginning of December. Great endeavours were made by officers commanding companies to see that the men's kits were complete and serviceable, especially in respect of shoes and stockings, before commencing the campaign.

The companies quartered in the Town Hall proceeded by rail to Raneegunge on the 2nd of December; the headquarters and right wing followed on the 3rd. Here they occupied temporary straw huts under the command of Col. Douglas, C.B., waiting for transport. The Rev. William Ferguson was attached to the regiment as chaplain, while it lay here. They proceeded by detachments, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, by bullock train to Benares and Allahabad, where the regiment was again assembled on the 25th. Pte. Daniel Grant, of the Grenadiers, died at Raneegunge.

On the 26th a detachment of 43 men, under Lieutenant Wimberley, was sent to protect the railway station at Allahabad, and remained till the regiment moved. Assistant-Surgeon Roberts was in medical charge of this detachment. The regiment also furnished guards for the protection of Government House.

Early in January the 79th had its first brush with the mutineers, but it was rather a pursuit than an engagement, though the work was hard enough.

On the 4th of January, 1858, information was received by Brigadier-General Campbell, commanding at Allahabad, that a large force of the mutineers was assembled at Munseala, in the Secundra district, twelve miles from Allahabad. He resolved to dislodge them.

Orders were issued for the 79th, some Rifles, and a troop of Horse Artillery to parade at midnight, carrying one day's cooked rations, and to advance to the attack.

¹ The force arrived at Secundragunge at daybreak, when the enemy was found in position with three guns on the opposite side of a ravine. The attack was commenced by the Grenadier and No. 1 Companies, which were thrown out in skirmishing order. The defence was very feeble, and the enemy, after a few rounds from their guns, abandoned them and took to flight, being pursued by the regiment from village to village. Numbers of the mutineers were cut down by a troop of Horse Artillery, acting as cavalry.

At the village of Papahmow a halt was made, as it was ascertained that the rebels had dispersed in all directions, and that further pursuit was useless.

During the engagement large numbers of the enemy were taken prisoners, and his loss in killed and wounded amounted to 600. In this affair the 79th had no casualties.

The regiment returned to Allahabad the same day, having accomplished a remarkable march of 48 miles in 23 hours. Much praise has been given to British soldiers, and justly so, for their power of marching long distances, but it is open to question if the same amount of ground was ever before covered by a regiment in such a short space of time.

The Governor-General in Council was pleased to express in general orders his approbation of the conduct of Colonel

¹ The account of this affair is copied from the published Records.

Douglas, Colonel Taylor, and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 79th on this occasion.

The detachment quartered at the railway station were not present at the affair of Secundragunge.

Shortly afterwards the regiment received orders to proceed to Cawnpore. A section of railway was then open from Allahabad to Mahazeepore, or perhaps Kaiga, 30 miles distant. They were provided with tents at Allahabad.

The right wing was sent by rail on 18th January, and encamped at Kaiga; marching the following day, it reached Futtehpoore, in two marches, on the 20th. The left wing joined them there on the 21st, having made the two marches in one day.

After a halt of two days, the 79th, with the 7th Hussars, and E Troop Royal Horse Artillery, marched for Cawnpore, arriving there on the 26th of January. Here the regiment was encamped close to Wheeler's entrenchment and the remains of the hospital barracks, gallantly defended by his small force previous to their surrender and the horrible massacre at the Ghauts.

These barracks, with blood-stained walls, fragments of ladies' and children's clothing, and tresses of ladies' hair, bore testimony to the sufferings of the beleaguered garrison; the sight of such things, of the scene of the massacre of the General and few surviving troops, with gentlemen, ladies, and children, lured by Nana Sahib's treacherous promise of safe conduct to the Ghauts, and of being sent in boats to Allahabad; the sight also of the Bibi-gurh, where "the crowning horror of the great tragedy of Cawnpore" took place, the butchery of some two hundred Christian women and children, helpless to resist, and slaughtered, on the refusal of the Sepoys, by Mussulman butchers from the bazaars; the further sight of "the well," into which matrons and maids, children and infants, living or dead, wounded or unwounded, were promiscuously hurled, roused a spirit for vengeance that was not allayed for many a day.

Cawnpore was to be the base of operations for the final siege of Lucknow ; troops and stores were being massed there, and the siege-train was well on its way thither by the beginning of February.

Sir Colin himself left Futtighur on the 1st, followed by the Cavalry and Horse Artillery he had with him, and reached Cawnpore by forced marches on the 4th. Hope's Brigade and the artillery park started the same day by regular marches, while Walpole's Brigade, strengthened by part of Seaton's, followed a few days later.

The 79th, having completed their camp equipage during their stay here, on the morning of the 4th crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats, and marched to Oonao, where the regiment fell in for a very brief inspection by Sir Colin.

On the 6th, it advanced to Bassaretgunge, and was employed at convoy duty till the 11th, when they again marched to Nawabgunge, and to Bunnee Bridge on the 12th, and there encamped for several days. On the 12th February, the 38th also arrived at Bunnee Bridge ; on the 13th, part of the Naval Brigade, also Brigadier Hope Grant and the 9th Lancers ; on the 22nd, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers passed through and joined the Alumbagh force ; and on the 24th, some of the 7th Hussars, and Remington's Troop Bengal Horse Artillery.

Between Oonao and Bunnee Bridge, there were massed by the 23rd of February, engineers, artillery, horse and foot, commissariat waggons and camp-followers ; seventeen battalions of infantry, of which fifteen were British ; twenty-eight squadrons of cavalry, including four English regiments : fifty-four light and eighty heavy guns and mortars—*Vide Malleon's Hist.*, vol. iv.

At this time, Sir James Outram and his gallant force were holding the Alumbagh against repeated attacks ; Jung Bahadoor with his Goorkhas, and Franks with his division, were advancing from the south-east, and the great contest was now imminent.

It was at Bunnee Bridge that arrangements were made for dividing the attacking force into divisions and brigades; and on the 11th it was intimated to Col. Douglas that he was to command a brigade. On the 17th February he was in orders to command a brigade of the 2nd Division of Infantry, under Brigadier-General Edward Lugard, C.B. He appointed Captain Stevenson his acting Brigade-Major, and the brigade was to consist of the 23rd R.W Fusiliers, the 42nd R.H., and the 79th.

On the 19th February, Captain Stevenson resumed command of No. 1 Company, on Captain Herbert Macpherson, of the 78th Highlanders, joining to assume the duties of Brigade-Major.

On the 26th, the 79th marched to a camp three miles nearer to the Alumbagh, at Bunterah; here the 42nd encamped beside them. The following day the 23rd and 93rd came up, and the 79th moved their camp to the opposite side of the roads. While encamped here, the outlying picquets were threatened with an attack, and the regiment stood to arms.

The rebels made frequent attacks in force on the Alumbagh and on Fort Jellalabad and their small garrisons, viz., on the 15th and 16th, and on the 21st and the 25th, under the Moulvie and the Begum respectively; in all cases they were repulsed, and on the 21st with severe loss, 340 men killed and wounded. They were finally repulsed on the 25th. On the 23rd, Brigadier Hope Grant's column also was engaged with the enemy, doubtless part of the Begum's force.

The 79th were near enough to hear the guns during all these engagements, and were eagerly looking forward to the time when it would be their turn to take part in the fight.

Sir Colin arrived in camp on the 28th; also the remainder of the siege train, and some Punjabees; and on the following day two battalions of the Rifle Brigade (the 2nd and 3rd), and some more Punjabees. In the evening Hope Grant's column returned.

About the end of February a redistribution of regiments to some extent took place. Sir Colin had now a force of about 20,000 men and 180 guns.

Colonel Douglas' Brigade now consisted of the 23rd, 79th, and 1st Bengal Fusileers, and was the 5th Brigade, which, with the 6th (Horsfords), formed the 3rd Division, under Brigadier-General Walpole.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of March Sir Colin Campbell commenced his final advance for the attack of Lucknow.

Taking with him the headquarters of the Artillery Division (Sir A. Wilson and Colonel Wood, C.B.), and three troops of Horse Artillery (D'Aquilar's, Tombs', and Bishop's), two 24-pounders, and two 8-in howitzers of the Naval Brigade, and two companies of Sappers and Miners, the headquarters of the Cavalry Division (Hope Grant), and Little's Cavalry Brigade (9th Lancers, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, detachment of 5th Punjab Cavalry, 1st Sikh Irregulars), and the 2nd Division of Infantry (Lugard's), comprising the 3rd and 4th Brigades; 3rd Brigade (Guy), 34th, 38th, and 53rd; 4th Brigade (Adrian Hope), 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, and 4th Punjab Rifles, he marched on the Dilkusha Park.

Shortly after mess the same evening, just as the officers were turning in for the night, the 79th received orders to march forthwith, and advanced at 11 P.M.

The remainder of Sir Colin's force now closing up on the Dilkusha was composed as follows, viz.:—The remainder of the siege train, and the 3rd Division (Walpole's), comprising the 5th and 6th Brigades—the regiments in the 5th Brigade (Douglas'), as above-mentioned, were the 23rd R.W.F., the 79th, and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers; those of the 6th (Horsford's), 2nd and 3rd Battalions Rifle Brigade, and 2nd Punjab Infantry.

It was a weary march in the dark. Owing to the heavy guns sticking in the deep sand, slow progress was made.

Passing Outram's force in the Alumbagh after day-light, from which three regiments had been withdrawn (the remainder still occupying its old position), the 3rd Division did not join Sir Colin till about 11 A.M. on the 3rd.

Late on the preceding evening batteries, had been erected at the Dilkusha and Mohammed Bagh to play on the Martiniere and the enemy's first or Canal line of works; and, on the 79th halting, they found the 42nd somewhat in advance of them. Companies from each regiment of Walpole's division were sent to the front as advanced picquets, and the whole of the troops were held in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice.

The following description of the enemy's lines of defence and of Sir Colin's plan of attack is abridged from Malleson's History, and it again is based on the report of the Chief Engineer, Brigadier Napier, addressed to the Chief of the Staff:—

The enemy had three lines of defence on the south side of the Goomtee; the outer or canal line; the second from the Lesser Imambarra to the mess-house, and thence to the river near the Motee Mahal; and the third at a point a little in rear of the same Imambarra, covering the Kaisarbagh, and extending to the river near the Chuttar Manzil, about a mile from the Residency.

Sir Colin's plan of attack was to advance with his main force across the canal, and move by the Hazrat-gunge, on the left, on the Kaisarbagh. At the Hazrat-gunge the rebels had a strong battery erected to support their first line of defence; and they had also fortified Banks' house and a mosque nearly opposite thereto. At the same time he was to send a division of all arms across the Goomtee, which, marching up the river on the north side, should take the enemy's position in reverse, and by the fire of artillery render it untenable. The lines of advance of these two forces formed two sides of a triangle, converging to the apex near the Residency, but with the

river to prevent a junction except by a bridge of boats, or further up at the iron and stone bridges. A strong force was required to hold the base of the triangle, and to aid in this he had Brigadier Franks' division of Europeans and Nepaulese, together with the Alumbagh force.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Blair Castle, Blair-Athole, January 12th, 1891.

LADY EVELYN STEWART MURRAY presents her compliments to the editors of the *Highland Monthly*, and begs to send them a copy of a letter, written by Dr Norman Macleod to Principal Baird, which she possesses, bound up with the copy of the 1st vol. of the "Teachdaire," which Dr Macleod presented to Principal Baird (in which he has marked all the articles contributed by himself). Perhaps the editors would consider the letter sufficiently interesting to be worthy of insertion in the *Highland Monthly*.

TO THE VERY REV. PRINCIPAL BAIRD.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending to you the first volume of the *Gaelic Magazine*; a work proposed by you on the morning of that lovely day in October, 1826, on which we left the swift cutter off the headland of Ardnamurchan, and proceeded in the small pinnacle to visit the stations for which schools had been applied for in the district of Sunard.

I need scarcely remind you of the unceasing anxiety with which you urged me day after day to undertake such a work; nor is it necessary to refer to the great reluctance with which I agreed for the first year to try an experiment, which all my Highland friends recommended me not to attempt. Many unforeseen difficulties occurred, which seemed to throw insuperable obstacles in the way, but your generous desire and determined resolution of attempting a work which you conceived calculated to promote the edification and rational amusement of the poor Highlanders overcame all difficulties. You came several times to Campsie and Glasgow to converse with me and with various publishers on the subject, and I verily believe if all the letters which you wrote in reference to the *Gaelic Magazine* had been preserved and bound up, they would have formed a volume not less in size to that which they have been the means of producing.

I do not wish to state the actual pecuniary outlay which the Gaelic periodical has cost you. Pardon me for observing that, in this respect, it owes more to your generosity than to all the heritors, gentry, and clergy of the Highlands put together.

I have prefixed to this volume an index of the contents in the English language, in order that you and others who cannot read the Gaelic may be able, to a certain extent, to form some idea of the nature of the subjects treated of. I have put a cross before all the articles prepared by myself, that you may perceive the extent of the assistance afforded me. That I have had some trouble and anxiety in preparing the articles and conducting the work is true, but I can say in great sincerity that to no part of my life do I look back with greater pleasure than the hours spent in preparing matter for this ^{small} periodical. How far the work has been conducted in such a manner as to meet your intentions, or give satisfaction to the public, it is not for me to say, but I owe to you, its projector and *Father*, to state what I know to be the case, that the Gaelic Magazine has, in the course of its short existence, cheered many a lonely dwelling—afforded amusement and conveyed instruction to thousands of our beloved countrymen. It has found its way to the dark solitudes of America, and, as appears by letters from that country, it is now, in their own language (dear to them by every association that can impress the mind), rejoicing the hearts of many of the brave expatriated sons of Caledonia. It comes to them as good news from a far country, and has proved as cold water to a thirsty soul.

You have lived, my dear sir, to see much of the fruit of your labour, even in your own day, and that you may long be spared to see more and more of it, is, believe me, the prayer of every true-hearted Highlander on the face of the earth, and of none of them with greater sincerity and fervour than, my dear sir, your grateful and affectionate friend,

NOR. MACLEOD.

Campsie Manse, 1st of May, 1830.

NA SEAN-FHACAIL.

II.

(a) "SID A' BHUILLE AIG AN STADADH M ATHAIR."

A REIR mar a chuala mi bha duine ann o chionn fada do 'm b'ainm Boban Saor. Cha robh duine ann ri 'linn a dheanadh cubaireachd cho math ris. Cha robh ann ach duine gle bheag, meata, ged a bha e ainmeil mar fhear ceairde. Ainmeil 's mar a bha e cha b'urrainn da daoine thoileachadh. Gheibheadh iad coire air chor-eiginn do na h-uile soitheach a dheanadh e. Am fear nach biodh mor bhiodh e beag ; am fear nach biodh cumhann bhiodh e farsuinn.

Rinn e tuba a bha anabarrach math, agus a bha ro ghrinn air a chur ri cheile. Bha e ga dheanamh fhein lanchinnteach nach b'urrainn duine sam bith cron fhaotainn dha. Chaidh e fhein fo bheul an tuba ri taobh an rathaid feuch an cluinneadh e ciod am beachd a bhiodh aig luchd-gabhail an rathaid air. Cha robh e fada fo bheul an tuba an uair a thainig dithis no triuir dhaoine. Sheas iad an uair a thug iad an aire do 'n tuba, agus thug fear dhiubh breab dha, agus thuirt e :—

“ Nach math fhein an lamh a th' aig an fhear a rinn an tuba so. Mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh 's e Boban Saor a rinn e, Cha 'n 'eil cron fo 'n ghrein air ach an aon chron—tha e car domhain. B'fheairrde e da oirleach a bhith dheth.”

“ Tha thu direach aige,” ars' am fear eile, “ tha e car domhain gun teagamh ; ach nan robh e beagan ni b'fharsuinne na tha e, dheanadh e 'n gnothach taghta math. Na'm bu leamsa e chuirinn an sabh air, agus bheirinn pailt da oirleach dheth.”

Mhol an treas fear an tuba air son cho snasail 's a bha e air a dheanamh, ach cha dubhairt e 'n corr.

An uair a dh' fhalbh na fir thainig Boban Saor a mach o bheul an tuba, agus thug e da oirleach dheth, agus chaidh e rithist a steach fo 'bheul feuch an cluinneadh e ciod a theireadh luchd-ghabhail an rathaid. Cha robh e fada fo'n tuba an uair a thainig triuir no ceathrar eile. Sheas iad aig an tuba, agus thoisich iad ri moladh cho fìor shnasail 's a bha e air a dheanamh. Ach thuirt iad a beul a cheile gu robh e tuilleadh is iosal, agus nan robh e da oirleach ni b'airde na bha e nach b'urrainn tuba bhith ni b'fhearr na e. An uair a dh' fhalbh iad thainig Boban Saor a mach o bheul an tuba, agus thuirt e ris fhein gu 'm bu cheart cho math dha sgur a dh' fheuchainn ri daoine thoileachadh.

Bha nigheann aig Boban Saor a bha ainmeil 'na latha air son cho glic, agus cho tuigseach 's a bha i. Bhiodh i'n comhnuidh anns an taigh chubaireachd an uair a bhiodh a h-athair ag obair, agus bhiodh i 'gabhail beachd air a h-uile car a bhiodh a h-athair a' deanamh. Thuigeadh i a cheart cho math ri h-athair, air fuaim na buille, an uair a bhiodh an cearcall teann gu leor. Air latha araidh bha i 'dol seachad air taigh cubaireachd, agus chual i 'n cubair a' teannachadh cearcaill. Sheas i 'ga eisdeachd. An uair a dh'aithnich i air fuaim na buille gu robh 'n cearcall teann gu leor thuirt i:—

“ Sid a' bhuille aig an stadadh m' athair.”

Ach cha do stad an cubair aig a' bhuille ud idir, agus mu 'n d' thug e thar buille no dha eile do 'n chearcall bhrìst e. Nan do stad e aig a' bhuille aig am bu choir dha stad bha 'chuis ceart. Le buille no dha a bharrachd a thoirt do 'n chearcall air na bu choir dha, thug e dragh inntinn agus tuilleadh obrach dha fhein, agus cha d' rinn e feum sam bith do neach sam bith eile, mur do chuir e sgillinn ann am pocaid an fhir a bhiodh a' deanamh nan cearcall.

Tha moran gliocais air 'fhilleadh a staigh anns na briathran so a labhair nigheann Bhobain Shaoir. Tha iad coltach ri sean-fhacal no dha eile a bha aon uair gle chumanta anns an duthaich:—“ An uair a's teinne an taod 's ann a's docha e bhrìsteadh.” “ Is fheairrde bra a breacadh ach gun a brìsteadh.”

Ma bhios daoine tuilleadh is cruaidh air an cloinn, no air an luchd-muinntir, faodaidh iad a bhith cinnteach gu 'n dean iad cron cho mor 's a dheanadh iad nan leigeadh iad tuilleadh 's a' choir de 'n toil fhein leo. Mur bi an cearcall teann gu leor cha dean e feum sam bith, agus ma bhios e tuilleadh is teann faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'm brist e.

Feumaidh am beag 's am mor, an sean 's an t-og tomhas riaghailteach de 'n toil fhein fhaotainn. Agus an uair a theid iad ceum bhar na slighe, feumar an cronachadh; ach cha choir an garg-chronachadh.

Tha coir againn an aite fhein a thoirt do na h-uile, ach feumaidh sinn ar ceart aire thoirt nach fhaigh iad aite air nach 'eil iad airidh.

An uair a tha neach sam bith airidh air moladh is coir a mholadh; ach ma mholar neach tuilleadh is mor, no tuilleadh is tric, faodar cron a dheanamh dha. Feumaidh an seol a bhith a reir a' bhata, agus an t-soirbheis. Ma bhios e ro mhor, theid i thairis, agus ma bhios e ro bheag cha dean i astar.

Ann an iomadh suidheachadh, agus aig iomadh àm dh' fhaodadh an sean-fhacal so feum mor a dheanamh do gach neach. Ach feumaidh sinn a thoirt fa near nach 'eil e idir cho furasda dhuinn a chur an cleachdadh 's a tha e labhairt uime. Bha nigheann Bhubain Shaoir iomadh latha cluinntinn fuaim cur nan cearcall mu 'n do thuig i cuin a bhiodh iad teann gu leor. Ach thuig i e do bhrìgh gu robh i 'ga thoirt fa near. Tha moran ann nach toir fa near na nithean a chi 's a chluinn aig àm sam bith. Cha toir iad fa near cia mar is coir dhaibh an obair a ghabh iad os laimh a dheanamh. So mar a thachair do 'n chubair a bha 'teannachadh a' chearcaill riamh gus an do bhrìst e. Nach tric a chi agus a chluinn sinn muinntir ri obair agus ri cainnt mu nach 'eil a' bheag a dh' eolas aca? Mur toir duine fa near cia mar is coir dha a ghnothach a dheanamh, cha 'n fhaigh e air aghaidh gu brath. Ach mar is trice, an uair a theid cuisean gu tur an aghaidh duine, cuiridh e gach coire air falbh uaith fhein, agus a dh' ionnsuidh ni no

neach eiginn eile. “Is fhada bhios fear o ’n taigh mu ’n toir e droch sgeul dhachaidh air fhein.”

(b) “O NACH LEAM CHA TARRUINN.”

Bha duine og ann aon uair a bha deanamh suas ri triuir de nigheannan oga aig an aon am. Cho fad ’s a b’ aithne dha, bha iad nan triuir gun mar-a-bhiodh orra. Ach bha aon ni ann air nach robh fios aige, agus b’ e sin, co an te a b’ fhearr nadur dhiubh. Bha fhios aige nach ’eil e soirbh a dh’ fhear sam bith fios fhaotainn air nadur n’ghinn an uair a tha e ’deanamh suas rithe. Gu nadurra tha h-uile nigheann, agus a h-uile gille a’ feuchainn ri bhith cho grinn ’s cho ciuin ’s cho modhail ri cheile ’s a ghabhas deanamh, an uair a tha iad a’ deanamh suas ri cheile. Bha fhios aige mar an ceudna gu’ m biodh e mi-thoilichte a h-uile latha ri bheo nam posadh e te aig am biodh droch nadur. Is docha gu’n cuala e an seann oran anns an robh an ceathramh so :—

“ Bean an droch naduir,
 ’S coma leam fhein dhi,
 Bean an droch naduir neonaich,
 Bean an droch naduir,
 ’S coma leam fhein dhi ;
 B’ fhearr leam bhith falamh na ’posadh.”

Coma co dhiu, air dha bhith gu tric a’ dol fo ’smaointean mu’n chuis, bhuaile e anns an inntinn aige gu robh aon doigh ann co dhiu leis am faodadh e gne de bheachd fhaotainn co an te dhiubh a b’ fhearr nadur. Dh’ iarr e orra ’nan triuir a choinneachadh air latha araidh aig sruthan beag a bha air cul a’ mhonaidh. An uair a choinnich iad aig an t-sruthan so thuirt e riu gu robh tlachd cho mor aige dhiubh nan triuir ’s nach robh fhios aige, co ’n te dhiubh de ’n deanadh e roghainn. “Tha fhios agaibh,” ars’ esan, “nach fhaod mise ach aon te dhibh a phosadh ; agus cha mho a tha soirbh dhomh a radh co an te dhibh a’s fhearr a ni bean dhomh. Ach mu’ m fag sinn so feumaidh mi ’chuis a chur an dara taobh. Nighibh bhur lamhan ’n ’ur triuir

anns an t-sruthan, agus tha aon searbhadair agamsa an so, agus bheir mi dhuibh eadraibh e gus 'ur lamhan a thiomachadh, agus an te a's luaithe aig am bi a lamhan tioram 's i 'phosas mi." Dh'aontaich iad nan triuir gu robh so ceart. Nigh iad an lamhan, agus an uair a shin e dhaibh an searbhadair, rug dithis dhuibh air ceann an te dheth, agus thoisich iad air a tharruinn o cheile. 'S e 'bh' ann gu'n deachaidh iad ann an gruagan a cheile, agus mu 'n do stad iad bha fuil a cheile muigh aca. Cha deachaidh an treas te nan coir an uair a chunnaic i an obair a bh' aca. Thoisich i air bualadh a lamhan ri cheile agus ri radh, "O nach leam cha tarruinn, O nach leam cha tarruinn." Cha robh a lamhan tiotadh a' tiomachadh. Bha iad tioram aice roimh 'n dithis eile, agus a bharrachd air sin, dhearbh i gu robh nadur ni b' fhearr aice na bh' aig a h-aon dhiubh.

B'fhearr gu'n deanadh a h-uile te mar a rinn i so. Nam fanadh muinntir o gach ni ris nach 'eil gnothach aca, bhiodh an saoghal moran ni's fhearr na tha e. Nach tric a chi sinn aimhreit ag eiridh eadar dhaoine mu nithean nach buin dhaibh. Dh'faodadh dithis a bhith reidh gu leor mu 'n aon t-searbhadair. Ach bha iad so mar a bha, agus a tha, moran eile. Cha 'n fhoghnadh leo an gnothach fhein a dheanamh, ach dh'fheumadh iad gnothach a h-uile neach eile 'chumail air dheireadh. Cha do chaill neach riamh air an aire thoirt d' a gnothach fhein. An ni nach fhaigh sinn le sith tha e cho math dhuinn e bhith uainn ri e bhith againn. "O nach leam cha tarruinn."

IAIN.

A WEEK IN IRELAND.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS, PROVOST OF INVERNESS.

PART I.

IT is a curious fact that very few of our friends and neighbours resident in the North have visited our sister isle, and how little is known of its appearance and people, and it has occurred to me that it might interest your readers to read a few notes of my first impressions of the North of Ireland during a short trip there.

Leaving Glasgow by the mail steamer in the evening, we crossed to Belfast, arriving there in the early morning, and as I had to keep an appointment in the far west by mid-day, on awakening I hurried on my dress, and ran on deck, not waiting for breakfast, and found myself amongst a number of other passengers all equally anxious to get ashore to catch the train. The captain had, however, to cant the ship, and she was just moving away from the quay. I leapt on shore, and had my luggage handed after me, and hurried on in an Irish car to the station of the Great Northern of Ireland, to find that I had a good three-quarters of an hour to spare. I had not altered my watch to Irish time, which is about 27 minutes behind English. This was my first warning that I was in a new country. It, however, enabled me to have a comfortable breakfast, and look about me before undertaking my railway journey. Entering the railway station, the extra breadth of the carriage attracted my attention, and I found the Irish gauge was five feet, or several inches wider than the Scotch. The carriages, though comfortable enough, did not seem so substantial as those at home, and I had frequent occasion to note in the course of my journey the wonderful varieties of carriages and engines on the Irish lines; they looked to me as if the plant had been collected at random, and the management had not stuck fast to any very decided pattern.

Travelling out of Belfast by Dongannon, by Omah to Strabane, one could not help being struck with the wonderful richness of the soil and the garden-like country we ran through. The country is comparatively flat, and cultivation extends over the whole landscape to the hilltops. The fields are small and irregular, and it seemed to me as if too large an area was occupied by hedges, dykes, &c. This remark applies to the whole run through to Donegal. The farms seem uniformly too small for really high-class profitable cultivation.

FROM "SCOTSMAN'S" SPECIAL REPORTER.

"In the county of Donegal there are in all about 32,000 holdings. Of these, 1400 do not exceed 1 acre in extent; above 1 acre and not over 5 acres there are about 2600; above 5 and not over 15 acres, 10,300; above 15 and not exceeding 30 acres, 8500; above 30 and not exceeding 50 acres, 4041; above 50 and not exceeding 100 acres, 3234; above 100 and not over 200 acres, 1070; above 200 and not over 500 acres, 358; and upwards of 500, 110 holdings. Donegal has a greater number of small farms—that is, of holdings—between 5 and 30 acres in extent than any other county in Ireland excepting Mayo and Galway, and upon the latter it approaches very closely. County Down is not far behind, and it has by some thousands the greatest number of holdings under 5 acres. These statistics represent the Donegal small farmers in a somewhat rosy light. The great majority of them have holdings between 5 and 30 acres in extent, but as a rule only a small portion of the holding is under tillage. Perhaps only a half or a third of it is capable of being cultivated. The rest consists of bog, moor, rock, or boulders, and can hardly be brought to bear crops of any kind. The statistics of the extent under sown crops bear out this. The entire area in Donegal under all kinds of crops, including meadow and clover, extends to only about 237,400 acres, or little more than an average of seven acres to every holding. Then the Union of Glenties, which embraces a wide area of the highlands and seaboard, has an average of less than five acres for each of its 6600 holders.

"When it is mentioned that with nearly 32,000 holdings Donegal has only 20,000 adult horses, it will readily be understood that this county is very largely dependant upon spade labour for the tillage of the land. The donkey is not so largely employed here as further south. There are barely 2500 of these most useful beasts of burden in the entire county. The stock of cattle is fairly numerous, but not as a rule of a good class. On the small farms they are usually small, stunted looking, and ill-

shaped, many of them brindled in colour and of a stamp not liked by feeders. They are evidently slow growers, and sluggish in fattening, and the cows are scarcely moderate as milkers. There is great need for improvement in the class of cattle.

“The greater part of Donegal is a bleak, bare, mountainous country. In my wandering through it I have more than once unconsciously imagined myself in the county of Sutherland. There is a greater extent of brown moor here than in that northern Scottish county, and there is a vast deal more of the surface covered with solid rock or huge loose boulders. Along the sea coast and in most of the inland straths there are irregular stretches of arable land, but only in exceptional cases does the soil seem to be so kindly and fertile—and rarely, let it be said at once, is it so well handled—as is the arable land of Sutherlandshire.”

Arrived at Victoria Bridge I found the next part of my journey, for 12 or 15 miles, was to be by the tramcar railway. This was a light railway laid along the path of the public road, with a guage of about 2-6 or 2-9. The rails were light service rails, laid on the footpath without fencing of any kind, just as one sees in the streets of large towns. The train consisted of an engine, a 1st and 3rd class carriage, and a goods van. The carriages were entered at the end, and the passengers sat on either side as in an ordinary omnibus. The engine was closed in round the wheels and machinery, as is usual in a street engine, and a light roof on upright shaded the driver. In the roof was placed the condensers, so that neither engine nor steam was apparent to disturb horses. The train carries about 60 people and a goods van, and is managed by one engineer and a conductor, who takes the fares and registers them as the ordinary 'bus conductor does. The expense of the working is therefore very small. There are no stations nor platforms, and the train stops at the cross roads or near any suitable place to let down and take up passengers. The speed is very fair, and including stoppages and delays, the ground is gone over at 12 to 14 miles an hour, and that with all the comfort of a regular train. The engine is evidently very powerful, and the inclines were surmounted in a very steady and regular way; the speed sometimes became reduced to 5 or 6 miles an hour, but this was made up by a little extra speed

down hill. Such a line could, so far as gradients are concerned, be laid down and wrought from Inverness to Helmsdale without altering a single gradient on the turnpike road, or frightening a single horse.

From Strionolair to Donegal there is laid down a narrow guage light railway. This is a more substantial undertaking, and capable of much heavier work, in fact quite sufficient for a very considerable traffic. It has its regular staff of stationmasters, engineers, and guards, and travels at a considerable speed. The carriages are of the common form, seated as in Scotland, and in every way as to equipment and style it is a miniature railway. The utility of these light railways is unquestionable. I had a very decided prejudice against them when talked of for the Highlands of Scotland, but a very slight acquaintance with them sufficed to convince me that, under certain circumstances, they might be found very valuable. It is quite true they are not fitted for heavy traffic or very high speed, but they are equal to the requirements of any branch line possible to be constructed in the Highlands, in fact for journeys which can be accomplished in 4 or 5 hours. And this of itself to a man going from or to London from the West Highlands, means a great deal; as, if he can get dry and comfortable to the main line at Garve or Auchnasheen, the gain is immense, and the terrors of the Dhirie-Mhor become a thing of the past. The tramcars and light railways must be regarded as feeders to the main line—a sort of advance on the ordinary carriers' cart. The transshipment of goods at the change of guage is often urged as an objection; but this is, though serious, much exaggerated, and does not affect passengers and ordinary light traffic. Where the traffic is heavy it would be worth making a full-sized railway, and the light railways are only for points which never can have an exceedingly heavy traffic, or isolated districts, therefore the quantity to be exchanged must be manageable; and I venture to say that with proper appliances the goods of any light train could be transferred to the main line by a couple of porters in half an hour.

I would earnestly draw the attention of the Highland Railway Company to this means of increasing their profits and usefulness, and I think all the short branches to the west, and the extension to Cromarty, Portmahomack, and such like, might be made on this economical principle. A notable case for the tramcar rail is Dornoch. A tramcar line to connect it with the Mound Station, a distance of eight or ten miles, would be easily made, and undoubtedly pay. A high authority in Ireland sums up his views in a few words. He says—"Regarding light railways; these being all narrow guage, the transshipment at the junction with a broad guage is a great drawback. Putting it shortly, for passenger and light goods, they are a success; for coal, timber, and heavy goods traffic, they are a failure." This means that for main lines and heavy traffic they are not suitable, but it does not detract from their usefulness as auxiliaries and short feeders. He further adds—"A baronial guarantee of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or thereby has hitherto been given for such, or, in other words, the Government gives $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the barony has to make up the rest. Now, however, the Government is taking *all* the burden and the baronies are getting off Scot free. I may say that all the light railways settled on for this year the Government is finding the money, or they will find for the broad guage, if the railway companies provide the rolling stock."¹

¹ The people of Lewis, Skye, and the West Highlands of Scotland are at present agitating for railways in all directions, and an increase of harbour accommodation, and opinion is much divided as to the best way of securing this. Looking to the subject in the light of the foregoing remarks, it seems to me that, for the islands and isolated districts, it does not matter what guage or kind of railway is adopted, so long as it is cheap and economical, but wherever connection has to be made with main lines like the present "Highland," change of guage and transshipment must always be a serious matter. Therefore, for the islands, a light railway may be adopted with advantage, but on the mainland the branch must be a full guage, or take the shape of a mere steam tramway, and be regarded only as an auxiliary. There can be no reason why the tramcar should not be developed and strengthened as almost to do the work of a light railway—which is only a miniature of the full-sized one—but you must not call it a railway. A tramcar train can carry sixty or eighty passengers

I have been betrayed to discourse on railways, whilst my real intention was to say something about the land and the people. Arriving at Castlederg, a village on the western borders of County Tyrone, I was struck with the bright comfortable appearance of the place. The houses were well built, the streets regular and clean; really a model country village, more of the pattern of an English one, and the resemblance was emphasized by the English church with its churchyard and associations. The church has been recently repaired, and a handsome hall built through the energy of the rector and in concert with the Freemason's Lodge. But from some of the legends scrawled on the walls and door, it was very evident the people of Castlederg were not all of one faith and one hope. I was informed that since the tramcar way was formed, all the ladies went to Omagh and the larger towns to do their shopping, and thereby injuring the trade of the town. I attended service on Sunday, and found a very fair though by no means crowded congregation. I understand the denominations are pretty equally divided.

There are the remains of a castle and courtyard, but it partakes of the barrack character, like Ruthven and Glen-

and a goods van, or a similar weight of goods, and all the work is done by an engineer and conductor—no stations or signalmen except at the depots. The passengers are taken up and let down as required. This limits the speed, but by a little arrangement the regular stopping-places can be fixed at convenient points, and no inconvenience felt. Whenever you call the system a railway, then comes in stations, platforms, stationmasters, porters, signalmen, &c., which very quickly stops all idea of a return, whereas the tramcar requires none of these. Most of the offshoots from the main Highland line to the West Coast (except the Skye line) could, I think, be wrought on the tramcar system. Of course the extension to Kyleakin must be made to provide for heavy traffic, which, for a large part of the West Coast, could be re-shipped at that depot. For the other points, such as Lochinver, Ullapool, Aultbea, Arisaig, a superior form of tramcar would suffice; and it would benefit the West Coast far more to have many harbours and half a dozen of these light lines than one great one, which would concentrate the traffic at one point. It is well known that the fishermen in the North Minch cannot run to Strome with their catch, but they could land their fish at any of the points indicated above, and get them run off by the trains, the additional number of trains making ample amends for their inferior carrying power.

elg, and evidently has been built for modern military purposes. The older or original castle is situated half-a-mile or more to the south ; it is now converted into a farm-house, and otherwise disposed of. The country for miles round Castlederg is extremely rich and well cultivated, and there are some fair sized farms. Flax is largely grown, and the lint-pot or pond for steeping it formed a marked feature attached to every little farm or croft. The majority of the farms are under 30 acres ; and I understood a man having 60 and 70 acres to be an extensive farmer.

My business led me to the mountains of Donegal (the Irish always speak of mountains, never hills), and after passing over some half-a-dozen miles of road, bounded, as far as the eye could reach, with rich, well-cultivated lands, and farms of considerable dimensions, I struck into an upland entirely of heather, like the upper reaches of Stratherrick. From this point to the Atlantic Ocean, the mountains are covered with heather and grass, and one might suppose himself in the west of Sutherland or the Lews. Near this spot is situated the famous lake where St Patrick, it is said, "prevailed on God to place the mouth of Purgatory, that unbelievers might the more readily be convinced of the immortality of the soul, and of the sufferings that await the wicked after death. . . . The process was to starve the candidate, and by long vigils so to exhaust him that he became an easy prey to their schemes, and received impressions which they desired to leave on his mind. He was then let down into the cavern, and after a few hours drawn up again, half dead with fear at the horror and visions of his dreams." I was unable to visit the loch and island, but I believe to this day the island is visited by humble penitents.

On the road from Castlederg to Castlefinn I passed a very fine specimen of a bog ; it seemed three or four miles long, and perhaps two broad. As flat as a billiard-table, and green as rich verdant grass could make it. Along the edge were signs of cutting, but the natives had made but a

small inroad on it, though the extent of excavation and turf cuttings was very great. On remarking that we had no such beautiful bogs in Scotland, and no doubt this one was 20 to 30 feet deep, the driver, with scorn, said, "Twenty feet! it's a thousand ave it's wan." "O, come, that's too much, your bogs aren't so deep as that; and certainly your hills are not much over half the height of our Scotch ones." "Eh, begorra, if ye travel over the tops of a few of them hills," pointing to the N.W., "ye'll come to hills as high as the Himillays." I found an Irishman was never to be beat by any marvellous story; they determine to excel in everything, and even in the railway gauge the spirit of rivalry led them into a five foot instead of 4 feet 9 inches.

Travelling on the rails towards Donegal I met a large number of drovers and cattle dealers on their way to the market; the great market of the season held at Mount Charles. I was questioned as to "whether it was calves I wanted," and what kind of stock I was after, and on satisfying my fellow travellers that I was no competitor for stock, we fell into a pleasant chat. There were some six or eight of them in the compartment, all ready to give or take information. They strongly advised me to come and see the fair. I replied that I would like it above all things, but said I, "Is it safe? You won't murder me, will you?" "Oh, divel a fear of ye. Sure we'll all go bail for you. Don't ye believe their lying newspapers. We are the quatest and most peaceable people on the face of the earth; if you would just give us Home Rule, and start some local industries, we would be all right." I remarked that that was just the whole thing, if they got Home Rule they would be all at each others' throats in no time, and have the country filled with adventurers. "Oh, you don't understand; we don't want separation. We only want to be as the States of America are to the United States, and if we just got that kind of Home Rule, and the Government would make some more light railways, and build some factories to give us

employment, we might do." I said, "O, that's just where you fail. We in Scotland, when we want a factory, establish it ourselves, and don't want Government to interfere, further than seeing fair play." "Ah, you see, we are so poor, and we are tould ye have the goold in shovelfulls over with you; its easy for you." I replied, "Well, if such a poor country with a soil not to be compared with Ireland can make herself rich, what could you not do with such a perfect garden as we are passing through?"

The lazy bed is still in use all over these parts, and it is most depressing to see the quantity of ground wasted in ditches and dykes. I was amused to observe that in every field of potatoes, at intervals of a yard or two apart, cabbages were planted. This gave the field a curious dotted appearance, the green cabbage standing out amongst the decaying potato crops. For the last few miles of our journey we ran through a comparatively barren country, but on arriving at the pretty little town of Donegal, situated at the head of Donegal Bay, the scene completely changes to a lovely well-wooded country, well cultivated, the foliage reaching to the water. The town of Donegal is replete with interest. At the head of the bay stands the remains of an old Franciscan Abbey, and here it was that the "Annals of the Four Masters" was written. Situated a little further inland, and overhanging the river bank close beside the town, stands the magnificent ruins of "The Castle," where the Princes of Tyrconnell held their sway. The castle is well built, with oriel and mullioned and transomed windows, turrets corbelled out in an effective way at the angles of the great tower, and of a design peculiar to Irish architecture. The style of work does not indicate a high antiquity, the dining hall chimney piece being of the Jacobian period. The walls are generally in good preservation; they are well embedded in ivy. The grounds are enclosed with a wall, and are beautifully kept.

THE SHERIFFDOM OF INVERNESS, AND ITS CHANGES.

PUBLIC attention being at present drawn to the proceedings of the Boundary Commissioners in their clippings and straightenings of the boundaries of counties and parishes, it may be held a convenient opportunity for giving a brief account of some of the changes which have taken place in the limits and boundaries of Inverness-shire, the greatest Sheriffdom in Scotland.

No records, in consequence of the thefts committed by Edward I. of England, now remaining referring to these early periods, it is impossible to say with precision at what time Scotland was divided into Sheriffdoms; some holding that the germs appeared after Kenneth Macalpine's final success, and others that the division did not take place until the time of Malcolm Canmore.

This King created seven Earls, and he and his successors, up to the time of Margaret the Maiden, were assisted in the government as an hereditary council by the seven Earls and their successors when major, notwithstanding the subsequent creation of other Earls. They are frequently referred to in ancient writings, but are not distinctly enumerated. It is understood they were Dunbar, Fife, Stratherne, Menteith, Mar, Buchan, and Lennox, the Earl of Fife being certainly one.

William the Lion, in the early part of his reign (1165-1214), refers to the Sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1204, William de Freskyn; in 1227, William Pratt; and in 1292, Reginald de Chen, with others, appear as Sheriffs of Inverness in the 13th century. The West Islands of Inverness and Ross formed of old part of North Argyll, when Scotland was divided into a few provinces.

In 1292, in the time of Baliol, a new Sheriffdom was ordered to be created out of North Argyll, Glenelg, Skye,

Lewis, and 8 Davochs of land, including Eigg, Rum, Uist, Barra, and small isles adjoining, all belonging to the Earl of Ross, to be called the Sheriffdom of Skye; but although in 1370 David II. confirms a Charter to William, Earl of Ross, wherein he is styled Lord of Skye, it is doubtful whether the creation ever took even temporary effect.

In 1366, a roll of the various Sheriffdoms was made up, and the proportion of taxation allocated. The valuation of Inverness, which included Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness (Orkney and Zetland not belonging to Scotland at this period) was ascertained to be £3113 11s 8d of old extent, and the true value £1080 10s 9d Scots. Inverness thus comprehended five present counties, and extended from the Grampians to the Pentland Firth.

In 1503, Mamore and Lochaber were added as a small sop in anticipation of a great intended deprivation. In the same year, on the narrative that there had been great lack and failure of justice in the North parts, such as Caithness and Ross, for failure of the division of the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which was over great, and its parts were far distant from the Burgh of Inverness—Ross and Caithness were created separate and distinct Sheriffdoms, with seats of justice at Tain or Dingwall for Ross; Dornoch or Wick for Caithness; the people, however, being bound, as they now are, to appear in Assize Courts at Inverness.

Though effect was so far given, still the Inverness authorities were unwilling to relax their hold, and in 1594 the Earl of Huntly, hereditary Sheriff of Inverness, obtained reduction of a commission of justiciary granted to the Earl of Caithness, over the diocese of Caithness.

In 1598, the Earl of Huntly's jurisdiction was ordered to be given up over the Lewis, Trotternish, &c., and a new Stewarty to be erected. This does not appear to have been acted on.

In 1633, Lord Lorne had influence to get the Barony of Lochiel, Ardgour, Sunart, Ardnamurchan, and some of the smaller isles detached from Inverness-shire, and added to

Argyll. About this time the hereditary Sheriffship had to be given up by Huntly on pressure from the Crown, when it was conferred on the Earl of Moray.

In 1647, and for some years, the ruling authorities dispensed with some of the hereditary Sheriffs, appointing in this year Hugh Rose of Kilravock as Sheriff, and in 1648 the Marquis of Argyll, for Inverness-shire.

In 1649, David Ross of Balnagown and Sir Robert Innes of that Ilk, members for Ross, complained that while by the Act of 11th March, 1503, Caithness and Sutherland had really been disjoined from Inverness, and had separate Sheriffs, Ross had not; and in 1649, 1650-54, and 1655, numerous attempts were made to settle the respective boundaries and jurisdictions of Inverness and Ross. In 1654, Inverness-shire was deprived of one of its Parliamentary members and limited thereafter to one.

In 1661, by Act passed on 5th April, after the Restoration, the boundaries were finally designated thus:—

“ From the Stockfoord of Ross inclusive, including the Lordship of Ardmannoch, and all the lands and bounds within the old diocese of Ross, on the north side of the Ferry of Kessock (excepting the lands belonging to the Lord Lovat and his vassals, the Sheriffdom of Cromartie, and so much of the lands of Ferrintosh as formerly pertained to the Sheriffdom of Nairn), and that the Shire of Ross comprehend the Isle of Lewis pertaining to the Earl of Seaforth, and that there be Sheriff Courts at the Burghs of Tain, Dingwall, or Fortrose, as the Sheriff may appoint.”

Notwithstanding this apparently final settlement, Alexander, Earl of Moray, having at the Restoration had the Sheriffship restored, was, in the year 1662, accused before the Secret Council of interfering in Ross. His answers, which, so far as known, have never been published, are arrogant in tone, but very interesting, in explaining his views, giving also some idea of the appearances made in public at the time by great nobles when on journeys:—

 "INFORMATION FOR THE EARL OF MORAY, 1662.

"There is a Bill given in to the Lords of Secret Council, at the instance of His Majesty's Advocate and the heritors and inhabitants of the Shire of Ross, bearing that, by the Act of Parliament, King James IV., Parl. 6, c. 61, the Sheriffdom of Inverness is divided, and that it is ordained that there should be a Sheriff in Ross who should sit for the administration of justice in Tain or Dingwall; and that by a late Act of this present Parliament, the marches of the said shires of Inverness and Ross are delimited, and it is ordained that the Sheriff of each of said shires should contain themselves within the bounds of their jurisdiction, and should not encroach the one upon the other; and that, notwithstanding, the Earl of Moray, having no commission to be Sheriff of Ross, did convocate a great number of the lieges and persons mentioned in the said Bill with swords and other arms, the time mentioned in the said Bill, and did enter within the shire of Ross, and usurped His Majesty's authority in holding Courts at Tain and Dingwall, and appointed Deputes, who have acted as his Deputes; whereupon it is concluded that the said Earl and his complices should not only be discharged from usurping the said jurisdiction within the said shire of Ross, but also to be exemplarie punished.

"It is answered to the said complaint—That, whereas it is pretended to be at the instance of the Heritors and Inhabitants of Ross, the names of the complainers ought to be condescended upon, and warrants from them ought to be produced for intending and insisting on the said complaint to their behalf, and such complaints in name of the whole inhabitants and heritors, ought not to be admitted, being invidious and irrelevant. Seeing the whole shire not being an incorporation, there can be no complaint in the name and under the notion of a shire, and if the persons, complainers were condescended upon, it would appear that the complaint is unwarrantable, seeing that a warrant cannot be shewn from them, and the defender may and would allege that they disown any such complaint, at least the most considerable part of said inhabitants; and if any of them have entered a complaint, the defender offers to prove that they have been threatened thereto by a commanding letter, and a paper therewith sent to

them, to be subscribed by them, as the attested double of both can testify.

“Whereas the said complaint is at the instance of His Majesty’s Advocate. It is humbly conceived that a complaint of this nature against a person of the defender’s quality, being a peer and councillor, concluding that exemplar punishment for violating and usurping His Majesty’s authority, ought not to be at the instance of His Majesty’s Advocate, upon information of any person, unless the informer, or pursuer, or His Majesty’s Advocate, had express warrant from His Majesty to that effect.

“Whereas it is pretended that the defender has contravened His Majesty’s laws, having convocate His Majesty’s lieges, and having entered within Ross in a hostile manner; it is answered that the complaint is most injurious and irrelevant, in so far as no act or circumstances of combination or hostility is or can be libelled, and *defacto* the defender was no otherways accompanied the time libelled, nor is lawful and fitting for a person of his quality, and he is in use to be accompanied at other times; and as to the preience of having swords and arms, &c., it is most groundless, seeing it is lawful and ordinary for gentlemen to have swords, and it is not libelled that they had hagbutts, or other battle arms, and it is ordinary for noblemen and gentlemen of quality to ride with pistols; so that to infer upon the defender, his being accompanied in his accustomed manner, and as is suitable to his quality, and his riding with a sword and pistols, that he is guilty of convocation, it is an inference most irrelevant; and it may be retorted that the informers of His Majesty’s Advocate have contravened His Majesty’s laws and Acts of Parliament, which are most strict against such suggestions and traducing of His Majesty’s barons and councillors.

“Whereas the said complaint is founded upon the Act of Parliament anent the division and showing of the march of the shires of Inverness and Ross, in this Parliament. The said Act of Parliament is not produced, and it is humbly desired that it may be produced, seeing it is not printed, and the defender is not obliged to answer a complaint founded on the same, unless it was seen.

“Whereas it is complained that the defender has holden Courts at Dingwall and Tain, and appointed Deputes, who did

act by virtue of a power and deputation from him. It is evident how injurious the said complaint is, charging the defender with usurpation and convocation, whereas the same are only informed upon as to holding of Courts and exercising of jurisdiction ; and the defender did no wrong in doing the same, in respect the defender's father was provided to the office of Sheriff of the Sheriffdom of Inverness, comprehending Ross, and did exercise the said jurisdiction over the whole Sheriffdom of Inverness, until he was removed from the said office, in the year 1649, by the party prevalent for the time, for his affection to His Majesty's service, and his accession to the management ; and the defender, by His Majesty's gift under the Great Seal, is provided to the said office of Sheriff of Inverness, within the whole bounds and limits thereof, without any limitation, and, therefore, Ross being within the Sheriffdom of Inverness, and jurisdiction thereof, as it pertained to the defender's father, and had it provided to himself by His Majesty's gift, he might warrantably hold Courts, and appoint deputies within the same.

“Whereas it is pretended that, by the said Act of Parliament of King James, Ross is appointed to be ane several shire from Inverness, and that the Sheriff thereof should sit at Tain or Dingwall, and that, by the said late Act of Parliament, the limits of the shires of Inverness and Ross are shewn and distinguished. It is answered that the said Act of Parliament of King James IV. was never in observance, and that ever since, the Sheriffdom of Inverness was an entire shire, comprehending Ross ; and though, by the late Act of Parliament, in fairness, and in order to the ease and accommodation of the people, the Sheriffdom of Inverness be divided, and Ross appointed to be a several shire, comprehending the bounds therein mentioned, yet the defendant's right and interest to the office of Sheriff, wherein he is provided as said is, within the whole Sheriffdom of Inverness, including Ross ; is not prejudiced nor taken away by the said Act of Parliament, in respect the said Act of Parliament is *salvo jure*. It is consistent that a large shire should be divided for the ease and interest of the people, and yet that the person who was Sheriff of the whole shire, comprehending both before the division, his right and interest should be entire and unprejudiced by the division. So that, whereas he was Sheriff of one shire before the division, the

same being divided into two shires, he should be Sheriff of both. And if a large shire, whereof one person is heritable Sheriff, should be divided into two or three shires ; or if one lordship, whereof one person is heritable Bailie by infestment, should be divided and dismembered in diverse baronies ; or a large parish, whereof one person is patron, should be divided in several parishes ; it is without all question that the rights of the Sheriff, Bailie, and Patron before such divisions, does remain entire and unprejudiced by the same. And, therefore, seeing it neither was, nor could be contended that the defender should be prejudged by the said Act of Parliament, and the division of the said shire, of his said office, through the whole bounds of the said former shire of Inverness, whereunto he has as good right during his lifetime as an heritable Sheriff during his right. And it is all one, as to the interest and accommodation of the people, whether the defender should be Sheriff of both shires, or that there should be several Sheriffs of the same. And His Majesty being so gracious and just (as the defender is informed) that His Majesty has declared, upon a reference in answer to a petition by the Earl of Seaforth, concerning the Sheriffship of Ross, that he does not intend to prejudge the defender's right ; and seeing the defender, has, in obedience to the said Act of Parliament, holden his Court within Ross, and at places appointed for the ease of the people ; it is humbly conceived that the said complaint is most groundless and scandalous, and that the informers ought to be punished."

The Earl was unsuccessful, but the affair did not go to extremes, and he was by-and-bye rewarded by being appointed one of the principal Ministers of Charles and James. At the Revolution Earl Alexander was deprived of the Sheriffship on one ground only, but quite satisfactory to those who then came into power, viz., being "a Papist." It would appear that the Sheriffship reverted or had been repurchased by the Gordons, who, on the abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions, include it among their claims for compensation.

The Sheriffship of old carried some rights of fishing in the River Ness, which were attempted to be exercised by

Sheriff Fraser of Farraline in the year 1794. The agent at Inverness of one of the fishing proprietors having informed his constituent, Mr David Fraser, nephew of Simon Fraser of Ness Castle, the latter in his reply, dated London, 19th April, makes the following amusing reference, with which this paper concludes :—

“ I observe what you say respecting the process that has been commenced against the Heritors for the Summer Moons fishing by my friend, Farraline, as Sheriff. I am sorry for it only because his attempt may make people think that he is somewhat *moon struck*; (for God sake don't let the Sheriff see this) for besides the good reason you mention for his not succeeding, he can find no precedent of any of his predecessors in office having claimed or enjoyed such a perquisite for a great deal more than forty years back.”

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

CAITHNESS TRIALS AT INVERNESS.

BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

ABOUT a hundred and twenty years ago some cases of Caithness delinquents, tried at Inverness, obtained such notoriety as put them in the class of what the French call *causes célèbres*. Recently, considerable fresh information has been discovered about some of them, in addition to what the second edition of Calder's "History of Caithness" has given (pages 201 to 205), and to what the present writer stated in his "Notes" to that book (page 334). Exact dates and new incidents increase the interest of stories remarkable enough in their previous vaguer outlines.

The first case may be introduced by a quotation from Calder, who could only give the time as being near 1772:—"A band of robbers, consisting of some ten or twelve of the strongest men in the county, carried on a regular system of burglary by breaking into houses, shops, and granaries, and abstracting therefrom money, goods, and meal, to a large extent. They were mostly all individuals in good circumstances; and it would appear to have been nothing but sheer covetousness that prompted to this dishonest course. They resided in different parishes, but they kept up a secret correspondence, and had certain places where they met from time to time, and concocted their villanous schemes. The county was then entirely destitute of anything in the shape of police. It had not even a sufficient prison or lock-up for malefactors, and such of the inhabitants as were possessed of any little means or money lived in constant dread of a visit from the gang."

Proprietors, at that period, receiving most of their rent in kind, had large storehouses for grain and meal obtained in this way, capable of containing thousands of bolls of

corn and meal. One of these, at Murkle Castle, was broken into by the robbers, and plundered effectually, the culprits escaping undiscovered. It is not certain whether the granary belonged to Alexander, the Earl of Caithness who died in 1765, or whether his successor, Sir John Sinclair of Stevenson, Haddingtonshire, was in possession of it—as he was unjustly of all the deceased Earl's property. The probability is that the robbers took occasion of the difficulties of the transference or conveyance of the Murkle, Broynach, and Isauld estates to this stranger of kith and kin. County feeling would not condemn the robbing of a man who had secured these estates by a pure accident, as has been fully shown of late in the *Northern Ensign*. But a sequel to the robbery threw a glare of sinister light upon the offenders, and increased their desperado deeds to recklessness. A Thurso man named Swanson, nicknamed Canny, had been to a market at Olig, and, returning past the Murkle granary with several of the townsfolk, he said he could name several of those who broke into it. His assertion reached the ears of the associates, and some nights after he was enticed out of his bed on some false pretence, and murdered at a short distance from the town. The body was placed beside a stone fence, with the feet upward, and the brow against a sharp stone; but the mark on the forehead was really that of a carpenter's claw hammer; and, though the legal inquisition which was made failed to incriminate any person, the deed was almost universally laid to the door of one with the same surname as the victim—John Swanson, joiner, Thurso, usually known as Achyullan, from his home in Reay parish.

After this event it became clearer who was the leader of the gang, and a reign of terror began in the county. Not only plunder of the mansions, but assassination of their inmates became at length the conclusion of their deliberations; and they had decided to begin with William Sinclair, Freswick House, one of the principal proprietors. Robert Mackay, the historian of his

clan, gives the following account of the discovery of the conspiracy :—"The gentleman had got into a habit of lying in bed awake all night, during which one of his numerous tenants alternately sat beside him. The murder and robbery were to be perpetrated on the night in which Donald Rugg, one of his tenants and a member of the band, was to sit up with him, of which he was to give previous notice to his accomplices. A few days before it came to Rugg's turn to attend his landlord, the latter having occasion to send a bearer with a letter to Mr Henderson or Stemster on some business, Rugg sent a letter by the same bearer, addressed to John Swanson, joiner, in Thurso, another of the band, to whom he was to deliver it. When he arrived at Steinster, as he could not read, he gave both letters to Mr Henderson, who, on being informed that the one to Swanson had come from Rugg, both of whom were suspected to belong to the gang, desired the bearer to return home, saying that he would convey the other letter to Thurso by a runner he was sending there. He broke open the letter, the import of which was that 'the black ox' was to be killed on a certain night. The letter he sent to Mr John Sinclair, sheriff-depute of the county, who was son of Mr Sinclair of Freswick, with a list of suspected persons. The sheriff-depute immediately despatched a party of twenty-four Highlanders from Dunbeath, who seized most of the band, some of whom afterwards turned evidence, by which and other means the plot was discovered. They were tried by a jury, and having been publicly whipped, were banished the county. Some of them had fled, and escaped punishment."

The Henderson here mentioned was David, the first landlord of what has since been a county family, having bought Stemster from Sir Benjamin Sinclair for 21,500 merks Scots, or about £700 sterling, in 1750. Till this time he was tenant of the farm of Gerston, in which he was succeeded by Francis Swanson, married to his sister Christian, the son of William Swanson in Stemster, these

Gerston Swansons remaining there as farmers and distillers till 1872. Whether this relationship of Henderson's gave him any special knowledge of the Swanson robber might be a fruitful inquiry. There are two views as to the reason of Sinclair of Freswick's keeping awake with an attendant through the night. The one is that as he was then in his 84th year, the sleeplessness of age was the cause ; but the other, that it was for the preservation of his property, is in good keeping with the state of dread in the district, and also with his mental peculiarities. "He was," says Henderson, in "Caithness Family History," page 54, "a gentleman of ability and considerable local note, while his personal appearance is stated to have been dignified and imposing. As leader of one of the two political parties into which the county was in his time divided, Sir William Dunbar of Hempriggs leading the other, he was an influential county gentleman. If vindictive and somewhat unscrupulous towards his enemies and opponents, as they alleged, he was a warm, and, on many occasions, a generous and considerate friend. He was eager in the promotion of his own interests, and his acquisition of a considerable estate from moderate beginnings, and the political and family animosities prevalent in the times in which he lived, account, to some extent, for the rather unfavourable traditionary character he bears." His descent was from Sir John Sinclair of Ratter, the younger of George the fifth earl's two brothers. It is curious that a man of such high spirit should have been chosen as the victim of robbery and assassination ; and it is illustrative of the phrase, *Who shall keep the keepers?* that he should have entrusted any share of his protection to his traitorous tenant Rugg. He had built Freswick House from the foundation twenty years before, in the neighbourhood of Lambaburgum, the stronghold of Sweyn, the Viking, forefather of all the Swansons, and indeed occupied the lands which belonged to that hero till his death at his surprise of Dublin in 1160. Whether Sweyn's descendants were unfairly dispossessed

of them, and whether John Swanson may have been aware of some such grievance, are unknown; but that John was a man of knowledge and experience sufficient to collect ideas of revenge or justice on historic or traditionary basis is manifest. It is absolutely clear, however, that the immediate motive of the plot was merely and basely criminal. Of the sheriff-depute much is known, but it will be sufficient here to say that he was an advocate, and had his appointment in 1754, Sutherland being added to his deputy on 6th March, 1761—the salary, £200 for both—most positions of the kind then paid at £150. He died childless, his only daughter having died on her passage from Nice, 17th October, 1769, where she had been for the recovery of her health—a very young girl. He was buried at Bath in 1784, having been accepted for some time, as it now appears incorrectly, as presumptive heir to the earldom, through the usurping Ratters. It was putting their heads into the lion's mouth for the conspirators to attack such father and son as these Freswicks, one of them the acting sheriff; but crime has a blind way of running to its fate.

The method of their apprehension has been detailed, and the following, from the *Weekly Magazine*, published by William Ruddiman, of date 8th September, 1768, indicates subsequent proceedings:—"On Wednesday seven-night, Donald Rugg, late tenant in Freswick, was committed to the Tolbooth here [that is to say, to Edinburgh Prison]. He is charged with being guilty, art and part, of having entered with some others into a conspiracy against William Sinclair of Freswick, Esquire, and other gentlemen in the county of Caithness, whose houses they intended to plunder, and assassinate the families. He had been imprisoned formerly in the Tolbooth of Wick, but found means to make his escape. On Friday he was taken from the Edinburgh Tolbooth, and delivered over to a party of the military, in order to be carried to Inverness, where he is to stand trial before the Circuit Court, on a criminal indictment, at the instance of William Sinclair of Freswick, Esquire."

The value of such contemporary account needs no emphasising, and the *Scots Magazine* of September, 1768, continues the narrative, on the same trustworthy basis, thus :—" At Inverness, the Lord Justice-Clerk and Lord Pitfour being the judges, Andrew Keith, late tenant in Gerth ; John Swanson, Chelsea pensioner, late in Thurso East ; and Charles Swanson, late servant to Mrs Ann Sinclair, in Thurdistoft, all in the county of Caithness, were indicted, at the instance of His Majesty's Advocate, for the crimes of housebreaking and theft. Keith having, with some others, escaped from Inverness Prison in August last, was outlawed ; and, as some material witnesses did not come up, the diet was deserted for the place and time against the two Swansons, but they were re-committed to prison." The same number of the periodical has this important information—" Donald Rugg, late tenant in Freswick, and the above-mentioned John Swanson, Chelsea pensioner, were indicted, at the instance of William Sinclair of Freswick, with the concurrence of His Majesty's Advocate, for having, with others, entered into a combination to rob Freswick House. The libel was found relevant to infer an arbitrary judgment. Proof was taken by the living voice. The jury all in one mind found the accused guilty. They were sentenced to be whipped—Rugg at Wick, on the 7th October, and Swanson at Thurso, on the 14th October, both to be banished thereafter to the plantations for life, their service for the first seven years adjudged to the person that shall transport them." The plantations were then our colonies, now known as the United States of America ; and the tobacco and other merchants of Glasgow, and the rest of the larger towns, gladly paid the passage of convicts for the equivalent of so many years' gratuitous service on their American estates, an arrangement which considerably lightened the burden on the public. Under date of 25th October, 1768, the *Weekly Magazine* says that, " on Sunday, were brought to Aberdeen, and committed to

prison, Donald Rugg, late tenant in Freswick, John Swanson, Chelsea pensioner in Thurso, and others. They were all, this day, sent off under a guard for Glasgow, in terms of their sentences of banishment. The two named were convicted of a conspiracy to rob the House of Freswick." It may be added, from the same authorities, that the punishment for returning from banishment against the express directions of sentence, was committal for indefinite period to the "thief's hole" of a tolbooth, the last depth of prison misery. John Swanson, the Chelsea out-pensioner—disabled soldiers being divided into those provided for in Chelsea Hospital, London, and those in receipt of allowances where they chose to live—never returned from America.

But his transportation was not the last of the affair. The *Scots Magazine* of June, 1769, further states that "at Inverness, with Lord Auchinleck judge, Andrew Keith, late tenant in Garth, in the county of Caithness, was indicted for housebreaking, theft, robbery, and entering into an association to rob the house of Mr Sinclair of Freswick. Several witnesses not having appeared, the diet was deserted for the time and place, the prisoner re-committed to prison, and the witnesses fined. The warrant for incarceration is also against Donald Stark, junior, a tailor in Odrig, as alleged accessory to the above crimes. Keith and Stark, and likewise Charles Swanson, late servant to Mrs Anne Sinclair, formerly incarcerated, are to be transmitted to Edinburgh to be tried before the High Court of Justiciary." On the date of 5th June, 1769, the *Weekly Magazine* has a still better account:—"The Circuit of Inverness was opened on the 26th May, when came on the trial of Andrew Keith, tenant in Garth in the county of Caithness, for housebreaking, theft, and robbery, and particularly entering into an association to rob Mr Sinclair of Freswick, to which Donald Stark, tailor in Odrig, and Charles Swanson, late servant to Mrs Anne Sinclair, were accused of being

accessory. But several witnesses who had been cited not appearing, the Advocate-Depute deserted the diet *pro loco et tempore*, and they were re-committed in virtue of a warrant from Lord Auchinleck, and the witnesses who did not appear were fined. The panels are ordained to be transmitted to Edinburgh to be tried before the Court of Justiciary." With date of June 15th, this magazine adds:—"On Tuesday last the criminals mentioned were brought to town from Inverness, and committed to the city jail by warrant from one of the Lords of Justiciary." There can be little doubt that they had soon after to follow their leader, John Swanson, to the plantations of America.

Calder, the historian, says that "Rugg, the Canisbay robber, escaped punishment by flight," but to this the new information gives no countenance, and it must be a traditional version of the fact of his escape from Wick prison before his final capture. He adds that "he went to America," but the inference is now clear that he did so by force and not by choice. "Of his future career in that part of the world," says Calder, "whether he became a reformed man, or committed deeds which brought him to the gibbet, there is no account. His relatives in Caithness were very respectable people; and he had a nephew, David Rugg, who was many years an elder in the church of Canisbay." In a Court enrolment of Canisbay of 14th September, 1697, held by George Dunnet, the bailie of George, Viscount Tarbat, who bought that estate, "John Rug in Gills" appears as one of the cottars of Huna. A rental of the Mey estate of Sir John Sinclair in 1772 mentions William Rugg as a cottar in Gills paying 9s, Scots, £1 10s meat lambs, 1 fowl, 2 dozen eggs, but no personal services. The surname occurring only once among Sir John's many tenants, shows that it was rare; and Freswick being the neighbouring estate, Donald Rugg the robber was no doubt related to these two, William being his contemporary. "Another of the gang, nick-named Brunty, was long known," continues Calder, "about Edinburgh as a common street

beggar. He was a rough-featured, dark-complexioned man, wore on his head a soldier's bonnet, and generally took up his position at the Tron Church, where he might be seen for hours importuning passengers for money." It would be curious if he could be identified as the same person thus mentioned in the *Weekly Magazine* of Edinburgh, under the date of 14th February, 1771:—"On Thursday, John Finlayson, a vagrant and sturdy beggar from Caithness, was committed to prison by warrant of the Magistrates, for insulting and threatening those who would not give him money." Finlayson is an alternate name to Groat, and the Groats were of the Canisbay district, one family having the ferry from Caithness to Orkney for centuries, John O'Groat's House taking its famous name from the principal branch of the stock. In an inventory of the titles of the estate of Warse belonging to Malcolm Groat, No. 33 is an inhibition by John Groat Finlayson, "being the late ferryman's grandfather," against Sir James Sinclair, Baronet, of Canisbay, and Sir William, his son, of Cadboll, Ross-shire, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The courage necessary for being the Charon of the Pentland Firth is illustrated by a paragraph of 12th June, 1733, in the *Scots Magazine*, stating that the John O'Groat ferryboat, with six persons, was carried to sea, and picked up by a vessel near the Faroe Islands, a distance of 300 miles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFESSOR MACKINNON ON MR ROGER'S
CRITICISMS.

January 20th, 1891.

SIR,—It is a matter of little moment, but it might interest yourself and perhaps some of your readers to know that the writer of the pamphlet which you describe as containing a “castigation” of my views, did not read the papers contributed by me to the *Scotsman* before he administered the “castigation.” He read only one of the papers in question. Mr Roger assumed that this paper was written in refutation of his book, and that I held certain views regarding James Macpherson. As matter of fact, the paper contained nothing whatever to warrant either assumption ; and it so happens that they are both of them untrue.

Of Mr Roger's qualifications to discuss a question in Gaelic literature, let the following extract, italics and all, from his book, “Celticism a Myth,” speak :—“It is gravely related of the German philologer Zeuss, who, to add to the marvel, never set foot on Irish soil, that he reconstructed the ancient Irish or Celtic tongue from the literary remains of a thousand years ago, which he met with on the Continent of Europe. Such feats of human ingenuity are no doubt very wonderful. It would, however, be satisfactory to know that the MSS. found by the learned German were, in point of fact, the survivals of an early Celtic speech, and not merely the residuum of the more archaic dialects of the ancient Gothic. We know that the Goths had a literature. We do *not* know that the Celts had any literary remains.”—I am, &c.,

DON. MACKINNON.

To the Editor, *Highland Monthly*, Inverness.

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EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

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CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES AND FAMILY COUNCIL.

LOUIS did not display the spirit of opposition which she secretly dreaded, when his mother, with stammering tongue and hot blushes, told him she was to marry the curate.

"Dear mother, I hope you'll be happy, but I don't like him, and wish it was somebody else," was indeed all he said. Boys have not the same objection to stepfathers as girls have to stepmothers. Louis, in fact, would have liked a "jolly" stepfather, and a lot of little half-brothers and sisters; but he disliked the curate and distrusted him. So did Mrs Smith, and so, strange to say, did Bill Pinder, who stoutly declared to Mrs Smith that it was her duty to keep her daughter from throwing herself away on such a man.

Mrs Smith resolved to make the best of what she considered a bad bargain, and Bill was extinguished by her at once. She was too loyal to make mischief between

Louis and his mother by telling the boy her own sentiments. But Bill Pinder told him his, and Louis angrily bade Bill hold his tongue.

The widow and curate were very quietly married by the rector pretty early one morning. Mrs Smith got Louis and the Bells to go to church, but she would not go herself because she was making ready for their return a jolly marriage breakfast, after which the bride and bridegroom left to spend their honeymoon in Wales. Mrs Smith had so managed matters that the marriage came off two days before one of the annual holidays on which shops were closed. She hired a cottage at Morecambe for a week, and sent off the Bells, father, mother, and daughter, with Louis, to take possession of it till she could go herself to have her holidays with them. Mrs Bell was always complaining, but Mrs Smith in giving this "out" thought more about the children and John Bell than about the poor woman who was always complaining. The children and John Bell did enjoy themselves with a will, and when Mrs Smith joined them her presence added to the fun and merriment, for when she went on what she called a "spree" Mrs Smith was the jolliest of women. Hadn't they boating, sand-walkings, excursions, pigeon-pie dinners, and everything good to their hearts' content? Even Mrs Bell ceased to complain, and astonished herself by long walks and picking up a good appetite. As for John Bell, Effie declared that he was a far worse harum-scarum boy than Louis, and that she could trust neither of them out of her sight. But when Mrs Smith came, leaving all cares behind her at Slocum, the old and young boy found a new ally, and Effie herself threw some of her staid wisdom to the wind. That was a week to be remembered, and Mrs Smith did not grumble a bit when she paid the bill, but on the contrary was liberal to the house servants, and told all whom it might concern, that she never had a better penny-worth than that "out."

Mrs Smith invited a large party of relatives and friends to meet the curate and his wife on their return home. She had put their little house in apple-pie order for them, but before taking possession they were to dine and sup with the invited party at her own house. Mrs Smith's two sons, their wives, and some of their children, with the Bells, Dr Beattie, and the rector, were the principal guests. Bill Pinder, Mrs Lister, and the little boy whom Louis had got out of the mill dam, were, with two or three more, a kitchen party who came in for the secondary feasting. Mr Metcalfe, the old lawyer, was absent through illness, much to Mrs Smith's disappointment; for she wanted to hold a solemn family council. She had previously spoken her mind to Louis and Dr Beattie, and they in return had spoken their minds to her.

The newly-wedded pair arrived by train early in the afternoon, and they went by themselves to inspect their new house before dinner. Effie Bell met them on the road and was struck much by the curate's eyes. It was the first time she had seen him without spectacles. He had now seemingly made up his mind to discard the glasses which formerly concealed the strange peculiarity of his eyes. He and his wife appeared to be very well pleased with themselves and with all the world. Effie was not at all pleased with the new revelation. She thought first he had a strange cast in his eyes, but a second look assured her that was not so, and a third enabled her to come to the conclusion that one of Mr Grant's eyes was brown and the other dark hazel. Each of them, separately, was a good eye; but as a pair they produced on Effie such a repellent effect, that she walked away in a deep study, and was only called back to herself by a hail from Dr Beattie, who stopped in passing to put the question—

“Well, Effie, are you sleeping or waking?”

“Oh! Dr Beattie,” she replied, impulsively, “have you ever seen Mr Grant's eyes?”

“Do you mean the curate's eyes?”

“Yes ; have you ever seen them ?”

“Never to my recollection. He always wears glasses.”

“He does not to-day ; and his eyes are so strange. One is brown and the other dark hazel.”

“Do you say so ? That is a rare thing. But why should it be rare ? It is very common for people to have the markings of the palms of their hands unlike—one palm after the father and one after the mother, or perhaps both cases of reversion. But eyes of different colours are not surely pleasant to look at.

“No, they are not.”

“I wonder whether the curate’s dualism is truly indexed by eyes of different colours. I should like to know who his father and mother were, what sort of people they were, and how they looked. But never mind, Effie, the eyes of Louis are all right, and what do we care about the curate ?”

Effie found an opportunity of telling Louis about his stepfather’s eyes before the dinner time ; and the two of them, sitting at table side by side, and nearly opposite the curate and his wife, afterwards studied the phenomenon at leisure. Effie whispered to her companion—“The brown eye is the organ of attraction, and the other the organ of repulsion. He keeps his brown eye to your mother, and half closes the other one when he wishes to be very soft, you see. Ah !”

She stopped short. The curate, glancing across at the whispering pair, suddenly half closed the brown eye and flashed the other one on Louis, who responded by an untroubled, unwavering stare of his own pair of dark, handsome eyes. Effie felt angry, although she could not tell why, but was glad to see that Louis did not care a whit whether his stepfather turned the eye of attraction or repulsion on him.

At the end of the dinner, the young Smiths—decent lads and plump, hearty lasses—expected quiet games and some dancing in the big room upstairs, for Louis had promised a bit of fun to his cousins ; but when they made a move to retire, Mrs Smith called a halt.

"Wait all of you," she said, "till we settle things. I wished to have Mr Metcalfe here to put it in writing, but, I fear, he'll never get on his feet again, poor man, after this last break-down. Now, about Louis, who is fourteen years of age, and quite able to know his own mind, Mary, what would you wish him to become?"

"You know, mother, that he wishes to be a doctor, and that I wish him to follow his own inclination."

"You are agreeable, then?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, Louis, speak for yourself. Are you sure that you wish to be a doctor? Would you not rather go into the Slocum trade, with the bit of money which you would otherwise spend on your doctor's education as capital to start with?"

"Dear grandmother, I wish to be a doctor. I'll not change my mind, and as my cousins are all going into the Slocum trade, surely I may take another line."

The two uncles—Mrs Smith's sons—said, one after another, that the boy should have his way, as he seemed so bent on it, and was a likely lad to know his mind, and to do best when following his own inclination. The curate alone suggested doubts as to the wisdom of the lad's choice, and spoke of the great opportunities which commercial life offered.

Mrs Smith turned on him sharply—"Why then did you not stick to commercial life yourself?"

"Because," he replied, in measured tones, "I felt my vocation was to be a clergyman, striving to save souls, my own included."

"And," says Dr Beattie, "Louis feels it his vocation to relieve suffering and save or patch up bodies, and that, let me tell you, is not a bad vocation. I'll take the lad into my surgery in his off-hours when not attending the grammar school classes, and give him a good deal of medical knowledge before his going to Edinburgh."

Louis passed round the table to thank Dr Beattie, but he had no words to say, he only caught the doctor's hand and shook it. Dr Beattie was a prominent member of the British Association, and a high authority in his profession. He had some eccentricities, and often spoke cynically, but was in reality a very warm-hearted and very generous man, although as hard as steel and as rough as Dr Abernethy himself to patients who tried to impose upon him.

"I am sure," continued Mrs Smith, while unfolding a legal looking document, "that Louis and all his friends should be much obliged to Dr Beattie for his very great kindness, and now, to conclude this business, here is a paper to be signed. Doctor, will £500 be quite sufficient for making Louis a fully fledged doctor if he will keep himself, as I am sure he will, from falling into prodigal ways?"

"Amply, my dear friend."

"Well then, I have that sum in bank, and by this paper, written by Mr Metcalfe's head clerk, who has come to see it signed rightly, I transfer it to Dr Beattie and my two sons, to be held in trust for Louis, and spent upon his medical education and maintenance. Dr Beattie and you, my sons, will accept this trust, and sign this paper with me?"

The clerk read the document, and Mrs Smith and the gentlemen signed as directed by the man of the law, while Mary's new husband was only asked to sign as one of the witnesses. Mrs Smith was clearly determined that he should have no power to interfere with her grandson if she could prevent it. All the Smith kindred held the same view, and the young ones, when they got to the romping, heartily congratulated Louis on being made free from the domination of his stepfather. The mother's will did not count, for it was notoriously weak, she being old Jack's own daughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXIT MRS SMITH.

A YEAR or so after the curate's marriage, Effie Bell won a scholarship of £50 per annum, tenable for four years on certain conditions. One of the conditions was that, if the Girton College, then in the air, should be opened in time, Effie should spend her two last sessions there, after having previously been for two years in any one of six specified young ladies' Protestant seminaries in France and Belgium. The founder of the scholarship was a rich, illiterate, and rather eccentric Slocum manufacturer, recently dead, who in his last years got badly bitten with the mania for the higher education of women then rampant.

Effie had many competitors, who were all older than herself, but, to her intense surprise, she beat them all, as Louis said, by a long chalk. As clerk to her father she had learned much about composition and literary good form, and as Louis's fellow-student she had picked up a good smattering of Latin and mathematics. She was not the dux at her own school, for she was backward in music and drawing. Ever since she had drilled him in Scripture lessons, Effie had been a sort of monitor for Louis. John Bell was a capital classical scholar, and he took a real delight in teaching Effie and Louis the works of the classical authors, which were partially taught in the Grammar School. But, once they entered into the spirit of the thing, John Bell led his class of two far beyond the Grammar School programme in the field of Latin literature. Effie was much quicker in learning languages than Louis, but, then, Louis liked mathematics, and pulled Effie unwillingly after him. The result of the home teaching was that Effie won the scholarship, and had, on short notice, to be packed off to France. The brave lassie was not afraid to go forth, and to look the whole world in the

face, but she was much concerned about those she left behind, her father particularly, and she laid many injunctions on Louis to look after him, and let her know regularly how things were going on at home, for, of course, Louis would have to write for John Bell, and he could add notes of his own. Effie went forth, and the folk left behind missed her sadly. But, wonderful to say, in Effie's absence Mrs Bell bestirred herself, and almost ceased to complain for a good long while. John Bell wrote, or rather dictated to Effie and Louis, a Christmas book, which brought him in a tidy sum of money, and filled him with pleasant hopes, especially as Dr Beattie now firmly assured him that one of his eyes could soon be couched for cataract, and that probably he would afterwards see quite well. Louis and John Bell became closer friends than ever in Effie's absence, and Dr Beattie was a sort of guide, philosopher, and friend to "the two boys," as he called them.

Effie was not quite satisfied with her own educational progress during her first year of exile, but the directors of the institution reported to her father that, taking all she had to contend with into consideration, the progress made by her in so short a time was remarkably good.

In the second year of her exile Effie pushed herself to the head of the school in several branches, and earned high encomiums; but she was most anxious to get home, as her father was putting off the couching of the cataract operation till her return. Louis had taken down a new Christmas story to John Bell's dictation, which readily found a publisher, on what seemed very liberal terms to the simple-minded, trustful author. They kept this as a secret for Effie's return. Effie, on coming back, met her father in London. Dr Beattie had taken him up, to put him under the care of a celebrated oculist. Effie was present, holding her father's hand during the operation, which, happily, proved successful, although an age of darkened room and bandages had to be gone through. Girton was no longer in the air, but a somewhat grim reality on earth. Effie was

much afraid that the session would come upon her before she could take her father home to Slocum, but happily the oculist declared, a fortnight before the opening day, that John Bell could safely go home in coloured goggles, and, moreover, see a good deal by the way. John Bell returned to Slocum in exuberant, boyish spirits, and so did Effie, although she now and then pondered on ways and means, and felt quite sure her father must have got a considerable loan of money from some source, to meet expenses in London and at home. Effie dreaded debt, and was never sanguine—her maxim was that a bird in the hand was worth twelve in the bush. John Bell dreaded debt, but was always sanguine—he thought his bird, or book, in the bush, about which Effie knew nothing as yet, would many times repay the money gladly lent him by Mrs Smith, and for which he had pressed on her a mortgage bond on his house, with his wife's full sanction.

Mrs Smith went with Mrs Bell to the station to meet John Bell and Effie, and brought them home in a cab. Louis could not go to the station, but he got to the Corner House while the kissing and hugging, which Slocum habits did not permit in public, were going on, and, after staring at Effie for a moment, he caught her in his arms and kissed her, and said, like a grace after meat—

“Oh, Effie, what a darling you are?”

Effie blushed, and so did Louis. John Bell laughed, and so did Mrs Smith, but Mrs Bell pursed up her thin lips in defence of propriety, while Effie said, in a sort of excusing tone—

“Louis never did the like of that before.”

John Bell, still laughing, said, “Better late than never, Effie. But, young folks, you must study the proprieties, now that you are so grown up; and remember, too, that I have now my eye upon you. Literally my eye, for the other is still blind; but oh, what a blessing it is to see at all!”

The curate and his wife appeared to get on very well together, but they perplexed Mrs Smith, who told Dr Beattie that her son-in-law looked at times as if he did not know whether he would like better to eat his wife for love or to worry her for hate. Dr Beattie, after observing that the dualism of the man was abnormal, reassured Mrs Smith by emphatically declaring that the influence of her daughter over the curate was making a better man of him, and knocking the sacerdotal mania—which was only another manifestation of his dualism—out of him. Mrs Smith felt comforted for the time, although she did not quite understand what the doctor meant. One thing was very clear to her, namely, that Louis and his stepfather would never be good friends. Louis never, if he could help it, went to see his mother unless he knew that the curate was from home. It was apparent to the mother herself that the silent antagonism between her husband and son had to be accepted as a lamentable fact which no loving efforts on her part could alter. The boy simply shunned the curate, and said nothing about his feelings towards him. The curate made several attempts to overcome the boy's repugnance to him, and to get him under his influence, and every failure threw him into a savage temper for a week or more. Mrs Grant felt and feared her husband's excessive love for herself. She feared because she could not see nor understand the dark recesses of his strange ill-balanced nature. Ecclesiastically the curate prospered, and to appearance deserved to prosper, by hard honest work in the long neglected part of the town in which his iron school-church had been placed. He gathered a congregation of respectable size out of the lapsed classes and Wesleyans who, like himself, had felt dissatisfied with the Connexion, or its local rulers. The mission was converted into a separate charge, endowed, and a Gothic stone church was built in place of the small iron structure. The curate ceased to be curate because he was appointed vicar of the new charge. But somehow he lost his former popularity on becoming inde-

pendent of the rector's supervision. He was stern and overbearing, and it was whispered that he had a horrid temper, which occasionally, on slight provocation, he could not control, but indulged in mad-like ebullitions. The Bells attended the Parish Church, and had not much intercourse with Louis's stepfather. They might, however have been intimate with him had they chosen to be. His wife tried hard to bring him into friendly relations with her mother's friends and her own. Mrs Bell sometimes said she liked him ; John Bell said nothing ; but Effie declared she disliked him very much, although she could give herself no reason for the feeling, except the peculiarity of his eyes and sympathy with Louis.

The curate—or rather the Vicar of Holy Trinity—and his wife were several times disappointed in their hopes of offspring, but after three years of married life Mrs Grant gave birth to a living child—a girl. Mrs Smith was sent for in a hurry, as her daughter was not expected to live through it. Her daughter was verily ill unto death, and although she survived she never recovered health and strength. After anxious nights and days of watching and waiting, Mrs Smith returned to her house and shop very much upset by her daughter's illness, and very much perplexed by her son-in-law's extraordinary ways of manifesting grief and affection. When she told him to prepare himself for the worst, he flung his arms about, and spoke words of prayer like imprecations. He turned to her with a maniac countenance, and shouted—"No, my wife shall not and must not die. She is all that is between me and perdition. I am lost and damned without having her as my guardian angel." Mrs Smith sent for her sons to tell them her perplexities, and that she wished to change her will. But just as she had told her story and rose up to fetch a paper on which she had written her intentions, she fell down dead on the floor. Dr Beattie had no doubt that she had died in a fit of apoplexy, but when Bill Pinder changed his words into "a fit of perplexity" the doctor said Bill was nearer the truth than he.

CHAPTER XV.

DISJOINTED ITEMS.

TWO days before his grandmother's unexpected death, Louis had left Slocum for Edinburgh to stand his general knowledge examination. He was passing his ordeal on the day on which she died and the day after that. He left home in a depressed state of mind enough, because his mother was hanging between death and life, and Dr Beattie did not or could not conceal his opinion that at the best she would only recover for a little while. Dr Beattie resolved to withhold the news of Mrs Smith's death from her grandson until after his examination, and impressed the duty of doing so on the Bells and on all the friends of Louis. But whether by accident or design—Dr Beattie and Effie believed it was malignant design—the Vicar of Holy Trinity telegraphed the news the first thing after hearing it himself.

Louis left Edinburgh for Slocum the moment the examination was over. He telegraphed to Dr Beattie that he was coming by a certain train, and the doctor met him at the station, and brought him to his own house. He let the boy indulge his natural grief for a time, and then rather anxiously inquired how he had got through his Edinburgh ordeal? Louis replied that he believed he had got through pretty well.

"Were you not upset by your stepfather's telegram?"

"Yes, for a while. But hard work was relief, and I stripped for it."

"I believe on soul and conscience he hoped to make you break down."

"So do I, but that belief only made me more determined not to break down. Why does he hate me so?"

"You can't say you love him?"

"No; but I can dislike him without trying to do him evil."

“His dualism is not so well balanced as yours. The devil side of his nature is sure to get the upper hand of him. Perhaps he hates you so, partly because you do not submit to his will, and partly because he means to injure you.”

“How can he do that?”

“Time will tell. Be on your guard, and learn to face the worst. Your mother cannot live for many months, nor has the child, in my opinion, vitality enough for growing to maturity. The vicar’s designs are more than I can guess at present, but he acts as monarch of all he surveys in your grandmother’s house.”

“Well, it is left to my mother by will, and I get my bit of share in money.”

“Yes ; and your grandmother left with me this document for you the very day you went off to Edinburgh. I wonder if she had any presentiment of her approaching end then?”

“What is it?”

“The bond on Bell’s house legally transferred to you.”

“O, what luck ! If that man got it he would, I fear, in spite of my mother’s opposition, use it for oppression. Mr Bell does not believe in him, and Effie detests him.”

“I advise you to keep quiet about this document, and as he knows the money was advanced, perhaps he may show his hand, thinking that it has been somehow mislaid and not transferred. Don’t tell the Bells till we see what he is to do.”

“May I not just tell Effie that I have the bond, and that if she likes to do so she can throw it into the fire?”

“No, you must not, if you can help it, but I doubt you. Let the man show his hand. You’ll not press the Bells for interest or instalments or foreclosures, I know.”

“I should think not, nor would my grandmother, never, never. You know how the debt was incurred?”

“I know John Bell borrowed the money to meet the expenses in London and at home when he underwent his operation, and was for a long time unable to earn anything.”

“But he had earned enough for all expenses before then. He and I had the manuscript of ‘Rosy Dawn’ ready as a great surprise for Effie when she returned from France, and the book sold just like anything.”

“But Barrabas was a publisher.”

“The publisher of ‘Rosy Dawn’ was, at anyrate, a Barrabas who pocketed Mr Bell’s money, and then failed, and paid his creditors a shilling in the pound.”

“Hide your paper, and say nothing about it in the meantime.”

A great crowd, chiefly women, attended Mrs Smith’s funeral. The old will, leaving the house, shop, and everything to Mary, was afterwards read to a small number of relatives. No objections could be raised to it, and the vicar took care to get it proved with the least possible delay. Dr Beattie and Louis were present at the reading of the will, and when that was over the vicar said he had orders from his wife to hand over to Louis a tin box containing papers belonging to his father, which he accordingly handed over to him there and then, sealed and locked as he had that morning received it from his wife in presence of Dr Beattie and the nurse.

Dr Beattie signified assent, but when he and Louis got home he began to suggest to Louis that there was too much formality about the sealing, and locking, and handing over.

“What between your grandmother’s death and her own extreme weakness, your mother’s head is not altogether to be trusted. She certainly said, after looking at the papers, that they were all right, and she locked and sealed the box before handing it over to the vicar. The nurse told me she had been, asleep and awake, bothering her head about the papers for two or three days, but she is not very capable of separating facts from fancies. Look through the papers as soon as you can. Probably they are not worth much except as relics. What I should like to know is whether or not the vicar has been through them already. What was

to prevent him? I'll vouch for it that he would have no scruple, and that if he found anything to his advantage he would not hesitate to appropriate it."

Louis opened the tin box in his bedroom that night, and spent hours over the papers it contained. In a long, open envelope he found a bundle of letters, written by his mother to his father before their marriage. He laid that aside as a secret thing. He got interested in other papers in the same wrapper which concerned his father's school and college days. Sermons and notes of lectures he left for a rainy day, and most of the private letters of more than one generation of his forbears and their friends puzzled rather than informed his mind. An "Aunt Isabel," of the Regency period, was the most piquant, as well as the most profuse, of his grandfather's correspondents. He always knew that his grandfather was an army officer, and here were the letters which a sprightly gossip aunt sent him from the Highlands when he was on foreign service. Louis thought he would like well to know "Aunt Isabel," and then shut up his box, went to bed, and dreamed about her. He told Dr Beattie next day the result of his cursory overhauling of the family papers, but the doctor was not yet quite satisfied that Mrs Grant's anxiety about the box was altogether a baseless delusion, and he urged Louis to read all the papers carefully through. Louis promised he would some time do so, but the some time was long put off.

Louis, although active enough in the discharge of the duties allotted to him by Dr Beattie, moped a good deal several weeks after Mrs Smith's death. Effie was at Girton, and Dr Beattie was not sure that the ill-considered or deliberately malignant telegram had not caused Louis to blunder badly, and fail in his examination. He was the only one of little faith. Effie wrote from Girton that she was sure Louis could not have failed through want of nerve or knowledge. Her father was equally confident, and Louis himself, although the examination seemed to him

now like the memory of a bad forgotten dream, had a dim consciousness of having answered nearly every question. Dr Beattie was much relieved when the official notice of Louis's passing came to hand, and he was glorified on ascertaining further that the lad had made one of the good passes of the year. But when the examination question was still in doubt, Louis twice appeared before the magistrates, first as a voluntary witness, and next as a person charged with a breach of the peace. It happened that one day when in a moping mood, Louis strolled into the Court-house, which was almost next door to Dr Beattie's surgery, and that he found a trial going on which interested him. The poor slouching man in the dock had short cropt hair, and was evidently newly liberated from Wakefield House of Correction. The charge against him was, that in passing a certain workshop he took off his clogs, and deliberately threw them at the windows, and smashed a certain number of panes. He was an inarticulate sort of creature, who simply pled not guilty, and did not know how to elicit exonerating evidence from witnesses who took good care to tell only one side of the case. Louis had witnessed part of the badgering, jeering provocation by which the workshop people had provoked the inoffensive "jail-bird," who was trying quietly to get past them, into fury and window-smashing. So he stepped forward and asked to be sworn. His evidence caused quite a sensation in court. The magistrates not only discharged the prisoner, but gave the two chief witnesses against him rebukes, which made their ears tingle. A short time after this incident, Louis had to go with medicines to an outlying part of the town. He took a short cut through a wicket, which led him to a dirty field on the beck bank where roughs and rowdies often congregated. He saw a lot of them badgering "Softie Tam," a poor innocent who screamed in terror. Louis angrily denounced the torturing of Tam, and the ring broke up in shame. But one of the witnesses who was rebuked in the former case, grasped the

“softie” by the collar when trying to escape, made faces and roared at him, threatening to throw him into the beck. Louis, without calculating consequences, rushed at the big ruffian like mad, and blinded him by a shower of good fisticuff blows before he could close with him. So Louis was taken up for a breach of the peace; but he was triumphantly acquitted, and it was not without difficulty that the women millhands were dissuaded from making a big street demonstration in honour of “Softie Tam’s” brave young champion.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

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

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

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

Do na Suinn Chamshronach
Gillean na feile,
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART II.

THE narrative of the following operations is based on and, to a considerable extent, abridged from Kaye and Malleson's 4th volume.

Brigadier Franks arrived on the evening of the 4th of March. On the same evening, Sir Colin directed that two pontoon bridges should be thrown across the Goomtee, near Bibiapore, over which he would dispatch the division that, under Outram, was to march up the river, and take the enemy's position in reverse. Before day-break on the 5th, one of these was completed; a strong picquet was sent across to defend the bridge heads, and some guns were brought down to the river bank close to the bridges, to silence the enemy's fire should it become annoying, and to protect the Engineers. By midnight on the 5th, the two bridges were completed. The command of the force which was to operate on the left bank was assigned to General Outram, and Hope Grant accompanied him as second in command.

Outram had with him Walpole's division of Infantry (the 3rd), to which the 79th belonged, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the 9th Lancers, the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, detach-

ments from the 1st and 5th Punjab Cavalry, D'Aquilar's, Remington's, and Mackinnon's troops of Horse Artillery, and Gibbon's Light Field Battery.

It was intended to cross at 2 A.M. next day, but the night was very dark, the ground broken and full of watercourses, and the troops had great difficulty in finding their way. It was not till close upon 4 A.M. that the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, leading the way, reached the bridge. Sir Colin himself had arrived before, and, anxious that the troops should cross before daylight undiscovered by the enemy, had been pitching into the staff. The crossing was effected successfully; the whole force completed the passage before day broke. The place left vacant by it on the right bank was at once occupied by Franks' division.

Outram, drawing up his force in three lines, marched up the river for about a mile. Here the river made a turn, so, throwing forward his right, he moved straight on in the direction of the city. The ground was much broken with ravines. During the advance the enemy opened fire, and a few round shot passed over our men. A body of the enemy's cavalry appeared on our left, and were charged, routed, and pursued. Major Percy Smith of the Queen's Bays was killed on this occasion.

Douglas's Brigade, including the 79th, bivouacked for the night about seven miles from the city, which it faced, its left resting on the Fyzabad road, about half a mile in advance of the village of Chinhut. The camels with the men's tents came up very late.

It was along the Fyzabad road that the mutinous troops of the Oude irregular force had marched for an attack on the British in Lucknow, on the 29th of June, 1857, when Sir Henry Lawrence, with 300 men of the 32nd Foot, 36 Volunteer Cavalry, 120 troopers Irregular Cavalry, and 230 of the Regular Native Infantry, advanced to meet them, and fought the gallant, though unsuccessful, action of Chinhut, in which 115 men of the 32nd were killed, and 39 wounded—a most extraordinary proportion.

Now a strong and well-equipped British division was advancing from the same direction against the mutineers, holding the city of Lucknow in force, and about to attack their covering columns.

On the morning of the 7th of March, the Brigade pitched their tents. The men of the 79th had hardly finished their breakfasts when some round shot came dropping in among their tents, doing some damage to them and to the cooking utensils.

The rebels had come out from the city in force, and crossing the river with their field guns, made an attack on our advanced picquets. The regiment at once turned out, and with the rest of the Brigade advanced in line for about a mile under a dropping fire from the rebels, who soon fell back, repulsed by our picquets and Horse Artillery, their main body retiring into the city. During this advance Ensign Thain, attached to the regiment, was struck by a gingal, or small shot, on the brim of his topee and knocked over. Fortunately the effects were little more than a black eye and a bruised cheek. He was within 5 or 6 paces of the compiler when he fell. Our picquets were then strengthened, and the regiment returned into camp.

On the 8th, Outram, in obedience to instructions from Sir Colin, sent back D'Aguilar's troop of Horse Artillery and the 9th Lancers, receiving in exchange 22 siege guns.

That night he constructed on or near the old racecourse, at a quick bend of the river, a battery armed with 10 guns to enfilade the canal line of works on the left bank of the Goomtee. On the evening of the same day the camels with the baggage of the 79th came up, but there was no opportunity to unpack it.

At daybreak the following morning, the 9th, Outram commenced his attack.

The rebels meantime had not been idle, and now occupied a position with their right resting on the river, and their left extending for some distance beyond the Fyzabad road. Owing to another quick bend of the river,

not far from the Residency, part of the Goomtee was on their right flank, part in their rear ; their line of retreat was through the suburbs on the left bank, and thence by the iron and stone bridges.

On their extreme right, near the river, was a strong building known as the Yellow House or Bungalow—the Chakur Kotee. This was the key of their position, the occupation of which by our troops would turn and render useless their first line of entrenchments on the opposite or right bank of the Goomtee ; somewhat in advance of this first line, they held the Martiniere as an outpost. Outram's plan of operations was as follows :—Dividing his force into two columns, he disposed them thus—the right, under Walpole, with Horsford's Brigade, was to attack the enemy's position on their left, and after forcing them back, to bring forward the right shoulder, and harass their flank and rear as they retreated towards the bridges. The left column, with Douglas' Brigade, was to advance under his own command on a line parallel to the river for some distance to the Badshah Bagh, and effect a junction with the right column.

The left column marched at daybreak, the 79th being in the centre of the line. Forging a small tributary of the Goomtee, called the Kokrail, it advanced to a position, whence the attack on the Chakur Kotee could be made as soon as Walpole had sufficiently forced back the enemy's left.

At daybreak also, Outram's newly constructed battery opened fire on the Martiniere and the canal line of works.

Walpole meantime attacked the enemy, who occupied the jungles and villages in front of him, and dislodged them. Following them up, he brought forward his right, as directed, and debouched on the Fyzabad road much nearer the city, and in rear of a battery which the enemy had deserted.

Outram thereupon attacked the Chakur Kotee on his left. It fell to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and two companies

of the 79th, Nos. 3 and 4, under Captain Percival, to make the assault. The rebels were there in force, but made a poor stand, the greater part of them taking to flight along the bank of the river. A party of nine of them, however, clung to the building and sold their lives dearly. They killed or wounded 3 officers and 9 men before they were dislodged by salvoes from our Horse Artillery guns. Among the killed was Sergt. Davie of the 79th. The success of this movement was notified to Sir Colin by hoisting the colours of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers on the roof of the Chakur Kotee, or Yellow Bungalow as it was called by our men.

Both columns then pressed forward in pursuit of the rebels, but owing to the sharp bend of the river in front of them, the right was continually being wheeled towards the left, while the left of the whole line was to some extent a pivot.

The left column, to which, as we have seen, the 79th belonged, drove the rebels rapidly before them through the old cavalry lines and suburbs as far as the Badshah Bagh, and there effected a junction with the right column about 10 o'clock A.M. Strong picquets were then thrown out, and the main body of Outram's force took up a position in rear of the Badshah Bagh. The battery erected the previous evening, commanded by Major Nicholson, R.E. was now on the extreme left of Outram's line, and about 600 yards from the river : protecting it was a party of the Bengal Fusiliers under Captain Salusbury.

Major Nicholson observed that the enemy's first line of works appeared to be abandoned. Upon this Captain Salusbury proposed to cross the river with a party of his men and learn the true state of matters, but Nicholson would not leave his guns without support.

At this juncture Lieut. Thomas Butler and four privates of the Fusiliers volunteered to go down to the river bank and signal their presence to Hope's Brigade. This they did, but in spite of every effort failed to attract attention.

Butler, without a moment's hesitation, threw off his coat, and though the river was some sixty yards wide, the water deep, and the current strong, he swam across. He landed in rear of one of the batteries and found it unoccupied; then, mounting the parapet, he soon attracted attention.

Wet, cold, and unarmed, he remained there, though twice fired at by the enemy from a distance, occupying the extremity of the canal works until he made them over to the men of Hope's Brigade. Then he swam back to join Captain Salusbury. For this gallant exploit Butler received the Victoria Cross.

Outram's movement was thus crowned with success, and the time had come for Sir Colin Campbell to move with the troops on the right bank or south side of the Goomtee. The enemy's battery on the right bank had been enfiladed, and was now evacuated. Outram's division occupied the left bank from the river to the Badshah Bagh and beyond it; and on the afternoon and evening of this day, the 9th, under cover of his artillery and musketry fire, he constructed another battery of two howitzers to shell the Motee Mahal and the old mess-house in the enemy's second line of works on the other side of the river.

Before detailing Sir Colin's movements on the right bank, some account may be given of a picquet of the 79th.

We have seen that when Outram's line halted, strong picquets were posted—of these the Grenadiers and No. 1 Company of the 79th furnished one of 120 men, under Captain Stevenson, which was posted at the north-east corner of the Badshah Bagh, a large walled enclosure, as an advanced post, close to a road leading to the Iron Bridge.

Along with Captain Stevenson were Lieutenant Macnair of the Grenadiers and Lieutenant Wimberley of No. 1 Company. There were at this part of the garden two large summer houses, double-storied, with flat roofs and balustrades: in each of these a party was posted, some of them being on the roof. Another side of the enclosure was held by Major Butt, with a strong detachment of the 79th.

The glare of the afternoon sun, at about 2 P.M., was so excessive that it was difficult to discern anything at fifty yards off.

The rebels, however, occupying the houses of the adjoining suburbs, soon managed to see the red coats and feather bonnets of Captain Stevenson's picquet, and opened a brisk fire, especially on the men on the tops of the houses. Private Morgan was wounded in the arm. Lieutenant Wimberley was more fortunate, having a piece of his feather bonnet shot off. Our men quickly removed under cover to the upper and lower stories, and returned the fire. Private Miller was also wounded—both men belonged to No. 1 Company.

The rebels were then seen to be again advancing in force, and the fire on the picquet became brisker.

Brigadier Douglas, who had come up, at once ordered Captain Stevenson and Lieutenant Macnair each to make a sally with a party and keep the enemy in check. The former took with him Sergeant John Mackenzie and twenty men of No. 1 Company, the latter a similar party of the Grenadiers. Private Rankin, of No. 1 Company, was, unfortunately, a little late in falling in, and while trying to overtake his party was killed. His body was found next morning stripped and mutilated, and one of the rebels seen dressed in his uniform. Privates Ritchie and Dick, of Captain Stevenson's party, were wounded, the former dangerously (he died next day), and the latter severely.

Poor Dick was hit while holding his rifle at the present, the bullet smashing two fingers of each hand and the rifle at the guard-brass. After being struck he asked Sergeant Mackenzie, "What am I to do with my firelock?" In his case lockjaw was apprehended, but he recovered and was invalided with a pension.

Captain Stevenson, finding that Lieutenant Macnair's party, which had made a detour, was approaching by a road on their left flank, and could do nothing without firing into his own party, retired for a short distance. Meantime a

field gun was brought up to command the road he was on, and the two parties were called in, so that the gun might open fire on the rebels, who outnumbered these small parties by twenty to one. Private Darge, of the Grenadiers, who was with Lieutenant Macnair, came in with an arrow stuck through his feather bonnet.

Some of the ammunition was very bad, and the men engaged in this sally had great difficulty in getting the cartridges rammed home. Capt. Stevenson's picquet held this post till the morning of the 12th.

While Outram was thus successfully carrying out the task assigned to him on the left bank of the Goomtee from the 6th to the 9th of March, the Commander-in-Chief waited patiently till the morning of the 9th, but on the evening and night of the 8th he placed guns and mortars on the Dilkusha plain. He had previously to the attack constructed the following batteries, viz., on the 3rd one of four guns and two howitzers to reply to the canal bastions and Martiniere guns; on the 8th, one of four guns to batter the Martiniere, and another of four guns to answer the enemy's right bastion.

Early on the morning of the 9th he opened a heavy fire on the Martiniere, and the first or canal line of the enemy's works. This was continued until about 2 P.M., when he saw the British Ensign hoisted on the Yellow House. He then at once directed General Lugard to attack.

Hope's Brigade, the 42nd, 93rd, and 4th Punjab Rifles—supported by the 53rd and 90th—was launched against the Martiniere, when the effect of Outram's march and his enfilading fire was at once manifest. There was but faint resistance of musketry fire; the main body of the enemy had retired, withdrawing their guns. The British loss was small, but Peel of the "Shannon" received a dangerous wound from a musket ball in the thigh. Hope's Brigade pushed on; in front of them was the enemy's first line of works, but Butler had got there before them, as we have seen. The Brigade climbed the entrenchments, the 4th

Punjab Rifles, supported by the 42nd, being on the right, and in a short time, along with the 53rd, occupied the works from the river nearly as far as Banks' house. It was to the men on the right of this Brigade that Butler made over what he had occupied single-handed. The following day, the 10th, Sir Colin, having constructed two batteries, one of 4 guns, 1 howitzer, and 3 8-in. mortars, to breach and shell Banks' house, and another of 5 guns and 5 mortars, to breach the Begum kotee and Palisade battery in front thereof, opened a heavy fire, and shortly afterwards seized Banks' house, where he had a strong post for attack, and was now in a position to turn the enemy's right. The storming of Banks' house was effected by the Division under Lugard

The 10th was spent by Outram in strengthening his position on the left bank, while the Cavalry, under Hope Grant's orders, patrolled the vicinity of his camp in rear of the Badshah Bagh. He also completed by the evening or night of the same day, two more batteries to enfilade the enemy's lines of works, viz., one of 5 mortars to shell the Mess-house in their second line of works, and the Kaiserbagh in their third, and another close to the Badshah Bagh of 4 guns, 5 mortars, and 2 howitzers to counter-batter the Chutter-Murzil, and the Furrad Buksh Palace, and to shell the Kaiser Bagh, all in their third line of works. All was now ready for an attack on the enemy's position on each side of the river on the morning of the 11th.

The task assigned to Outram was to force the enemy back from their position in the suburbs upon the iron and stone bridges, and so, occupying the remainder of the left bank of the river, be able to erect additional batteries to play upon the city proper.

The Commander-in-Chief was on his side to advance, storm and capture the Begum kotee and Palisade battery on his left, and to take the Secunderbagh, Kadam Rassal, and Shah Nujeef on his right; he would then be able to open fire from his guns at close quarters on the Hazrat-

gunge, the lesser Imambarra, and the rest of the enemy's second line of defence.

On the left bank of the river Outram again divided his force into two columns. The right, under Walpole, consisted of Horsford's Brigade, with the addition of the greater part of the 79th Highlanders and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers of Douglas' Brigade, Gibbons' Light Field Battery, and two 24-pounder guns. The left, a small one, under Lieut.-Colonel Pratt of the 23rd, consisted of his own regiment and the 2nd Punjab Infantry, with two 24-pounder and three field battery guns. He led Walpole's column in person, to gain a position commanding the iron bridge.

Covered by the Rifles, the column, advancing by the road leading to the iron bridge and through the suburbs to the right of it, and passing Captain Stevenson's picquet of the 79th, reached a mosque about half-a-mile from the bridge. Here Walpole left the Bengal Fusiliers, and proceeded to the stone bridge, higher up the river. He surprised and took the camp of Hashmat Ali, Chaudari of Sandela, with that of the 15th Irregulars, killing a considerable number, capturing also two guns and two standards. The 79th were under the command of Colonel Taylor.

Outram then pushed on to the stone bridge, sending a troop of the Bays to cut off the enemy's fugitives, but finding his men exposed to both artillery and musketry fire from the opposite side of the river, he retired to the mosque above-mentioned.

Meantime Pratt's small column had moved forward through the suburbs nearer to the river, meeting with considerable opposition. Nevertheless it drove the enemy before it, and occupied all the houses down to the river's bank and the head of the iron bridge. To the right of the latter Pratt placed in battery his two 24-pounders to command the enemy's approach to the bridge. This column being much exposed to the fire of a hostile battery on the

right bank of the river during its progress suffered considerable loss, including Captain Thynne of the Rifle Brigade and Lieutenant Moorsom, D. A. Quartermaster-General. The right column also had a good many casualties, including Captain Miller, No. 5 Company of the 79th, wounded severely.

Captain Miller was carried to the rear in a dhoolie, apparently mortally wounded through the chest. Fortunately the bullet had struck him below the shoulder-blade, and ran round his ribs, coming out at the breast. He was able to return to duty within a few weeks.

Owing to this wound, the command of No. 5 Company devolved on Lieutenant Cleather for some time. Captain Turner of No. 3 Company, and Captain Scovell of the Light Company, were now prostrated with fever and dysentery, and Lieuts. Mackesey and Everett took command of these Companies respectively.

Early in the afternoon, Outram fell back on his camp behind the Badshah Bagh.

Captain Stevenson and Lieutenant Wimberley later in the day, were ordered to clear part of the suburbs near their picquet, and did so without any loss.

The 23rd Fusiliers were left to guard the new battery beside the iron bridge.

While Outram was thus successfully carrying out his orders on the left bank, Sir Colin himself got much nearer the city on the right. A heavy fire was opened from the batteries, erected on the 10th under the Chief Engineer, Brigadier Robert Napier, on the works in front, especially the Begum Kotee, within the enemy's third line on their right. Lugard then advanced with his division from the line of the Canal works. Bringing forward his right, he seized and occupied, without opposition, the Secunderbagh.

To the right front of this, some 400 yards off, stood the Kadam Rasal, and, a short distance beyond this, the Shah Nujeef, both near the river, and somewhat in front of the enemy's second line of works. Hereupon three officers of

the Engineers, attached to Lugard's column, namely, Medley, Lang, and Carnegy, at the suggestion of Lang, resolved, with four native sappers, to reconnoitre the Kadam Rasal. Creeping quietly up, they found it abandoned. Mounting to the top and looking down, they found reason to believe the Shah Nujeef was also deserted. They at once applied to the officer in command at the Secunderbagh for a party to seize and occupy the Shah Nujeef, but were referred to General Lugard. The order was at once given. Medley got 100 men and 50 sappers, and, entering the building, found it also, as they had supposed, abandoned by the enemy.

The three engineer officers at once proposed to make it defensible on the side nearest to the enemy (only 200 yards off), and, at Medley's suggestion, 100 men were thrown into the place.

Thus had Outram's march and his enfilading batteries so far facilitated Sir Colin's advance. But there was fighting in store for the men of Lugard's division on his left that day; and the hardest part fell to the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles, of Adrian Hope's Brigade.

The Engineers had constructed another battery by the forenoon of the 11th, to breach the Begum Kotee and adjoining serai. The task of storming these was allotted to the same regiments that had stormed the Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujeef in the preceding November. The palaces and courts known as the Begum Kotee were strongly fortified and held by about 5000 Sepoys. Shot and shell had been poured on them for some hours by our batteries. By 3.30 P.M. a narrow breach had been effected in the breastwork and wall of the outer courtyard. Behind this were other courtyards and inner walls.

The 93rd were led by Adrian Hope to the assault, supported by the 4th Punjab Rifles. They gained the breach, and got inside. The rebels fought hard, but in vain. The 93rd and Punjabees forced them back, and drove them out

There were many personal encounters, and fully 600 Sepoys were slain.

The adjutant of the 93rd, William Macbean, cut down or shot eleven of them with his own hand. Macbean was a brother of Councillor James Macbean, Inverness, and a native of that town. He had served long in the regiment, had gained a commission during the Crimean War: he now gained the Victoria Cross, and he lived to command the regiment.

The loss of the British was comparatively small. Among the killed was Captain C. W. Macdonald, a most promising young officer of the 93rd, brother of Captain Donald Macdonald of the 79th, and son of General Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., of Dalchosnie. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, too, was mortally wounded. Along with Brigadier Napier he entered the breach; later on, while hunting for Sepoys, he came on a party, who fired at him and gave him his death-wound. He was avenged by the 93rd, who bayoneted every man of the party.

By evening Sir Colin had thus made a considerable advance, and taken several strong posts. Another battery of two 68-pounders and five mortars was now constructed to shell the Imambarra, and silence the guns in its bastion; and another of one 68-pounder, one 24-pounder, and five mortars, to breach and shell the same works, preparatory to taking the enemy's second line of works.

On the same day, the 11th, Jung Bahadoor's Nepaulese troops were brought into line.

The following day, the 12th, was mainly a day for the artillery and engineers. Outram maintained a heavy fire from his batteries, enfilading and shelling the enemy's works. On the right bank the engineers were sapping towards the Hazratgunge and Imambarra. Captain Stevenson's picquet of the 79th at the Badshah Bagh was relieved, and rejoined the regiment in camp. On Outram's side of the river two more batteries were constructed, one of 2 guns, about 200 yards to the left of the iron bridge, to command the

approaches thereto on the other side, and another of 4 guns to batter the Residency, and cover our advance upon it.

The 13th was likewise an engineers' day. They proceeded with their sapping, supported by infantry, towards the Imambarra, heavy guns being brought up to make breaches where necessary. The rebels on their part maintained a hot fire of musketry on the advance of the British, to which our men replied effectively.

On the other side of the river a continuous enfilade and shell fire was kept up from Outram's batteries, which kept the enemy's fire greatly in check.

The same day the 2nd Division (Lugard's), which hitherto had been in the front, was relieved by the 4th (Franks's). The Nepaulese, too, moved to the left, against the suburbs lying to the left of Banks' house.

During these days the 79th took its share of guards and picquet duties in support of the batteries. On the afternoon of the 13th the 79th had to furnish a working party at the iron bridge. Captain Stevenson was in command. The duty was to fill sand-bags and make a breast-work of gabions across the centre of the bridge, at the enemy's end of which was a brass gun to sweep it.

The men belonged to No. 1 Company, with Lieutenant Wimberley and Sergeant John Mackenzie, and the party was joined by some Punjabees, probably of the 2nd Punjab Infantry. The Engineer officer was Lieut. Wynne, R.E. The filling of sandbags commenced when it grew dark. Captain Stevenson called for volunteers to carry the gabions and sandbags, to commence the work; and ten men and Sergeant Mackenzie were, in the first instance, selected. But, as fast as the bags were filled, all the men, including the Punjabees, took their share in carrying and placing the sandbags on the breastwork, the officers and Sergeant Mackenzie accompanying the successive parties. The breastwork was completed in a very short time, undiscovered by the enemy; and the three officers, the sergeant, and a good

many men were finishing the work, when a party of the 23rd Fusiliers, who were posted beside the battery on the right of the bridge, came to relieve the working party, and hold the breastwork.

Quickly, but silently, they came up, and were posted. Up to this time not a shot had been fired. The working party had then to make their way back to get off the bridge, and moved off quietly, the officers and sergeant in rear. The enemy heard them, and at once opened a brisk fire of musketry. The bullets came pattering fast, but fortunately it was very dark. Every man of the party got off the bridge unscathed, and all returned safe to camp. This little affair was mentioned with approval by General Outram in his dispatch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WEEK IN IRELAND.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS, PROVOST OF INVERNESS.

PART II.

I HAD a bit of adventure during the day. Having resolved to act on the advice of my friend from Bally-bo-fay to visit Mount Charles, and see the great Fair; and, procuring a "kayr," I started, along with two Irish gentlemen who were also going, and agreed to join in the trip with me. We started from the Hope, and drove along a good road, and through a very beautiful rich country, until some five miles, and arrived in time to see the market at its best. There was a good show of cattle, of very ordinary quality, and a few sheep and pigs. The business was proceeding briskly, and there was nothing to distinguish the market from an ordinary Scotch one. The most of the stock came from the north-west of Donegal, and this was evidently the important market of the season. I stopped occasionally to watch a bargain going on, and whenever I did so I was immediately brought in as referee; and I more than once accepted the job, and mediated with acceptance and approval. I for the first time saw how the cast-off clothing of the adjacent island of Great Britain was disposed of, for here, in the midst of the fair, were two auctioneers briskly engaged selling off all the second-hand clothing of the by-past and present generation. The articles were sold on the Cheap-John principle, and it was amusing to see a gentleman, with his caubeen on his head and shillelagh under his arm, trying to fit himself into a fashionable dress or overcoat, and the many valuable and amusing suggestions from the audience as to shortening the tails, or shortening the arms of the perplexed purchaser—for the auctioneer always managed to make the article seem the size to fit the likely purchaser, by the way he put

it on. He certainly was a master in the art. The purchaser generally put the purchase on over his frieze coat, and walked away, the more grotesque and incongruous the garment the better it seemed to please.

I observed that some dozen of policemen had been drafted in, and I met them sauntering in by twos and threes, armed with rifle and bayonet. They were all handsome, well set up, soldierly fellows. They wore forage caps, and, I must say, contrasted most favourably with our home policemen. Of course, the Irish Constabulary is a great service, and a most desirable one. As "my host" at one of the inns told me, all the young farmers' sons try to get into the force, and, seeing it means from £60 to £80 per annum, and light easy work, it is most attractive, "and what is more," said my friend, "all the purty girls and farmers daughters are after them;" to which a charming young lady, who was by, added—"Wherever you see a crowd there is always far too many gurls; shure they might billet some nice young ones of them in this quarter—they might scatter a few of us."

Mount Charles is a great market for cattle along the west of Donegal, and is situated between Kellybeggs and Donegal. It is a most picturesque village, placed on the top of a long narrow hill, on the ridge of which is the High Street, the houses facing the street, and the gardens behind falling away to the east and west. The market is held in the street, and for a long time the way was almost impassable, and one had to elbow one's way through cows, horses, pigs, sheep, poultry, &c. The general tendency of the drift was towards Donegal, the cattle having come from Gweedore and Kellybeggs direction. I went to the east end, and ascended a still higher portion of the ridge, in order to obtain a better view of the surroundings; and certainly a more beautiful bit of landscape I have seldom seen. In the foreground before me lay the village, set in the midst of gardens, which, as I have before explained, fell away from the High Street; and these again,

surrounded by rich pasture and fields of bright green, broken up with hedgerows and clumps of trees and shrubs, forming a lovely setting to the busy scene below: whilst beyond was the great Atlantic, running up in Donegal bay, —a beautiful roadstead, interspersed with islands stretching as far as the eye could see, and dying into the distant blue hills of Sligo.

I made a little water-colour drawing of the scene, which I afterwards showed to a young gentleman, one of our party, and I had very shortly a remarkable instance of the fertility of the Irish mind. This young gent introduced me to another friend, and, by way of recommendation, stated that I had been at the market, and “taken off the people” and market all complete. My sketch was nearly half a mile from the market, and was of a general character. “Man, it was the cleverest thing you ever saw, all done in two-two’s.” “Oh,” said the stranger, “I saw the gentleman on the hill and thought he was doing something.” “I wish you could see it,” says my friend, “but it isn’t here just now. It was beautiful. There was the market. I seen yerself taken off in it, too, standing looking in at Pat Tearney’s winder, and yer red plaid on yer arm, and beside ye was Tim Rooney’s mother, with her red ‘kow,’ which she was holding with a rope; all as natural as life, and all the horses, and pigs, and cattle, too.” “Do yes say so, and is it all true?” “True! the devil a lie’s in it.” “Just see at that now! well, well!” My friend further proceeded to dilate on the wonders of my sketch-book, but the above is a fair sample of the lively imaginations which one meets at every turn among the Irish. I went to the Inn—a temperance one—where we could get no spirits, but we kept the civil attendant busy running out and in to next shop for supplies of whisky to make punch, which drink hereabout is much more in favour than cold grog.

There were some half-a-dozen of us, and over our liquor we discussed politics and native industries. Of the former I could make nothing. Home Rule was to be the cure for

all troubles, and Government work to keep the people alive and quiet. But I could not help being amused at the perversity of the Irish mind as one of the company got excited and shouted—"Its always the way with England, she takes all and will do nothing for Ireland." I said, "How so?" "Och," said my friend, "just look at the beautiful docks and station they built at Chester, with platforms and refreshment rooms. All with Irish men and Irish money. Begorra, 'tis fine. I went in, it tuk me near a week to find my way out." "But how in earth can that affect you?" "Just by robbing the Irish. They won't let a baste land on their pier without paying a tax. And then they spend all the money on their own side of the water, and send for Irishmen to do it!"

I was more successful with a gentleman, a Mr M'Loone from Kellybeggs, who was one of the party, and has taken a great deal of interest in the native industries. We got into the question of tweeds and native vegetable dyes. There I was more at home, and we had a most interesting half-hour. Mr M'Loone told me he sent large quantities of home-made tweeds to the London market, and kindly offered to send me samples. He has since done so. These Irish tweeds are extremely fine; the patterns good and very stylish. I have submitted them to Mr M'Ewen, the manager of our Tweed Mills here, and he pronounces them exceedingly good and very marketable, about one-third less price than our Highland articles. They can be sold in the open market, and compete with factory work. This is as it should be, as it is on this principle we must act if our local native industries are to succeed. The Irish seem to have a very special aptitude for these technical occupations and one sees traces of flax-growing and linen work everywhere. I was glad to be able to give some hints as to the use of the native dyes, and to increase the list of plants that can be utilized for this purpose. I found, however, in conversation, that here, as elsewhere, the mineral dyes are being taken into favour, and that it is mainly in the spinning and weaving that the home element comes in.

As I said before, I wound up the day with a bit of an adventure; for on trying to mount our car to take us home, we found the driver in a high state of "good-natured excitement," and his horse—an old hunter—restive and anxious to start. We had barely got seated when I felt the car jerked in the air, and the heels of our charger threatening to knock in the front of it. The driver used his whip freely, and in an instant we were off, dashing through herds of pigs, sheep, cattle, and people, clearing them off in every direction.

It was the most exciting drive I ever had, and I must say I was really alarmed, for an Irish car in a crowd is a most uncomfortable vehicle, and in passing another vehicle one's knees and feet are uncomfortably exposed, as they, as a rule, overhang the car. I became decidedly angry, and remonstrated in strong language, even going the length to say that if I had the driver in my home I would give him "sixty days" for such conduct. He retorted—"Wid ye, be gorr; then it would give ye some trouble." "Certainly," I said, "you would be punished for reckless driving." "Sure, then, what could I do on the top of a brae, with the horse on his fore feet, his hind ones in the air, and the brechin tight agin him behind?" I said no more, and seeing I had cooled down after a little, he looked at me with a leer and remarked, "By gorra, didn't we scatter the multitude!" We got back to Donegal all safe, but I shall never forget my first experience of Irish cars.

The following day I travelled to Lifford, and thence to Londonderry. The narrow-gauge railway runs from Donegal to Strionlair through Barne's Gap, a wild dreary glen, very like some portions of the Inverness and Skye railway, but of a tamer character. They talk of Barne's Gap as a wild glen, and to a certain extent it is so, but it is of no great extent, and does not approach in wildness the gorges through which the Skye and Oban railways run, though in character of scenery it resembles them where the glen narrows and the railway and river run alongside each

other, as in the case of the Skye railway from Auchnasheen to Strathcarron.

On my return journey I passed through Londonderry, and here the character of the landscape, as well as the character of cultivation, much resembles the Carse of Gowrie. The farms are extensive, and the fields are large and beautifully cultivated, and everything betokens industry and prosperity ; the mountains of Donegal left behind, and the rocky coast disappears, and the whole seaboard as far as Portrush is flat and sandy, with an occasional headland of no great elevation, till we reach Portrush, when the trap formations protrude, and the columnar structure of the basalt shows itself overlying the white chalk. The Giant's Causeway is so well known as to need no description from me, but the impression on my mind was rather one of disappointment. The Causeway is formed by the ends of the columns, levelled off by the action of the sea, and extends out to sea, but it is scarcely so extensive as I had expected, and does not show the wonderful variety of form so well as at Staffa. It is, however, an exceedingly wonderful and grand sight, and the Castle of Dunluce one of the most striking and picturesque strongholds it is possible to conceive.

I travelled on the electric railway from Portrush to the Causeway. It is as yet but a pretty toy. The guage is the ordinary tramcar rails, laid alongside the public road, and the current is caused along the track by a T rail, set on very temporary posts. Attached to the side of the carriages is an apparatus very like the spring of an ordinary dogcart. It is oval in shape, and yields slightly to the undulations of the carriage. The motor power is below the carriages, and by this steel spring brushing along on the top of the rail the current is conveyed to the motor under the carriage. At the crossings of roads and field gates the rail ceases, and the cabee dips down under the roadway, the impetus of the carriage carrying it across the gap and the spring scraper strikes on to the rail on a

slight incline. The stations are at Portrush and Bushmill. The operations did not seem very satisfactory, for after we had travelled to the Causeway, and were returning, at Bushmill Station the conductor announced that we had lost connection, and no amount of manipulation and turning of handles would start us. We were consequently sent on by cars to Portrush, and on our way we met the old steam engine hurrying up to bring the train back to Portrush.

The length of this railway is about seven miles, and the journey to the Causeway and back most enjoyable, the track running along the edge of the cliffs, and affording splendid views of all the coast, which is here precipitous and wild.

Returning to Belfast, I passed through Coleraine and Antrim. Desiring to see the old Church of Kells and the famous Round Tower of Antrim, I hired a car and drove a great part of the way. Here the country is magnificently cultivated—large, comfortable farm buildings; rich, extensive fields, heavy with abundant crops. The people are evidently contented and well-to-do, and in any incidental conversation I had with them, I heard Home Rule and Boycotting denounced in round terms—in unmeasured terms. Evidently the large element of Scottish character had something to do with this.

Punctuality does not seem a feature in Irish railways, and I arrived in Belfast an hour and a half too late, and, consequently, missed the day boat to Glasgow. I, however, spent a pleasant afternoon surveying the city, which seems a thoroughgoing place, and has every sign of good trade and prosperity.

I took the opportunity of inspecting Robertson & Cleaver's magnificent new warehouses, than which there is nothing finer in Glasgow or London. The building is six or seven stories high, and is fitted with hoists, electric lights, and every modern appliance. The business is conducted on the principle of the *Bon Marche* in Paris, and almost every kind of article can be had. In the basement is

situated the engines and packing rooms ; on the next two floors, the show and sale rooms ; on the upper floor are dressmakers, hand-loom weavers, tailors, &c., all working in lofty, well-lighted and ventilated rooms ; and one can see the beautiful fabrics in linen and Irish laces being manufactured. On the upper flat are the dining-rooms and kitchens for providing the great army of employees with their meals on the premises. I merely instance this establishment to show the importance and forwardness of the town of Belfast, for its streets, pavements, public buildings, docks, &c., are all on a similar grand scale.

THOMAS PATTISON.

THE last *Highland Monthly's* review of Mr Macneil's reprint of Thomas Pattison's "Gaelic Bards" must have been read with delight by all true-hearted Highlanders. But the review omits one point of no little personal and bibliographical interest in regard to Pattison's important work. The edition reprinted by Mr Macneil was itself mainly a reprint. The reviewer states correctly enough that the work was published after Mr Pattison's early and lamented death in 1865. The "Gaelic Bards" had, however, been published in the author's lifetime, and had the benefit of his own careful correction and revisal, as very leisurely the work passed through the press. It first appeared in the form of fourteen separate contributions to *Hedderwick's Miscellany*—a meritorious periodical in its day, although few present-day readers seem to know anything of the many literary treasures buried away in its forgotten pages. Mr Pattison's first paper on the Gaelic bards appears in No. 10 of the *Miscellany*, on December 6, 1862. Its full title is, "Popular Songs of the Highlanders: No. 1—Duncan Ban Macintyre." The last of the fourteen contributions holds the place of honour in No. 8, Vol. II., under date of May 23, 1863. On September 26, 1863, the *Miscellany* closed its second volume and its life.

In *Hedderwick's Miscellany* Pattison appeared in goodly company. Besides many able articles from the versatile pen of James Hedderwick, the editor, there is a large supply of "fine promiscuous feeding," purveyed by such master pens as were then just beginning to be wielded by William Black and Allan Park Paton. Black must then have been a very young man. But his literary workman-

ship has already the grace and finish and easy flow which brighten and inspire his riper works. In poetry he is at his best. Take, for example, the following choice morsels of true poetry, snatched at random from the rich garlands from his hand, which in plenty festoon the varied and rougher contents of the two old volumes before me :—

Up the morn the red was creeping,
Mists across the plain were sleeping,
Sedges dark and low were weeping
O'er the beauteous Eylomel.

There she lay amid the shiver
Of the sedges on the river,
Gleaming white, but silent ever,
Golden-tressed Eylomel.

Far away, where leaves were swaying,
Tender hearts for her were praying—
Little lips their lesson saying :
Bless, O God, our Eylomel !

Dark the waters o'er her streaming,
Ghastly white the pale face gleaming,
Silent all the sedges dreaming,
Side by side with Eylomel.

Or take the first verse of “ Beyond the Town ” :—

There she comes, a little girl,
Laughing bright and free—
Forehead fair as sea-born pearl,
Eyes that dance in glee ;
Curls that tremble forth in light,
And, twinkling, fall adown
Her little neck, so stately white,
In ringlets golden brown.

Sweet Helen ! my Helen ! little Helen Lee !
I would that all the flowers of spring were beautiful as thee !

Or judge by this short extract from the larger poem of
 "The Legend of Harrold's Pool":—

Lofty pine trees then he level'd,
 And a shelter'd house built he ;
 With his own right hand he bevell'd
 Winding pathways to the sea.

Happy was the English maiden,
 Living in the northern land.
 Every evening, richly laden,
 Saw them walking hand-in-hand

On the beach, the while the water
 Laughed in gladness from the sea—
 Every crystal wave that sought her
 Sang her songs of minstrelsy.

Yet at times a tinge of sorrow
 Dimm'd the violet of her eye,
 Though a smile she tried to borrow
 When her lover-lord was nigh.

Unhappily for me, my novel-reading days had closed before the bright particular star of William Black had begun to light up the horizon of English fiction. And, therefore, it is not for me to search out the earnest and foreshadowings of his life-work that may possibly be discovered in the varied riches of his prose contributions to *Hedderwick's Miscellany*. Among these contributions are essays and short pieces on Christopher North, the Troubadours, and the like. But the titles of these papers are entirely misleading. They are all innocent of such a thing as research, and breathe no smell of the midnight oil. They are the spontaneous creations of "fancy free," smoothed out, shaped, polished, and beautified with the parent care of love and genius. Then his veriest trifles in prose are found evermore blossoming out into a flush of poetry. Within the compass of three pages, for example, he dashes off "How He Won Her: A Story in Seven Letters." It is a clever novelette, quick with the breath of

life and anxious movement. But the charm of it is a little trifle of song, thrown in as by pure accident, without a moment's premeditation. Here it is :—

I know a face so sweet, so sweet,
 That no one around me knows ;
 With a crimson bloom like the tender heat
 That dwells in the heart of a rose—
 A rose
 That in the warm June wind blows !

And I know blue eyes so deep, so deep,
 So limpidly cool and clear ;
 They seem to be sleeping a crystal sleep,
 And to wake but to brighten a tear—
 A tear
 For one whom they hold so dear !

Be it remembered that when scattering about with lavish hand all this wealth of the fine gold of genuine literary work, William Black had barely turned his twentieth year. And all the time he had his hands full of other and commoner work, to keep the pot boiling. While yet a boy, he joined the staff of the Hedderwick family, on the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, to whose columns he rendered the full darg of ordinary newspaper drudgery ; doing his work with honest and cheerful mind, as a workman not needing to be ashamed.

Between such a worker and Thomas Pattison, both engaged at the same time on the Glasgow press, there must have been a good deal of the gif-gaf of mutual influence. They were not, indeed, of the same age. Pattison must have been by ten years the elder of the two. But, though Glasgow-born, Black was, I would infer, of Highland origin. Anyhow then, as ever since, his heart warmed to the tartan. His contributions to *Hedderwick's Miscellany* are redolent of the Highlands—Highland cousins, Highland visits, Highland summerings, Highland sweethearts, and the pretty wiles of Highland courtings and lovers'

rivalries, with long loving walks, and memorable rides on fiery Highland steeds, by the shores of Lubnaig and Loch Earn. On this sacred ground the fellow-contributors were at one. Who knows how much of the "Gaelic Bards" was tinctured with the master spirit of the younger but stronger mind, or how much of the sweetness and light of Black's fine poetic musings were more or less transfigured in the evening twilight of dear Tom Pattison's dying days?

Of Pattison's other fellow-labourers in the work of this old, forgotten magazine, I may have more to say hereafter.

DONALD MASSON.

NOTE.—This short paper was written and in type before I could lay hands on the new edition of Pattison's work. It is now before me. Editor and publisher have done their work most creditably. Mr Macneil has edited the work with knowledge, skill, and care, and with the gentle touch of a loving hand. A fitter monument, or a worthier, of the lamented author, one could not well desire. But it does seem strange that my bookseller, one of the most enterprising in Edinburgh, could not find a single copy of the work in the city, and that it took him as long to get a copy from Glasgow as if the work had been published in Paris or Berlin. It should be added that the work as published contains a good deal more matter than is found in the original contributions to *Hedderwick's Miscellany*.

CAITHNESS TRIALS AT INVERNESS.

BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

PART II.

AT the risk of digression, though descriptive enough of the way convicts and others reached the plantations, the wanderings of an emigrant vessel then may be noted from the same magazine :—"Edinburgh, April 30th, 1774. The Bachelor, of Leith, Captain Ramage, arrived at Leith on Monday last. She sailed from Thurso, in Caithness, on 14th September, with 280 emigrants for North Carolina. First she was driven to Stromness in the Orkneys, and then, after resuming her voyage as far as the Butt of Lewis, was forced back, and came into danger of being wrecked on the west side of the Shetland Isles, but found shelter in Vailla Sound on 3rd October. On the 24th, she sailed for Leith to undergo repairs, when the passengers, in utter poverty, were taken to Edinburgh, four of them dying in the Pleasance, suffocated with smoke."

If John Swanson had a voyage in any way similar to this, five years previously, it is not surprising that even his desperate wilfulness did not attempt a return to his native scenes. As he stood to his associates much in the same position as John Gow, the pirate, a native of Scrabster, whose infamy Sir Walter Scott has immortalised, did to the ruffian crew of the *Revenge*, some further items as to his personal history may close what is at present known of this *cause celebre*. Calder says of him—"Swanson, the joiner in Thurso, who was considered the leader of the gang, and was commonly known by the appellation of Achgillan, was a tall, handsome, fine-looking man, and connected by marriage with a respectable family in the county. His mother-in-law, a woman of a proud spirit, felt

very deeply the disgrace which he had brought upon them, and on the day on which he was to be whipped, came purposely to Thurso to witness the punishment. The town was full of people from all parts of the county, attracted thither by the novelty of the spectacle. While the culprit was being flogged, the old lady, his mother-in-law, stood looking on with much apparent satisfaction, and is said to have called out to the man with the lash, 'Lay it well into the scoundrel, and do not spare, for he richly deserves all he can get.' Being a determined character, and possessed of more than ordinary talent, Swanson was transported to the plantations, and his success in after life was not a little remarkable. When the colonies rebelled against the mother country, in 1775, he heartily espoused the cause, volunteered into the service, and rose, it is said, in the revolutionary army to the rank of lieutenant-colonel."

A search for his name in some printed military lists of the United States has had no success; but many officers rose and fell, under General Washington, of whom no knowledge has been preserved. Existing tradition, however, in Swanson's native parish of Reay corroborates the statement that he was an officer in the United States' army, as well as the fact now established that he had been a trained soldier, receiving pension from Chelsea. A family of Campbells in Reay, five brothers of whom were in 1888 above 80 years of age, have a tale that a soldier of the British army, a native of the parish, was taken prisoner, with others, by a body of the rebel colonial troops commanded by Swanson. Recognising his countryman, he humorously put local questions and youthful incidents to him, to the great surprise of the prisoner, who, on his return to Scotland, was never tired of celebrating the good treatment and favour he had from their distinguished fellow-parishioner. The colonel, they add, was ultimately hanged for a murder in America, confessing the justice of his fate, and in particular regretting that he had killed a scripture-reader in Caithness, whose body was found in a conduit of

the high road near Georgemas market stance, part of his sorrow being that he only secured a fourpenny piece and a penknife on the unfortunate victim.

In Hew Scott's History of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, Mr James Nicolson, A.M., Bible-reader of Halkirk, is said to have died on 25th September, 1768, at the age of 34; and the circumstances of place, age, and profession strongly point to him as the person to whom the condemned man referred. But if Scott's date is correct in its transcription from the Caithness Presbytery records, some seeming difficulty arises in reconciling it with the dates of Swanson's movements before and after the Inverness trial. He had the lash at Thurso on 14th October, 1768, for the Freswick affair; but how he could have been twenty days previously in Caithness, to do this foul deed, is a little puzzling. He must have been apprehended immediately after the death of the Bible-reader, and sentenced for the Freswick conspiracy within a few days, Scott's date true. Escapes having been made both from Wick and Inverness prisons, this would be his apprehension a second time on the plot charge. It is possible to understand the motive of his attack upon Mr Nicolson, if he was in hiding from the law, and enduring the hunger of a desperate and totally discredited man. The quotations from the *Weekly Magazine* and from the *Scots Magazine* prove that his trial at Inverness took place between the 7th or 8th of September and the end of that month, in 1768; and if it did so on some day after the 25th, that of the Nicolson murder, he probably saved his neck by the accident of being convicted and transported to America promptly for the other crime of conspiracy to rob and murder at Freswick House. A man-slayer by profession, being a soldier from his youth, he made the mistake of acting in civil scenes as he did with honour in war against his country's enemies.

The parish register of Reay, which was begun by Rev. Alexander Pope, the antiquary, has the entry, "John

Swanson in Achigulan had a son John baptised February, 1736," the child who afterwards became the notorious robber and colonel. His father's character seems also to have been a lapsed one, because he was deposed from an eldership in the Church for some offence, and contented himself with the remark that the office did not make his pot boil. His epitaph on a gravestone beside the ruined Church of Reay, dedicated to St Colman, is still to be read thus—"Here lies the body of John Swanson, smith, Achiegullian, who died 5th January, 1757, aged 60 years." He was therefore dead before his son John was banished in 1768, who seems to have been the eldest; a David appearing in the register as baptised in June, 1740, and Francis on 11th March, 1744. A sister, Agnes, was baptised in April, 1738. John was ten years old when the battle of Culloden closed so disastrously the so-called rebellion of 1745, led by Prince Charles Stuart; and the boy clearly imbibed the violent and disorderly spirit of that time, when human life was at its cheapest, and the right of property at its lowest. He took to smuggling with alacrity, and one of his distilling bothies was on what is now Achna-best Farm, at half-a-mile's distance from his home of Achayullan. A feat of his while thus cheating the Revenue is recounted by the Campbells already referred to. He had broken a leg, and, discovering that it had healed up with a bend in it, he deliberately re-broke, and tied it up with his own hands in the bothy, so that his personal appearance might not be affected. It is not known whether this deed happened before he enlisted in the British army or after he was a Chelsea out-pensioner, a wounded leg perhaps the cause of his discharge in early manhood, for he was only thirty-two when transported.

Achayullan Farm, of a dozen acres, with outrun, and smithy, were directly in front of Achavarasdale Lodge, the mansion of Isauld estate, now possessed by Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart.; and the home of John Swanson still exists within a stonethrow of that residence. His brother, Francis

Swanson, held the farm in 1767, for he is mentioned as there when his daughter Janet was baptised on 11th April ; and the register describes him as still in Achayullan when he baptised his son John on March 23rd, 1769, five months after the child's uncle John was lashed at Thurso. Of this public lashing the professorial, ministerial, and scholastic Tullochs of Caithness gave the information that it was a Sinclair who consented to apply the whip, and that so enraged were the Sinclairs of the county at the disgrace of one of their kin accepting such an office, that he was afterwards boycotted, his wife even never daring to enter the door of one of the name again. Anne Swanson, wife of James Tulloch, Skail, an elder in the Church of Scotland many years, was a relative of the Achayullans ; born May, 1756, and died 1846 ; and a son of one of the Tulloch women says that the Rev. William Swanson, missionary, Amoy, China, and a year or two ago Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, is another relative. It is to be feared that there is no kin without some scoundrels, and Colonel John Swanson may be the exception to prove the rule of respectability among his people.

Till he had entered into the Freswick plot he seems to have had more than usual respect in the county. In 1882, a man born in the first year of the century (Malcolm Mills, farmer, Brims), spoke of him with marked emphasis as "Mr Swanson," and as being usually called so in the district, which is not common for those of his simple origin. But perhaps that he had been in foreign parts as a soldier, and was receiving Government pension, may have gained him this superiority, though his dominating personal characteristics may account for it. If, as is likely, he enlisted about eighteen, he may have seen hard service in India, and been at the battle of Plassy in 1757, which established our dominion over that country. The Seven Years' War on the Continent of Europe (1756 to 1763), passed during his soldiering period, before he was transported to America, and he might have served there or in Canada, in 1759,

under General Wolfe. In every part of the world Britain had then to fight, chiefly successful battles, and her army was for that period very large, namely, about 250,000. But, without other data than that he was a soldier during those years, and that he must have followed his regiment, which at present is not known, it is better to indulge no farther in contingencies, the facts of his life being enough and to spare. He had only learned too well, in the soldier's school of killing and plunder that war then was, and as more or less it always must be; the military honour of patriotism alone glorifying social humanity's worst evil.

Who his wife and mother-in-law were is an obscure problem, but study of parish registers might discover their names and other particulars. If he had children by his wife, local tradition would have been pretty sure to remember it, the time of these striking events being comparatively recent. It is probable that he had only just been married when discovery of the conspiracy against Freswick was made.

The *Weekly Magazine* says that William Sinclair died at Freswick House on 4th July, 1769, in the 85th year of his age, the year after he had been the instrument of John Swanson's banishment to America. Calder makes him "the second son of John Sinclair, fifth laird of Ratter," and adds—"It was he whom the band of Caithness thieves had plotted to rob and murder. His memory is still fresh among the inhabitants of the district in which he resided. He would appear to have possessed great astuteness and force of character, and was altogether a person of much local celebrity in his day." What will give further special interest is that it was his father who suffered the frightful imprisonment for years in the tolbooth and vault of the steeple of the Church of Inverness as a debtor, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. (See "Fortunes of the Ratters," in the *Highland Monthly* of November, 1889, by the writer, and the previous articles in the same magazine, entitled "Castle Girnigoe

and the Sinclairs of Ratter," contributed by Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk of Inverness.) Henderson shows that John was the fourth, not the fifth, Sinclair, laird of Ratter.

Further trials of the gang seem to have gone on as they were secured. Some year or two after the Freswick plot, Donald Mackay, in Eldrabort; Barbara Manson, wife of Alexander Macleod, tailor, parish of Halkirk; Alexander Mowat, tenant in Dunbeath, with Jean Nicolson, his wife, were indicted at Inverness for housebreaking, and on their own petitions banished to the plantations of America for life, giving seven years' service for the cost of their transportation. But it is impossible to be sure that they belonged to Swanson's band. The following quotation from the *Scots Magazine* of October, 1772, is more likely to refer to members of the conspiracy:—"At Inverness, Lord Kennet judge, Donald Bain, *alias* Macleod, and William Macmillan, both servants at Borrowston, in the county of Caithness, were indicted for housebreaking and theft, and on their own petition banished to the plantations for life, their service adjudged for seven years. Alexander Macdonald, from the parish of Reay, accused of stouthrief and robbery, was tried, but acquitted." At anyrate the names have been now ascertained of John Swanson, the leader, Donald Rugg, Andrew Keith, Donald Stark, Charles Swanson, five, and probably John Finlayson, with some or all of those just mentioned.

The acquittal of the above Alexander Macdonald suggests quite another set of events, equally illustrative of a lawless time and district. He did not escape the grip of law; because, at the same diet, he was put on his trial for another offence, and convicted, as this quotation shows:—"The above Alexander Macdonald and William Elder, tenant in Isauld; Donald Elder, his son; George Miller, and Robert Farquhar, both tenants in Isauld, in the said parish of Reay, were accused of wilful fire-raising, by setting on fire the house of Mr James Hog in Borlum. The proof

being somewhat difficult, and depending chiefly on circumstances, the libel was restricted to an arbitrary judgment. The jury found the libel proven, all in one voice, against William Elder and Alexander Macdonald, and by a plurality of voices against Donald Elder, and all in one voice found the libel not proven against Miller and Farquhar. The three former were ordained to be carried to Thurso and Wick, and William Elder and Alexander Macdonald to be whipped at both places, receiving each twenty-five stripes on their naked backs, young Elder standing beside them bareheaded, and thereafter all the three to be banished to the plantations for life, and their service adjudged for seven years. What gave rise to this trial was that the John of Liverpool, loaded with iron and deals, being wrecked on that coast last winter, and the mate and part of the crew being saved, Mr Hog, with a becoming humanity, not only entertained the survivors, but endeavoured to save as much of the cargo as possible for the owners. The country people, however, poured down upon the coast in great numbers in order to pillage the goods, and Mr Hog having been very assiduous to prevent them, and having by searching their houses endeavoured to recover what was stolen, these barbarous wretches, fired with resentment, formed a combination to destroy him and his family, by burning his house, which was attempted by entering it in the night time, and putting live coals in the thatch. The effect was, however, prevented by the noise of the ruffians going through the house awakening the family."

Calder's "History of Caithness," second edition, has a good account, thus:—"At this time (1772) there occurred a striking instance of the disorderly and lawless habits of the natives of the parish of Reay. A vessel called the John of Liverpool, laden with iron and deals from the Baltic, was wrecked in a storm near Sandside, and the greater part of the crew were drowned. A Mr James Hogg, a native of the south, who then occupied the farm of Borlum, treated the survivors with every possible kindness, and

endeavoured to save as much of the cargo as he could for the behoof of the owners. The country people, as was usual in such cases, poured down in numbers to plunder the wreck. With the assistance of his servants and one or two constables from Thurso, Mr Hogg put a check to the pillage, and, moreover, made a rigid search in the houses of the peasantry for the recovery of what of the property had been carried away. This so exasperated them that they combined to destroy him and his family by setting his house on fire in the night time. The chief agents in this diabolical attempt were Alexander Macdonald, William Elder, George Miller, and Robert Farquhar, tenants in Isauld. They were indicted for wilful fire-raising, and tried before the Justiciary Court at Inverness. After a trial of eleven hours, the jury, with one voice, found the libel proven against William Elder and Alexander Macdonald. The Advocate-Depute having restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment, they were sentenced to be publicly whipped in Wick and Thurso, receiving in each of these places 25 stripes on their naked backs, and thereafter to be banished to the plantations. Mr Hogg, who was in daily terror of his life, in a hostile neighbourhood, ultimately threw up his farm and emigrated with his family to America."

Some evidence from "A Highland Estate," by the writer, in the *Celtic Magazine* of 1888, goes to corroborate the statement that Hogg left Borlum farm about 1773. In the parish register his children are thus baptised, Betty, 17th July, 1767; Ellen, 16th October, 1768; Edward, in May, 1770; and Gavin, without date, as if entered after the family's departure for America. Unfortunately there is a gap from 1770 to 1783 in the register, which hinders this proof from being decisive; but there is no mention of Hogg after 1783; and Richard Metcalf is described as in Borlum when he baptized a son John on 1st December, 1787, his wife being Katherine Innes, probably a relative of the then new and last Innes laird, Major William of Sandside. Hugh

Weir held Borlum till 1797, when he was succeeded by Thomas Brown. These four successive tenants were, it would appear, Englishmen, the two contemporary ladies of Sandside being themselves from Yorkshire, Cradocks. A closer piece of evidence is that in the estate-book from 1792 to 1800, written by John Macdonald, a native of Reay, the Apostle of the North, as clerk or factor for Sandside. "Mr Hogg's rental of 1773" is several times referred to apparently in connection with some of Hogg's sub-tenants' liabilities of services and payments to the laird. Naturally, his rental at leaving Borlum would be that necessary for comparison. But another theory is that Hogg was factor or clerk of the estate, just as Macdonald afterwards was, and that "Hogg's rental" was an estate document, and not referring to his own rental for Borlum, of which he was tacksman, not simply farmer. His position of evident authority over the peasantry in the shipwreck scandal, suggests his factorship; for a private man could not dare to enter houses in search of pillaged articles even in a much quieter place and time. He was tutor in the family of Harry Innes of Sandside, formerly of Borlum, at Bishop Pococke's visit in 1760, and when the eldest son, William Innes, who was served heir on 30th March, 1764, became laird, Hogg seems to have been made factor by his pupil. Considerable editorial attention has already been given to the point, for which see "Pococke's Tours in Scotland," edited by Daniel William Kemp, the first publication of the Scottish History Society, and particularly the smaller work, "Bishop Pococke's Tour in Sutherland and Caithness," which has fuller notes, by the same painstaking editor. It is a necessary inference that Hogg was a university man, and his humane action in the shipwreck is a good illustration of the results of the highest education.

The Rev David Mackay of Reay, in the "Statistical Account of Scotland," 1793, says the vessel was a brigantine loaded with iron and hemp, and that she was wrecked at Sandside in 1771. He adds that there were

two persons of the parish banished in 1772, evidently meaning Macdonald and Elder, for the arson. He also refers to the emigrants for North America in 1773, already noticed as sailing from Thurso, Scrabster Roads. Hogg was by no means alone as representing culture in the district, for besides the famous antiquary, Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay from 1734 to 1782, whose age at the shipwreck prevented his usual muscular use of the stick on erring parishioners, there was Mr Francis Tait, schoolmaster, New Reay, who, though a lover of the bottle, was an excellent teacher, a poet, six feet in his stockings, and died at the age of 102, on 12th February, 1775.

These tales of twice "sixty years since" may be concluded by another from the *Weekly Magazine*, dated 13th September, 1770:—"On Tuesday came on the trial of James Mackie, officer of excise in Thurso, at Inverness Circuit Court, prosecuted at the instance of John Rose, sheriff-clerk of Caithness, with concurrence of His Majesty's advocate, for challenging the said John Rose, and insulting him when sitting in judgment as baron-baillie to Mr Sinclair of Ulbster. The jury were enclosed, and returned their verdict at seven the same evening, finding the libel proven, except the challenge" (to a duel). "Next morning, Lord Auchinleck pronounced sentence against Mackie, ordering him to make payment to Mr Rose of £5 sterling in name of damages, of £60 sterling of expenses, and to be imprisoned in the tolbooth of Inverness for 3 weeks, and thereafter till he shall pay the above sums, and likewise till he shall find caution for keeping the peace for one year, under the penalty of £20 sterling." The Ulbster mentioned was George, rather of Sir John, the agriculturist. In the "Life" of the latter by his son, the late archdeacon of Middlesex, George's death is thus told:—"On the morning of August 29th, 1770, he was found lying on the floor of his apartment in a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off within two days." His successor, Sir John, was then only sixteen, and the trial finished, it has been seen,

in his time. "Mackie" is an earlier way of spelling Mackay. How this officer of excise could meet these various sums must have puzzled him, unless the salaries of excisemen had risen very much since 1708, shortly after the union of the English and the Scotch Parliaments, when £35 was the annual payment; Collector and Supervisor James Calder, the highest official of excise in Caithness, having only £80 a year, with £20 for riding expenses. But 52 years must have improved their position. See the "Parliamentary Register" of the year 1780 for ample details as to the collection of taxes in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where the names of the persons, their salaries, and districts are fully tabulated. Of John Rose, sheriff-clerk of Caithness, much local knowledge has survived, the Roses of Kilravock, Ross-shire, of whom he was a scion, having had considerable representation in the more northern county.

THE SPELLING OF GAELIC.

AN interesting correspondence has taken place between Professor Mackinnon and the officials of the Irish Gaelic Society of New York, and its subject is that of the spelling of Gaelic. The Irishmen commenced the correspondence, and their letter at once plunges *in medias res* in good Irish Gaelic. Why, they say, are not our books printed on either side of the Sea of Moyle (North Channel) written and spelt so as to be understood by both peoples? It was the Scotch Gael that departed from the correct standard, for the Irish Gaelic, they go on to say, is written now as it was five hundred years ago. And till the middle of last century, the works in Scotch Gaelic were all Irish: witness Carswell's Prayer Book, and Bedell's Bible. Who made ye depart from this good usage? Surely enemies did so. Where, they ask, did ye get the language written by you now, for it was neither spoken nor written from the beginning of the world till the time of James Macpherson? And they finally call upon the Scottish Gael in the name of their common descent to give up the corruption of their language, and henceforward to write it aright.

To this curious mixture of well-meaning ignorance and the unintentional arrogance begotten thereof, Professor Mackinnon replies with mildness and courtesy. The Gaelic scholars may have gone wrong, but they had good reason, he says. Bedell's Bible, even in Roman characters, was not understood by the people, and a new translation was imperative, to suit the dialect of the people. Not James Macpherson, but Alexander Macpharlane, minister of Kilmelfort, and Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighsteir Alastair), the poet, made the change from Irish to Gaelic; for Macpherson's Gaelic was not published till eleven years after his death, and the little he left printed in his lifetime was after a method of his own. The Gael are not likely, the Professor adds, to change their mode of spelling, but there is one thing in which both they and the Gael of Ireland might change for the better: they might read the few books that do exist, for it is a shame that only a rich man can publish his Gaelic book, and purely Gaelic magazines cannot exist, or exist with difficulty.

NEW BOOKS.

AN T-EILEANACH. Original Gaelic Songs, Poems, and Readings. By John Macfadyen, Glasgow. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic Publisher, 62 Argyle Street. 1890.

THIS is a very enjoyable book, both songs and readings. Mr John Macfadyen does not try much to soar to heroic strains. He is no echo of the bards of other days, but sings and tells stories about events of modern life. He has an observant eye for the humorous side of things, and is equally at home among the wilds of Mull as on the streets of Glasgow. His power of apt expression is remarkable, and the insular burr of his Gaelic is not a fault but a charm. He gives us songs about the Queen's Jubilee, the wars in Egypt and Afghanistan, the opening of the railway to Oban, and other public events of our time. But he comes out at his best in humorous sketches in verse and vigorous prose. Ewen's visit to Glasgow is a good sample of one class of the humorous productions. Ewen tells his story himself. As he had no English, Calum, a countryman, undertook to steer him in the great city, not without an eye to "fairens." After seeing other wonders, Ewen is induced to try a galvanic shock. This is his account of the affair:—

“Bha bodach beag peallach 'n a shuidhe air cathair,
 'S ann thuirte gu cabach, 's e 'g amharc am choir-sa :
 ‘Give us a penny and try the Galvanic,’
 ‘O, dean,’ arsa Calum, ‘'s e math air an Ionaidh.’

“Rug mi air shinnean air, chionn mi bhì socharach,
 Chaidh mi 'n a dhos, 's cha b' e 'm fortan a sheol mi,
 Shaoil mi gu 'n d'fhuair mi Mac-mollachd air adhaircean,
 Fhearaibh 's a dhaoine 's i 'ghaoir ud a leon mi.

“Bha m' uilt 's iad ga m' fasnadh 's mo chnamhan 'gan sniomh,
 'S gu'n shaoil mi gu 'r prineachan 'lingich mo bhrogan,
 Cha chreidinn'sa buileach o dhuine gu brath,
 Nach robh miltean de shnathadan 'sas ann am fheoil-sa.”

Ewen did not get the confusion out of his head until he got on board the Claymore steamer to return to his native isle. The prose readings are very racily written, and are full of innocent fun

and witty descriptions of characters and scenes, interspersed with poetic effusions suited to the time and place where and when the scenes are laid. The orthography of the book is excellent, and altogether the volume is one which reflects the highest credit on its author's genius and power of expression in racy, idiomatic Gaelic.

THE GAELIC BARDS FROM 1411 TO 1715. By the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair. Haszard & Moore, Charlottetown (J. Thin, Edinburgh). 1890.

Mr Maclean Sinclair deserves the heartiest thanks of his fellow-countrymen in Canada for the collections of Gaelic poetry which every now and then he issues from the press. His "Glen-bard Collection" has been favourably received, both for the already published pieces it contains and more especially for the poems and tales published therein from Mr Sinclair's store of manuscripts. It is the same with the present book. The poetic works of thirty-five authors is dealt with, and in some cases several pieces of the same author's work are published. A concise yet clear account of each author's life and work is also given, while valuable notes are added bearing on the history and antiquities of the country, and more especially on the obscure words in the text. Many of the pieces are here for the first time published. This is the case with the poems from the Maclean MS., which Mr Sinclair possesses. We hope Mr Sinclair may be induced to publish this Maclean Collection in full, for it is evidently very valuable.

