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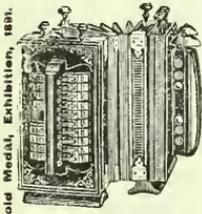
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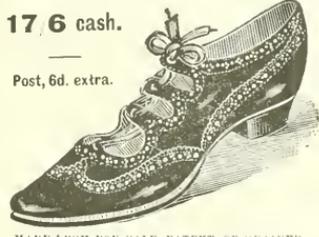


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COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C.I.E.



MAJOR CHARLES STEWART.



# THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 5. VOL. VIII.]

FEBRUARY, 1900.

[Price Threepence.

## COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C. I. E., OF ARDVORLICH.



**T**HE family of Stewart, of Ardvorlich, is descended in direct male line from Robert, Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II. Sir James Stewart, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and great-grandson of the King, was banished to Ireland, but his son James Beg was recalled to Scotland and given a charter of lands, of which the family has retained unbroken succession in the male line for over 450 years.

In the 17th century, Major James Stewart, of Ardvorlich, did good service in the cause of Montrose, but having unfortunately, in a quarrel, killed Lord Kilpont, the son of the Earl of Monteith, a kinsman of Montrose, he had to fly to the camp of Argyle. This powerful and eccentric chief was the proto-type of Allan Macaulay in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," and the principal scenes of that novel were laid at Ardvorlich House—the Darnlinvarroch of the book. His eccentricity was accounted for in family traditions from his having been born after his mother had been slightly out of her mind, owing to the barbarous conduct of some Macdonalds or Macgregors, "children of the mist,"

who forayed Glen Artney, the King's deer forest, and meeting the King's forester, Drummond of Drummond-Ernock, who was brother to the lady of Ardvorlich, they murdered him and carried his head in their plaids over the hill to Ardvorlich House, where they demanded refreshment, and while the lady was engaged in procuring food and drink they placed the head of her brother on the table, saying in Gaelic, "Eat, for many a meal you have had in this house before." On the lady returning and seeing the terrible sight, she got out of her mind and wandered in the woods for many days, till on reason returning, she was caught and soon gave birth to this son James, whose character and exploits formed the theme of many a tale.

The subject of our sketch, the present head of the House, Colonel John Stewart, was born on 24th March, 1833, and was educated at St. Andrews and at the Military College of Addiscombe. He joined the Royal (late Bengal) Artillery in 1851 and returned from India after 38 years service. He was created a C.I.E. by Her Majesty in 1887 for his special services to the Indian Empire, in connection with the administration of the Indian Army. He was selected from the scientific corps, after the mutiny, to re-organize and re-model the leather industry of India, with a view to develop the resources of the country and make the armies of India independent of Britain for the supply of leather equipments. He created the large and important harness factory of Cawnpore, which now supplies the army of India. He married in 1857, Anelia, daughter of the late General T. Webster, of Balgarvie, Fife. His eldest son, Major William Stewart, served for 20 years in the 10th Bengal Lancers, and recently retired on his appointment to the Scotch Prison Department, and is now Deputy-Governor of H.M. Prison at Barlinnie.

In May last Colonel Stewart was chairman of the meeting which inaugurated the Clan Stewart Society, and was elected as one of the Vice-Presidents.

The Arms of the family—quarter in 1st and 3rd the Royal Lion Rampant, 2nd the invariable Fesse cheque of the Stewarts, and 4th the Lennox saltaire.

## FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. MACLEAN.

*(Continued from page 73.)*

**M**OUNT Pleasant stands in the very midst of the piney region, and from it in every direction stretches the great pine forest. Near this centre Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh purchased of Caleb Touchstone a plantation embracing 550 acres, on which were a dwelling house and out-houses, which were more pretentious than was then customary among Highland settlers. The sum paid for this tract, as set forth in the deed, was four hundred and sixty pounds. Flora immediately established herself in the new house and thus felt assured that with her family around her, she would spend her remaining days in peace and happiness. Her dreams were doomed to have a rude awakening. Hardly was she settled when the storm of the American Revolution burst upon her with all its fury. That she was in part responsible for the final disaster that accomplished the complete financial ruin of the family is undenied by tradition; for she was an active participant in arousing the Highlanders to resistance. Her influence in the settlement was commanding and this she used in forcing the insurrection of 1776. Notwithstanding this the disaster would not have overtaken the family had Kingsburgh refrained from precipitating himself into the conflict, needlessly and recklessly. With blind fatuity he took the wrong side in the conflict; and even then, by the exercise of patience might have overcome the effects of his folly.

The party bent on the subjugation of the thirteen colonies, looked to the formidable settlements along the Cape Fear and the Mohawk for assistance. The frightful atrocities following the disaster on Drum Mossie Muir, and the systematic persecutions of the clansmen, did not wean the hardy race from the relentless hand of the oppressor. The American Revolution found all Scotland its pitiless foe. Petition after petition went up from city, town, and hamlet to George III.,

expressing their intense feelings against the Americans, and each protesting that the respective petitioners were his most loyal subjects. Over seven thousand native Highlanders fought against Washington and his compatriots.

If one turns to the emigrants from the Highlands, he will discover that the colonists received them with open arms and rendered every assistance within their power. Some of these emigrants were destitute even of the means of procuring assistance. After the call to armed resistance had been obeyed, a shipload of Highlanders was stranded in Virginia, and every assistance was rendered by the colonists.

On the breaking out of hostilities the Highlanders became an object of consideration to the contending parties. They were numerically strong, increasing in numbers, and their military qualities beyond question. Emissaries were sent among them, although it was known that their inclination strongly favoured the royal cause, and that party left no means untried to cement their loyalty, even to the appeals to their religious natures. On this point the Americans were at a great disadvantage, for it was impossible for them to secure a Gaelic-speaking minister, clothed with authority, to go among them. Perhaps such an effort would have been abortive, for their own minister, John Macleod, would have counteracted the influence exerted. Macleod's sympathies were against the Americans, and on account of his suspicious actions was arrested, but discharged, May 11, 1776.

No steps were taken by the Americans to organise the Highlanders into military companies,



OLD HIGHLAND BURYING-GROUND ON MOUNT PLEASANT.

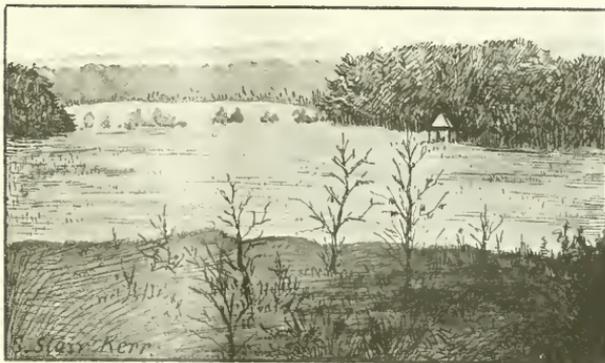
but their efforts were for the purpose of enlisting their sympathies. On the other hand, the royal Governor, Josiah Martin, took steps to enroll them into active British service. The Governor was in constant communication with them, and, in a measure, directed their movements. Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh was their recognised leader. As early as July 3, 1775, he went to Fort Johnson, and there concerted with Governor Martin the raising of a battalion

of "the good and faithful Highlanders," fully calculating on the recently settled Macdonalds and Macleods. There must have been prior intercourse between them, for in his communication to Lord Dartmouth, on June 30 preceding, Martin recommended that Kingsburgh should be appointed major. In the report of the same, to the same, dated Nov. 12, 1775, the statement is made that Kingsburgh had raised a company, as had also his son-in-law, Alexander Macleod.

Affairs among the Highlanders in North Carolina were rapidly taking form. General Gage sent Major Donald Macdonald from Boston to take immediate charge of raising the Highlanders. All these movements were noted by the Americans. Knowing that Kingsburgh was the most important man in the settlement, he was not only watched, but early came under the suspicion of the Committee of Safety at Wilmington. On the very day, July 3, 1775, he was in consultation with the Governor, its chairman was directed to write to him, "to know from himself respecting the reports that circulate of his having an intention to raise troops to support the arbitrary measures of the Ministry against the Americans in this colony, and whether he had not made an offer of his services to Governor Martin for that purpose?"

The influence of Kingsburgh was supplemented by that of Major Donald Macdonald, then in his 65th year, an officer of varied experience. He was in the Rising of 1745, and headed many of his own name.

All the emissaries of the British sent into the settlement were officers in the army, but represented themselves as only visiting friends and relatives; but this guise was seen through,



ALLAN MACDONALD'S FARM AT MOUNT PLEASANT.

as may be witnessed in a letter of Samuel Johnston of Edenton, dated July 21, 1775, written to the Committee at Wilmington: "A vessel from New York to this place brought over two officers who left at the Bar to go to New Bern: they are both Highlanders, one named Macdonald, the other M'Cloud. They pretend they are on a visit to some of their countrymen on your river, but I think there is reason to suspect their errand of a base nature. The Committee of this town have wrote to New Bern to have them secured. Should they escape there, I hope you will keep a good lookout for them."

A vigorous campaign for 1776, in the Carolines, was determined on in the fall of 1775. In deference to the oft repeated and urgent solicitations of the royal governors, and on account of the appeals made by Governor Martin, the brunt of it was to fall upon North Carolina. He had assured the home Government that large numbers of the Highlanders and Regulators were ready to take up arms on behalf of the king.

The programme, as arranged, was for Sir Henry Clinton, with a fleet and seven corps of Irish regulars, to be at the mouth of the Cape Fear, early in the year 1776, and there form a junction with the Highlanders and other disaffected persons from the interior.

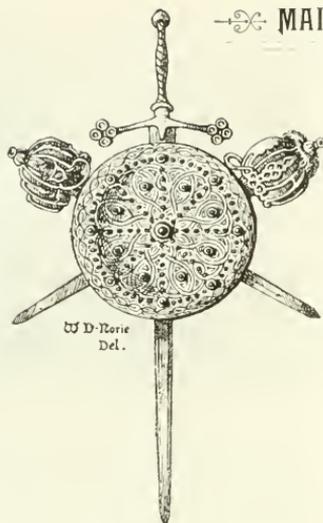
*(To be continued).*

HENDERSON'S TUTOR FOR THE BAGPIPE AND COLLECTION OF PIPE MUSIC.—We have pleasure in directing attention to this valuable work which has just been published. It contains a splendid selection of the most favourite tunes, many being here printed for the first time. The whole work has been carefully edited by Pipe-Major J. Macdougall-Gillies.

## —❧ MAIGHSTIR + ALASDAIR'S + FAMILY, ❧—

By FIONN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)



### II.—ALEXANDER, THE GAELIC BARD.

**T**HE second son of the minister of Ardnamurchan was Alexander, the Gaelic Bard, whose fame has in a measure eclipsed that of his father. He is styled on his father, for he is invariably known to the Gaelic student as "*Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair.*" Although famous as a bard in his day and generation, yet the earlier facts of his life have not been chronicled. He is supposed to have been born at Dalilea, where his father was tacksman, somewhere about 1700, the exact year being unknown. He seems to have given early indications of intellectual ability, and while his father was anxious that he should follow his own sacred calling, the Clanranald of the day offered to assist with his education if he would devote himself to the study of law. How the matter was decided it is impossible to say, but it is evident that this vigorous young Highlander found his way to Glasgow University, where he became a fair classical scholar. While still a student he fell in love with, and married, Jane Macdonald, of Dalness, Lochetive,—"*Sine bheag nam brògan buidhe,*" as she was locally designated. This imprudent step, along with the death of his father, rendered it necessary for him to abandon his studies, and he retired to his native parish, Ardnamurchan, probably about 1726, and here we find him in 1729 in the capacity of teacher and catechist, in the joint employment of the

Royal Bounty Committee and the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

The parish of Ardnamurchan is 45 miles in length, by 39 in breadth. Owing to its extent, "*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*" had to go with his school from place to place within the bounds of the parish. From 1729 to 1738 he taught at Eilean Fhionain; from 1738 to March, 1739, at Kilchoan; and from March, 1739, to Whitsunday, 1745, at Coir'-a'-Mhuilinn, at the base of Ben Shianta. His salary in the dual capacity of catechist and teacher was far from encouraging. From 1729 to 1732 it was £16 a year, and from 1732 to 1738, £18 a year. In 1738 it was reduced to £15, in 1739 to £14, and in 1744 to £12.\* Small as we may consider the Bard's salary as teacher and catechist, it would appear the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge thought it more than ample, as may be learned from the following extract minute.

"4th May, 1742.—A report from the school at Coryvulin, in Ardnamurchan, is found agreeable to formula, but considering the smallness of the school, and the largeness of the schoolmaster's salary, resolved that enquiry be made about his conduct."

What the result of the proposed "enquiry" was, we cannot say; but it would appear from subsequent minutes as if the Society were determined to starve out the teacher:—

"2nd Aug., 1744.—Salary reduced to £9 for Royal Bounty and £3 for S.P.C.K., which is £2 of diminution to him, because the funds can bear no more."

About the year 1740, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge desired to publish a Gaelic Vocabulary for the use of their schools, and the Presbytery of Mull recommended Macdonald as a competent man to compile such a work. This work he undertook and successfully executed. It was the first attempt of the kind in the language, and was published in 1741.

We have been unable to ascertain what remuneration, if any, was allowed to the compiler for his Vocabulary, but it is clear from the Presbytery records that Macdonald was in very straitened circumstances at this time—being obliged to do "high thinking on plain living." We have heard of "cultivating

\* For these and other interesting facts we are indebted to a Paper by Mr. Wm. Mackay, Inverness, entitled "Presbyterial Notices of 'Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair,' &c.," to be found in vol. XI. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

literature on a little oatmeal," but it seems that in Macdonald's case the "little oatmeal" was wanting, as will be evident from the following minute of the Presbytery of Mull, of date 28th April, 1741:—

"The visitors of the charity school of Ardnamurchan report that when they attended there in order to visit said school, Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster thereof, sent an apology to them for absence, viz., that through the great scarcity of the year, he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family. The appointment is therefore renewed upon said visitors."

Nor was this the only time that Macdonald absented himself, as may be learned from the following minute of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, of date 4th April, 1745:—

"Read a letter of the 8th March from the Presbytery of Mull, in answer to that sent them the 22nd November last, anent Alexander Macdonald, catechist in the parish of Ardnamurchan. Believing that supposing he was absent most part of last summer from his charge, yet this same was supplied by his son; and that as he was at Edinburgh the beginning of last winter, they hope he then satisfied the Committee of his conduct. The Committee,

having heard the said letter, declare the same not satisfying. Meantime appoint that the Presbytery be desired to acquaint the Committee how the said Alexander Macdonald has behaved since he last returned home."

The son referred to as acting as teacher in the absence of his father, is Ronald (*Raonnall Dubh*) who, according to Reid,\* was afterwards a schoolmaster in Eigg. He compiled a collection of Gaelic songs in 1776.

It is evident the bard was becoming a prey to his own restless nature and disappointed hopes. From minutes of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge which we have perused, it is evident that his conduct was not becoming a teacher and catechist, and they "resolved to consider his case at making up the establishment for the ensuing year." It is clear the bard anticipated the action of the Committee, for from the minutes of the Presbytery of Mull, held on 15th July, 1745—four days before Prince Charlie cast anchor at Loch-nan-uagh—we learn that the minister of Ardnamurchan reported "that the charity school in this parish has been vacant since Whitsunday last by the voluntary desertion of Alexander Macdonald, the former schoolmaster of this country."

Acting upon this information, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in 14th July, 1745, make the following entry: "Upon considering the various representations given of the conduct of Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster at Coirvullan in the parish of Ardnamurchan, who has as is now informed left his station, resolved to be dismissed the Society's service, and ordered that he be left out of next scheme."

Tradition speaks favourably of Macdonald's abilities as a teacher, and the following extract from a letter received from Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, Edinburgh, the author of "The Gesto Collection of Highland Music," shows that some of the bard's pupils attained eminence in the paths of learning.



RAISING THE STANDARD AT GLENFINNAN.

\* Reid's "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," page 83.

"It was the poet who educated my grandfather and his brother John, who afterwards became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Valladolid, in Spain, while their father was hidden in a cave for seven years, having been outlawed for breaking the gates of Carlisle in 1745."

Not long after laying down the ferule, the bard took up the sword; for having heard the pibroch—\*

"Thàinig mo Rìgh air tìr 'am Mùideart,  
Rìgh nan Gàidheal Tearlach Stiùbhart,"

he threw himself into the movement with the whole energy of his vigorous yet restless nature, and some of his finest poems were written under the excitement of this period. From a "Roll of men upon ClanRanald's mainland estates—with their arms,"† made up in the year 1745, we find the following entries under Dalilea:—

"Angus MacDonald,.....gun, sword, terge,

Alexander his brother,.....gun and pistol,

Angus Bàn,.....gun, sword, and terge."

Alexander, with "gun and pistol," joined the Prince's army under the younger ClanRanald of the day. He received a captain's commission, and was present at the raising of the Standard on 19th August (O.S.), 1745.

"Where in deep Glenfinnan's valley,  
Thousands on their bended knees,  
Saw once more the stately ensign  
Waving in the northern breeze."

It is said‡ that when the royal standard was unfurled, and the prince and his chiefs were about to partake of some refreshments, Allan Macdonald, brother to Kinloch-Moidart, set the prince on the bard's knee, who straightway proceeded to extemporise the spirited strain—

"O Thearlaich mhic Sheumais,  
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,  
Leat shùibhlainn gu h-èutrom,  
'Nam òigheach bhì mairsal," etc.

Which may be rendered—

"O Charles, son of James,  
Son of James, son of Charlie,  
I'd answer the summons  
And follow thee early."

The bard was regarded as a valuable adherent to the Stuart cause; not only was he an energetic officer, but as a poet he was both able and willing to arouse enthusiasm on behalf of the cause, and to stimulate the energies of those who, like himself, had given up their all to follow their prince.

(To be continued.)

## MAJOR CHARLES STEWART, OF INVERNAHYLE.

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART—whose portrait, in captain's uniform, is given in this issue—is the present representative of the Stewarts of Invernahyle. The point of offshoot from the great Appin family is described in the handsome quarto "The Stewarts of Appin" (1880) from which we learn that the first Stewart of Invernahyle was Alexander, called "Siòchail" or "The Peaceful," being fifth son of Alan Stewart, third of Appin, by his wife the daughter of Lochiel. After Flodden the lands of Invernahyle were gifted to Alexander by his father. A later Alexander—the eighth of Invernahyle—in 1778 exchanged his lands for others belonging to Major John Campbell, of Airds. Of this gentleman Sir Walter Scott, who as a young man often visited Invernahyle, writes:—"Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, a name I cannot write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to the friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the Highlands, their traditions and their manners. . . . He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, gallant, courteous, and brave even to chivalry." Not a few would rather know that Scott wrote thus of an ancestor of theirs than feel sure that they had the blood of kings in their veins. In course of time Charles Campbell Stewart, great grandson of Duncan, seventh of Invernahyle, became a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and married a daughter of Andrew Wood (a well-known surgeon there) whose second son, Andrew Wood Stewart, was Major Charles Stewart's father.

The subject of this sketch was born at Trinity, Edinburgh, on 4th March, 1860. His father being one of the original volunteers of 1860, and of fervent military spirit, it is not surprising to find young Stewart on 18th March, 1878, joining as gunner, the Midlothian Coast Artillery Volunteers. He received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant on 8th December, 1880; became Captain on 6th August, 1886; Hon.-Major on 17th January, 1896, and Major on 15th July, 1898. On account of illness, after twenty-one years' ardent service, he resigned his commission on 11th May, 1899, with permission to retain his rank for life and wear his uniform. He has also been granted the long-service medal.

Major Stewart is Accountant to the Standard Life Assurance Company at their head office in Edinburgh, and is, on account of his modest demeanour and his many amiable qualities a great favourite amongst those who have the privilege to know him.

JOHN HOGGEN.

\* "My King has landed at Moidart," composed by John MacIntyre in 1745. See "MacKay's Collection of Ancient Pibroch," 1888.

† "Moidart; or, Among the Clanranalds," p. 173.

‡ See footnote to this poem in the eighth edition of the poet's works: Edinburgh; John Grant, 1892. The editor of this edition was the late D. C. MacPherson—the "Abraich" of modern Gaelic literature.

## DUNVEGAN CASTLE.



**G**RIM, ancient stronghold, that has kept  
Thy watch beside the main,  
While o'er the land dark ages swept  
With changes in their train.

Unchanged thou hast stood the blast  
Of long unnumbered years,  
Thou haunt of music, song, romance,  
Of mirth, and tragic tears.

Thy light has flashed out o'er the waves  
Through countless nights of gloom,  
While to thy lofty chambers rose  
The wild Atlantic's boom.

Brave clansmen 'neath thy walls unfurled  
The flapping briny sail,  
While high above the tumult skirled  
MacCrimmon's mournful wail.

With dance and song thy roof-tree rang  
From eve to early morn;

\* A drinking horn that belonged to Rory More, a renowned chief of the Macleods, and which is preserved as a valued relic at Dunvegan.

Thy bards of love and valour sang,  
And round went Rory's horn.\*

The noble, beautiful, and young  
Sat round thy festive board,  
And in thy halls the leal and strong  
Have girded on the sword.

Thy chiefs renowned on flood and field  
For iron hand and will,  
Ne'er from the poor withdrew their shield,  
And help and shield them still.

In coming years may gallant chiefs  
Adorn thy ancient halls,  
And firm through coming tempests stand  
Thy time-stain'd massive walls.

May gallant Rory's famous cuach  
Run o'er with ruddy wine,  
And clansmen brave rich harvests reap  
From pasture, croft, and brine.

Itafield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

### UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

(Continued from page 61.)

**N**NUMERABLE snatches of song are still floating in the Reay Country which are fathered upon Rob Donn; but it is questionable how many of these are genuine. There is good reason, however, to believe that he was in the habit of making *impromptu* verses on almost all occasions, when meeting old friends, or joining convivial parties. It cost him little trouble, and it gave them much amusement.

Some specimens of this sort have been supplied to me by Widow Ann Murray, the bard's great-grand-daughter, who is now in her 94th year. She well remembers Christina Donn, her grandmother, for Ann Murray was grown up before the last of the bard's daughters died. On one occasion the bard went to a funeral in the heights of the parish, when a terrific storm came on, drenching them to the skin. Thereupon he remarked to his equally unfortunate neighbours:

"S iomadh latha grianach  
Dh'fhaodadh sinn bhì lomnochd  
Theid an diu a dhioladh oirm  
Aig tiodhblacadh Nin-Domachaidh."

Of this class is the following, to one who laid claim to the limpets on the rocks adjoining his croft :—

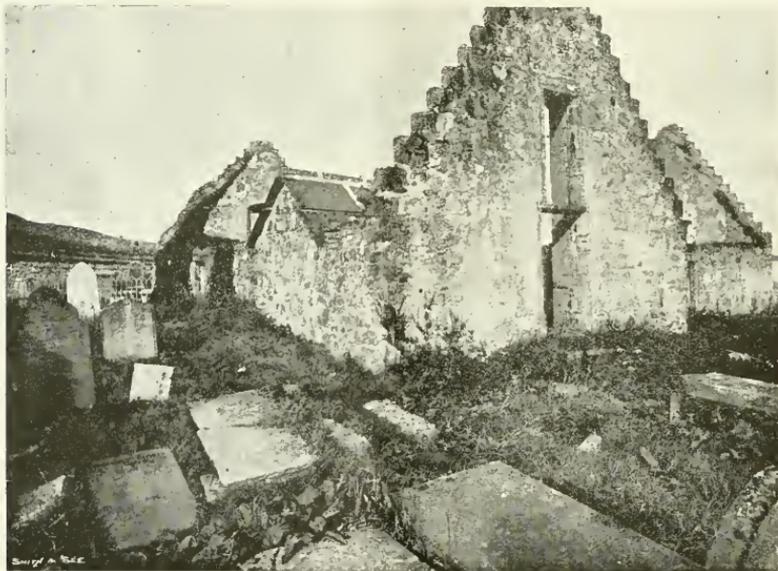
“ Mac-Allais-Ic-Naoise gràdhach  
 'Buain nam beàrnach air Leac-fhlhrim  
 'S maith a loinneadh 's a chairdeas  
 Ris gach càrn air' fasadh maorach.

Shaoilinn gum bu chàra dhuit  
 Bhi 'g àiteach 'nuair bhiodh thinn ann  
 Na bhi 'sireadh traghaid  
 Anns gach àit 's am fasadh maorach.”

“Oran a' Bhotuill” was composed to one who went a long distance in quest of a wife, armed

with a bottle of liquor, but who, on being refused by the fair one, carried the bottle back untouched :—

“ Failte air suiridheach a' bhotuill,  
 Fhuair e 'n tìotal ud gu saor  
 Bheil sibh 'n dhùil gu'm pòs i feasd e  
 Is sgeul a' bhotuill air dol sgoilte  
 Saoil sibh fein nach b'è an t-amhlair  
 Thigeadh o'n Gleann-du do Bhrandaidh  
 Le botul sin-cibhir aig no Brandaidh  
 Is na bh'ann thoir dachaidh ris ;  
 Saoil sibh fein nach e bha gòrach  
 'Dhol an cleamhnas dhaoine còir  
 Am fear erion, nach brisudh sgòrnan  
 Bhotuill ghòimich, 's beag a phris.”



BALNACILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.

(The tombstone, with inscription, in the left foreground, marks the bard's grave.)

On another occasion, a certain individual of the name of Murdoch dogmatically predicted rain, as the wind had veered to the west. The bard disliked the too confident assurance of his friend, and replied—

“ Air son creidimh Mhorachaidh liath  
 Air mo bhriathar cha dean e tìrn ;  
 'Smuaineachadh nach b' urrainn Dia  
 Gaoth an iar 'chuir dheasbhuidh burn.”

It is stated in the first edition that some of his daughters possessed more or less of the “airy gift.” That was so, and one of his sons also, namely, John, the soldier son of the bard,

who is thus referred to in a note which Colonel Stewart of Garth quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee, 2nd June, 1782 :—“I take this opportunity of communicating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in Macleod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donn, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem. This son of the bard has frequently revived the spirits of his countymen, when drooping in a long march, by singing the humorous and lively productions of his father. He was killed

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by a cannon shot, and buried with military honours by his comrades the same evening." Not only could he sing his father's songs, but he also possessed to a certain extent the gift of versification characteristic of the family. It is recorded that when he was about to take part in the last action, he cheered on his company against shot and bullet with an *impromptu* verse, reminding his comrades of the game of shinty on Balnakiel sands:—

"Nach e so na *cailleagan*  
'S cha'n e *cailleagan* Traigh-na-Cille."

This power of versification also characterised the children of the bard's brothers. Barbara, the daughter of Gilbert Donn, known as Barbara-Nin-Ghilbert, composed freely. One of her songs to Murdoch Low is well known. It was on the death of her favourite lap-dog:—

"Mharbh iad mo chù bàin  
B'fhearr leam e 'bhi beò  
Fhir a rinn a' cheard  
Na dean thu's an corr.  
Mharbh iad, &c.

Fhir a mharbh mo mheasan  
'S thug air falbh gun fhios e  
Na dean thu's do shuipair  
Gus an ith thu 'fheòil.  
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh beag na straightlich  
Leis a' smigeadh gaibhre  
Dearbh cha dean mi t' fhoighneachd  
Oir cha do thoill thu chòir.  
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh biogach 'crotach  
Aig bheil airgid focair  
'S mor tha neul na goirt  
'S tòn air port do bheòil.  
Mharbh iad, &c."

Outside the bard's family, Durness can boast of a considerable number—both male and female—who with more or less success were wont in their day to cultivate the muses. Had it not been for the Rev. William Findlater, however, who carefully preserved the following pieces, not a scrap would have remained to the present day. He was himself a man of strong literary tastes, a feature which has been so happily reproduced in his grand-daughters, Misses Mary and J. Helen Findlater. I have before me some specimens of his composition in Gaelic poetry, and considering the subjects on which he worked—versifying the Shorter Catechism—they are most creditable. It is also apparent that he encouraged such of the parishioners as possessed the gift, for among the papers which have been handed to me there is a little missive bearing marks of the old-fashioned wafers, written in verse, and inviting one of the most prolific of the Durness bards to the manse to supply an air to one of his latest productions.

It was in 1808 he came to the Parish of Durness, and the event is worthily commemorated in a song by Janet Mackay, wife to Donald Mackay, *alias* Abrach, in Eriboll. His predecessor, Rev. John Thomson, was now aged, and Rev. John Kennedy, latterly of Red Castle, his predecessor in the mission of Eriboll, had some time before this gone to Assynt. She sings:—

"Tha ministear na Sgìre so, a fàs gu h-aosmhor  
liath  
Tha e mar na craobhan pailm, tha bhò'n talamh  
'g eiridh suas  
Do mhead 's a theid do chudthrom oirr', is ann is  
mò am briogh  
Mar sin tha maise na naomhachd 'na aodainnse  
le fiamb.

Nach iongantach do riannan ris an fhearainn  
fhiaidhaich bhorbs'  
Thug t'fhacal ann do liubhraigeadh an guthan  
min is garbh ;  
Thug clathar do luchd-riarach' ann 's bu mhiann  
a bhi 'n am pàirt  
Chunnaic mi m'as fhior dhomh 's a' bheatha  
shiorruidh fàs.

An fear mu dheireadh dhealachan ruinn bu  
sboilleir air a ghràs,  
Fhuair e gibht' gu liubhraigeadh o'n Trianailt  
Naomh is Aird'  
' Mairgheist Ian Ceannadaidh, a dhimirich as  
an àite-sa,  
Fhuair comunn-làithreachd t-intinn, cho cinnteach  
ris a' bhàis.

Thugadh leat do dh' Assint e gu t' fhacal 'chur an  
céill  
Do mhuinntir gharbh is aineolach, mar dh'fhàg e  
as a dhéidh  
Chaidh gach seorsa a ghlacadh leis 's gach àit 's 'n  
do thachair e  
A fhuair an t-éirlas firinneach fo neart a shaothair  
fèin."

The following verse refers to the Rev. Mr Findlater, who had just come to the Mission of Eriboll, and in the course of a few years (1812) was inducted to the parish of Durness.

"Thug thu fathast òganach do sheòladh t' obair  
fein  
Thoir tuigse is gràsan mòra dha gu t' fhacal chur  
an céill  
Dean aois 'is òige a ghlacadh leis, gu neartaich  
thu a cheum  
Gu treudan ùr a bheathachadh gu rioghachd  
t-athair fein.

Thoir dhuinn bhì tric a' meadhraichadh an caoimheanas  
pailt nach tràigh  
A rinn gach bàra a lionadh dhuinn, a' meudachadh  
do ghràidh  
A dh' fheuch do rùintean diamhair dhuinn, an  
lionmhoireachd do ghràs  
An dorchedas a' shoilleachadh do bhraighdean-  
aibh tha 'n sàs.

(To be continued)

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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## THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1900

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. JOHN MACKAY, of Hereford, is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness. He has just forwarded parcels of Gaelic Class and Music Books for the use of the classes formed in Strath-Halladale, Strathly, Melvich, and other places in Sutherland.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' WAR FUND.—The various Societies are still busily engaged collecting subscriptions for this deserving object, the sum realised by several of the Societies being very handsome. The Clan Campbell have just issued a first list of subscriptions, and the Clans Cameron and Colquhoun have issued an appeal to their members. Since our last issue, the following additional subscriptions have been received by us for the

CLAN MACKAY FUND.—Per Donald Mackay, Helmsdale (collected by Miss Mackay Bruce), £7 14s; James H. Mackay, £3, Mrs James H. Mackay, £1, and Miss Rose Mackay, London, £1; Donald Mackay, Bromley, Kent, £2 2s; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D., London, £2 2s; James R. Mackay, Edinburgh, £1; Ben Davidson, New York, £1; Dr. Ian D. Mackay, 10s 6d; Peter McKie, Wigtown (per Dr. N. J. McKie, Newton Stewart), 10s 6d; Donald Mackay, J.P., Braemore, 10s 6d; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., 5s; Hugh Mackay, Coleraine, 5s. Total to date, £64 8s.

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"ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT," by the Duchess of Sutherland—There seems no limit to the versatility of the young and gifted Duchess of Sutherland. Ten years ago she made her *débüt* as an authoress in, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," and the promise of that delightful record of a tour round the world has been more than justified during the intervening years. And now Her Grace surprises us with a novel! We have perused the volume with particular interest, and are pleased to say that our impressions of the work are entirely favourable. It cannot fail to increase her great reputation as a litterateur, and a practical worker in the difficult paths of social reform. It is not a book intended to provide a half-hour's light reading; it is really a serious exposition of a problem which is attracting the attention of our greatest statesmen and thinkers. It is a study of Socialism, in its sensible and extravagant forms, worked out in the form of a story. We cannot imagine any subject more difficult of treatment, in the shape of fiction; and yet those who have carefully read "One Hour and the Next" must admit that the noble authoress has performed her self-imposed task most successfully. Our space is too limited to permit of an exhaustive analysis of the novel, but, briefly, we may say that the plot is associated with a Dyers' strike in an English town. Contending for mastery in controlling the strike are the two almost opposite forms of Socialism—the sensible and Christian attitude, which is well represented in its leader, Philip Assheton; while the professional agitator, the inciter of outrage, Robert Lester, illustrates a phase of Socialism the dangers of which we have too often had experience. The heroine, Agnes Stainer, affords a character sketch showing how women may be attracted by a false ideal. To weave these different elements into an interesting volume was a task requiring no ordinary literary gift, and we heartily congratulate Her Grace in achieving a distinct success. From a literary point of view, the work is of exceptional merit. We might quote many beautiful examples of word painting not often found in novels, which in themselves, to the student of literature, make the volume a sincere pleasure to read. We hope that the gifted authoress will be encouraged to write another work; if we might presume to indicate a subject, where could she find a more congenial or delightful theme for a story than the romantic land of Sutherland, and the home life of its people, with its joys and sorrows, its romances and thrilling episodes.

FORTHCOMING SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—The Ross and Cromarty Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 8th February, and on the same evening the Natives of Cowal meet in the Waterloo Rooms; on the 9th the Clan Mackinnon gather in the Waterloo Rooms—Major F. A. Mackinnon in the chair; 14th, Natives of Islay in the Waterloo Rooms—Mr. D. T. Martin, of Dunlosit, presiding; 28th, the Inverness-Shire Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms—Mr. Neil J. D. Kennedy in the chair. The celebrated Inverness Select Choir are to take part. The Clan Mackay have decided not to hold a Social Gathering this winter, owing to so many of the Clan suffering bereavements through the war, but an Excursion will take place in the summer.

—❧— CONCERNING : LOCHIEL + AND : GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART SECOND.

**T**HE examination of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern, as a witness for Lochiel, was objected to by Glengarry, who in person stated his objections, as follows :—

At Fort William, 14th May, 1825, Sir Ewen Cameron appearing, Glengarry stated that however respectable the proposed witness is, he felt it incumbent on himself to object to the baronet's evidence being received in the present question, and that for the following among other reasons. First; Sir Ewen is a near relation of Lochiel's, the nearest in life next to the family of his chief. Second: He has invariably shown a very anxious interest in every question and matter affecting Lochiel, and he has done so particularly respecting the result of the present question.

He has besides, till a very recent period, taken an extremely active share in the management of the estate of Lochiel, as guardian, trustee, and otherwise, and he is still consulted in matters of business important thereto. Third: He is, if not the Institute, very high up in the list of Substitutes, in a deed of entail, which it is understood has been recently executed by Lochiel, to which Glengarry is informed that Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern is a party, and thus has a very important family interest in the issue of these actions; and for these reasons, it is submitted to the Commissioner (Sheriff Flyter) that Sir Ewen Cameron is not a competent witness in the cause before him. Answers: On the part of Lochiel it was stated that the objections now made required no answer, but it might be noticed in regard to the last of them, that it would be proved by Sir Ewen Cameron's own evidence that the relationship with the present Lochiel, was that Lochiel's paternal grandfather, by whose attainder the estates were forfeited, was Sir Ewen's uncle. That the statement regarding the entail was altogether founded on a mistake. That Sir Ewen was neither Institute nor Substitute, or disponent of any kind under that deed. That Sir Ewen as a trustee of Lochiel at that time, was indeed one of the grantors of the deed, but that under the deed he had no interest of any kind, and that the only way Sir Ewen or his children could at any time succeed to the estate of Lochiel, would be as heirs whatsoever in the degree of relationship already mentioned, and that therefore the event of their



From Photo by

W. Drummond Norie.

LOCH AERKAIG NEAR ACHNACARRY.

succession could never happen until after the entail had become void and null by the succession opening to heirs whatsoever, and the property descending as a fee simple. Replied: Glengarry was certainly informed that Sir Ewen Cameron had an interest, in the degree noted in his objections, under the Deed of Entail, but as the reverse is so unequivocally stated from the opposite side, he will not press that part of his objection. Still, he must observe that Sir Ewen Cameron and the present Lochiel's father were first cousins, being the sons of two brothers by the same parents; consequently, Sir Ewen and the present Lochiel are first and second cousins: and though his family cannot succeed to the estate contrary to the deed of entail, still it must be kept in view that, failing the legitimate sons of Lochiel's body, Sir Ewen Cameron and his sons succeed to the chieftainship. But laying aside an argument which by many, with the exception of Highlanders, may be considered irrelevant, Glengarry submits that the relationship, accompanied by the other circumstances enumerated in Glengarry's objections, renders the evidence of Sir Ewen Cameron equally inadmissible, as if he were within the forbidden degrees. Glengarry's legal skill seems to have had effect, for the evidence was taken down on a paper apart; but at an after stage the Lord Ordinary, Meadowbank, allowed the examination to form part of the process.

Sir Ewen Cameron was examined a second time, at Fort William, upon the 2nd November, 1825, and deponed as a witness and exhibited as a haver,

as follows—That the deponent's father informed him that Lochiel's charter-chest had been broken open and rifled of part of its contents, after the battle of Culloden. That the deponent is in possession of some papers connected with Lochiel's affairs, which his father gave to him, and which his father also stated to him were part of the papers recovered after Lochiel's charter-box had been so broken open, and he exhibits:—

1. Wadset between Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron of Lochiel, his eldest son, on the one part; and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 13th Mar., 1690.

*Note.*—In another place Macphee is described as "kindly" tenant, an expression well known legally in former days, signifying that the position of the tenant was in a higher degree than "moveable" or ordinary tenant.

2. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 16th October, 1728.
3. Duplicate thereof.
4. Tack, John Cameron of Lochiel, and Dame Jean Barclay (Dowager of Lochiel), 27th April, 1702.
5. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron, tenant in Glenpean Beg, dated 24th March, 1736.
6. Duplicate thereof.
7. Inventory of wadsets and tacks from 1727 to 1738; also inventory of writs in Mr. Macfarlane's hands.

(Mr. John Macfarlane, W. S., was husband of that spirited lady who shot the enamoured Saxon, Cayley, officer, Inland Revenue; and was himself an admirer of the fascinating Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessary.)

Sir Ewen Cameron further deponed that the whole of the foregoing seven productions had been in his possession for 40 years, and were part of the papers which his father (who died in 1786) left him, and recovered after the breaking open of Lochiel's charter-chest, as already mentioned. It may be concluded that neither Glendessary nor Glenpean were among the abtractors in the fir wood near Achnacarry.

The following papers were also produced for Lochiel under the Commission. Lochiel's total exhibits contrast unfavourably with those produced for Glengarry, as will be seen hereafter.

8. Charter, King James V. of Scotland, to Ewen, son of Allan Cameron of Lochiel, dated 9th January, 1527.
9. Charter, George Duke of Gordon, to Sir E. Cameron of Lochiel.
10. Sasine thereon in part of Mamore, dated 16th October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 12th December, 1688.
11. Charter of Resignation. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, in liferent, and John Cameron, his eldest son, in fee of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, 9th October, 1696.
12. Sasine thereon, dated 2nd and 4th June; registered, General Register of Sasines, 19th July, 1701.
13. Disposition by John Cameron of Lochiel, in favour of Donald Cameron, his eldest son, dated 26th February, 1706; registered, Books of Council and Session, 15th February, 1716.
14. Sasine thereon, dated 30th and 31st July, 1st and 3rd August, 1716, and registered in the General Register of Sasines, 28th August, same year.

*Note.*—There being no dispensatory clause in the titles, fixing one place at which infetment might be given for the whole lands, the notary took four days to go over Mamore, Letter Lochiel, Glenlui and Loch Arkaig. The 2nd August was doubtless a Sunday.

15. Letters of Presentation. King George III. to Donald Cameron, grandson of the above Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 8th May, 1785.
16. Charter by the Commissioners of the Duke of Argyle, in favour of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 15th August, 1785; and
17. Sasine thereon, dated 3rd October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 15th Oct., 1785.



From Photo by

W. Drummond Norie.

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**WORKS RELATING TO THE HIGHLANDS.**

To be had from John Mackay, Editor, 'Celtic Monthly,' 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

Gaelic Gatherings, or the Highlanders at Home, on Heath, River, and Loch, illustrated with a series of fine plates in lithography, representing their sports and pastimes, by R. R. McLan, and letterpress by James Logan, large folio, handsomely bound, gilt, very rare, 45s. Ackermann, 1848.

These plates are very fine specimens of McLan's art—clear, sharp impressions—illustrative of the following subjects: Boys going to School, Carrying Peat, Deerstalking, Highland Shepherds, Washing Clothes, The Eagle's Nest, Carding Wool, Threshing Corn, The Whisky Still, Ghillies with Game, Spearing Salmon, Herring Fishing, Spinning with Distaff, Angling, Cattle Drovers, Fording the River, The Hand-Mill, Ewen Macphee the Outlaw, Highland Foot Post in Winter, Gille-Callum, Throwing the Stone, Signal for the Boat, Gathering Dulse, Carrying Fern. The volume is in spotless condition, and the plates are all well worth framing.

Stuart Family.—Memoirs of the Family of the Stuarts, and of the Remarkable Providence of God towards them, by J. Watson, A.M. 12mo, half calf, 8s. 1683.

Gaelic Incantations, Charms, and Blessings of the Hebrides, with English translations, by William Mackenzie, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 1895.

College of Arms (History of) and the Lives of all the Kings, Heralds, and Pursuivants, from Richard III., 4to, port Of the *Somerset Herald*, lds., 7s 6d., 1805.

The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer, by Alexander Mackenzie, with introduction by A. Lang; and

Highland Superstitions, by Macgregor; two works bound together, crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

Defence of the Scots Highlanders in general, and some learned characters in particular, with a new and satisfactory account of the Picts, Scots, Fingal, Ossians, etc., as also of the Macs, Clans, etc., by J. L. Buchanan. 8vo, scarce, half calf, fine copy, 10s. 1794.

The Scottish Nation; or the Surnames, Families, Literature, Honours, and Biographical History of the People of Scotland, by Wm. Anderson, with many finely engraved steel portraits and genealogies, and numerous other illustrations. 3 vols, super royal 8vo, 25s. 1865.

Mackay of Uganda, Story of his Life, by his Sister, with portrait and 12 illustrations, crown 8vo, 7s 6d.

Mackay (Lt.-Gen. Hugh, of Seoury), Life of, by John Mackay, with a memoir of the author, port., post 8vo, cloth, 5s, 1842.

Scottish Regiments, Illustrated Histories of the; 1st Batt. the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders, 42nd Foot, by Lieut.-Colonel Percy Groves, illustrated by Harry Payne, 4to, coloured, illustrated boards, scarce, 7s 6d. Edinburgh, 1893.

Scotland—Memoirs of North Britain, from authentic writings—Tryvals and Murder of the Earl of Argyll, Dundee's Rebellion, Glencoe's Death, Darien Colony, Vindication of William IV., The Union, etc. Small 8vo, 5s. 1715.

Maclelan's History of Iona from the earliest period, engraving, 12mo, cloth, rare, 3s 6d. 1841.

Two old plans made by order of the Commissioners on Forfeited Estates, show that the Lochiel estate was bounded in part on the north-west by the lands of Auchaglyne and Sourios, portions of the forfeited estate of Barisdale in Knoydart.

Before giving some particulars of, and parts of the evidence led on oath of aged witnesses, closely scrutinised by the parties, the whole of which is most interesting as dealing with people and customs long passed away, and with localities now and for some time past sealed up to the public and to possible enquiries, reference may be made to the objections, of a preliminary character, taken and keenly discussed, at least by Glengarry, who showed himself an experienced legal hand.

Proof had been ordered by the Lord Ordinary to take place in Lochaber, before Sheriff Flyter as Commissioner. Glengarry was in Paris, an invited guest at the coronation of Charles X. Lochiel got the date fixed, to the great consternation of Glengarry's agents, who, they well knew, had intended not only to be personally present, but to conduct the proof himself; and as a last resort applied, in Glengarry's name, to stop in the meantime Lochiel proceeding, and were successful in procuring a stay. Lochiel's action at a late stage came to the ears of Glengarry, and the latter, not knowing of the sist, had to consider whether to lose the opportunity of creating a sensation in Paris, a severe shock to one of his ostentatious character, but selected to cross the Channel, and post from London to Lochaber with all expedition, and accordingly arrived at Banavie in sufficient time to enable him to withdraw from the sist and to proceed. Lochiel's agent seems to have made a sorry appearance, while Glengarry, satisfied with his successful and unprecedented celerity, could afford to be magnanimous.

At Banavie, the 9th day of May, 1825, in presence of Robert Flyter, Esquire, Sheriff Substitute of the Fort William District of the County of Inverness.

Compared James Arnott, Writer to the Signet, Agent for Donald Cameron, Esquire, of Lochiel, and Captain Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel, his son, in the conjoined actions of Declarator of Marches, &c., depending before the Lords of Council and Session between them and Colonel Alexander Ramsdon Macdonell of Clanranald and Glengarry, and produced Act and Commission to the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, for taking the oaths and depositions of all such witnesses as shall be duly certified to him to be of the age of seventy years and upwards, or whose state of health from age or infirmity shall be certified by a respectable surgeon or physician to be such (although under seventy years of age) as shall render it probable that their testimony will be lost by supervening death unless so examined touching the matter at issue in the

said conjoined actions. The said James Arnott also produced letters of diligence at the instance of the said Donald Cameron, Esquire, and Captain Donald Cameron, with execution against witnesses, &c., to this diet, and notarial execution of intimation to Glengarry's Agent, and craved that the Commissioner would accept of the Commission and proceed with the examination of the witnesses. Upon which the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, stated that upon Friday, the 6th instant, an interdict from the Court of Session, obtained at the instance of Glengarry, had been intimated to him, and that he could not proceed with the examination of the witnesses until that interdict was withdrawn. Thereafter Glengarry, being present, stated that he arrived in Edinburgh on the morning of Friday last, the 6th current, and then learned that an interdict had been obtained in his name on the 4th, the preceding Wednesday; that he had accomplished the journey under the unpleasant circumstances of being obliged to separate from his wife and daughter, left behind in London, with the conciliatory view of meeting the wishes of the opposite party; and that accordingly, notwithstanding the fatigue and night work to which he would thereby be subjected, he formally withdrew the supposed advantage and convenience that he might personally have derived by adhering to the sist granted by the Supreme Court and duly notified at Mr. Arnott's chambers; and having so done he cheerfully acquiesced in the proof now proceeding.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

Mr. Arnott replied that the only part of the preceding statement which he was to notice was where it seemed to imply an intention on the part of Lochiel and his Agent to take a supposed advantage over Glengarry in leading the proof while he was absent, and in proof of the fact of there being no such intention, Mr. Arnott referred to the certificate of intimation which had been given, and to a letter which had been written by him to Glengarry's Edinburgh Agent in this case, a considerable time previous to the notarial intimation, asking him for the use of Glengarry's Commission for leading the evidence on the present occasion.—(Signed) JA. ARNOTT.

To which it was observed by Glengarry that, though he did not see the supposed charge in the light Mr. Arnott had taken up, still since that gentleman had thought proper to go into a vindication of the proceedings adopted through his medium, he (Glengarry) felt himself called upon to observe that as the certificate bore date the 27th day of April last, leaving only three days of that month, and as his intentions were to have led this proof upon the 5th current, he humbly submits that eight days of intentional premonition (not even twelve, to which it was ultimately prorogued, as he has been credibly informed, owing to the absence of the Commissioner, whose presence had been required at the Circuit Court of Inverness), and that this was the first legal day since his Lordship's return; especially as it was well known to all the country, as well as to Lochiel's Agents, that he was then in France, under the very general impression that he would not return from thence previous to the coronation of the French King Charles the Tenth.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

(To be continued.)

# The Charge of the Highland Brigade.

MAGERSFONTEIN—11th December, 1899.

**T**HE gates of the Temple of Janus  
Are oped to the Transvaal's re-  
veltd:  
The bondage of Tyranny, heinous,  
Has fired soul of Saxon and Celt.

Britannia's Lion is bounding  
To goldfield, and kopje, and kraal:  
For 'tis moan of our *Brothers* is sounding  
And the 'ery of blood leaps to their call.

Rise! Rally, O Soldier and Sailor!  
Press forward, O brave Volunteer!  
Your country is calling to save her,  
And ne'er was her bugle so dear.

For long as life lasts must be warfare.  
'Till th' strivings of nations shall cease,  
'Till th' sword be beat into a ploughshare,  
And thro' the wide world shall be  
peace.

Then forward! March forward! Men  
of Motherland,  
Th' Union Jack of Freedom to float  
o'er the Rand.

Hark! Hush! In the grey of the dawning,  
Undaunted, as if on parade,  
Into Death's dark abyss, without warning,  
Pushed forward the Highland Brigade.

Hark! Halt! 'Twas one shot of Boer rifle—  
The dim trenches leapt into light,  
Red musketry belched forth to stifle  
And put the close columns to flight.

Did they fear?—falter?—own they were failing,  
At that fury of shot and of shell?—  
No! but faced it with never a quailing—  
As Highlanders face death—and fell.

Fell! Fell! and, ah! God! in the foremost,  
The Leader they loved more than life:  
A sob shook from outpost to outpost,  
As fiercer they flew to the strife,  
Black Watch and Infantry, Seafortus, Argyles,  
And the Gay Gordous, fill the broken files.

Hark! Haste! On and on! Britons ever  
Die hard, with their face to the foe:  
The bay'net of Black Watch bared never  
More bravely for weal or for woe.

Did they think, as they leapt to the charge, then  
To stagger and sink 'mongst their dead,  
How they won at bygone Giddermalsen  
Their bonnets' proud hackle of red?

Out Guards! and King's Own to the rescue!  
Hoar louder artillery's boom!  
Your country is waiting to bless you,  
And watches you there in the gloom.



O! over that dark Magersfontein  
'To their ears did there seem to be borne  
Great Wellington's "Up Guards, and at them!"  
From Belgium's far fields of green corn?

As on, thro' the smoke and the thunder,  
And wild bullets' death dealing blast,  
They drove the foe's picquet asunder,  
And victors fell back at the last.  
Scots Guards and Grenadiers, brave Coldstreams  
too,  
Shoulder to shoulder, as at Waterloo.

O, Century! dying so darkly,  
Shine still from the wealth of your years,  
And over our soldiers in khaki  
Lay laurels, tho' wet with their tears.

O, Empire! Look up in your anguish,  
'Tis *Heroes* ye mourn, brave and bold:  
Your orphaned ones never shall languish  
Whilst theirs are your grief and your gold.

But O! to your sons who stand waiting  
In response to your "Riflemen, form!"  
Give glory of armanent mating  
The foe's on the field of the storm.

For 'cross your escutcheon so snow-white,  
Is written in letters of fame,  
They are ready to die for their birthright  
And the honour of Britain's name.  
British and Irishmen, Colonists, true,  
Shedding their hearts' blood for Queen and for you!

MAVOR ALLAN.

## ANTIQUARIAN NOTES ON THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

By REV. ANGUS MACKAY, M.A., WESTERDALE.

### II.—STRATH-HALLADALE.

(Continued from page 49.)

UNTIL within the last three or four years Strath-Halladale, including its sea-board townships of Melvich and Portskerry, was in the anomalous position of being in some respects a part of Caithness, and in other respects a part of Sutherland. Ecclesiastically it formed part of the *Parochia* of Reay, and pertained to the Presbytery of Caithness. Its tithes and taxes went to Reay, its modicum of local self-government it enjoyed in common with the other Caithness inhabitants of Reay; but as to civil government Strath-Halladale, since the year 1631, was under the jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Sutherland, and constituted a part of that county. In the Royal Charter of 1631, defining the bounds of the County of Sutherland, the following is the description given:—

“Beginning upon the north at the Strype called Faehalldail, which divides Strathnaver from Caithness, and fra that south-east by the top of the hills to the Ord upon the sea coast, including the hail bounds of the Ord, and thair fra south-west till the mouth of the water of Tayne, alias Portnacutar; and fra that west to the water of Oikill, comprehending therein the hail lands and country of Fairincostar, alias Sleischeillis; and fra that west till Lochbrome and Coygathe, (Coigach), so far as the diocese of Caithness extends, comprehending thairin the said lands and country of Assynt into the west sea, and fra thence north up the sea coste till the northmost point of the land called Arduriness; and fra thence east to the river and water of Hallodail; and fra that east to the said strype called Faehalldail.”

Before 1631 the present geographical unit, “County of Sutherland,” did not exist—it was described as Sudrland and Strath-Naver. Then Strath-Halladale, and the rest of what is now called the Mackay Country, had as much in common with Caithness as they had with Sudrland. Nay, but their connection with Caithness was closer, for the Earldom of Caithness included old Strathnaver, as we know from the fact that Johanna, the daughter of Earl John of Caithness, who died in 1231, of the Norse line of Paul, got as her dowry Strathnaver. The clause in the charter of 1631, “Faehalldail which divides Strathnaver from Caithness,” as well as abundant other evidence to the same effect, makes it clear that Strath-Halladale, and the intervening districts, formed of old a part of the territory of Strathnaver. In a local sense Strathnaver meant the Strath along the river

Naver, but in a general sense it meant the whole country from Durness to Druim-Holstein.

### ORIGIN OF THE NAME STRATH-HALLADALE.

Strath-Halladale is generally supposed to be named after a Norseman who was slain and buried there. The Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay says in a note to his translation of Torfæus in 1776:—

“Halladus is said by some to have been slain in battle, in that part of the parish of Reay which lies in Sutherland, and which is called Strath-Halladale. It is a valley ten miles in length, divided into two sides by a river called the river Halladale, running from the south to the North Sea at Tor. About the middle of this strath, and near a place called Dal-Halladha, the country people show a spot where, they say, a bloody battle was fought between the Scots and Norwegians. It was on the side of a hill on the east side of the river, now covered with small cairns or heaps of stones, where the slain are supposed to have been buried, and there, they say, Halladha, the King of Lochlin’s son, was slain. Not only so, but they show the place where he was buried, on the opposite side of the river. It is a circular deep trench twelve feet in diameter, and there is a large stone erected in the midst of it. They assert that Halladha and his sword were laid there.”

I have been told by most intelligent people on the strath that Mr. Pope, and Mackay of Big-house, afterwards opened this ancient tomb, and found a Norwegian straight-bladed sword which was brought to, and preserved as a relic in, Big-house House. Possibly that sword may still be in the possession of some member of the Big-house family. The typical Norwegian sword has a peculiar hilt and pommel, as described so clearly by Dr. Anderson in his “Rhind Lectures,” and can easily be identified. It may be mentioned that the Norse Sagas make no reference to the slaying of “Halladha, the King of Lochlin’s son in this district, but the tradition may record an actual fact for all that.

### THE IMPRINT OF THE NORSEMAN.

It is a notorious fact that though the Norsemen held the north, or claim to have held it, according to their sagas, for 300 years, they left very few traces of their occupation in the interior of the country save graves, battlefields, place-names, and a few loan-words. Their angular, irregularly-built strongholds or castles are found right round the rugged coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, but scarcely any are to be found inland. The interior is dotted with round Pictish, or Celtic, towers; the sea-board is held, at commanding positions, by the angular strongholds of the Norsemen. Throughout all Caithness, which they greatly hankered after because of its rich, fertile soil, I know of only one forti-

fied place of theirs in the interior, viz., Brawl Castle, on the Thurso river, five miles from the sea. In the Mackay country I do not know of a single Norse fortified building, except those perched on the sea rocks, and to which due reference will be made. The native Celts appear to have held the hills and hill forts; the pirate Norsemen held the fortified sea rocks, whence they issued, as opportunities presented themselves, to plunder the flocks and corn fields of the aborigines. In some cases they married with the natives, but their hold on the country was much more slender than their historians would have us believe: and this is very evident, they did little to elevate the moral or religious life of the natives. On the contrary, they crushed out the infant Christianity of the north, burning and plundering, in a most ruthless manner, the primitive settlements of the devoted Culdees, who, since the sixth century, laboured among the people with a growing measure of success. On the east bank of the Halladale, and just where it enters the sea, there is a place called Bighouse, or in the vernacular *Bigas*. This word is a Gaelic corruption of the Norse compound *big hus*, meaning "big house." It is also called *An Tor*, which is the Gaelic for "an heap." From this it appears there was of old a Norse habitation here, which may have been fortified, but not likely. The Norse name for a fortified place is *tun*, the equivalent of the Gaelic *dun*. The present modern house of Bighouse stands on the site of the old Tor. Further up the river there is another place-name Bighouse, but not a stone of the building can be seen, and from its position it does not appear likely that a stronghold would be reared there. It was more probably the private dwelling of some Norseman who settled down among the people of the place.

#### CELTIC TOWERS AND PLACES OF INTEREST.

There is a magnificent specimen of the old Celtic round tower on the heights to the east of the river, and nearly opposite Craggy. Its external circumference is fully three hundred feet. Its height, in some places, is about nine feet, and the walls are about ten feet thick. It is built of dry unhewn stones, some of which weigh half-a-ton, perhaps more. There is the usual passage running round through the body of the wall, from which the winding staircase rose to its summit. The tower is peculiar in that it has two exits; the larger facing the east, the smaller the south. Opposite the southern exit, and in contact with the tower, traces of an irregularly shaped building are to be seen, which give a clue to the object of having a second outlet. It is very likely the occupants of the tower were

in the habit of storing their corn and folding their cattle in this building when danger threatened. Close to one of the towers at Keiss, lately opened and cleared by Sir F. T. Barry, a similar irregular structure is seen, which is declared, by competent authorities, to have been an ancient covered cattle fold. The Keiss building is very much less massive than the Strath-Halladale tower; the former is built of comparatively thin flagstones, which have seriously decomposed through weather action; the latter of whin and granite, solid as a rock. Some distance further down the strath, at Bunna-houn, where the Dyke water falls into the Halladale, there is another round tower on an eminence close to the river. It is not so imposing as the former, and very little of it now remains. I am told its stones were used in building dwelling houses, and in rearing a wall round the burial place of Bunna-houn, which stands in its near neighbourhood. I may remark, in passing, that this burial place is comparatively modern, and that it became a place of sepulture by what may be called an accident. About the beginning of this century the maternal aunt of Ensign Joseph Mackay died at Dyke, and she being a native of the Strath of Kildonan, her friends and neighbours set out in wild, wintry, weather to bury her at Achaneckan; but by the time they reached Bunna-houn the storm grew so furious that they were compelled to halt and leave the coffin in the old tower. There it lay for some days without any abatement of the snowstorm, the friends meanwhile keeping a "wake" in the old tower, to show their respect for the dead, as was and is their custom. But a prolonged "wake" in a roofless old tower, with the thermometer under zero, will wear out the devotion of even warm-hearted Highlanders. The end of it was they had to bury their dead in the haugh close to the tower, and to remove the stigma of giving her a dishonourable interment, resolved to make it a permanent burial place, which resolution they have religiously kept ever since by regularly burying their dead there. Still further down the strath, and on the same side—the west side—Cnoc an Fhreachadain (the watch hill) lifts its bold shoulder to the skies. On its summit, and within a fortified place prepared for the purpose, the guards of Strathhalladale kept a sharp eye on the marches, lighting a fire at the first sign of danger, which would be seen on the "watch hill" above Tongue, 30 miles away, and thus warning the chief to gather his men and prepare for action. With fire signals and fiery crosses, it did not take long to muster the clansmen in those wild, unsettled days, when fighting was a pastime, especially if there was a prospect of securing plunder.

## THE FENCIBLES AND THE WATER HORSE.

Near the foot of the strath, and quite close to the public road leading from the river to Melvich Inn, Loch More is to be seen on the left—it is a misnomer to call such a small lake Loch More; but that is by the way. What signifies a name? It was bigger by a long way when it got that name, for then no canal had pierced its bowels to drain away six feet of its clear limpid waters, as is the case to-day. Shrunken and shrivelled as it is, shorn of its ancient expansive glory, let us not begrudge it the old time honoured name Loch More. This loch could tell a story had it a tongue, but since it has not—and small wonder, with a constantly draining wound in its bowels—I will try to relate what it might tell. On an artificial island within this loch there stood an old Celtic round tower, whose ruins are to be seen to this day, but in a very dilapidated and stranded condition. The level of the loch having fallen six feet, the old tower lies high and dry; and to make matters more wretched, the greater part of its old stones were carted away some years ago to build an embankment at the river side. At the time of my story the loch was at its proper level, and the tower sat snugly on its island, like an old man asleep. We were at war with France, and while most of our young men were away grappling with Bonaparte, those who could not be spared from home, like true Britons, formed themselves into a regiment of Fencibles. A company was raised in Strath Halladale, captained by Mackay of Bighouse. Now, Loch More with its old tower had a bad reputation, I am sorry to say. People did say that the water horse, or water kelpie—call it what you will—dwelt in that loch, and was seen o' nights, much to the discomfort of passers by. Captain Mackay of Bighouse, a cultured, philosophical, far-travelled gentleman, would not believe a word of it. Determined to clear the reputation of the loch, and to prove to his superstitious clansmen their mistake, he called out the company one evening, armed them with a certain number of rounds of ammunition, and said the company must mount guard round the loch during the whole night. The great majority of these loyal fencibles did not at all relish the job—they would far rather, any day, charge the legions of Bonaparte than mount guard on Loch More for a night. But orders were orders, and especially with Mackay of Bighouse in command. As the shades of evening were falling, the guards were posted at regular intervals right round; Captain Mackay taking his stand at the sunk causeway leading from the shore to the island tower. All went well till midnight—that dread hour—and when it was past the men drew a sigh of relief. They

gradually began to smile at the idea of a water kelpie being in the loch; and one, more frisky than the rest, drawing off his shoes and hose, and lifting his kilt, began to wade out by the causeway towards the old tower. Just as he was about to set foot on the island, a wild duck and her brood nesting there, startled, raised a tremendous quack, quack, and rushed away through the water flap, flapping. The kilted fencible turned, fled, stumbled, and yelled with terror. The posted guards heard the din, came to the conclusion that it was the water horse sure enough, fired wildly, then cast away their arms and ran pell-mell. Even Bighouse was seized with the general panic, took to his heels like the rest of them, and never drew breath till he found himself within the door of his own house, after wading the river up to the armpits. Mercifully no one was hit during the firing, but some had narrow escapes. In the morning men were sent out to gather up the dropped muskets and accoutrements. Bighouse felt so vexed at the fiasco, that he could not till his dying day endure a bare reference to this military exploit. It is even possible that one reason for the draining of the loch was revenge, but that is only a suspicion of my own. Of one thing I am very sure, neither the loch nor the old tower prospered since that unfortunate night. The one is drained, the other is spoiled, and even the water horse has now, I am told, forsaken both.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MAD LAIRD'S WILL.

THE laird was dead and buried, with the peesweeps and the whaups crying over his grave in the glen; and Evander Macdonald, the penniless heir, walked out at the door of the House of Nevis for the last time, with an empty sporan, a dour mouth, and the pride of twenty generations gnawing and burning in the heart of him. He was a shapely lad, tall and straight, with the masterful swing about him when he walked. The world was before him and a ruined fortune behind him, and over the water at Ardgour a fair lady sat weeping for the black prospect of her lover. But all the weeping of a Maclean lady, and one of Ardgour forbye, could not fill the sporan of Evander Macdonald, the young laird, as the good folks in Nevis called him.

"A curse on their ill-mannered ways!" he hissed, as he swung down the avenue with a fine straight back and his head cocked high. He could hear the laugh of the newcomers, who with their lowland moneybags were now to sit in the halls of Nevis House, where a Macdonald had reigned for time out of mind.

Then he thought of the Maclean lady over the water, and the eyes of him grew wet, and he breathed hard, and swallowed something in a haste as he went.

When he came to the Roaring Mill he went down to the river and sat on a rock above the fall, and took out a letter from his breast and began to read it for the twentieth time. The salmon were leaping up the fall, and turning somersaults in the spray, and falling back again to avoid the jagged rocks. The rock on which Evander sat was wet with the splashing of the linn, and round about him everywhere the hills and bens were laughing in a wealth of April sunlight. But his eyes only saw the queer mad words before them—

"Evander, son of my heart, take the way by the kirkyard and spiel the braeface till you reach the shieling on the hill, and when you swing back the door it is no more you will need to ask what to do. Mind your father's last words and haste ye to join him where he is in a queer place. Farewell, Evander, and if ye turn back from the shieling ye are lost, and all the House o' Nevis. Written by me, Ranald Macdonald, laird in Nevis, this fifteenth day of November, seventeen eighty three."

"A queer will for a Macdonald to be leaving—with ne'er a single bag o' siller!"

And Evander rose and took the way, not by the kirkyard, but down to Linnhetown. He stepped into his boat, set the sail, and made down the loch for Ardgour. And long before he was there, a dark-haired girl was at the jetty waiting for him, with the white lovelight shining in her blue-grey eyes that is the sign of true love in Highland hearts, and will be for ever and a day.

"Evander!"

That was all she could say. And the lovelight danced. But he waited till he was ashore, and then made answer. And he made answer in the way that all maids like, and her lips had the speech taken from them for a space in which a lad with a stutter might count ten.

Then they sat down in the shadow of a rock, and when all their love passages were over, Evander turned and said:

"Mary, I am going away."

"Evander?"

"Aye, I mean it."

"Away! but not from me, Evander?"

"Aye—it is alone I must go."

"But why, Evander, why? It is I that will go with you; aye, anywhere."

"I am going to the wars, my treasure."

And the colour flew from the girl's cheek till it was as white as snow.

"Tell me," she whispered, "tell me what it means? Is it because you are poor, Evander?"

Do you think that a Maclean cares for siller? Are not ye the laird of Nevis, though there be not a single gold piece in your sporrans? Oh, Evander, there is something more. Tell me. For the love of our hearts, tell me."

Then he told her about the letter. "Fine you know, Mary, that the laird that was my father was queer in the way he spoke and did before he died. Aye, we were poor, bitter poor, but at least it was some sort of a will I was looking for, and here is all the laird left me—a mad scrawl o' a pen that was held by an old man who had ta'en leave o' his wits long syne. Many a time have I been for throwing it into the Roaring Mill. Well, well, if ye have done reading it, my lass, we'll end the joke and light a fire on the shore with it. For I am off to the wars now to win a fortune for my love."

"Evander, you will go this very night to the shieling."

"No, Mary, and that is what I will not do. Once have I been made a jest of by the old laird, and to day I heard the lowland hounds laughing at me and my fine will. By God! I am poor, but I am proud. And I will not go."

"Evander, my own, it is I that am asking you. You will go to the shieling. I knew the old laird, it seems, better than his ain laddie—and he was wiser than he liked to show. Evander, for my sake, you will do it?"

And she kissed him.

"No, I will not. God! do I not hear them laughing even now?"

"Evander—is this how you keep your promise to me? And will you refuse to do the first thing I will be asking you? Evander, do you love me?"

"Mary—don't."

But it fell out as it has aye fallen out since the world began, the man could not stand against the maid, and the lass had her way in the end, and a smother of kisses forbye.

That night Evander Macdonald took the way by the kirkyard in the glen, and when the moon was filling the corries of the hill of heaven with a pale misty light, he came to the old ruined shieling. The walls were standing, and the roof was still there, but the nettles were growing everywhere like brackens for thickness, and he had to push his way through them to the door. He was for turning away and going down to the glen again, when he minded the promise he had made to Mary, and he pushed open the door.

"God keep us!"

And Evander, for all his big ways, trembled in the very limbs.

The moonlight lit up the interior of the hut and shewed a gallows standing in the middle of the floor, with a rope and a noose hanging

ready! It was an awesome sight. And it was a shortish while before the big man came to himself again.

Then the bitter anger brought the blood back to his face, and he saw how complete and how cruel had been the old laird's jest. And was it to this that Mary had brought him with her coaxings? Lands gone, fortune gone, kinsfolk gone, and the last of them away to the narrow house with nothing but a mockery left for the son that was to follow him. Again he heard the laughing of the lowland folks who had bought the old house, and were even now filling the halls with their revels and debauchery. What was left for him but beggary and shame and—pride? Aye, pride was a poor thing to live on, but it was a fine thing to die on. They said his father was mad. And he was his father's son. Aha! He began to laugh now. And the laughter of him would have made a bairn scream with fright.

"A curse on life and an end to it!" cried Evander Macdonald; and with one spring he leapt on the gallows and the rope closed round his throat.

Then! A turf from the roof fell, and the rope was hanging loose upon the mud floor. Here was a foolish man and no mistake. The young laird of Nevis standing in the moonlight in the shieling with a rope dangling from his neck as harmlessly as the tether of a cow. Evander laughed. But this time his laugh would have made a bairn crow with delight. For he was in his senses again. He thought of Mary—the Maclean lady in Ardgorr—and took the rope from his neck. Then he lifted the turf, and a small white packet fell from it. And Evander laughed again.

He opened the packet and found a key in it, and round the key there was a bit of paper rolled and fastened with a string. On the paper, as he smoothed it out in the moonlight, he saw his own name written in the old laird's shaky handwriting, with these words below—

"Take this key to the south-east corner of the hut and lift the stone. Then cease from cursing thy father."

Evander went to the south-east corner and found a great stone. It needed all his strength to roll it away. And there in a hole he found a chest. How his fingers trembled as he felt for the lock!

The key turned, and when he lifted the lid and put in his hand he felt—gold. Heaps of gold. Then Evander Macdonald ceased from cursing his father.

That same night as Evander went down the glen by the House of Nevis, he saw lights in the windows, and a sound of high revelry caught his ear. It was a fine clear night in April and

the trees stood still and quiet, casting great shadows in the moonlight. Through the windows of the hall he could see the lowland hounds who had laughed at him, sitting leering over their wine cups.

Evander stepped straight into the lighted hall and stood glaring at the revellers. They welcomed him with a roar of drunken laughter, and the host at the table end hurled a mouthful of jeers at the tall lad, as he stood there staring with the anger in his eyes.

"Ho! thou penniless laird, welcome to the house of thy fathers. Art thou at home, rags and tatters, in the hall of Nevis? Come, read us thy father's will. Ha, ha! See how he wines, friends. Evander of the empty purse, come, I will make thee an offer. Wilt thou buy this leaky old house back again for thine own money? There now. Witness my offer, good friends all. Never say that I did not give the penniless laird a chance. Wilt close with the bargain, rags and tatters? Come, wilt sign the bond?"

"I will," answered Evander.

Another roar of drunken laughter greeted this speech, and in the fever of his wine the tipsy host cried for pens and parchment to carry through his madcap jest. The inkhorn was brought, the compact drawn, and amid a wild howl of derision Evander saw the host sign his name with a shaking hand.

Then with his bond in his sporran, he made his way, amid the jeers of the revellers, out of the hall again, and when he was standing in the quiet night he knew that the very turf he was pressing with his feet was his own again. For the devil's bargain had become the honest man's bond. And this is how it came about that the Maclean lady became mistress of the House of Macdonald of Glen Nevis.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

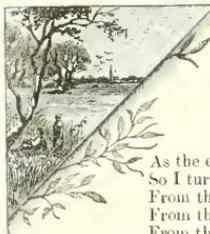
#### NORTHWARD!

**N**ORTHWARD,  
As the needle to  
the pole;  
As the child to its mother,  
As the lover towards his  
maid,

As the eagle towards the blue sky,  
So I turn  
From the great, restless city,  
From the cold look of strangers;  
From the dim crowds of faces,

From this dreary, barren south-land,  
There to rest,  
As the deer in the forest,  
As the bee 'midst the heather,  
As the mist by the loch-side,  
As the soft cloud on the hill top—  
Northward.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.



# OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

## S ANN AIG PORT-AN-TIGH-AIRIDH.

THE following air was found jotted on the back of a ticket for a Gaelic concert in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, Glasgow, dated 12th May, 1876, by the late John Munro, a native of the Reay country, Sutherland. Mr Munro was a gifted musician, and probably knew more about Gaelic music than any Highlander of last generation. He collected in his native district nearly fifty of the original melodies to which Rob Donn Mackay's songs are sung in Sutherland, which were published for the first time in the handsome edition of the bard's works recently published at the office of the *Celtic Monthly*. He also left several valuable MS. collections of old Gaelic airs, many of which have never been published. Perhaps the most interesting of his musical remains is a packet of tickets in connection with the Gaelic concerts which were given in the Assembly

Rooms nearly twenty years ago, and which are still continued. Mr Munro was deeply interested in these concerts, intended to popularise Gaelic song and music, and took an active part in promoting them. He evidently acted as ticket collector, for on the back of many of the admission cards are to be found, neatly jotted down in pencil, the notes of certain tunes which seemed to touch his fancy or were new to him. Among them are some quaint and beautiful melodies. That Mr Munro was able to correctly take down these airs from the rendering of the songs which he heard sung on the platform is an ample testimony to his musical genius. We have pleasure in giving one of these airs, which, we believe, has not been hitherto published, and which Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, of Elderslie, has kindly prepared for our Musical Page.

EDITOR.

### GLEUS C.

SEISD- : r	f, s : l	t., s : l	r', r', : f'   r', d'
Air	faill-ir - inn,	ill - ir - inn,	I ho ró bù o;
: l	s., f : r	f., s : l	s., f : d   r
Air	faill-ir - inn,	ill - ir - inn,	Och e rinn ù.
RANN- : r f	f., s : l	t., s : l l	r', r' : f'   r', d'
'S ann aig	Port - an - tigh -	'àiridh	siùl ris a' bhàta;
: l l	s., f : r	f., s : l l	s., f : d   r
S cha b' n	stiùir a rinn	t'fhàgail,	d'fhàilnich na bùird.
		Ach gu'n	

'S ann shìos aig Sgeir-chailleach,  
Tha mo ghaol-sa 'n a laidhe,  
Fo fhaoleig na mara,

'S fo ghaillinn nan stiùd,  
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S mòr am beud do chùl clannach  
Bhi 'ga reubadh 's an fheamainn,  
Gun chiste, gun anart,

Ach gainneamb a' ghruinnid,  
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S na 'n rachadh do bhàthadh,  
'N uair a chaidh mo thrùir bhràithrean,  
Gheibhinn leth-sgeul, a ghràidh-ghil,  
Gu bràth bhi ga d' chaoidh.

Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S cha truagh leam do phinntar,  
Ged a tha i' dheth dubhach;  
Thèid is' ann an cuideachd,  
'S bidh a mulad air chùl.

Air fàillirinn, &c.

Gun truagh leam do mhàthair  
A sbaothraich air d'arach,  
S nach d' fhuàir i de dh-fhàbhar

Bhi ga d' charamh 'san ùir.  
Air fàillirinn, &c.

Fhir nan camagan donna,  
Mhuineil ghil 's an uchd shoilleir,  
'S mi gu 'n rachadh ad choinninnh,  
'S cha bu choma leam thu!

Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S mi 'dreadh a' bbealach,  
'S trom mo cheum 's mi air m' aineol;  
'S ma bha sìgradh air m' aire,  
Chaidh e tamul air chùl.

Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S ann air feasgar Di-nàirt,  
A dh'fhalbh sgiobadh bha àluinn,  
Chaidh a dh-iarraidh a' bhàta,  
Rinn d' fhàgail 's a' ghruinnid.

Air fàillirinn, &c.

'N uair thruiseas na gillean,  
'S a sheinneas an fhidheal,  
Ciamar thogas mo chridhe  
'S gun thu 'tighinn, a rùin!

Air fàillirinn, &c.

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