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VINDICATION
OF THE
CELTIC CHARACTER:

OR,

THE SCOTCHMAN AS HE WAS AND AS HE SHOULD BE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

"I HAE BROCHT YE TO THE FLOOR, SEE GIP YE LOUF."

Sir William Wallace.

"TELL HIM THAT I SHALL BIDE HIS FEAD, AND THAT O' A' HIS KIN."

George Buchanan.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters now offered to the public are the result of three years' labour by a Working-man. They contain an accurate account of Scottish History from the earliest period till the year 1850. Many of the particulars are taken from the National Records, now fraudulently suppressed, and that to the knowledge of our leading men. It is hoped, therefore, that the information furnished may be the means of raising an agitation, which will not cease till the enemies of Scotland are compelled to open their coffers and restore the Annals of our country without reserve. These records are all in the libraries of our National Seminaries, as the first part of this work will, it is expected, satisfactorily prove.

W. L.

Greenock, October, 1850.

LETTER I.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 3d Feb., 1850.

MY DEAR YOUTHFUL FRIEND,—Agreeably to your request, I have now come to the resolution to gratify you, by giving a brief sketch of the Celtic character, particularly as it developed itself in Scotland. At the outset I can only speak of things in general, but will be more explicit in the course of the work : at the same time I own my utter inability to perform the task which you seem so urgent that I should undertake. You seem to lament that Scotchmen have degenerated to a sad extent, when you observe the ravages of vice and low fraud ; the spirit of independence, always characteristic of our ancestors in this ancient kingdom, now almost extinct ; her history fraudulently concealed in the coffers of her enemies on her own soil, while vile forgeries, derogatory of her honour, are industriously palmed on the public by wicked and designing men, in order to pull her down to the level of her subject south of the Tweed. Such being the case, it is certainly high time to separate the sacred from the vile, and let each keep their own. Should our good friends of England feel any *gripcings* in what is to follow, all the consolation that we can give them is, that they will be taken on their own principle, with this exception, that always while writing of Scotland they state nothing but falsehoods, for they consider it a crime to speak the truth about themselves or any body else ; that on the contrary, in the following tract we shall tell the truth of both parties ; and I presume you would not allow me to proceed on any other condition. But I must first give you a brief sketch of that mighty race which not only covered Europe with their many millions, but likewise many parts of Asia, North America, and the South-sea Islands ; in the meantime we shall confine our observations to Europe.

The Celtic race were the first known inhabitants of Europe, which was occupied throughout by various tribes or clans. The appropriate name which this remarkable race gave themselves was *CELTÆ*; but the terms *Galatæ*, *Galatians* and *Galli*, were the appellations by which in later ages they were usually distinguished.* They covered all Europe to the western extremities. The *Keltoi* inhabited to the farthest west.† The *Cymrig* Gauls carried their arms along the *Danube*, *Illyricum* and *Dalmatia*. They took possession of the *Alps*, and colonized the whole north of *Italy*.‡

There can be no doubt that local position, commerce and other causes will, in process of time, occasion so much difference between branches of an original race, that they will appear as different nations. Thus the *Greeks* and *Keltoi* so closely resembled each other previous to the time of *Homer*, that no distinction in manners or language appears to have then existed.§ Their daring enterprise and mighty conquests had shaken the well-settled empires of *Greece* and *Rome*, when these nations were unacquainted with the regions whence issued the overwhelming hosts, and scarcely knew their foes, save through the disturbed vision of a frightened imagination.|| The *Keltoi*, or the descendents of the *Titans*, made war on the *Greeks*. They came from the west from *Gaul*. They could only be compared to a shower of snow falling from the clouds, or the stars, for numbers.¶ There are sixty tribes of them in *Gaul*.** About four hundred years *B.C.*, they conquered *Rome* itself, where they sat as sovereigns for many ages.†† In reference to the *British* branch of this mighty race, we are told that some of the maritime population were known to the *Romans* as mercantile settlers, but that those who inhabited the interior, like their *Gaulish* ancestors, believed themselves to be the indigenous possessors of the country.‡‡ A prevailing tradition from most early ages held them as the original inhabitants.§§ And in after ages they were recognised as *Scots*.||| *Gomer*

* Appian Pausanius. † Herodotus, book iv., c. 3.

‡ Dr. Murray's History of European Languages, vol. iv., p. 40.

§ Thucydides. || See Appian, Livy, and Plutarch, on the Cymrian War, &c. &c. ¶ Callimachus.

** Julius Cæsar. †† Ptolemy.

‡‡ Cæsar on the Gallic War, book v., chap. 12. §§ Bede.

||| Galfridus Monumentarius.

was the father of the Gomarians who are now called by the Greeks, Gauls.* Gomer was the father of the Gomarians which we now call Gauls.† Filii autem Japhet septem numerantur ex quo Galatæ id est Galli.‡ The very people, says MacLean, who inhabited Bactriana in Upper Asia, whose name was in the days of Ptolemy, and by him called Gomarians, and their chief city Comora.§

Gomer, the eldest son of Japheth, and father of the Gomarians, who anciently inhabited Galatia, Phrygia, &c. &c., either by the east end of the Euxine, or by crossing the Hellespont, penetrated into Europe, and peopled the countries now called Poland, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, Britain and Scandinavia.|| Gomer's sons settled themselves in Spain and Italy as early as 142 years after the flood.¶ The Celts from Rhaetia entered Italy through Trent about the year 1000 before Christ. The true ancient Britons are the Highlanders of Scotland. They still call their language Gaelic.** These Gomarians were distinguished into the tribes Celtæ, Gauls, Belgæ, Germans, Sacæ, Titans, &c.†† A Titan prince laid the foundation of Rome.‡‡ Again I have shewn in treating of those princes who ruled over the Titans that they were the contemporaries of Abraham and his father Terah, and that they were more ancient than the reign of Belus, and the famous empire of Assyria. Here is antiquity for you, equal to that of the ancient patriarchs.§§ Nor do the ancient Scots or Irish appear of a different original.||| The Phœnicians, another branch of the Celts, inhabited the coast of the Red Sea. They carried their merchandize two hundred miles across the desert, and built Tyre and Sidon.¶¶

I shall now give you a few proofs from that matchless work entitled, the "Scottish Gael," by James Logan, Esquire, with the high authorities there quoted.

"In the reign of Tarquin the elder, nearly six centuries before the Incarnation, a numerous body of

* Josephus Antiquities, chap. vi. † Eustathius of Antioch.

‡ Isidore, Bishop of Seville. § MacLean, Adam and Eve.

¶ Professor Brown, of Haddington. ¶ Un. His. Anc. A.D. 170, vol. xiv. ** Professor Napier, Encyclopædia Britannica.

†† Professor Brown. ‡‡ Pezron, p. 178. §§ Ibid.

||| Professor Brown. ¶¶ Sir William Betham.

Celtæ, both horse and foot, accompanied by multitudes of both women and children, left their native seats in search of new settlements. One part of this army followed Belovesus, and surmounted the Alps, which it was believed had never been crossed. They established themselves near the river Po ; while the other division, conducted by his brother Ligovesus, passed into Germany, where they settled in the vicinity of Hyrcanian, now the Black Forest.* The numerous armies which the Celts at times sent abroad, filled with alarm the most warlike and civilized nations of Europe. Their irresistible inroads and the terror of their name procured peaceful settlements, and even the payment of heavy annual tribute from many powerful states. An army of Gauls, under the command of Brenneus, went into Italy against the Hetrusci 390 years before the advent of Christ. The Romans thought proper to interfere in the quarrel, and killed one of the Gallic princes, upon which, their army marching to Rome defeated the troops who opposed, and laid the city in ashes, and finally received one thousand pounds of gold to purchase their retreat. Camillus was fortunately able to repulse them, as they lingered in the country unapprehensive of attack. But they were not deterred by defeat from renewing their overwhelming and destructive invasions.† About 270 A.C., in three great divisions, they made inroads on Panonia, Thrace, Macedonia and Illyria. Those who entered Macedonia, routed the army by which they were opposed, and slew Ptolemy the king. Passing into Asia, they filled the inhabitants with terror and dismay, and received from the Bythinians a free settlement in their country, where they were afterwards known as the Galatians or Gallo Greeks.‡ The other division were less fortunate, but they only retreated to invade Greece with redoubled fury and a more numerous army §

“ When Brennus invaded Greece he carried with him 140,000 targeteers ; 10,000 horse ; 2000 carriages ; many merchants, and a great multitude of other followers, all of whom perished ;|| yet he led an army of 152,000 to a second invasion, and 61,000 horsemen.¶

* About 570 B.C., Bossuet Univ. His. vol. 1, p. 33, Ed. 1706.

† Plutarch in vita Camillus. ‡ Strabo iv, p. 195, v. p. 112.

§ Pausanius x. 19. || Diod. xx., 2. ¶ Pausanius x 19.

Emilius routed the Gallic Celtæ, and ravaged their country, after they had, with an army of 200,000 men, twice defeated the Romans.* The Cimbri invaded Italy with 500,000 men, besides women and children.† When the Helvetii endeavoured to establish themselves in Gaul, they had 190,000 men in arms. The whole number that set out on that expedition, according to a census found in their camp, amounted to 368,000 men. The Suevi, a single German nation, was divided into one hundred clans, and could bring 200,000 men into the field. The Boi, according to Pliny, on the authority of Cato, had one hundred and twelve tribes. Buchanan, who cites Strabo, says, 300,000 of the Celtæ bore arms in Spain. Cæsar reduced four hundred nations and eight hundred cities. The whole number in Gaul alone, Josephus gives as three hundred and fifteen nations, and twelve hundred cities.

“When Cæsar was preparing to attack them, he applied to the Rhemi, a friendly people, for information concerning the military power of that division of the Celtæ. The Rhemi, being allied by kindred and affinity, knew how great a multitude was promised, and gave the following list :

The Bellovaci,	10,000
The Suessians,	50,000
The Nervii,	50,000
The Ambiani,	10,000
The Atrebrates,	15,000
The Morini,	25,000
The Calates,	10,000
The Velocasses,	10,000
The Vermondi,	10,000
The Aduatici,	29,000
The Condrusi, &c. &c.	40,000
Total,	259,000

At the same time another convocation of the Gauls was held, when it was resolved to muster a fresh army, but they restricted their force to such a number as might be regulated with facility. They accordingly made the following levies :

* Frag. Diod. 20. † Plutarch.

The Eduans, the Branovises and the Branovii, the Segusians, the Ambivarites, and the Aulerci,	35,000
The Averni,	35,000
The Elutheri, with their nine confederates,	12,000
The Bellovaci,	10,000
The Pictones, with their four confederates, ...	32,000
The Ambianii, the Mendiomatres, the Petrocori, the Nervii, the Morinii, and Nithrobriges, ...	35,000
The Aulerci and the Eburovices,	9,000
The Raurici and Boii,	30,000
The Cenomanii,	5,000
The Atrebates,	4,000
The Curiosolites, the Rhedones, the Calates, Osimii, Lemovices, Veneti and Lunelli, each 6,000, ...	42,000
	249,000

In the comparatively short period of ten years, the Prophetic Iron Roman Armies, under Cæsar, cut off above one million of the Celts in Gaul; and we are informed in his own history of that shocking work, that in one great battle, which lasted a whole day, he did not see one Gael turning his back, but they died in their ranks as they formed, without yielding a foot.

LETTER II.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 3d March, 1850.

MY DEAR YOUTHFUL FRIEND,—You know I hate ceremonies, prefaces, apologies, and things of that sort; therefore permit me to go on, as we are on the march towards the Border to fight the *somethings* called Englishmen. Not that we have any ill-will towards them; but just being in the humour of brangling. They are hereby honourably warned to lay aside their borrowed feathers, and stand on their own footing as honest men, (if they know anything about honesty).

The same mighty wave which covered the face of Eur-

ope by the Celtic nations reached the British Isles. The vulgar cavil about Scots, Picts and Hibernians, is scarcely worth noticing. Total ignorance of our matchless language, and the wilful fraud of writers, from whom better things might be expected, rendered these names obscure; but to the original Scot they are plain and simple; he cannot be mistaken in the meaning of his own language, by which alone British history can be elucidated. The Irish would seem to contend that the appellation Scots, was derived from them by their brethren of Albin exclusively. So say Archbishop Usher and others. But though you would read the works of these men in succession, they will end with you just where they began. Their whole design was and is to deceive. You will find them setting out at a brave rate, but when the magnificence of the Celtic character begins to dazzle around them, they are not able to conceal the grovelling propensities of the inner man. Utterly confounded, their next shift is confusion; then follows a scene of falsehoods; next you have a world of "probables," "perhapes," "it would appear," "it would seem," &c.; they will then quote one another, merely trusting not to what they state, but to their *status* in society, for the credit of what they write. Archbishop Usher, the Englishman born in Dublin, and all his fathers before him Irishmen, would write to "amen" about Scots, Picts and Saxons, without defining one point of the history of the two former, in order to put the latter on the footing of gaining some credit in the world—but that is beyond him.

The appellation Scots, as it is now written with a Latin termination, is a title with which we have got nothing to do. Every man, whose motto is "honesty," is aware that *Scuiti*, and not Scots, was the appellation by which our ancestors were known—a term which signifies divisions, and is highly characteristic of the attachment of our race in all ages to their favourite system of clanship. In like manner, the appellation Pict or Picts, is another fertile source of raving. Tatooing, painting and a thousand other fooleries are hammered out of the term Pict. The ancient Scots and their descendants call them *Piocich*. The mutilated term Pict is absolutely insignificant. On the other hand, the genuine title *Piocich*, was a national term of derision

inflicted on the inhabitants of the low country by their brethren of the highlands; nor has it the slightest allusion to tatooing or painting, but merely representing the Picts using the implements of husbandry, while the roving sons of the mountains lived chiefly in a pastoral state. Nor is the appellation *Pioc* obsolete among us at the present day. While addressing a person working with a spade in particular, we say, "ambheil thu Pìocadh," i.e., are you picking. But their other name, *Cruthens*, is another Gaelic term still more expressive of agricultural labour, but is most unpardonably strangled with the Latin termination as it is now written. Properly it should be *Cruiteinich*; singular, *Crutein*. *Croitein Cam*, says Green Erin, represents to the life a person in a stooping posture, working with the instrument called the pike, spade, hoe, &c. Hence it is easy to conceive that the title Picts, properly *Pìocich*, was but a nick-name bestowed on the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland by those who would not stoop to any such employment.

The Picts sometimes possessed the ancient fortress of Dunbrettan, and it was often the bane of contention between them and the mountaineers. The Pictish monarchs often resided in Dunbrettan, which gave currency to the notion of the fabulous kingdom of Strath-Clyde, or rather a fable invented by Usher, Cambden, Pinkerton and others, in order to make it appear that the all-dreaded Caledonians had but a very small portion of this ancient kingdom in the olden times. Our noble minded friends of England can be very well reconciled to the Picts, only because they do not exist as a distinct people; but if they did, they never had kings nor being as a nation before the Anglo-Saxons had them. But not to digress. These few hints will shew that the term Picts has no signification beyond the intercourse of the two branches of the same Celtic race, of which both Scots and Picts were one and the same people. We do not, however, condescend to expose to merited ridicule the attempts of Usher, the Englishman born in Dublin, and others, who had and still have the consummate insolence to write of matters of which they must remain ignorant for ever without our language; but more especially when we find them to a man fraudulent in matters peculiar to Scotland—record.

ed with as much regularity, order and probity as any kingdom in Europe can boast of, though these records are now concealed with all the care that cowardly apostacy can muster, and of which you will hear ere we have done; nevertheless, it is my duty to tell you at this stage, that nothing short of downright malignity on the part of these English scribblers could prompt them from time to time—mark, through the instrumentality of Scotchmen—to cast every stigma in their power on the first era of our monarchy. The antiquity of this venerable kingdom is so different from anything that England can boast of, that there is no way of tarnishing her honour but to feloniously conceal her records. And in particular, the first era of the Scottish monarchy, with the thirty-nine kings who reigned over our ancestors during a period of seven centuries, is a source of grief to the noble-minded Southrons, which they are not with all their ingenuity able to conceal. Our historians, in common with their brethren of Ireland, whose annals are matchless perhaps in the known world,* recorded that the Scots came from Spain, and

* The following are a few of the Annals of Ireland, all written in the Gaelic language and character:—The Annals of Tighearnach; the Books of Clonmacnois; the Annals of Innis-Fallen, composed by the learned ecclesiastics of that famed seminary, from age to age; the Book of the MacBrudains, hereditary historians to the O'Brians of Thomond; the Annals of Ulster, beginning with the earliest period of Irish history. (This admirable work is written in the Gaelic language and character, but there is a continuation of the same matter which consists of a Latin transcript, in order to render it impossible that it should be lost: this was done by Cathal MacGuairé and Roderick O'Cassady, learned antiquaries in the diocese of Clogher.) The Book of Conquests; the Book of the MacFirbises, or the Annals of Lecan, in Tirireach, County of Sligo; the Book of the O'Conrys, hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught; the Book of the Duigenans of Kilronan in Roscommon; the Book of the Island of All Saints, in Loch Ree; the Annals of the Four Masters, commencing at the earliest period of Irish history, and carried down to 1616; the Topography of O'Dubhagan, or the History of the O'Kellys of Hi Maine; the History of Ireland by Giolla na Naomh O Huidhrin, entitled, *Triallam Timeheall na Fodla*, (i.e. let us travel over Ireland); the Psalter of Cachel; the Book of Lismore; the *Leabhar Gearr*, or the Breviary; the *Leabhar Breac*, or the Speckled Book of MacEgan; the Annals of Boyle in Roscommon; the Annals of Connacht; also the Book of Fenach; the Psalter of Tara; the Books of Kells and of Armagh; the Book of Oirgiall, &c. No wonder though O'Connell said that Ireland stood No. I. in creation. We shall shew the endless records of Ireland in due course.

that Brechus, one of their kings, was crowned in Ireland A.M. 3270, which was seven hundred and thirty-four years before the Incarnation. He ruled his subjects with great justice for forty years, and was succeeded by Fondufus, who had issue, Ethion; and he, Glaucus, who begat Noitosilus the father of Rothsay—all of whom reigned over the Scots in Ireland. Here our history of Scotland properly begins. We are informed that he (Rothsay), perceiving the Scots increase more than the country could bear, transplanted certain numbers over into the isles anciently called Ebonides, afterwards Hebrides, now the Western Isles, because they lie on the Western half of Scotland. He named also that isle which he first began to possess, Rothsay, after his own name. Thus, it appears a colony of the Scots from Ireland settled in Albin two hundred and seventy-one years before the era of our monarchy under Fergus. The first Rothsay landed in the Island of Bute, at the head of the new colony, one hundred and thirty-three years after the crowning of Breehus, king of the Scots, in Ireland. This is the very fact alluded to by our ancestors, near six centuries ago, in that remarkable document sent to the Pope in the year 1320, signed by twenty Earls, Lords, Bishops, and Barons. The following genuine copy of that rare national document will prove that the mutilated school books, so industriously put into the hands of Scottish children to pollute them, and rob them of their national history, was none of the creed of the heroes of old:—

To the Most Holy Father in Christ, JOHN, by the Providence
of God, Chief Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church,

The Lords, Bishops, and Barons, and whole community of Scotland,
Sendeth all dutiful reverence.

MOST HOLY FATHER AND LORD,

We know and have gathered from the acts and books of the ancients, that, among other nations, our nation of Scots was recorded with many praises; which, from the greater Scythia passing the Tyrenian Sea, and the Pillars of Hercules, and for a long time residing in Spain amongst a very fierce people, they could be nowhere subdued by any nation however barbarous. And coming thence twelve hundred years after the outgoings of the people of Israel, they purchased, by many victories and much toil, those territories in the West which they now possess—having expelled the Britons and destroyed the Picts, albeit they were frequently attacked by the Norwegians, Danes and English, but

have always maintained their possessions free of all servitude, as the histories of old times testify.

In their kingdom, ninety-six kings reigned without the intervention of an alien, whose illustrious descendents, by their exploits, though they were not otherwise apparent, yet they are abundantly conspicuous in this—that the King of kings and Lord Jesus Christ, after his passion and resurrection, called them to his most holy faith first, who were living in the uttermost parts of the earth. Nor would he have them confirmed by any in this faith but by his apostle (to wit) the most meek Andrew, the brother of St. Peter, whom our Saviour would have to be always their patron.

The Most Holy Fathers, your predecessors, being with great concern persuaded of these things, did bestow upon this kingdom and people, as the flock of the brother of St. Peter, many favours and privileges. Thus our nation has hitherto, under their protection, continued free and undisturbed, until the king of England, Edward, the father of the present king, did, under the pretence of a friend and ally, invade our kingdom in a hostile manner, when it wanted a head, and the people were conscious to themselves of having no guilt or guile, and they were not then accustomed to quarrels and insults.

From innumerable evils, and by the assistance of Him who binds up the wounded, we are delivered by our Prince and King, Robert, who, in delivering his people out of the hands of their enemies, as another Maccabee or Joshua, cheerfully underwent troubles, toils, hardships and danger; whom also, by Divine Providence, and the right of succession, according to our laws and customs, which we will maintain to the utmost, and with the due consent of all of us, have we made him our Prince and King. To him as the deliverer of our people, by preserving our liberties, we are bound to adhere, as well upon the account of his right to the throne, as by reason of his own personal merits. But if he desist from what he has begun, and shew any inclination to subject us or our kingdom to the kingdom of England, or to the English, we will use our utmost endeavour to expel him immediately as our enemy, and the subverter of our rights, and we will make another our king who is able to defend us. For so long as an hundred Scotchmen remain alive, we will never be subjected in any manner of way to the dominion of England!

It is not for glory, honour and riches that we fight, but only for liberty, which no good man will loose but with his life. If your Holiness, giving too much faith to the tales of the English, shall not sincerely believe these things, and shall not forbear to favour them in destroying of us, we are persuaded that the Almighty will impute to you the destruction of the souls and bodies, and the other hostilities which the English shall commit upon us and we upon them, since that we are and shall be obedient sons in all things to you as God's vicegerent. And to him as the Great King and Judge, we commit the defence of our cause, placing our confidence in him alone, and firmly hoping that he will perfect strength in us, and confound our enemies. May the Almighty bless your holiness in health.

Given at the Monastery of Aberbrothwick, in Scotland, the sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord 1320, and of the reign of our said king, Robert, the fifteenth year.—Nicholas' Scottish Peerage, 1727.

From the foregoing document it is easy to conceive that our ancestors knew no other histories as genuine but those which we now hold as such, many of which, however, are concealed since the Union.

Rothsay, before-mentioned, was a prince as well as Fergus. He entered Scotland two hundred and thirty-four years before the first Fergus. The kings mentioned above were their successors, and the castles of Rothsay and Dunstaffnage were their palaces for ages. It is vain to plead that there were no records to prove it. The independence of Scotland could be proven from authentic annals at the time. "We know and have gathered from the acts and books of the ancients," say the Lords, Bishops and Barons in their letter to the Pope. These very books inform us, that after the Scots remained in a state of perfect security for some time, Rothsay, their first prince, returned to Ireland to succeed his father, leaving the Scots in their colony. At last various companies of them overspread the mainland of Scotland. Those of them that settled in the southern districts became by degrees alienated from their brethren in the west. The former were afterwards called Picts, but the latter still retained their original name of Scots, and do so yet. About 371 years before the Christian era, the Picts began to make a potent figure, and formed their monarchy. On the other hand, the Scots was by that time divided into many tribes, and they resolved to unite themselves more closely, as the Picts made an open declaration that no Scotchman should enter their borders upon pain of death. A dreadful war broke out, and a pitched battle was fought, wherein both were nearly exterminated. The Scots sent a crying embassy to their friends in Ireland, requesting their assistance against the Picts and Britons, who sought their utter destruction. Ferquhard, who was then king over the Scots in Ireland, received the embassy kindly; and having raised a great army, appointed his son Fergus to be general, and sent with him the *LIA-FAIL*, or as it is now commonly called the "Fatal Stone of Scoone," that he, Fergus, might the better hope to reign. When Fergus came to Albin, the Scots assembled a Parliament in Argyle, where it was agreed, with the whole consent of the people, that he should be king, and he was accordingly crowned in Dun-

staffnage, A.M. 3674—before the Incarnation, 330 years. That strange relic, the “Lia-Fail,” is of a somewhat triangular form, of a bluish colour, mixed with red spots, and is a pebble. It was first carried to Brigantia, and from thence to Ireland, where it remained for many ages, and from thence it was carried into Scotland, as we have just mentioned. There is a Gaelic inscription on it, of which the following is a copy, with a correct literal rendering :—

Cineadh Scuit saor an fine,
Munab breg an fhaisdne,
Mar a bhfuighid an LIA-FAIL,
Dlighid Flait heas do ghabhail.

If the prophecy is not false.
Wherever the hoary pillow is found,
By right out of the free nation of Scots
Kings will be taken.

The venerable Hector Boetius, the Scottish historian, renders the above inscription in Latin as follows. It is a fair attempt, but it is not the true meaning :

Ni fallat fatum Scoti quicunque locatum,
Invenient lapideom regnare tenentur ibidem.

With all deference to the memory of the venerable historian, he is far mistaken by rendering the original, “Munab breg an fhaisdne” by “Ni fallat fatum.” I suppose all will concede that the Latin word “fatum” is always understood to signify fate, or that unseen destiny or power, by which men and their actions are bound within certain limits which they cannot surpass. The original word “fhaisdne” is understood by every Gael in the world to signify prophecy, and not that infinite binding power by which the prediction is brought to pass. The truth is, the word “fate” is not in the original at all. Let us see the “ancient mother of speech” and her “Roman daughter” shoulder to shoulder : “Ni fallat” “an fhaisdne”—that is, “If the prophecy is not false.” “Fatum,” therefore, is not the true rendering of “fhaisdne” or prophecy, but quite a different word. If the venerable historian or others who may follow the same course are wrong in the above particulars, it is certainly more absurd to strangle the best part of the inscription in their omission of the

words "free nation" altogether. The first line in the original is, "Cinneadh Scuit saor an fine," i.e., the nation of Scots, the free people. I never saw yet any man who had a knowledge of our language that could miss the meaning of two important words in four short lines. But, to satisfy all parties, we shall render the whole inscription *verbatim*, placing every word of the original in construction. In this case, the second line of the inscription must be first.

Munab breg and fhaisdne,	If the prophecy is not false,
Mar a bfhuighid an Lia-Fail,	Where the hoary pillow is found,
Heas cinneadh Scuit saor an fine,	Out of the nation of Scots, the free people,
Dlighid flait do ghabhail.	By right kings will be taken.

Here I beg to be understood as asserting that the original name of the stone itself, namely "Lia-Fail," is not the "Fatal Stone," or, as it is equally commonly called, "The Stone of Destiny,"—neither of which is the true rendering of "Lia-Fail." Every Celt is aware that "lia" always signifies "hoary"—hence we both write and speak "an lia reoth," that is, the hoar frost; "an ceann lia," the hoary head, &c. Next comes "fail." It is maintained that "fail" signifies destiny or fate; hence the ancient name of Ireland, "Innis Fail," is said to signify the "Island of Destiny." It is true that the learned Irish always write "Phail," and not "Fail," as in "Lia-Fail." So far right, for they are quite different words; therefore "Innis Phail" is not the "Island of Destiny," as erroneously asserted by some, but, on the contrary, it should be written "Innis Ophel," or "Island of the Serpent god."—"These are," says the immortal MacLean, "the serpents and toads which St. Patrick chased out of Ireland, namely, the ancient idolaters who practised the diabolical worship of the hieroglyphic serpents in that country before the Gospel found its way there." In the country where I was born, we apply the word "fail" to a temporary place of rest, such as a bed prepared for an indigent person on the barn floor, or the like. Again, "Fail an thighe," signifies the foundation stone of a house, whereon rests the whole fabric. Our significant

language never speaks in vain : it is sometimes very severe too. If you will picture to yourself the essence of laziness, lounging on his couch till fame carries his character among his neighbours of the original Scots, so as to render him an object of observation, the bitter sarcasim would at once be applied to him, viz., “*Tha cheann air faileadh*,” that is, his head is pillowed : or more closely, as the Gaelic word “*faileadh*,” in its full latitude, signifies, his head is become essential in colour and quality with the “*fail*” or pillow on which it is continually resting. Let none think that I am here defending what the Irish and Scottish historians from time immemorial have recorded, that the “*Lia-Fail*” was the pillow on which the patriarch Jacob rested his head when he was on his journey to Padan-aram. (Genesis xxviii. 11.) No. But I do maintain that the above is the true interpretation of the inscription—that it is pure original Gaelic—and that if the bloody burglar, Edward the First of England, or his savage followers, who carried it to London in 1296, could have read it, there is no doubt but the bottom of the Solway Firth would have received the venerable relic ; and if history is of avail to prove any thing, it proves that the original possessors of the “*Lia-Fail*,” namely, the Milesian Scots of Ireland, to whom it justly belonged, were a mighty nation in that lovely country at least one thousand years before the Christian era. But more of this hereafter. I have hinted a little ago, that the Scots entered Ireland seven centuries before the Incarnation, but that was only to fix in your mind what I have to remark on that head ere we have done. All the kings of Scotland, from Fergus the First, who was crowned at Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire, in the year of the world 3674, till the year of our Lord 1297, were crowned standing on the “*Lia-Fail*.” The names of those kings who reigned during the first till the second era of our monarchy, i.e., from Fergus the First till Fergus the Second, with the number of years of the reign of each, are as follow : “*This monarchy*” says Nicholas, “*may be reckoned the oldest in the world, his present majesty [meaning George the First] being the one hundred and fourteenth sovereign.*” King Fergus began his reign in the year 330 before the Incarnation, and bore for his armorial ensign, “*Sol, a Lion Rampant Mars.*” which had been ever since the

royal badge of that kingdom—the double tressure being added in the year 792, by Charlemagne of France, as a memorial of an alliance between that king and Achaius king of Scotland. Fergus was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, after he had reigned twenty-five years, and was succeeded by Feritharis, his brother. The kingly ornaments of Feritharis were, his two-edged sword, his sceptre royal, and his crown of gold fashioned in form of a rampant, made for the defence of the town and fortress; and these ornaments of investiture remained to Scottish kings, without being in any point changed, till the days of the said king Achaius; but then in token of the aforesaid league, there were added to the rim of the crown four *fleur de lis*, and as many *crosses pattee*. Feritharis was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned fifteen years, and was murdered by Ferlegus, his nephew, and buried in Dunstaffnage.

3. Mainus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 29 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

4. Nothatus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 20 years—was then killed for his tyranny, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

5. Dornadilla was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 28 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

6. Reutherus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 26 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

7. Reutha was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 14 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

8. Thereus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 12 years, but was then banished to York for his tyranny, and there died.

9. Josina was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 24 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

10. Finnanus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 30 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

11. Durstus was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He was slain in battle for his tyranny. He reigned 9 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

12. Evenus I. was crowned standing on the “Lia-Fail.” He reigned 19 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

13. Gillus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 2 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

14. Evenus II. was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 17 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

15. Ederus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 48 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

16. Evenus III. was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was a wicked king, and was imprisoned by the nobles. He died in prison, in the 7th year of his reign, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

17. Metellenus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail," five years before the appearance of Emmanuel, the King of kings. He was an excellent prince. In his time there was peace at home and abroad. He reigned 39 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

These are the seventeen monarchs by which this ancient kingdom of Scotland was governed during 330 years before Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour, came in the flesh to pay the ransom for Adam's fallen race. I am not a little surprised to find that, in the edition of Buchanan's History of Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in 1821, the era of our monarchy is fixed, by the Genealogical Table appended to it, in the year of the world 3641, which is 33 years too early; and what our historians never asserted of the accession of the first Fergus. Whatever might have been the intention of these men by so doing, it is plain that books are not such perishable articles, but that some in the course of time, may lay hold of it for further deception. The Celtic names of these monarchs are highly significant. They are either symbolical or expressive of some quality of the highest order. Some as they are here written by Buchanan, have the Latin termination, others not. To the original Scot they are plain and simple. We shall rescind the Latin termination where it is to be found.

ROTHSAY signifies the Revolution of Happiness—Wheel of Fortune.

FERGUS	—	Man of Voice—Leader.
FERITHARIS	—	Umpire or Ruler—Overseer.
MAIN	—	Hold well—hold firm.
DORNADILLO	—	Hand of power or of fame.
NOTHATU	—	New to thee
RUTHER	—	Man of running—Footman.
REUTHA	—	Mark or Star of the Supreme.
FINNAN	—	Fair or comely.
THEREUS	—	Star of exaltation.

DURSTU signifies	Heart of oak.
JOSINA. —I cannot define it with certainty.	
EVENUS or EUNA	Hard or ripe yew—strong bow.
EDERU —	Middle-man—intercessor.
METTELLAN —	Cunning artificer—Politician.
GILLUS, —	Professor of Herbs—Botanist.

It is well known that every letter of the Beith Luis Nion, or Celtic Alphabet, represents a certain tree; because the Druids, who were the wise men of ancient times, and who lived in the woods, thought that they acted conformably with nature, in giving to their characters such names as might be retained in order to impress their disciples with the ideas they wished to inspire.

BEITH LUIS NION, OR CELTIC ALPHABET.

B Beithe. Birch.	G. Gort. Ivy.
L. Luis. Wild Ash.	P. Peth-boc Not explained.
F. Fearn. Alder.	A. Ailm. Fir-tree.
S. Suil. Willow.	O. On, or Oir. Broom.
N. Nion. Ash.	U. Ur. Heather.
H. Huath. White Thorn.	E. Eaghadh. Aspen. Quaking Ash.
D Duir. Oak.	I. Iodha. Yew.
T. Timne. Not explained.	R. Ruis. Elder.
C. Coll. Hazel.	
M. Muin. Vine.	

You will observe that “Duir,” the seventh letter in this catalogue, represents the oak, hence it is very easy to conceive that “Durstu,” signifies the essence of oak. “It is a very striking circumstance,” says an early historian, “that the ancient Scots generally lived to a very great age—140 and 150, and many instances of some of them having lived to 160 years.” Those who would propagate the blind error that the ancient Scots were savages, are stupid savages themselves. Julius Cæsar, who was one of the highest scholars of the age in which he lived, assures us that the learning of the Druids was so profound, that he conceived that Druidism had its origin in Britain. There is not the slightest trace connected with the history of the Druids from which we may conclude that they were in any sense idolaters; meanwhile every thing connected with their mode of worship proves that they were profound philosophers. They adored only One Supreme, in close imitation of the patriarchal mode of worship. Their deep knowledge of botany induced them to live in woods, and al-

though they named those signs or letters after certain trees, that does not unravel the healing mysteries which they discovered in them. Any one might know the trees represented by the letters, but the names of the trees themselves indicate the names of both cures and diseases, not unknown even in our own age. How ridiculous, therefore, to brand our ancestors as savages ! The Roman historians tell us that they fought in chariots, and that they had small horses, but very swift. Let us see how this account of their invaders can be reconciled with the Scots being savages at the period of the Roman invasion. Common sense may dictate to the most sceptical that a people who had the art of constructing chariots of war, which art they had from their ancestors of oriental origin, must necessarily prove that the Scots had commerce with other nations, whence they learned the arts of working wood and iron, or that the Milesian Scots of Ireland carried the knowledge of these manufactures with them from the East, and that the Scots of Albin had them in the highest perfection. It is utterly impossible that they should lose them so near to their ancestors of Ireland, that ancient and learned nation. How impossible it is that a people who could manufacture arms and chariots of war could be in a savage state, as the modern savages of this age would insinuate ! Those superb Celtic monuments of that very period, are sufficient to prove that architecture was not only partially known, but that our ancestors had it in the highest perfection, as may be seen from the castle of Inverlochy : at which place once stood the ancient capital of Caledonia—the “ Emporium of Scotland,” as our historians justly term it, and where there are still some of its well-paved streets discernible.—The castle survived the ravages of time for upwards of two thousand years, and, as Aikman justly remarks, out-lived all history and all tradition of its own builder and age. It is a quadrangler building, with round towers at the angles, measuring thirty yards every way within the walls. The towers and ramparts are solidly built of stone and lime, nine feet thick at the bottom, and drawing into the thickness of three feet above. The towers are not so entire as to shew what height they were, nor are they all equally high, but it is probable they were all on a level at the top, and standing upon

even ground. The western tower, which stood on the lowest foundation, is the highest of them all, and the largest every way. It seems to have been not less than fifty feet when entire, and the others might have been about forty. The rampart between them is in general about thirty feet high. The inner area seems to have been covered; and all the towers to have been roofed. There are still remaining some square openings in the walls for the floors of the first and second storeys. Ten or twelve yards without the walls begins the ditch which surrounded the castle. It is from thirty to forty feet broad, and was filled with water from the river. The whole building, including the towers, covers about sixteen hundred yards; and within the outside of the ditch are seven thousand square yards, which is almost an acre and a half of ground.

Such is a true but very brief description of the palace of our ancient monarchs at Inverlochy. Here our king Achaius signed the first league with France in the year 792. Charlemagne, emperor of Germany and king of France, was his father-in-law. You have no doubt heard of some of the dastardly inventions circulated within the last fifty or sixty years, saying that no such event ever took place. Hence the deep hatred manifested by our opponents when they speak or write anything about this ancient palace. The savage people once called Saxons were at this period, with very few exceptions, barbarous idolaters. Knowing this, and seeing no possible shift to conceal it, the parties, who now would like to have something to gain them credit in the world, cannot conceal their rage at the brilliancy of the Celtic character at this stage of our national history. King Achaius had a brother whose name was Gille-Ma, and our opponents, laying hold of this ancient name, converted it into the modern barbarous imitation, "William." The French word substituted for this ancient significant name, is not so far wrong. The French write "Gulliaume," which is certainly but a poor imitation of the original. But our good friends of England—"the noblest race in the world" (?)—with that magnanimity peculiar to them, are not able to find an "Anglo-Saxon of the age" to represent them beyond the character of savages, partly covered with skins and bark of trees, worshipping the idol "Thor," with other

seven tutelary deities, whose titles you have now, to the disgrace of our Christian profession, in the names of the days of the week. The magnanimous descendants of the "Anglo-Saxons of that age," mad at this historical fact, exerted every means to confound it. At last their insolence ran so high, that the Lords Hailes and Elibank became opponents in the dispute. Hailes was as sanguine a malignant as ever attacked the annals of Scotland. Elibank was indeed a magnanimous gentleman. Each of them wrote treatises on this subject, which are still extant. Hailes made outrageous attacks on our historians—Elibank warded off every thrust with such precision as would make you proud of the name of a Scot. At last he floored his puny antagonist with these brilliant words: "You tell us the only contemporary writer of reputation quoted in proof of the said alliance is Eginhart. If Eginhart is the only contemporary of reputation that exists, it ought not to seem surprising that he is the only one quoted to prove it. But you admit his authority as undoubted. The only question then is whether he says enough to establish the existence of this alliance. He certainly does in the very passage quoted by your Lordship. It is literally this, Charlemange, by means of his munificence had got the kings of Scots so disposed to comply with his inclinations that they constantly pronounced themselves his friends and allies. Letters of theirs to this purpose do now exist. This implies as much as ever was asserted by any Scottish author of character. The question never was about the terms of the treaty. Your Lordship admits that 'Missii,' or 'Nuncii,' as quoted by Fordun, from Alcuin's letter to Offa, were sent by Charlemange to the kings of the Scots. You honour these 'Missii,' with the title of Ambassadors, and you conjecture that the subject of the embassy was religious. Eginhart was the Chancellor of Charlemagne. Alcuin was his governor," &c.—P.p. 136-7. This is certainly decisive. But observe, moreover, that Sir George Mackenzie, who wrote that brilliant monument of Celtic literature, entitled, "Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland," not content altogether with historical facts as to the above league, travelled to France, and there found among the ancient records of Paris, a copy of the very document in question.* This happened in the

* See Scottish Gael, by James Logan Esq., F.R.S.A.

year 1680. I have made these few observations in order to remind you that I must resume this subject more closely when we come to the seventh century. King Achaius signed the above league within the walls of Inverlochy Castle, as the friend and ally of one of the best of men, as well as one of the greatest princes that ever breathed in Europe. But to resume the subject of our ancient kings. During the reign of Metellenus, in the fulness of time, the glorious Messiah, the Desire of all nations, was born, and suffered. Metellenus was succeeded by his sister's son, Caractacus, the 18th king of Scotland, who was crowned on the "Lia-Fail." He was a wise and brave king. He reigned twenty years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies a war-like monument or pillar, and he was deserving of it. In alliance with the Picts, he fought a dreadful battle against the Romans, in which he was wounded. He was brought to Dunstaffnage in a very weak state; and while in that condition, and at the point of death, the Roman emperor, Vespasian, sent to him ambassadors, promising him the friendship of the Romans if he would surrender. His reply was, "Tell your master, the emperor, that I will never submit to the Roman arms. My kingdom is my own, as much as the kingdom of Rome is Vespasian's."

19. Corbred I. was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was a wise and good king. He reigned eighteen years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies esteem, or birth-right.

20. Dordanus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was a noted tyrant, and was in consequence beheaded, after he had reigned four years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies obstinate, or inflexible.

21. Corbred II., surnamed Galgacus, was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was a valiant hero. He reigned thirty-five years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name, Corbred, after his father, is undoubtedly his proper hereditary and historical one; but his other titles, Galdu and Geal-Cheann, are mere appellatives to distinguish him for other qualities. Geal-Cheann, Latinized by the venerable Buchanan, Galgacus, imports in our language his white hair; Galdu signifies the scourge of strangers, undoubt-

edly in allusion to his matchless wrestling with the Romans. This was the hero of the Grampians, who was so revered for his bravery, that Tacitus, the Roman annalist, (though Geal-Cheann defied the Roman legions under the noted Agricola, who was the father-in-law of Tacitus,) in perpetual commemoration of his brave resistance in the passes of the Grampians, composed the animated speech said to have been delivered by Geal-Cheann to his troops before they engaged in that sanguinary battle. It will here very naturally occur to inquire, where is the distinguished spot on which the battle of the Grampians was fought? It is vain to place it anywhere but on the moor of Ardoch. The judicious article in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, by R. Barclay, Esq., of Urie, printed at Edinburgh in 1792, is far from satisfactory proof that the battle of the Grampians was fought at the hill of Urie in Aberdeenshire.

LETTER III.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, *12th March, 1850.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You may be surprised at my enthusiasm in dating my epistles so unceremoniously from my native place, as you may think that I might give the preference to Greenock, the bustling mart of Clyde commerce.

But to our subject.—Making every allowance for the venerable Tacitus for his generous candour and his honourable description of the valour of our sires at this remote period of our national history, still it is certain that those parties who have no small pretence to everything great and generous, used in times past, and are still using, base means to blot from the earth every feature of our national history, but what is in accordance with Anglo-Saxonism. It was mention-

ed in my last that the hill of Urie in Aberdeenshire is pointed out by some as the site of the battle of the Grampians, fought between the Caledonians and the Roman legions, but there is nothing more groundless. That the Romans had a military station there, is certain. The other three principal passes of the Grampians are in Perthshire, where we find four Roman camps very near one another. One of these is on the bank of the water of Almond, immediately at the pass of Glen Cuaich ; the other on the banks of the Ruchill in the valley of Strathearn, commanding the entrances of the western gorge of Strathearn, Glen Artney and Glen Lednaig ; the other about twelve miles farther west at Callander of Monteith, immediately at the entrance of Strathtyre ; but the principal depot of the Roman army was at Ardoch, eleven miles south from Comrie, where Agricola posted himself in a central position between the out-posts just mentioned. That his strongest energies were concentrated against the freedom of Caledonia in the western extremity of the valley of Strathearn is certain. Every field in the vicinity of Comrie gives the most cogent proofs of their being once the site of a fierce military struggle. Here are those monuments, left by our brave progenitors on many spots where they were defeated, and where they were often victorious. First, where the memorable battle under review was fought, and on the spot where the Celtic lines partly formed, we have *Thigh a Bhclair*, that is, the battle stage. About five miles farther west, in the valley of Strathearn, there is, *Galachan Ross* ; which is proof positive that the brave Geal-Cheann was rendered immortal there, as you will hear just now. This is the very ground where the Roman camp is. The field is at present in the occupancy of Mr. William Brown, farmer. Immediately adjacent, and on the western bank of the Ruchill, there is *Dal Ranich*, that is, the field of the war shout. About two miles farther west, on the said western bank of the Ruchill, there is *Blar Mor*, or the great battle field. Immediately adjacent, there is, *Tom an Air*, or the bush of slaughter. There is hard by in Glen Artney, *Dal Bhraighdean*, or the field of captives ; there is also *Leaba nan Sgeie*, or the bed of shields. Within a mile of the latter, there is *Caithris*

Chaillteinn,* the name of a farm on the estate of Aberuchill, where the Celts were reduced to great extremities by their iron invaders. Again, on the bank of the Ruchill, where the Roman Camp is, the adjacent field is called *Blar Dearg*, or the red battle field. Here was performed the scene mentioned by our historians as follows: "That when Agricola heard that the Caledonians were advancing in several detachments he divided his army into three bodies, which circumstance had almost proved his ruin, for the enemy understanding his design, suddenly attacked one legion in the night with their whole force, and having killed the guards, nearly seized the camp, but being prevented by the advance of the other legions, they maintained the action vigorously until day-break, and being at last compelled to give way, they again retreated to their inaccessible fastnesses." The Roman camp stormed by the Gael on this occasion, was the one on the banks of the Ruchill at Comrie. That being overpowered by the superior discipline of the Romans on the plain of *Blar Dearg*, and forced across the Ruchill, the Scots rallied on the western banks of that water at Dal Ranich, that being the nearest rising ground. That the action was continued—the Gael still retiring from the heights for about a mile towards the burn of Aberuchill. Here they made their last and desperate effort. Their left was secured by the river Earn and the now Eden-like plain of Dunira, undoubtedly at that time a thick gloomy forest, if it was not indeed another part of Loch Earn. They were secured on the right, and partly in the rear, by the crags of Dal Chonzie. Thus the Celtic lines extended from the spot where now stands the baronial house of Aberuchill on the right, to the bank of the Earn, where at present is the summer mansion of the honorable Miss Douglas Moncrieff. On this spot the carnage must have been dreadful. Our sires left here a lasting monument to commemorate their grief. This place is called *Dal a Chaoinidh*, or the field of weeping. The fastnesses to which they retreated are the rocks of Dun Durn in the western gorge of Strathearn. There is due north from Comrie, the highest

* It is not easy to find English words to express the full import of the above appellation. It is a compound: *Caithris*, watching; *Chaill*, lost; *Teinn*, surrounding perplexity.

peak of the Grampians in that district. It is called *Beinn a Chaoinidh*, or the mountain of weeping—no doubt commemorative of some of those bloody scenes. But the most curious of all is this, that there are on the summit of this mountain visible traces of cultivation, though some parts of it is now very frequently covered with snow till the middle of May, and sometimes later. The Caledonians of those days, therefore, could not be ignorant of agriculture. It is vain to advance that the Roman historians describe them as naked, &c. No man in his senses will believe that a people whose monarchy was above four centuries old in the reign of Galgacus, could be in a savage condition. But they were Scotchmen, and that is enough. Any other nation could be civilized under a regular government; “but these devilish Celts, whose prowess would make us quake at three hundred miles distance, can never be reconciled to our barbarous pollutions in any age; therefore let us just persevere in saying that the Roman historians would have the Scots then as naked as the *live cats* that we are in the habit of skinning in London, in order to preserve their fur as ornaments for the *national beauties* of England!” The gross falsehood, that the Caledonians were naked when the Romans contended with them in the reigns of Nero and Vespasian, was never written by any Roman historian of that period, but is a malicious fabrication, chiefly invented since the Union, hoodwinked at by the apostates still bearing the name of Scots, viz.: the Campbells, M'Donalds, and a host of others, whose blood is contaminated by their savage education, and otherwise more savage connection with the leanest branch of the human race. But unfortunately for them, the honour of this ancient kingdom is vindicated not only by her own sons from time to time, but other writers left sufficient proofs that our progenitors were high on the scale of civilization and commerce from the remotest antiquity. The late Rev. John Lennie Buchanan, the triumphant antagonist of Pinkerton, proves from the Greek authors quoted in his defence,* that at a period when the sixty miles of now shallow water between the present island of Lewis and the rock of St. Kilda was dry land, that the Phœnicians

* See Buchanan's Defence.

and Greeks had regular commerce with the natives of the Western Isles of Scotland in those times. That Abaris, the arch-druid of the Lewis, went to Athens as an ambassador from Scotland, and that he entered that far-famed capital with his retinue gorgeously arrayed in what is now called the Highland costume, with pipers and hautboys proclaiming his approach to that great seat of learning and science. That he carried a naked sword in one hand, and a bow and some arrows in the other. That he was well received, and spoke learnedly in the Lyceum.. How impossible that the Roman historians, who uniformly declare that the Caledonians were the bravest people that ever Rome encountered ; and that they fought the Roman legions in chariots, and that after Agricola had departed. Twenty years thereafter, the Caledonians were looked upon by the Romans as formidable enemies.* That in the time of the emperor Commodus, they broke in upon the Roman province, and killed a Roman general who opposed them.† Again we are told that the Romans kept two legions on the northern border of the province of Valentia to stop their incursions, while one legion was sufficient to keep the rest of Britain in subjection. It is equally well-known that the emperor Severus wreaked his vengeance on them by directing the whole strength of the empire against Caledonia, with the horrid commission to exterminate them both old and young. Take his own words :

" Let none escape your hands and cruel slaughter,
Not even the babe yet guiltless in the womb."

But yet Stillingfleet, an English writer, acknowledges on the authority of Tacitus, that the monster Severus was obliged to treat with them, after the loss of seventy thousand men. How impossible, therefore, that the Roman historians would face about, and tell you with the very next breath, that they were naked savages, living in holes in the earth, &c. It is indeed no less than a hardship for a person of ordinary feelings to stoop to the drudgery of chastising beings who are not fit for any society under the sun, unless we can find one who has advertised that " Here is employment for a

* Dio Lib. v. 465. † Dio. Lib. lxxii., p. 182.

whole nation of liars." Is it England you mean? Yes, I mean to tell the public that Englishmen, indulged by apostate barbarians still bearing the name of Scots, pretend that they possess the ancient Roman histories, and that these venerable annals contain the above monstrous contradictions; and that apostate Scots are quite well aware that none of the Roman histories in their purity ever found their way to Britain, but those copies brought from Rome by Fergus the Second, about the year 410, when that monarch assisted Alaric the Goth, as his ally, in sacking the city; that the said original copies of the voluminous labours of the Roman historians were deposited in Iona; and that in the year 1525 they were carried to Aberdeen, where they cost no small labour to decipher them;* and that the above calumny against Scotland was never written by the Roman authors; nor is there the least allusion to a savage state in the whole range of Roman history. While describing the ancient Scots, one would think that there is more than ordinary impetus inspiring the Roman pen. In the meantime, to avoid digression, taking Tacitus at his word describing the noted battle of the Grampians, it has been mentioned that the moor of Ardoch in Perthshire, is the only spot that can be with any propriety pointed out as the site of that memorable contest. Indeed, believe me, you may travel from Tweed to the Sound of Islay, but you can never think yourself in Caledonia till you enter the moor of Ardoch. There you will see the famed heath in its primitive garb of eternal heather, stretching from the crystal burn of Tay nam Blar to the Roman camp at Ardoch, its southern extremity. No one but a finished blockhead or a raving sceptic could miss the meaning of Tacitus as to the certainty of this heathery plain being the very place where his father-in-law, Agricola, fought his last battle in Britain. There is a high tribute of honour due to the memory of the venerable annalist in this place, though his father-in-law commanded the Roman army. It is true he crowned him with victory, but that is only what might be expected. But he says "that the Caledonians kept possession of the rising ground, extending their ranks as wide as pos-

sible, to present a formidable show of battle." That is, the Scots formed on the western extremity of the moor. Their lines partly extended parallel with the hill Tayman Blar. The historian is very minute: he says, "That the Gael formed their first line on the plain, the rest on a gradual ascent on the acivity of the hill." Here both armies had their favourite position. The Romans in grim array, formed on the plain, with the open country in the rear, commenced the battle. The historian tells us "that the Britons wanted neither skill, courage or resolution. That, with their long swords and targets, they had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and at the same time to discharge a thick volley of their own. That the Roman cavalry were obliged to give ground; and that the Caledonians rushed at full speed into the thickest of the action, where they struck a general terror," &c. There is here certainly more than enough to justify Tacitus as to his integrity, so far as he consistently gave due praise to a brave enemy who defied his father-in-law. But there is more than enough here to put those cowardly apostates to the blush, if they are capable of doing so, who still bear the names of Campbell, M'Donald, M'Neil, and a host of others, who are selling their country to support the miserable credit of the lowest beings that ever appeared on the stage of time. I told you a little ago that the apostate Scots are corrupted by their education, and I will now prove it. When James the Sixth ascended the throne of England, the British sway was restored to the Celtic race of monarchs in his person. He was politic enough to fix his residence in London. The English were quite content, thinking that he conferred a high honour on them by that crafty policy; and he, knowing their weakness, never disturbed them, seeing that they were conquered without arms. During the reigns of his successors, Charles I. and II., they began to see that they were goaded on like useful cattle by the Scots. Meanwhile their crafty drivers keeping their own parliament, diverted them by means simple in appearance, but powerful in their effects. An Englishman will not take it amiss to tell him that he is a savage, so long as his masters say that they are savages also. The criminal indulgence of this kind, persevered in by the

Scots previous to the Union, paved the way for that national apostacy, now beyond the reach of human agency to reform. It is well known that the Union snapped asunder the wall between the two countries. Intermarriages on an unlimited scale commenced.—Meanwhile Southron rage for equality grew stronger and stronger; and the Scots found it impossible that their barbarous associates could be humoured, so long as the antiquity and independence of this ancient kingdom was their creed. No doubt the indulgence of allowing themselves to be compared with the English annoyed them mightily at the outset; but in proportion as the apostacy grew, the fathers who were wont to teach their sons the art of driving their dupes during the preceding reigns, would, after the Union, when reminded of their danger, only mutter, “Pooh! pooh! discourtesy—only Southron cattle—the Scots have now the sway,” &c. &c.* But though the father would express his real sentiments as just mentioned, the remedy was not sufficient to preserve the son, who could not but see that he was connected with them, and that something must be done to preserve his own credit as well as that of his rising offspring. The famous John, Duke of Argyle, and others, resolved to repeal the Union, which was negatived by a majority of two in the House of Lords. From that time downwards we may trace the present apostacy, irretrievable as it is general. Every generation as they rose found it necessary to cover the origin and character of the Southrons, at the expense of their own; at least this is beyond doubt the maxim adopted by the representatives of Scotland in Church and State since the Union. But we scorn to make sweeping assertions without proof. It is already stated that you are in the habit of hearing the grossest abuse against this kingdom—the savage condition of the Scots at the Roman period, &c.—that we have no history, or if any, that Edward the First of England carried them off, and that now we can prove nothing previous to the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons about the beginning of the fifth century. Now I main-

* It is not from respect for any living person that I suppress the names of several who were in the habit of speaking in these terms of the English long after the Union.

tain that all this is grossly false ; and that till such time as our countrymen will honestly publish the following list of our national annals, now beyond doubt extant, every honest man in the kingdom must treat them with that abhorrence only due to traitors, so far as they are guilty in concealing the said annals, the lawful hereditary property of Scotchmen.

You have already heard that in the year 1525, there was carried to Aberdeen the contents of two chests-full of ancient records, which were deposited in Iona by Fergus the Second, after his return from the sacking of Rome in the year 410. In like manner the Scottish records pretended to have been carried off by Edward the First, were restored to King Robert Bruce, under a solemn treaty in 1328. Even Sir George Mackenzie could only blame Edward for disarranging them. Probably there never was born in Scotland another individual more vigilant for searching to the utmost everything national than Sir George Mackenzie ; but yet that Celtic brand could only blame Edward for disarranging part of them. Sir George was the author of that brilliant work, entitled "Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland," published in the year 1680. How cowardly, therefore, to blame Edward for destroying the Scottish records, when they are carefully concealed, and that to the knowledge of men bearing the names of M'Donald, Campbell, &c.

As I would in particular solicit the attention of my fellow-workingmen to what they should all know, it will naturally occur first to shew the chain of Scottish historians, whose works are still extant. That learning and civilization always followed our race is abundantly evident, not only in Scotland from the earliest ages, but in the neighbouring kingdoms, where they made a distinguished figure. "I am tired," says Julius Leichten, "of hearing the Roman authors quoted when the commencement of our civilization is spoken of, while nothing is said of the Celts, or of our obligation to them." "It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls, who were our first instructors. Aristotle declared that philosophy was derived by the Greeks from the Gauls, and not imparted to them."* "The Gauls were truly of

* See introduction to Logan's Scottish Gael.

sharp wit and apt to learn, and they were even excelled by the Britons, whose learning was so profound that the youths of the continent came hither to study, by a course of no less than twenty years probation."* Columba burned many of the books of the Druids, but still many survived to a later period. St. Patrick burned one hundred and eighty volumes of their works at Tara in Ireland.† You will at once perceive that all those Scottish records pretended to have been pilfered by Edward I. of England, are written in the Gaelic language, and are occasionally quoted under the title of the Annals of Scotland; but the few who have access to them say no more about them. But the same malicious cowardice by which the sister of the late celebrated and pious Mr. Ewen M'Lachlan‡ was deprived of her brother's works in manuscript, from sheer terror that his countrymen would have both the honour and the benefit of his matchless talents, can deprive Scotland for ever of her ancient Celtic records if they can. Those of them carried from Iona to Aberdeen in 1525 may be marked down as the first item in the catalogue now suppressed, together with those pretended to have been pilfered by Edward I. I shall call these the

Ancient Celtic Annals of Scotland—suppressed.

Gildas' History of Britain, 4th century§—suppressed.

The Pictish Chronicle, of high antiquity—suppressed.

The Ryme Chronicle, which is a transcript of another chronicle,—suppressed.

De Situæ Albania, quotes British histories, and acts and annals of the Scots and Picts,—suppressed.

The Register of St. Andrews, first part containing the history of the Picts from the earliest period; part second beginning with the year 827, when that university was founded by the primitive Christian Celts of Scotland. It quotes Pictish books in abundance.¶—suppressed.

The works of Nennius, who wrote about the end of the seventh century, and copied from the Scottish records then known—suppressed.

* Tacitus's Life of Agricola.

† Leacan Records. See also M'Geghogan's Ireland.

‡ Rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen.

§ Gildas was a native of Dunbretton.

¶ This happened in the reign of Hungus II. of the Picts.

The annals of Alcluith or Dumbarton, beginning with the Columbian period. A large iron chest-full of them was carried off in the year 1750—suppressed.*

The Chronicle of Melrose, beginning with the foundation of that once celebrated seminary, in the beginning of the seventh century. It was partly written in the Gaelic language, and partly in Latin, and is on that account, no small terror.—suppressed.

The Chronicle of Holyrood.—suppressed.

The Chartulary of Aberbrothwick.—suppressed.

The Manuscript of Panmure, consulted by Pinkerton.—suppressed.

John Monipennie's Chronicle, finished A.D. 1600.—suppressed. ?

Kennot's Parochial Antiquities.—suppressed.

The Obituary of Glasgow.—suppressed.

The Chartulary of Glasgow.—suppressed.

Abbot Milne's Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld.—suppressed.

Vermundus, arch-deacon of St. Andrews, wrote his history of Scotland in the year 1076, and not only copied the records composed within the era of Christianity, but also those compiled by the learned in this kingdom prior to that epoch.† Nor was his labour lost, as his history was copied by Fordun in 1420, and is now the book entitled the "Scoto Chronicon," consisting of the united labours of both these worthies.—suppressed.

The history of Scotland, by Hector Boethius, first principal of Aberdeen College, who followed Fordun.—suppressed.

His work is a lasting scourge to the southrons. He very frequently cut deep, and is on that account greatly abhorred. On the savage charge given by Edward the first to his no less savage son, to boil him after he was dead, and carry his bones with him to terrify the Scots, Boethius remarks, that after his carcase was boiled, "few would sup the broth."

The history of Scotland, by the celebrated Leslie, who followed Boethius.—suppressed.

The Black Book of Paisley, written by the ecclesi-

* Glen's History of Dumbarton.

† Sir George Mackenzie.

astics of that Abbey. The first part of this work is of high antiquity. The last part is a continuation of the "Scoto Chronicon," after Fordun, as the essence of the first is in that forbidden work.—suppressed.

Dean Munro's account of the Isles, a work of high merit.—suppressed. This work was published in 1549.

Thomas Innes's critical dissertation on the inhabitants of Scotland.—suppressed.

The history of Scotland, by John Major, in the beginning of the fourteenth century.—suppressed.

Sir George Mackenzie's defence of the Royal line of Scotland.—suppressed.

Chambers' Caledonia.—suppressed.

Lord Elibank's treatise on the authenticity of the Scottish League with France in the reign of Charlemagne.—suppressed. There is a garbled copy of it in the annals of Scotland.

The Chronicon Elegiacum, the substance of which is preserved in the Chronicle of Melrose.—suppressed. Both are in the Cotton Library.

The Aberdeen Breviary, an ancient work.—suppressed.

The Manuscript of Cupar, a most valuable document. suppressed.

Jamieson's historical account of the ancient Culdees. suppressed.

The Chronicle of Auchinleck—suppressed.

The labours of Sir James Balfour alone are more than sufficient to vindicate the national character on this point. The vast collection of Scottish Annals collected by him, and still preserved, cannot be contemplated without emotion, particularly the Registers of Scoone and Cambuskenneth, transcribed by him, and now locked up in the Advocate's Library; besides his History of Scotland from Fergus I. to Charles I., together with the Monastic Chronicles—all of which he collected into one vast mass, giving them the appropriate title of "Scottish Annals." Of their value, some estimate may be formed when an enemy says—"That these Chronicles are remarkable for the industry, judgment and fidelity to truth with which they are compiled." In these Registers and Chronicles are to be found an accurate record of transactions with foreign powers, whether in forming alliances, contracting mar-

riages, or regulating commerce; letters and bulls of the Holy See; answers, edicts and statutes of kings; church rescripts; provincial constitutions: acts of parliament; battles; deaths of eminent persons; epitaphs and inscriptions; and sometimes the natural appearances of the seasons; the prevalent diseases of the different periods of which they treat; in short, they committed to writing every important occurrence in Church and State, so that any question arising in after ages might be settled by the authority and the unanimous confirmation of these faithful and accurate records. In collecting and preserving these manuscripts, Balfour, therefore, raised a monument to his memory which the latest posterity must revere; for he did so from a conviction that these old and approved authors were the only guides to the knowledge of facts, as well as to correct evidence and reasoning on the remote history of Scotland. He therefore persevered throughout life in collecting such manuscripts without regard to either trouble or expense. The catalogue which he left is still extant.*

As I fear you may loose sight of the valiant Galgacus altogether, I must stop for the present, believing as I do, that your attention is somewhat roused to view the caluminators of Scotland in their true colours. I will dispute the above subject with the Sabeans more closely in due course. Robert Bruce well observed, "that the man who could pick clean with his teeth the neck bone of a cow, could conquer Scotland," you will say he "maun sit a bit frae the wa."

The valiant Galgacus was succeeded by Luctacus, the twenty-second king of Scotland. A bloody tyrant. He was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned three years, and was killed by the nobles, and buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies friends or guardians.

23. Mogaldus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 36 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies the snare of strangers. It is more than likely he troubled the Romans.

24. Conarus, a noted limb of the devil, was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 14 years,

* *Memoria Balfouriana*, p. 19—33.

and died in prison. His name signifies war dogs, for what reason I know not.

25. Ethodius I, was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." An excellent king. He reigned 33 years, but was murdered by an Irish Harper, whom he admitted to lie in his bed-chamber. He was buried in Dunstaffnage. To define his name is beyond me.

26. Satrael was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was slain by his own courtiers in the 4th year of his reign, and buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies the Planet of the God-Man. Do not startle. Take it thus, Esh-tau-re-el. In Illustration, following the Mosaic orthography of our language, and in a hyroglyphical sense, the first word in the Hebrew bible is equivalent with the above title, Satrael. Moses writes Berashith, translated, in the beginning. But in a secondary sense, heathen mythologists blindly attached almost the same sense to many things, which the inspired penmen do not confound. Moses and the prophets uniformly adopt the word "Esh," to represent man. "Thu or Thau" is always understood to signify the invisible God or Jehovah. "Re," signifies star or planet. And "El" is well known to import the God of Israel. The above word written by Moses, the radicals of which are essentially the same as those in the title of the Caledonian king, for what difference is there whether we say Esh-tau-re, or Re-esh-thau. The amount is in a hyroglyphical sense, the Planet of the God-man. There is Aberuchill, Parish of Comrie, Perthshire, by whom, or at what time it was named, is to me unknown, but every man who is in the least a judge of the subject, will see that the title itself is purely in the cognate dialect of our language, used by the writers of the Old Testament. Ab Ruch-el, the very language of Moses and the prophets. Always written by them "Ab," Father, "Ruch," Spirit, "El," God.

Ah! my countrymen, think well ere you banish the language of nature from the shores of Scotland, and substitute in its place to your everlasting disgrace, the tongue that was never written till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This is a bold assertion, but we can prove it in due time.

27. Donald I. This monarch was the first Christian

king of Scotland. There were gold and silver coined in this reign, A.D. 201. He was crowned on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 18 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. His name signifies dark eye.

28. Ethodius II. A defestable wretch. He was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was killed by his own guards in the 16th year of his reign, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

29. Athrico was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He committed suicide in the 12th year of his reign, and was buried in Dunstaffnage. I cannot define his name with certainty.

30. Nathalcos was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He perished miserably after reigning 11 years. His name signifies sorcerer or conjuror. He was buried in Dunstaffnage.

31. Findochus, a good king, was assassinated at the instigation of his brother Donald, Lord of the Isles, after he reigned 11 years. His name signifies fair complexion. He was buried in Dunstaffnage.

32. Donald II. was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He died of grief, in the first year of his reign, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

33. Donald III. Lord of the Isles, and brother to Findochus, was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 12 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

34. Crathilinthus was crowned on the "Lia-Fail."

35. Fincormachus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He reigned 47 years, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

36. Romachus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." He was beheaded for his tyranny in the 3d year of his reign, and buried in Dunstaffnage.

37. Angusius was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." A good king, he was slain in battle by the Picts, in the third year of his reign, and was buried in Dunstaffnage.

38. Fethelmachus was crowned standing on the "Lia-Fail." A brave king, he defeated the Picts in a bloody battle, but was afterwards betrayed to them by an harper. He was assassinated in his bed chamber, in the third year of his reign, and buried in Dunstaffnage.

39. Eugenius I. a great and good king was crowned

standing on the "Lia-Fail." The Romans and Picts invaded his kingdom in a terrible manner. The battle of Mundi, water of Doon, Ayrshire, was fought in the third year of his reign, when the Scots were defeated with great slaughter, and compelled to take refuge in their fastnesses in the Western Isles, Ireland and Norway. But no sooner was the principal men of the Scots expelled, than the Romans turned the hand of oppression against the Picts, and threatened the very existence of their independence. Meanwhile the Scots, by the help of their friends in Ireland, made destructive incursions into Galloway and the Frith of Clyde, ravaging the Roman province and the Pictish territories, sparing neither man nor beast.

This crisis of our national history gave rise to fables unnumbered. Our opponents in a quarter where high pretences to everything great and honest are sounded to the uttermost parts of the earth, but no where believed, would drag arch-bishop Usher and others whose names are of great consequence with them only, to show that the crisis just mentioned was the first era of our monarchy. Meanwhile, their insolence is not only cherished by the apostate Scots; but these allies, of the enemies of our race and language, are desolating their paternal domains in the most wicked manner, so that now the half of Scotland, is a comparative desert. It is a national disgrace, that time cannot retrieve—it is inhuman and cruel to banish the brave Gael from their native soil, and is fit work for those heartless apostates. The family of MacDonald, which we must now introduce in this place, procured endless resources for archbishop Usher and others, in the propagation of their heartless forgeries. The whole fabrication, that Fergus the second was the first king of Scotland, is founded on the potent figure which the family of MacDonald for ages made, while others, who cannot brook to hear of it, nor have that race themselves the honesty to show matters in their proper light.

Secondly, the pedigree of this heroic family, of which the honourable Eneas MacDonell of Glengarry, is the lawful chief and representative, served archbishop Usher and others, as a sandy foundation for their numberless fallacies in the Dalriadic controversy. In the work

entitled the Red Book of Clan Ronald, pilfered by James MacPherson, the mock translator of a fragment of Ossian's Poems, there is a geneology of the MacDonalds. It was written in the Gaelic language and character at different periods by the bards of the clan Ronald family, and the last part of it by Neil MacMhurich, about 1680. It is quoted by Alex. Markham, Esquire, in his note to canto first of his beautiful poem entitled the "Avenged Bride,"—printed in Dublin, by R. Milliken & Son, 1833. It is again quoted as follows, by Browne in his History of the Highlands:—

"Probably the eight hundred and ninety-five persons, mentioned by the author of the 'Red Book of Clan Ronald,' as having been killed by the party of clan Ronald, without opposition, may be those alluded to by Wishart. In fact, before the end of January the face of a single male inhabitant was not to be seen throughout the whole extent of Argyle and Lorn. The whole population being driven out, or taken refuge in dens and caves only known to themselves." * So far Browne, the would-be historian of the Highlands, had the honesty to quote from this work, which contains the history of the MacDonalds from the year 337 to 1680, and the history of other clans besides that of the MacDonald. When MacPherson was prowling about, pilfering our ancient literature, in 1762, clan Ronald compelled Neil MacVurich, the last bard of that celebrated race, to give the above work to him. To what extent, Messrs. Markham and Browne, were obliged to give security to conceal its destiny, † I cannot positively determine. One thing however, I am quite sure of, that there is not as much honour south of the Clyde in Britain, as will tell in whose coffer that venerable relic is now concealed. Much less have the Campbells, MacDonalds, &c., &c., the courage to publish it. And even granting it were published, who could depend upon it, after coming through their hands? The cowardice of these men is beyond everything hitherto known in the history of man. From the second edition of "Douglas Peerage," and the second volume, you may judge of the character of the parties above mentioned. It is

* Browne's History of the Highlands, vol. i. p. 353.

† You will get ample proof of this by and by.

stated in that work, that Gillespie O'Duibhne, one of the barons of Loch Awe, and ancestor of the Duke of Argyle, who lived in the fourth century, was an Anglo-Norman, although the simplest of our school boys could tell that Anglo-Normans were never heard of till the followers of William the Conqueror became naturalized in England about the beginning of the twelfth century. As it is necessary to give you a brief view of the character of the heroes by which Scotland is now adorned, I will in the first place call to your recollection the long list of eminent works and ancient records already mentioned, which are carefully kept hid from the public, except Buchanan's "History of Scotland," some garbled copies of which are always current, but there was never a genuine copy of it in English. Buchanan wrote his "History of Scotland" in Latin. It is permitted to appear in English, merely to strengthen the cause of defamation, against this ancient kingdom. You will ask, how so? Your question is easily answered. The enemies of Scotland have now succeeded to their highest wishes in suppressing every national monument previous to the time of Buchanan. Their design is, therefore, to present that venerable man as the only historian we have, and that his work is at best doubtful. It would be offering you a down-right insult to say any more on this head. But those deluded beings should be exposed, till they bring to the light of day every one of the above list of works from which Buchanan compiled his history. Their not doing so will stamp for ever on their memories the disgraceful epithet of apostates. But to show you that none of these charges are groundless, and as a preliminary to the discussion just approaching, I may mention the History of Britain, by Gildas, a native of Dumbarton, who wrote in the fourth century. His manuscript is locked up in Cambridge; but so terrified are they at the work of that ancient Scottish Gael, that they cannot admit any to read it without adding a commentary of their own, by which the meaning of the author is completely falsified. But still he is no small terror. The truth is, however, that the commentary in question is only a barbarous attempt of a translation in Latin from the original Celtic, in which Gildas wrote and they would only laugh at our sim-

plicity were we to stop short of telling them that there was not a man born in England since the days of Bede, that could read the ancient Celtic character to purpose, or at all, particularly in manuscript style. Buchanan knew the trickery of the southrons, in their gross perversion of Scottish history in his day. He says, "the English are unlettered, and what they cannot deny, they are sure to pervert." Let us examine for a moment whether this is characteristic of them still. Let us see how they handle Gildas in public, though they have him locked up in Cambridge. Chambers in his *Cyclopædia*,* not knowing how to dispose of him, says, "Gildas an Anglo-Saxon writer of this age, was of British parentage." Here we have the low stratagem commonly resorted to, "by the noblest race in the world." They made an Englishman in their opinion of Arthur, Duke of Wellington—but Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Sir John Moore, from sheer terror of naming them Scotchmen, are always denominated British officers. But the rising generation will be taught that they were Englishmen. Or failing in that, as they always do, the next way to dispose of them will be, "that their existence is doubted." That is the way to get quit of them at once. Mr. Chambers would, no doubt, feel very indignant were he to be told in the face of the public, that he is not a gentleman; and unfortunately for himself he has proved in this instance that he is a *supple* one. Mr. Chambers knowing well that he was a native of Dumbarton, has no shift but to confess that he was a Scottish Gael, or deny his existence. Such mean stratagems are the subterfuges of cowards, whose sole design is to make themselves appear with some credit at the expense of their neighbours. It is therefore demonstrated that Mr. Chambers, in this instance, insinuates, in order to establish that falsehood for future confusion, "that Gildas was a missionary of British parentage, but his existence is doubted." But if his existence is doubted, why not prove who wrote the history attributed to him? If the man never existed, Mr. Chambers should tell with unerring certainty who wrote the much dreaded history of Britain which is locked

* *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, vol. i, p. 1.

up in Cambridge? He should prove, infallibly prove, how could Gildas be a native of Dumbarton, a missionary of British parentage, and at the same time an "Anglo-Saxon writer of that age." These are knots, we presume that Mr. Chambers, for all his rage to convert Scotchmen into Anglo Saxons, will find hard to untie. After telling you that Gildas was a missionary of British parentage, he insinuates with the next breath that his existence is doubted. Mr. Chambers, here calculating with more caution than many who are hired to turn on the bowels of their country, dreading the lash of public ridicule for his glaring attempt of making an Anglo-Saxon writer of Gildas, and not able to shun the opposite fact that he was an original Scot, and in full conformity with the marvellous march of intellect, of the nineteenth century, can get quit of Gildas altogether by denying his existence. It is almost needless to expose the malignity levelled at the character and writings of this ancient Scot. Though "his existence is doubted," the forgeries meanly put in his name in the above mentioned barbarous Latin commentary attached to his manuscript, are carefully quoted against Scotland when it suits the purposes of defamation. The wild Latin translation above mentioned served "the noblest race in the world" not only to defame the historian himself, but also for the tenor of all the falsehoods advanced against the honour of this ancient kingdom in the Dalriadic controversy. But despite their rage for binding honest men by oaths and bonds to conceal our ancient Celtic literature every where in these kingdoms, such despicable shifts are only from time to time aggravating their punishment. Such was their malice against the Gaelic language, that, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, any murderer would be acquitted in Ireland on condition that he could repeat the Lord's Prayer in the English tongue. The translator of Keating's history of Ireland, printed in Dublin, 1723, assures us in his preface to that work, that there is in the library of Trinity College, in the same city, among other Celtic monuments of antiquity, written upon parchment, a large volume, and that the said manuscript contains extracts from the Psalter of Cashel, the Records of Armagh, of Tara, and other monuments of antiquity. And that in

order to obtain the reading of it for six months, that he had been obliged to give security in one thousand pounds sterling. Would he have dared to publish and to have printed in the same city that account, or given the name of Dr. Raymond, during his lifetime, who had been his security? Here it may be seen, if I may use the expression, the marvellous spleen with which the Celts are treated, and the terror with which their opponents regard their minds and bodies. Here you may see as in a broad mirror the character of these dastards, the Campbells, M'Donalds, and a host of others now living—the very patrons of cowardice and dishonesty. These men would suppress, as it were, the souls and bodies of their ancestors, represented by those annals. But when they despise themselves, why should not others do it? So far as my weak efforts may go to advertise it to the world, I would hereby tell them to their faces that I disown them, and will scorn, till life's warm streams may stop, to regard them with any other feeling but that of the utmost contempt. On the other hand, you may judge of the rage of the southrons, in meanly pilfering the ancestry of the very people whose memory they would blot from the earth. Is there not in all this something truly extraordinary? We know quite well that they hate the Celts in a manner peculiar to themselves; and yet such is their rage to claim these Celts and their hereditary antiquity, that in the above instance they committed themselves to a degree never hitherto attempted. You can just think for a little, how could they manage to make an Englishman of Gillespie O'Duibhne, thane of Lochawe, who lived in the beginning of the fourth century, many years before the Romans abandoned Britain; consequently he could not be a Saxon at a period when there were none of them in Britain. He could not be a Norman, when the Scandinavians, afterwards called Normans, were unknown to everybody except the compilers of the "Douglas' Peerage," till near four centuries after Gillespie O'Duibhne was dead. I would now presume that you are somewhat prepared to follow their low trickeries in what is called

THE DALRIADIC CONTROVERSY.

Meanwhile you are diverted at their choice in selecting

Gillespie O'Duibhne, no doubt with the view of making the Duke of Argyle and others look somewhat like Englishmen ; but they committed themselves sadly in not rescinding the big " O " from this ancient Irish name. The second edition of " Douglas's Peerage " made an Anglo-Norman of him ; but the third will make Anglo-Saxons of all the Campbells in the world ! which is no more ridiculous than to transform the ancestors of Glengarry into Scottish kings.

I would now propose the following plan to lay open the low trickery of Englishmen in what is called the " Dalriadic Controversy," and in order to this, I must set before you the ancient pedigree of the celebrated family of MacDonald, of which the honorable Aonghas MacDhaomnuill, of Gleann Garadh, is the lawful chief and representative ; 2dly, remarks on the said genealogy ; and 3dly, the reasons by which Englishmen are prompted to make kings of the ancient M'Donalds, &c.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE MACDONALDS.

If the heartless descendants of MacDhaomhnuill and of O'Duibhne could for once muster as much courage and honesty as would publish the " Red Book " before-mentioned, it would be but justice to themselves ; but we shall do this, not from any regard for the living " Sauls " still bearing their names, but to preserve uncontaminated the memories of the kilted, belted heroes who led their bonnetted clans under the royal banner of Scotland—the terror of her foes.

According to the Four Masters, and other accounts equally authentic, the ancient genealogy of the MacDonalds runs thus :

Ochaisius Dublin,	MacCairbre Liffeachair,
MacChormaic,	MacAirt,
MacConn Ceud Chathach, who had three sons, viz.,	
Coll-uais, Coll da Chrioch, and Coll Meain.	

Coll-uais reigned in Ireland fifteen years, but was dethroned by Mauritius, his cousin-german. Coll fled into Scotland, where, for eminent services done to the king, he got large possessions. In about nine years he returned to Ireland to visit his friends, and died in the year 337. This event must have happened in the reign

of Fincormachus, a great and godly king, who, according to our historians, ascended the Scottish throne A.D. 304. This monarch was an eminent Christian, and died in peace after a long reign of forty-seven years. Now recollect, once for all, not to confound this genealogy of the Macdonalds, by admitting Donald the Islander, as he is called, who usurped the throne of Scotland in the year 270, of which more hereafter. The ancestors of Coll-uais, back to Conn Cead Chathach, were called "Siol Chuinn," or the progeny of Constantine, and the descendants of Coll-uais to Raonul MacSaomhairle, were surnamed "Siol Cholla." Coll-uais left four sons, the eldest of which was named Ochaius, who was succeeded by Carranus—Carranus by Eric—Eric by Main—Main by Forgo—Forgo by Godfrey—Godfrey by Nial—Nial by Suimkua—Suimkua by Mearradha—Mearradha by Solamh—Solamh by Calein—Calein by Gillebride—Gillebride by Saomhairle—Saomhairle by Raonul—Raonul by Donald, from whom is the origin of the name of MacDonald. Look now back to the coincidences formerly mentioned, that the MacDonalds entered Scotland A.D. 337; and farther, that the similarity of some of the names in the above catalogue of the ancestors of the family of Glengarry, is the sole foundation on which Usher and his coadjutors founded the Dalriadic controversy, or in other words, that the Dalriads from Ireland founded the Scottish monarchy about the close of the fourth century. But the misfortune for them was and is, that no European writer before the days of Usher and Cambden doubted what our annalists recorded, and handed down, as already partly noticed. Those venerable pillars of honour and integrity were none of the pensioned hirelings of England before the Union. Besides, it is not true that the names in the above catalogue are similar to those of the Scottish monarchs, though that trivial pretence is eagerly grasped at, and urged with malicious sophistry, since the days of Usher and Cambden, who were the inventors of it. The ancestors of the Milesian Dalriads previous to Forgo, according to the Irish annalists, who had the best right to know their own affairs, are as follows:

Forgo
Earnadale

Main
Rothrer

Threr	Rosin
Sin	Deaga
Kiar	Oillil
Eder Skeol, monarch of Ireland	Conar Mor, monarch of Ireland
Cairbre—Fionn Mor	Cairbre—Crom Chionn
Luigh—Allatach	Mogalma
Conars II. monarch of Ireland	Eocha Riada

We readily grant that it is no ordinary hardship for our Southron would-be rivals to find themselves in the mighty grasp of truth, but submit they must, as the Milesian historical monuments are matchless in Europe. Hence we know that Deaga, the ninth descendant from Oillol Earn, chief of the tribe of the Eranachs granted the Clan Rori an asylum in his principality at Loch Earn—that sometime afterwards the Eranochs taking an umbrage at the growing power of the Clan Rori, declared war against them, and forced them to quit their establishment at Loch Earn, to seek their fortune somewhere else. Their chief, Deaga, led them into the province of Munster, where Duach III. then monarch of Ireland, granted them some possessions; and Dalta Deaghaigh being the adopted son of the monarch, had bestowed on him extensive grants in the northern part of the province now called County of Kerry, A.M. 3950 B.C. 50. This territory was called after their chief, Lughair Deaghaigh.* After the death of the monarch, Duach Deaga, who was paramount king of Ireland, and who had three sons, viz.:—Hiar, Dair, and Conall, to distinguish them from another tribe of the Eranochs, who descended from Eocha brother of Deaga, and who took the name of Dalfiatachs, a monarch in the first century, the Deagades followed the name of their chief, which as they increased, became very powerful, so that they often assumed the regal sway in Munster. At last Modha Nuagaid attacked them with his forces, and after a bloody contest, in which multitudes perished on both sides, the Deagades were partially crushed, but still their chiefs maintained their distinction. Accordingly Conare MacMogalma married Saraid daughter of Conn Ceud Chathach above mentioned, by which Conare became son-in-law to the monarch, and brother-in-law of

* Ogygia. Part III., cap. 42.

Oilliol Olum, and heir to Moda Nuagaid, king of Munster, who married Sabia sister of Saraid, by which two-fold alliance the expiring pomp of the Deagades was revived. Accordingly Airt MacConn Ceud Chathach was a minor at the death of his father, and being incapable of reigning according to the fundamental laws of the state, Conare his brother-in-law was raised to the monarchy, by the name of Conare II. He had by Saraid three sons, who became chiefs of three considerable tribes, viz.:—Cairbre Muse, Cairbre Bascin, and Cairbre Riada. According to the book of Lecan, these three brothers were also known by the name of Angus, Oilliol, and Eocha. Some commotions afterwards took place between the Clan Rories and the three brothers, called the three Collas. The latter having invaded a part of the province, which they erected into a principality, under the name of Oir-Giall, was a favourable opportunity, and taken advantage of by this demi-tribe of Riada, then commanded by Forgo Ulidian, their chief. They formed a new establishment in the north of the island, which, according to Usher, was called Dalriada, at present Route, in the county of Antrim. “Encouraged by the successes of the Dalriads, several others went to Albania: the principal chief was MacConn: having succeeded to the monarchy of Ireland, he left his son Caha Fauan in Albania, he was ancestor of the MacCaleins, Campbells, &c.; and Coll-uais from whom the MacDonalds and many other illustrious families, both in Ireland and Scotland, derive their origin.

From these circumstances, and what is to follow, are founded the whole of those fabrications forged by Usher and others relative to the second era of our monarchy. The potent race of MacDonald remained for ages with high distinction in Argyle. They were wardens of the Western Isles under the Scottish monarchs. In A.D. 834, when Kenneth M'Alpine conquered the Picts, the court was removed from Dunstaffnage. And the event of Kenneth espousing the daughter of the Lord of the Isles for his queen, was the reason that the MacDonalds sometime afterwards assumed regal state in Argyle. From their entrance into Scotland A.D. 337, till the time of Donald, from whom is the origin of that name, there are thirteen generations as may be seen above. Allowing thirty years for a generation, this

will amount to 390 years, which added to 337 will give 727, coming well up to the time of Kenneth the great. This Donald had a son named Saomhairle, who according to the chronicles of Mann, compelled Gedred, the Danish king of Mann, to concede to him all the Islands north-west of the point of Ardnamurchan; thus no doubt he acted his part faithfully as warden of these insular territories. But it is in vain for us to look for any part of Scotland being called Dalriada, in his days or at any other time, except in the brain of Usher and others. But if these worthies were as honest as they were malicious, they could tell the world that, when Kenneth removed his court from Dunstaffnage to Abernethy, the Pietish capital, that either his father-in-law Raonul MacDonald, or at the outstretch, Raonul his son and successor, designed himself king and prince of the Isles, Lord of Argyle and Kintyre, and acknowledged no superior.† Also, by the annals of Ulster he is uniformly styled “Rex Insularim,” King of the Isles. But afterwards it was no empty sound. Saomhairle, one of Raonul’s successors, fought a bloody battle with Malcolm the Fourth, at Renfrew, about A.D. 1156, where he was slain. He left two sons, Raonul and Dougal. Raonul succeeded his father in the title of king of the Isles, &c.* Raonul MacSaomhairle was succeeded by Donald; Donald by Alastir; Alastir by another Donald; Donald by Angus Mor; Angus Mor by Angus Og, who redeemed Scotland on the field of Bannockburn. The tomb of this magnanimous hero is still extant in Iona. It is near the south end of the chapel of St. Oran, with the inscription “Hic jacit corpus Angusii filii Dominus Angusi MacDonald de Islay,” i.e., here lies the body of Angus son of Angus Lord of Islay. This Angus Og was succeeded by his son Angus; Angus, by John Mor of Islay, from whom sprung the family of the Isles generally named Alexander, Donald and James, to the present Lord of the Isles. From this potent race descended the Alexanders, otherwise the Earls of Stirling; the Earls of Caledon, many of the families of the Johnstons, the Robertsons of Struen, the Earls of Portmore, Lord Rokeby, &c.‡

* Chronicles of Mann.

† Red Book of Clan Ronald, as quoted by Mr. Markham, already mentioned.

‡ See Biographical Peerage, 1804.

It was in Islay, the most southerly of their insular possessions, that the MacDonalds had their residence for many ages, and where they supported regal state; being equal in power to several states in Germany, and certainly exceeding many of them in the number of disposable men-at-arms.* A small island in Finlagan in Islay, was famous for being once the court in which the great MacDonald, king of the Isles, had his residence. His houses, chapels, &c., are now in ruins. His garde de corps, called Luchd Tathaich, kept guard on the lake-side nearest the Isle. The walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen persons, sat always here, and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the Isles. The eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a large stone of seven feet square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of MacDonald when crowned king of the Isles, A.D. 1411. Donald, Lord of the Isles, and hero of Harlaw, had sworn that he would continue all his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects, his father's sword was then put into his hand, when the bishop of Argyle and seven priests annointed him king in presence of all the heads of the clans in the islands and mainland who adhered to his cause. Several others of the family of MacDonald went through the same process, just as often as their humours prompted them to quarrel with the kings of Scotland. We only mention him as one of many of them who had done so. The truth is that they were the highest subjects, if it is fair in general to call them subjects of any other family in Scotland before or since. As early as A.D. 503 they took possession of Kintyre in Argyleshire. From them by a former marriage descended many of the Scottish kings, particularly Kenneth M'Alpine, who conquered the Picts A.D. 834. This monarch, as was already noticed, renewed the alliance by making MacDonald's daughter his queen, which laid the foundation of those sanguinary scenes continued for many ages between the

house of the Isles and the kings of Scotland, and from whence Usher and his associates forged the notorious Dalriadic controversy. The above account of the MacDonalds is fully confirmed in Innes's Critical Dissertation on the inhabitants of Scotland, Chambers' Caledonia, Dr. Smith of Campbelton, and Dean Munro's Account of the Isles.

When Bruce fled from his enemies, after many hardships, he arrived at the Castle of Dunaverty in Kintyre the residence of MacDonald, where he was protected. MacDonald in the interim spread the report that Bruce was dead. The king took the field next spring. When Edward's host of 155,000 were on their march, Bruce ordered his friends to muster at the Torwood, near Stirling, where he anxiously waited the arrival of MacDonald, who joined him with 10,000 men. MacKenneth of Braan and the other northern chiefs mustered 8,000, so that by MacDonald's influence 18,000 were collected of that small but terrible army of heroes wherewith Albin crushed in the dust the united fury of five combined powers on the field of Bannockburn.* The troops of Mackenzie joined those of MacDonald. Here was a warlike achievement never surpassed by the prophetic iron Roman Republic itself. There is a plot of ground about three quarters of a mile from the proper field of battle, where the Earl of Gloucester made a bold effort to rally the Sabeen fugitives, but to no purpose; his own dependents however made a brave stand on the bloody fold, as it is since called from that very circumstance; but the Earl and his followers were cut to pieces by the body of clans in reserve and Prince Edward Bruce's division, consisting of the Ayr and Galloway mighties.† Though MacDonald was the chief instrument in gaining the kingdom for Bruce, that fox only rewarded him by his dying advice to others not to allow one man to be Lord of the Isles. He dreaded him so much that he could not brook him even in death. The kings of Scotland, whose insolence provoked this potent race from time to time to chastise them, made it their chief study all along to blot out their history, but in particular, for the calamitous battle of

* See Hamilton's Life of Bruce.

† See note to canto first of the "Avenged Bride."

Harlaw, 1411, the cause of which was that the male succession to the Earldom of Ross having become extinct, the honour of the peerage fell to Euphemia, wife of Sir Walter Leslie. From this marriage there were two children, Alexander, afterwards Earl of Ross, and a daughter who was married to the Lord of the Isles. Earl Alexander married a daughter of the Duke of Albany, by which he had Euphemia an only daughter, who afterwards became a nun, and bequeathed the estate to her uncle John Stewart, Earl of Buchan. The Lord of the Isles remonstrated against their outrages, and claimed the estates and titles of Ross, in right of Margaret his wife, but the Duke of Albany, who was regent of Scotland at that time, treated M'Donald with great insolence. The fiery potentate of the Isles in his turn formed an alliance with England. It was stipulated that he would be furnished with a fleet as soon as he had his plans matured, to attack the Stuarts. This happened in the winter of the year 1411. Next summer M'Donald entered the mainland of Scotland, at the head of ten thousand men, and proclaimed himself king of Caledonia.* He burned the burgh of Inverness, and wasted the domains of Ross, in defiance of Albany. Black Angus MacKay of Farr attacked him at Dingwall, but was defeated and taken prisoner, together with his brother Rory. MacDonald next marched towards Aberdeen, and summoned the people of every district through which he passed to join him. Meanwhile he ravaged Strathbogie and Garioch, belonging to the Earl of Mar. Albany, when too late, saw that he roused the lion but could not quell him. At this juncture, the Earl of Mar, whose lands MacDonald ravaged, resolved to punish him. Aware that he was on his march towards Aberdeen, which he threatened to burn, Mar took his route by Inverury. On reaching Harlaw, he found the Islemen in battle array ready to engage him. Mar's army consisted of heads of clans and their dependents, who had their shares of Caledonia, between the rivers Tay and Spey, from time immemorial; of their number there were 300 steel clad bannerets and other distinguished personages, who were placed in the centre under the command of the high constable of Dundee

* Caledonia is that part of Scotland north and west of Dumbarton.

and the sheriff of Angus: the rest, consisting of the Leslies, Ogilvies, Irvings, Stirlings or MacDonalds, &c., were commanded by the Earl in person. The Islemen were led by Sir Lachlan MacLean of Duairt, and the laird of MacIntosh, subordinate to the Lord of the Isles. They at once rushed on their foes with shouts of defiance, but the steel clad cavaliers under Dundee and Angus received them with great firmness. The *mêlée* was sanguine in the extreme, the Islemen, trusting to their valour, exhibited the irresistible prowess of their progenitors,* but they fell in heaps as they formed under the ponderous battle axes of their mailed adversaries.

“ When Celt meets Celt,
Then comes the tug of war.”

The cuirassiers under Sir James Scrymgeour cut their way through the front of the adverse host; at which crisis victory seemed to decide for Mar, but MacDonald with his reserve, all of his own clan, turned the scale once more. After the most gallant resistance, Sir James and his brave followers perished almost to a man. Still the battle raged with unabated fury. The destructive charges of Mar's cavalry checked the ardour of the MacDonald's for sometime. The Islemen, though trodden and cut down, still maintained their ground, stabbing the horses and cleaving the riders with their claymores.† Mar, now in despair, met the potentate of the Isles at the head of his reserve. Then ensued the most lamentable scene in the annals of this nation—the field of Flodden excepted. The Scottish nobility and gentry there met in deadly strife. Each army rallied round their respective banners—friends and acquaintances, Islander and Highlander, met in the maddening tide of battle. The MacDonalds, shouting *Bratach n' Fhraoich*,‡ rushed on their foes like a sweeping torrent, but was received on the hedge of spears in front of the gallant Mar. Both sides at this crisis neither commanded nor obeyed. The strife became personal—each chief sought a rival in the adverse ranks worthy of his quality and prowess. Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, mounted on a foaming steed,

*The assault of a Celtic army was dreadful, they rushed on with such fury that they made whole legions recoil.—*Appian*.

† Browne.

‡ Heather Banner.

made frightful havoc in the ranks of the clan Donald, who were in deep phalanx around the person of their chief. Meanwhile Sir Lachlan M'Lean of Duairt, who eagerly sought Irving, descried him by his crest. Irving was cased in mail, M'Lean in tartan. They perished together, and were found among the slain with their weapons glued to their hands. M'Lean received his death wound by a thrust through the abdomen—Irving had his head almost severed from his body by Duairt's last cut. Besides these, there were scarcely a family in the eastern and midland counties but had to lament the loss of almost every male belonging to them. Sir James Scrymgeour, Sir Alexander Ogilvie, Sir Thomas Murray, Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, Sir William Abernethy of Salton, Sir Alexander Straiton of Lauriston, James Lovel, Alexander Stirling, Sir Robert Davidson, provost of Aberdeen, and five hundred men-at-arms, including the gentry of Buchan and Angus, were left dead on the field. This sanguinary battle was fought on the 24th of July, 1411. Here Browne could not pass without leaving his fangs behind, by stabbing in his civilized style of writing. "That Maclean and MacIntosh, and other Highland chiefs, all bearing the most deadly hatred to their Saxon foes, and panting for revenge, setting up those terrific yells, rushed forward upon their opponents," &c. This is a very poor shift to gain some credit for Saxons, who, according to our novelist, had no propensity to shout after the manner of the Red Rampant Lion of Caledonia, and for which assertion few I believe can misdoubt Dr. Browne. But we should like to see the English miracle who can make Saxons of Keiths, Boyds, Nairns, Irvings, Kincaids, Lyons, Ogilvies, Carnegies, Alexanders, &c. &c., who fought under the gallant Mar at Harlaw. By taking the trouble of consulting that rare book "Nicholas's Scottish Peerage, 1727," the most sceptical may see that all the above clans, with many more in the same districts, are nothing else but original Scots, collateral branches of Celtic clans, whose history is far from obscure in the annals of this nation, where Saxon silence compared with the warlike shouts of Albin will appear till the latest posterity a very poor rival. The scene of Harlaw silenced both parties for some time, but after the restoration of James the First, in the year 1423,

matters soon assumed a most deplorable aspect, That unfortunate monarch, coupled with a barbarous woman,* out of a hot bed of crime, instigated him to deeds of crime and outrage of the most revolting character. Many of the chief barons of the low country fell victims to his avaricious cruelty, and were not only deprived of their estates, but the tyrant demanded their children, to dispose of them as he thought proper, with the view of cutting off the lines of those potent families, chiefly in the border counties, in order to leave the country defenceless, *an easy prey for England*. Such was Joan's policy, and the first acts of the enlightened James; but there were parties in Scotland who would not part with their life nor property so easy. In the year 1429, James arrived at Inverness, attended with a numerous retinue, and summoned the neighbouring chiefs, with those of the Isles, to appear, but they at once suspected his designs and refused. He afterwards however deluded them by fair promises, but no sooner did they enter the hall where he and his accomplices were, than he ordered them to be apprehended to the number of forty, and to be loaded with fetters, and many of them were afterwards murdered in cold blood. The most noted among these were Alastair, Lord of the Isles, and Angus Dubh, with his four sons, who could bring into the field four thousand fighting men, Kenneth Mor of Braan and his son-in-law Angus of Moray, and MacMathan who could muster between two and three thousand effective men, Alastair Macreiny of Garmoran, and others, who could bring men into the field a thousand strong, together with John Ross, James Campbell and William Leslie; and last of all, the Countess of Ross, the mother of Alexander, Lord of the Isles, was apprehended and locked in a dungeon. Shortly thereafter MacDonald effected his escape, by bribing his keepers. His first act of hostility was the crowning ceremony at Finlagan in Islay, where he proclaimed himself king of Caledonia. After which he collected a force of eight thousand men, and ravaged the crown lands, sparing neither man nor beast. The king in despair packed up his all to fly into France, but was prevented by his uncle the Earl of Athol, who as-

* Joan, daughter of John Beaufort of Sommerset, son of John of Gaunt, son to Edward III.

sured him that at his remonstrances the clans Cameron and Cattan were ready to revolt from MacDonald as soon as James would take the field. The king with all possible expedition mustered a considerable force, and entered Lochaber in search of MacDonald. Alastair aware of his approach, prepared for battle, but no sooner did the royal forces come in sight than the Camerons, the clan Chattan, and many others, joined the king and deserted MacDonald. The king instantly attacked his insular rival with a far superior force. After an obstinate resistance Alastair was overpowered, and compelled to abandon the field to the Stuarts. It seems it was reserved for Browne to record that MacDonald went to Edinburgh, imploring mercy at the feet of James, which childish fable is unworthy of any farther notice. It is certain, however, that he was afterwards treacherously seized in Inverness, and that so far from submission was he that he procured not only his own liberty with very little trouble, but also released his mother the Countess of Ross, who was "till that time confined on the Island of Inchholm in the Frith of Forth."* Neither were his adherents subdued by the very considerable advantage gained by the Stuarts at that time. Our historians are unanimous in saying that the noted Donald Balloch MacDonald, one of Alastair's near relations, sometime afterwards unfurled the heather banner of the clan in Lochaber. The Earls of Mar and Caithness, at the head of the Royal forces, were dispatched to oppose him. A sanguinary battle was fought at Inverlochy. The Earls were defeated, with scarcely a man of their army left to tell the tale. Caithness was slain. Mar escaped with his life, but was compelled to wander through the wilds of Lochaber for several days, during which he almost lost his life from starvation. Having fasted for nearly three days, he was at the point of death when he fell in with a man driving sheep among the mountains, who saved his life with a little barley meal which remained of his humble fare in the corner of his plaid.† These disasters again silenced both parties for some time. But the atrocious murder of the Earl of Douglas by James the Second at Stirling, in

* Fordun.

† Vide Stuart's Sketches, vol. ii., under the article "Lochaber."

1452, excited the vengeance of the MacDonalds against the Stuarts. In the year 1455, James Earl of Douglas fled into Argyleshire, where he was kindly received by MacDonald in Islay, who immediately manned a fleet of five hundred gallies, and with a land force of five thousand men, commenced hostilities at the instigation of the exiled Douglas. His fleet entered the Frith of Clyde, and committed terrible ravages in Arran and Bute and the adjacent coast. How that affair ended is not sufficiently clear, but the seeds of discord accumulated by their baneful effects for several years thereafter, so that in 1461 the MacDonalds planned a strong confederacy to punish the Stuarts.—The Lord of the Isles and his adherents formed an alliance with England, and accordingly Henry the fourth dispatched the Earl of Worcester, and the bishop of Durham, to treat with his dear cousin John of Islay, which distinguished personages arrived at the castle of Dunivaig in that island, as representatives of his southron majesty. Their deliberations were finally ratified at Westminster as a solemn treaty on the 18th of February, 1462. Shortly thereafter MacDonald entered the mainland at the head of his forces, and proclaimed himself king of Caledonia. He furiously besieged and took the Castle of Inverness, and ravaged the adjacent country with fire and sword. He next wreaked his vengeance on the Earl of Athol for his former treachery in the affair of the Clans Cameron and Cattan. After ravaging the country, MacDonald besieged the Castle of Blair, which he took by storm, and made the Earl and Countess prisoners. None being able to rescue them, the Potentate of the Isles carried them in triumph to Islay. Such is a brief but very imperfect sketch of the history of the illustrious race of MacDonald. The kings of Scotland, whose scourge these insular princes were, exerted their utmost to blot out their history. They were a heroic race for many ages. The first apparent declension in their hereditary vigour was, after that notorious traitor to the honour and liberty of his country, the President Forbes, who procured the iniquitous act for stripping the Scots of their national costume after the affair of the forty-five. MacDonald did not join Charles, but he tamely submitted to the felon act by which himself and his people were proscrib-

ed, in common with the few districts of only nine parishes of Caledonia, which contributed to form the camp of Prince Charles Stuart. Since which time the MacDonalds are unworthy of any further notice in our history. Whatever might be the motives by which they were moved at that time to join the enemies of their country, is of little consequence. The offspring of the traitors who submitted their necks to the yoke of their hereditary and mortal foes, while sun and moon endure, cannot wipe off the disgrace to the memory of their fathers, when it is notorious that scarcely any of the opulent chiefs, or their dependents, had any share in the disturbances. It was therefore high treason to proscribe those who were not guilty: it was likewise high treason on the part of those who were not guilty to submit. But we must change the scene from the murders of the forty-five, and here present some of the subterfuges perseveringly set forth by our opponents. They were successful, in their imaginations, of establishing a title for their inventions, called by them the Dalriadic controversy. But you may defy all the historians, dead or living, to find in the royal line of Scotland any such names as Conar Mor, Cairbre, Fionn Mor, Cairbre Crom, Chionn, or Luigh Allatach, though these were undoubtedly the ancestors of the house of the Isles, and some of them monarchs of Ireland, and men of renown. It was noticed a little ago that the battle of Mundi was fought A.D. 363 between Eugene the First, the thirty-ninth king of Scotland, and the united forces of the Romans and Picts, and that those who survived the carnage were obliged to take refuge in their fastnesses of the Western Isles, Ireland, and Norway. Our historians are unanimous that Prince Fergus, afterwards king Fergus the Second, was the grandson to Ethodius, son of Erth, brother of Eugene the First. By the king of Denmark's daughter, the young Prince Fergus fled into Denmark, carrying with him the regalia of Scotland, together with the "Lia-Fail,*" whereon his ancestors were crowned. He joined Alaric the Goth in his war against the Roman Empire, where he dis-

* This gave currency to the wilful falsehood that the "Lia-Fail" was first brought from Denmark.

tinguished himself, and here he also acquired those military tactics by which he afterwards wrested his kingdom from the Iron Mistress of the world. It was during this period of dark distress for Scotland that the fugitives who took refuge in Ireland, instigated their brethren of that once powerful and independent nation to invade the Pictish territories and the Roman province. These incursions of retaliation were conducted in person by Nial MacEocha-Mua, king of Ireland, who terribly punished the perfidious Picts, about A.D. 379. Crimthean, the immediate predecessor of Nial, ascended the throne of Ireland, A.D. 360, only three years before the battle of Mundi:* and we are assured that he commenced his inroads on the Pictish territories during his reign, which must have been immediately after the scene of Mundi, and extended during the succeeding reign of Nial. It is notorious that Crimthean forfeited his life by the treachery of his own sister, Mung Fionn, who poisoned him at Innis Dorn Glas, an island in the river Muade, after his return from his last raid into Britain A.D. 368. Nial the Great, his successor, continued his aggressions against the Romans and Picts, at the instigation of the exiled Scots; A.D. 388 he landed some forces in the Frith of Clyde, and ravaged the Roman province and the Pictish territories. It was on this occasion that the celebrated St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, was taken captive to that country. He was sold to Milcho MacHuanan, Prince of Dalradi, in Ulster, as a common slave. The calumniators of our country would deprive us of this venerable evangelist, were it not that he left ample proof from his own pen, that he was a native-born Scot. Take his own words, He says explicitly in his own confession,† "That he was born in a village called Banaven, in the territory of Tabernia." Ware also says,‡ "In vico Banaven Tabernia." And even Usher himself is explicit, as he says, "Whereas the native spot of St. Patrick was that part situate between the camp called Dunbretton and the city of Glasgow, called from his name, Kirk Patrick, or as at present, Kilpatrick. This remote part belonged

* Gratianus Lucius, cap. viii. † Page 1.

‡ War de praesul hiber vita St. Patrick.

to the Roman province in Britain," &c.* These historical facts are sufficient to prove that the Irish rendered important services to their brethren of Albin at that time. The standard of resistance was never furled. The united forces of the Romans and Picts ravaged the Scottish kingdoms in the most inhuman manner, but they were repeatedly chastised. You may be surprised that malice could transform these events into calumny against your country; but observe, once for all, that though the Annals of Scotland are suppressed, and the *wae bit rag* called the History of England, is published every moon, still they are not able to establish its credit without selling their souls to the bargain, and finding to their grief that the antiquity of our monarchy is not only thoroughly defended by the worthies who wrote before the Union, but that the Roman historians are unanimous as to a mighty and warlike people inhabiting the hills of Caledonia, nay, and the whole of Britain besides; but in particular, the astounding fact that the Scottish Celts defied the Roman legions under Julius Agricola, the first general of the age, and fought the noted battle of the Grampians, according to Tacitus the contemporary annalist, about A.D. 75; and that no historian in Europe attempted to tarnish the honour of this kingdom in these particulars, till Usher and Cambden forged the following miserable shifts, to put us on a level with their imaginary Anglo-Saxon ancestors. With these facts staring them in the face, they cannot deny that the country was well inhabited by a war-like people at the Roman period—they cannot deny but the Caledonians resisted their invaders, and defied the Iron Mistress of the world under her most ambitious emperors—and that the furious Severus, to cover his shame and defeat, declared that there were three enemies in Scotland that no power could subdue, viz.:—"The war-like natives—the cold—and the mountains." These facts were and are so notorious to the learned in all ages, that none ever heard of them disputed till the barbarous Latin commentary attached to Gildas's History of Britain, supplied the English with what they consider sufficient to confute both the Roman and Scottish writers,

* Usher's Church History, cap. xvii. p. 819.

who must submit to English erudition. Gildas describes in the most graphic language the inroads of the war-like Scots on the Roman province. He says, "*Reverentur ergo impudentus ad Hiberno domo.*" Gildas, in thus quoting the Roman historians, is absolutely to the point. This is the meaning in plain English, "therefore these daring robbers returned to their winter nest." Our historians all along recorded that the inroads made by the Roman forces during the summer, was severely retaliated every winter by the Caledonians; and that they reconquered from their invaders every year in the winter season, what the Roman armies wrested from them in summer. These are indeed notorious plain facts, established on the eternal basis of true history. But the Anglo-Saxon commentary attached to Gildas's History of Britain, would ram down the throats of the Cambridge students, that the historian meant the Irish and not the fastnesses of the Grampians, by the word "*Hiberni*," as the Anglo-Latin commentators are pleased to write it. The original Celtic term "*Biothanaich*," made use of by Gildas, in our language, signifies marauders; and is just as current at the present day as it was in Scotland when Gildas wrote. But the events commemorated by this historian are not to be tolerated. They shew at once resistance on the part of our sires many centuries before the Saxons were heard of in Europe, nay, before the gipsy tribes, from whom they sprung, left Media. It is really amusing to see the straits to which our opponents are reduced at this period of Scottish history. When they assert that Scotland has no history before and about the Christian era, the Roman historians are unanimous against them; therefore the whole fabric must fall about their ears. You will now ask what are they going to do? Your question is easily answered. Call to your recollection the terrible strokes of retaliation inflicted by the Milesians on the perfidious Picts and Romans in the fourth century. Usher and Camden would have these events to be the same as those performed by Galgacus, and the Caledonian heroes contemporary with Agricola, &c., who wrestled with the Scots in the beginning of the first century. It would answer Englishmen very well to nestle there; but the misfortune is, that Tacitus occupied that ground at the

very time that these events took place, so that it is vain to attempt to give him the lie. Driven from these favourite redoubts, Usher and Cambden had next recourse to Gildas, but the original Celtic style and hand writing of that author brought them and their disciples to their wits' end; so that next it was found necessary to invent the Latin comment already noticed, by one word of which they transformed the winter quarters of the Caledonians into Irishmen. Gildas says, quoting the Roman historians, "Gun deachi na Biothanaich ga'n Cairtelamh Geamhridh."* This is plain to every man who can read that author to purpose; but Usher and Cambden were expert causuists, and, it would appear certain, had no good will to the drudgery in which they were engaged, though the arch-bishoprick of Armagh, with eighty thousand pounds per annum, blinded the former, so that he could not read Celtic. Meanwhile, the Dives gag of an annual pension fettered the latter in such a way that his thoughts were transformed from the rational and honest to the wild ravings exhibited in his chorography of these kingdoms—if he was really the author of that work, which is highly improbable. You will ask how could it enter into men's minds to risk their own personal honour, and that of their nation, on one single word, though it were possible to alter its meaning? Granting that Ireland was called Hibernia at the beginning of the fifth century, or even earlier, what connexion could that have with the aggressions of the Caledonians on the the Roman province, and of their resistance to that power, as early as A.D. 75, if not earlier? Supposing that the Milesians were called Hiberni in the beginning of the fifth century, that will not alter in the slightest degree the signification of these terms. They were first applied by the Romans to the snowy, frosty mountains of Caledonia; hence our country was denominated always by them the icy Hibernia, for such indeed it was at that period. But, to take nothing for granted, let us see whether the title "frosty" can be applied to Ireland; if so, we are ready to acknowledge our fault; but you may rest assured that nothing short of reality will make us surrender one inch. The

* These words are of the energetic Celtic in which Gildas wrote.

venerable Bede, in the eighth century, delineates the soil and climate of Ireland as follows : “ Ierne autem et latitudine sui status salubritate, ac serenitate aerum multum Britanniae praestat ita ut raro ibi nix plusquam triduana remaneat ; nemo propter hiemen aut foena secat aestate aut stabula fabricet jumentis. Dives lactis ac mellis insula, nec vinearum expers ; piscium volucrumque sed et cervorum caprearumque venenatu insignis. Nullum ibi reptile videri soleat nulus vivere serpens valeat ; nam sepe illo de Britannia allati serpentes mox ut proximante terris navigio odore aeris illius attacti fuerint intererint.” That is—Ireland from its latitude and genial climate far surpasses Britain, so that the snow rarely remains there above two or three days. No man makes hay for winter provision, or builds stables for his beasts of burden. The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is it destitute of vines, and it is distinguished for fish and for deer and goats. No reptile is usually to be seen there, and no serpent can live in it ; for though serpents were often brought from Britain, as soon as the ship approached the land, and the scent of the air reached them, they died. All this is to the point, except the reptiles dying from the effects of the air, ere they were landed, which is a superstitious fable, never written by the venerable Bede, and ought to be laid down at the doors of Usher and Cambden, or their disciples. None of the Celtic historical monuments of Ireland call that country the “ land of frost, or Hibernia ”—i.e. the land of winter, as the term in its most common acceptation signifies ; nor yet the inhabitants “ Hiberni,” a term spitefully invented by the Romans, to commemorate for ever their chagrin at our invincible sires ; nor is there the slightest proof that the Irish ever called their country Hibernia, till the Latin tongue became prevalent with some Irish writers after the English conquest of that country, which event was never thoroughly effected till the reign of James the Sixth, as will appear in due time. The Celtic annalists of Ireland, whose authority alone ought to be decisive in this case, recorded the different names of Ireland as handed down in succession ; but it is in vain to look for the name Hibernia among them. They are the following : 1st, *Innis nan Righ* ; or, the Island of Kings. 2d, *Innis*

Ealga ; or, the Noble Isle. 3d, Crioeh Fuinidh ; or, the most Remote Country. 4th, Innis Phail ; or, Island of the Serpent God. 5th, Fodla ; i.e. under cover. 6th, Banba ; i.e. free from strife, or serenity.—But the appellation Erin, was never given to it by any of the ancient annalists ; nor is it the least applicable to it, but on the contrary, is in the highest degree appropriate to Caledonia. Take it thus: Eith Righin—pronounced Ei Rīn, that is to say tough ice ; hence the lake of that name in Perthshire, at the foot of the Grampians, in the parish of Comrie, which gives name to Strath Erin, that beautiful valley stretching from the said lake for thirty-five miles east to the Bridge of Earn. There is again Strath Erin of MacIntosh, in Inverness-shire. Hence it is conclusive that the term, in the strictest sense, is peculiar to Caledonia, though it never became the technical title of the country ; but, by the frequent intercourse of the two nations, it became proverbial in Ireland, and no doubt to commemorate the wrestling of the Scots of Albin against the aggressions of imperial Rome, the Irish applied the term in its general acceptation to any desperate enterprise where resistance prevailed over aggressive power ; but beyond this they have nothing to do with it. From these observations I hope that you are satisfied that the fable of transforming the ancestors of the family of MacDonald into Scottish kings is indeed weak and groundless—that the Dalriads were the direct ancestors of that family, but not of the royal line of Scotland, any more than they were the fathers of the kings of Judah—that no portion of Caledonia was called Dalriada, till the days of Usher and Cambden—that these writers, instigated by the English, under whose pay they lived and died, found it impossible to tarnish the honour of Scotland in the early ages, but by their obligatory bonds, viz., their pensions, they were obliged to say something, and so attempted the childish nonsense of ingrafting the Dalriads on the hoary stock of the royal line of Caledonia—that the appellation Hibernia was given to Albin by the Romans, when, after shedding their dearest blood on the Sheriff Muir, under Severus, where they were obliged to surrender and treat with the Caledonians, and when they could do no more, it was something to call their conquerors “ Hiberni,” or

winter men. Poor remuneration truly for the seventy thousand veterans whose bones they left bleaching in the passes of the Grampians!

In introducing the royal hero, Fergus II., king of Scots, permit me to recapitulate a few facts which may be of use regarding what is to follow. The unanimity of our annalists is remarkable, but in nothing more conspicuous than their judicious description of this important period. John Major fixes the battle of Mundi, and the expulsion of the Scots, A.D. 363; Hector Boethius, 362 or 363, in the second year of the reign of Julian the apostate; Buchanan, 360; and so on for the rest. Scotland, in consequence of that event suffered dark distress for the period of forty-one years. The righteous Fordun fixes the return of Fergus II., A.D. 403-4. Buchanan, following the "Black Book of Paisley," and "Marianus Scotus," gives 403, but he refers you to Funecius, who gives A.D. 404, in the sixth year of the reign of the emperor Honorius. In the meantime, however, it is necessary to mention a few of the leading circumstances which accelerated the return of this royal warrior. Rome, the Iron Mistress of the world, permitted of God to grow to the full stature of that prophetic figure mentioned in Daniel vii. 7, after reigning for ages with craft and fury over all the nations from the country now called Tartary in the East, to the frontiers of Caledonia Proper, or that part of Scotland North and West of Dunbrettan; in the opposite direction, her dominions extended from the South of Egypt to the North of Germany, and thus included in its iron belly about seventy-three nations. But her time was come. At the very period under review, imperial Rome was on her death-bed. She was assailed in all directions by the Vandals, Goths, Huns, Franks, &c. Our young hero, Fergus, human enough, hated the Romans for their destructive invasions of Scotland. Fraught with these feelings, and resolved on revenging the wrongs done to his country, after the scene of Mundi, he joined the Franks in their expedition into Gaul, about A.D. 388. Sometime afterwards he returned into Denmark with high military renown. The Picts, who saw when too late that the Romans only waited a favourable opportunity to enslave them, and

excited by the gloomy forboding of loosing their liberty, besides seeing the distress of the empire, which was hemmed in on all sides by the furious hordes of barbarians, who finally parcelled it out into ten divisions, according to ancient prophecy.* At this juncture the Picts began to reflect that it was high time to shake off all connexion with the Romans, and so contrived diplomatic relation secretly with the exiled Scots—encouraging them to return, and promising to share their fate against all enemies. Meanwhile, their ambassadors prevailed with Prince Fergus to return and possess the kingdom of his ancestors, which he resolved to do. He accordingly set sail from Denmark with such of his countrymen as he could muster, and arrived at Dunstaffnage, A.D. 403 or 404. His exiled countrymen mustered from all quarters resolved to redeem their country. Accordingly, in a full convention of the States, king Fergus was crowned. Alarmed at these proceedings, the Britons dispatched a two-fold embassy to the Romans and Picts, imploring their aid to crush the Scots without delay. They suggested to the Romans that they could never make head against the Scots, owing to the weak state of their nation—seeing that the flower of their men were dragged into the Roman service, to save the existence of that empire, which circumstance rendered the country quite defenceless, and that they desired no other conditions but to remain subject to the empire, if protected, or if not their destruction was inevitable. To the Picts, they represented that however they might think of matters for the present, that it was highly dangerous to encourage the Scots in their innovation, as they might rest assured that no sooner would they settle in their old dominions, than they would revenge their former injuries on the Picts, and that it was more honourable for them to stand by their faithful allies, the Romans and Britons, than to assist a gang of vagabonds, who knew not where to rest, &c. But it was of no avail. The Picts at once formed an alliance with the Scots, and rejected the Britons. Meanwhile the Romans, moved by the groans of the latter, though they were themselves on the brink

* Dan. xi. 41—44.

of despair, sent the Britons one legion, by the aid of which they took the field, and suddenly attacked some straggling divisions of the Scots and Picts, who expected no opposition, while wantonly ravaging the country of their ill-fated enemies. Many of the plunderers were cut to pieces, and the rest repulsed with considerable loss, beyond the border. But the allies soon raised a more formidable army, and marched toward the wall of Severus. Meanwhile the Britons, encouraged by their Roman auxiliaries, boldly marched to the frontier. Both parties met on the banks of the Carron, where a sanguinary battle was fought, and multitudes perished on both sides ; but in the end the allies were defeated, and the Romans and Britons were victorious. After this disaster, the allied kings for some time harrassed the enemy by frequent skirmishes, but did not risk a pitched battle. Hearing, however, that the Roman legion was recalled, the allies marched their whole force to the wall of Severus, which they carried by assault; after which they entered the country of the Britons, committing the most inhuman ravages, and wasting it with fire and sword for many miles.

In this expedition, we have the first notice of the ancestor of the family of Montrose. Our annalists always give him the appellation of "Greim Cruai," which signifies literally, Hard grip; angeliced, Graeme or Graham. It is notorious to all that his descendents in the male line made a potent figure in Scotland from that time till the present day, which is more than any family in Britain can boast of—Campbell and MacDonald excepted. Our historians represent him as the father-in-law of king Fergus, and that he was the son of a Scottish nobleman, who married a lady of the blood royal of Denmark ; consequently he must have been an exile with his royal master in that country. He was general of the Scottish forces under Fergus on this occasion, and afterwards regent of the kingdom on the death of that monarch.* He was buried in the spot whereon was built the old church of Falkirk by Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, A.D. 1057, who regarded his memory with the highest veneration, and who deposited

* Nicholas "Scottish Peerage," 1727.

a marble tablet in his grave, which relic is still extant. When the present church was erecting in 1811, the said tablet was found, whereon is engraved, "Falkirk Monast. Fun. Malc. III. Funeratus hic dein Robustus Graeme, ille Eversus vall Severus A.C.D. 15, Fergusius II., Rex Scotorum."* That is, the monastery of Falkirk, founded by Malcolm III. in the year 1057. Here is, moreover, the grave of the stalwart Graham, who overturned the wall of Severus, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Fergus II. king of the Scots. Seeing that we had a Fergus II. king of Scots, there must have been also a Fergus I. You may consider to what extent "noble minded Englishmen" are to be credited, when, rather than acknowledge the truth of Scottish history, Wharton attributes the overturning of the wall of Severus to *witchcraft*; nay, the same writer stoutly maintains that the appellation "Graeme's Dyke," signifies the wall made by *magic*—from terror of owning the "existence" of Fergus and Graham. The wall of Severus, however, was overturned by the allies; and the horrors of war carried far and near through the country of the Britons, who were trembling for the city of London, as the Gael made rapid advances southward. The Britons, in the utmost distress, sought shelter in their woods and fastnesses, but finding that of little avail, they sent a "lamentable embassy to Rome,"† supplicating assistance against their invaders, and representing to the Romans that their utter destruction was inevitable without immediate help. Accordingly another legion was sent to their relief, by the help of which the Britons once more repulsed the confederates. But this partial success was soon retaliated by the Scots and Picts, who mustered their whole force and entered the country of the Britons, committing terrible excesses in their course. Our analysts mention one Dionethus, a British nobleman, who, at this crisis, assumed regal dignity among the Britons, but that he only commanded a faction—that he vigorously opposed the Romans, and openly took the field at the head of a considerable force—that the confederate kings, hearing of their proceedings, advanc-

* Nimmo's "Stirlingshire," vol. ii. p. 641.

† Buchanan.

ed by rapid marches to join him, and that the Romans, aware of their designs, made a vigorous attempt to cut off Dionethus, and so prevent him joining the confederates. In the meantime, the Scots and Picts, who had timely warning of their designs, carried matters to extremities by forced marches, and effected a junction with Dionethus, despite the efforts of the Romans and Britons ; the latter, however, seeing no alternative but death or victory, concentrated their levies into one body, and furiously attacked the Scots and Picts, who were then in the very heart of their country. A bloody battle ensued, in the beginning of which the flower of the Briton's army were cut to pieces. The confederate kings incautiously pursued the routed enemy too far, and were unexpectedly attacked by the veteran reserve of the Roman legion. The allied kings were repulsed with great loss, so that they were content to return to their respective kingdoms without any further attempts at that time. When the Romans found the Scots returned home, they again mustered their army, fully resolved to cut off Dionethus before his allies could come to his relief. But ere the Romans could effect their murderous design, the allied kings were again in the field. When the two armies came in sight of each other, both prepared for the decisive struggle. The Roman General most cruelly placed the Britons in the front of the battle, leaving them no alternative but to conquer or die ; but it is certain they had no good will to fight nor yet to fall ; owing to their situation, however, they fought well for some time, but being at last overpowered, they began to give way, at which crisis the Roman General advanced at the head of his veteran legion, which he kept as his reserve. The battle now began to rage with terrible fury, both sides expecting the victory. While matters were in this position, the Roman General dispatched a body of chosen troops to attack the Scots in the rear, which order was promptly executed. The Scots being completely surrounded, a tremendous slaughter ensued. Meanwhile the Picts seeing all lost, fled amain, leaving their king to shift for himself. The Pictish monarch, scorning to leave his brave ally, joined the Scots, but they were reduced to a comparative few. They formed themselves into a

deep circle, with their spearmen in the front. In this extremity they defended themselves bravely for some time, but were at last overpowered, and almost cut off to a man. Graham survived the carnage, but Fergus and the king of the Picts were both slain. Thus died Fergus II. king of Scots, A.D. 420, after a reign of sixteen years. He was carried off the field, and buried in Icollumkil.

Permit me now to state a few more particulars relative to this era of our national history, wherein you may see the futility of those attempts invented by some who would have the Irish Dalriads to be the founders of the Scottish monarchy, about the beginning of the fifth century. The book now current under the name of "MacGeoghegan's Ireland," pretended to have been translated from the French of that eminent author by Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., and printed in Dublin in 1849, deserves some attention. I should feel the utmost reluctance to interfere with Mr O'Kelly in any of his undertakings to illustrate the history of his country, but as it is well known that that work is not Abbe MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland, but is on the contrary a collection of wild reveries, calculated to insult the Irish nation, with occasional thrusts at Scotland, it is but right to use some severity with the compiler, in order to deter others from committing the like transgression. After a pretty lengthened tale about a Moses, as he is pleased to call him, our author says—"Engus III., called Eneas by O'Flagherty, surnamed Turemach, monarch of Ireland, had two sons named Ennius and Enda, surnamed Aighmagh and Flacha A.M. 3870, B.C. 130. By the former, who was legitimate, he was ancestor of all the kings of Ireland who succeeded him; by the latter, the fruit of the incest he committed with his own daughter, in a fit of intoxication, he was ancestor of the Earnochs, Dalriades, Deagades, Dalriads, and consequently of the Scotch, as we shall hereafter see. Engus was surnamed Turemach, which signifies shame, for although a Pagan, he was always so much ashamed of the infamous action he had committed, that he endeavoured to conceal it from the world by committing the child, which was the fruit of crime, in a little boat to the mercy of the winds and

waves, in the hope of its perishing ; but, like another Moses, the innocent child was preserved by some fishermen, who gave him the surname of Fear Mara. Fear Mara had a son, Oilliol Earn, who, with the consent of the tribe of Ir, which then possessed Ulster, settled with his vassals near Lake Earn, from whence his descendants, forming a considerable tribe, were called Earnochs. After Oilliol Earn, the tribe was governed by Feradach his son and Forgo his grandsou. Sir George Mackenzie, in the preface to the reader which he has affixed to his ' Defence of the Royal Lineage of Scotland, mentions having seen a manuscript belonging to the monastery of Iona, in which it was said that Engus Turteampher, the same undoubtedly as our Engus Turemach, reigned in Ireland five generations before their Fergus I. Would the conjecture be rash were we to say that this Forgo, son of Feradach, was, according to Buchanan, first king of Scotland? The names are very nearly alike, and the only difference arises from the Latin termination which Buchanan gives them, or from that author's ignorance of the ancient language of his country, in which those names were originally written. However, Forgo never left his country, but became, after his father, chief of the tribe of the Earnochs of Loch Earn. In this rank he was perhaps called king through courtesy, as it was general among the Milesians to give that title to princes and lords of extensive possessions." It is already submitted that it is vain to look in the pedigree of Scottish kings for the names of Eoch Riada, Engus Turemach, Oilliol Earn, Duach Deag, and Forgo, with a few more mentioned previously ; nor is it easy to conjecture whether Mr O'Kelly is here rallying his employers by bright sallies of Irish waggery, or raving in a manner hitherto unknown. He promised at the outset to shew you that the Dalriads, and his Forgo, were the founders of the Scottish monarchy about the beginning of the fifth century ; but after tracing his pedigree from an Irish Moses, he takes a flight and borrows something from Sir George Mackenzie and the Ionian manuscript, in order to make his favourite Forgo first king of Scotland ; but that failing with the rest, his next shift is to beg the question in the lowest

terms. "Would the conjecture be rash were we to say that this Forgo, son of Feradach, is the same Fergus, son of Ferchard, who, according to Buchanan, was first king of Scotland?" Yes, the conjecture is both rash and untrue. And Mr O'Kelly, rather than grant his emigrant the honour of being a Scottish king, is content at last to set him down, as indeed he was, chief of the Earnochs at Loch Earn, and that he never left Ireland. "However, Forgo never left his country, but became chief of the Earnochs at Lake Earn." His next thrust is directed against the righteous Buchanan, in terms at once unmanly and ambiguous. "The names are very nearly alike, and the only difference arises from the Latin termination which Buchanan gives them, or from this author's ignorance of the ancient language in which those names were originally written." The names may be in Mr O'Kelly's fancy directly the same as a host of others on the pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and other Irish monuments, written indeed in the Gaelic language, but how can Dalriatachs, Eronachs, Deagades, Dalriads, and the other corps of this writer's recruits be fathered on Scotland, is left to Mr O'Kelly himself to decide, for they are clans never heard of on the face of the wide world out of Ireland. He should consider also that the Gaelic language is imperishable, and that it not only stood the shocks of thousands of years in the names of countries, mountains and rivers on the face of Europe, parts of Asia and America, but in no country where the Gael remained unmixed and unsubdued, such as they are in Scotland at the present day, did they ever change their original names, but in the direct lines of their respective ancestors, which seldom occurred. Thus the MacDonalds assumed that name as was already explained, from Donald, one of the direct lineage of that family. But we find Lachlan Mor MacVurich, in his inimitable poem, addressing the MacDonalds as Clanna Chuin on the field of Harlaw seven centuries after they were known by the latter name, and nearly a thousand years after the days of their ancestor Conn Ceud Chathach, or Constantine of the Hundred Battles, as the title signifies; hence it is conclusive that, if Mr O'Kelly's Dalriads were the founders of the Scottish monarchy,

the sonorous name of Forgo, Dalfiatachs, Eronachs, Deagades, &c., would be retained in Caledonia, but no, they are unknown here. Besides, it is not true that Buchanan could be ignorant of the "ancient language of his country, in which the names of the Scottish monarchs were written." It is needless to mention that Buchanan was a native of the parish now called Kilearn in Stirlingshire; and that for a century after he went to heaven, the Gaelic language was predominant North of the Forth, and in Galloway, too, in his own time, as he himself informs us; and that at the present day, despite the malice of its enemies, it is still spoken in the western parts of the Lennox; and that since the days of Buchanan, the English, with all the rage of imperial Britain goading it forward, advanced only ten miles westward in that direction. Moreover, it is false that Buchanan wrote the names of the Scottish monarchs with a Latin termination. There are many, very many exceptions, and Fergus is one of them. Though it is directly repeating the same thing it is necessary to go to the quick. Fergus is a highly significant compound term—Fer-guth-Esh, pronounced Fer gu Esh. Here are three terms equally significant and equally distinct. Fear signifies man; gu, voice; Esh, he, him; therefore the term signifies "The man of voice is he." Had Mr O'Kelly applied this simple rule, he would have found that the Latin terminations attached to the names of the Scottish kings are not so frequent as he would suppose; nor is it out of place to warn him to be more cautious in his presumptuous attacks on Scotland, as she is seldom the aggressor. Nor is it our intention to cast the slightest stigma on the Irish nation. But it would be a very material injury to common honesty to pass this son of error without a summary chastisement at least.

After leaping with his Forgo from Lake Earn, we next find our author picking him out of the face of an original Scottish manuscript, once in the library of Iona, and quoted by Sir George Mackenzie in his preface to his "Defence of the Royal Lineage of Scotland." It is true that Sir George alludes to that manuscript, and, absolutely to the point, it is in its place. He refers to it as a proof that at the coronation

of Alexander II., one of the national recorders or *seanachies*, according to custom, repeated the genealogy of the Scottish kings from Fergus II. till that monarch, and adds that John Major, the Scottish historian relates the same. But what connexion can these events have with Mr O'Kelly's version of the history of his Forgo, is a question involved no doubt in the well-defined points that he was the king of Scotland—but still that he never left Ireland. After transforming him a dozen of times in the course of two or three pages, from a Scottish king into a stationary chief of the Earnochs, his scattered imagination is arrested by the two eminent French authors, Nain de Tillemont and Bolandus. The former of these writers says that "the Scots were distinguished from the Irish, and raised above them." These expressions seem to bear hard on our friend's courtesy, but if he bridles his choler the next time he attempts to attack the Scottish nation, we can tell him, in the bonds of brotherly justice, that we believe fallen human nature to be the same in all climes and countries. Though we would not yield a point to him, had he the courage to fight his way manfully by the endless historical resources of his country, we would gladly hail him to the combat: but such is not the case. It is true he tells us, p. 105, that he could quote many Irish books to prove that Forgo reigned in Scotland, but at the same time that he never left Ireland; hence it necessarily follows that this world must look for some rare quotations to prove so stupendous a miracle. — But nothing of the kind. The genuine Irish histories are only peculiar for candour and impartiality, of which Mr O'Kelly is very well aware, otherwise he would not turn his back and run for shelter under the wings of Usher and Cambden, who could possess no more genuine information on this subject, separate from the history of Scotland, than Mr O'Kelly can gain of credit for his attempts to vend the miraculous transfigurations of his Forgo. "Usher and Cambden, two celebrated authors, are sufficient to prove this assertion." If so, why not tell his readers their potent observations? His braggart spirit seeks vent in another channel, and as it is perhaps the most unlikely attempt that he could contrive, he prefers an immediate but a

pitiful attack on the two French authors, and leaves Usher and Cambden, with their celebrated authority, to shift for themselves.

“It was, it seems,” says Mr. O’Kelly, “reserved for Tillemont to make observations not known to ancient or modern authors who have treated on this subject. Those authors speak not of the whole nation, but of some colonies of Scots who had gone to Albania. They make use indiscriminately of the names Hibernians and Scots, to signify the same people.” This is just all that is contended for. The annalists of France, or anybody else, before lies were made an article of commerce, were not ignorant that no country in Europe was called the Icy Hibernia but Albin alone, and that no other retains the name Scots from the beginning to the present day, but her sons alone. Therefore Nain de Tillemont is right, and Mr. O’Kelly is bearing him out, by asserting that these writers make use indiscriminately of the Hibernians and Scots to signify the same people. Mr. O’Kelly, finding all honest men too hard for him, and, moreover, finding no relief from sending his Forgo to Scotland, nor yet from keeping him as chief of the Eranochs at Lake Earn, he at last abandons these two well reconciled points, and begins to swagger at a mighty rate as generalissimo of another corps, of which he may get enough in a very short time. Finding all efforts of his own of no avail, this man of words, as his last assault on Nain de Tillemont says, “a foreigner writing of a people with whom he is unacquainted is often liable to errors, and easily falls into mistakes when he follows his own ideas in preference to authority. Aiming at being a critic, he has sometimes need of being put to rights himself.” By this assertion Mr. O’Kelly would very impudently attempt to palm his notions on the public under the assumption of a disputant, insolently assuming equal knowledge of Scottish history with two eminent French authors, who, though they had no more to recommend them but their status in society and their natural honour, certain it is that Mr. O’Kelly has little chance of procuring a hearing, while their works will remain imperishable in Europe till the very latest posterity; and, in fine, he is conscious that his notions emerge from the very source

whence he would falsely insinuate Nain de Tillemont and Bolandus to have derived their knowledge of our annals. Does he indeed presume equality with two eminent authors of France, or would he assume an equal knowledge of Scottish affairs with the natives of a kingdom which was our faithful ally from the beginning of the seventh century till England submitted to the sway of the Sixth James in 1604, and to his heirs till the present day? Frenchmen were never treated as foreigners in Scotland, but always had the privilege of natives; and in like manner, Scotchmen were always treated in France with as high marks of honour as her own natives: so that in reality, the history of both countries is essentially the same for upwards of eight centuries; hence it is necessary to strip this "talkative" ere he proceeds any farther with his Forgo, or annoys the world any longer by seeking a situation for him. It is no digression, therefore, but absolutely to the point, to prove that Frenchmen are the only people who should have the best knowledge of Scottish history; and that no two countries, either in ancient or modern times, could have closer bonds of friendship during the long period of upwards of eight centuries, than France and Scotland had.

To shew our opponent's fallacy in his unmanly attack on Nain de Tillemont and Bolandus, as to their being ignorant of Scottish affairs, I will only in the meantime transcribe a little from the Rev. Donald M'Nicol's remarks on Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. As I must unavoidably say something on the subject of the Scottish league with France in the reign of Charlemagne; at present let the public judge of the candour of the man who would attempt to injure the reputation of two eminent authors, who only asserted what they knew to be truth from their own national annals; and farther, as it is certain that Mr O'Kelly stands here in the very position in which the notorious Samuel Johnson stood when Mr M'Nicol punished him, we have little sympathy with him should he share his fate. Mr M'Nicol says, "In page 6, he (Dr Johnson) asserts that all the civilization introduced into Scotland is entirely owing to our trade and commerce with England. It is but too common with English writers to speak contemptu-

ously of other countries, and arrogate very largely to their own. With national vanity on the one hand, and national prejudice on the other, the Doctor has, in this instance, either suffered himself to be betrayed into a most gross and wilful misrepresentation, or he displays an amazing ignorance of the history of Europe. This miracle of knowledge, Dr Johnson, did not know, or is willing to forget, that long before the period he alludes to we had intercourse for many centuries with France—a nation as polite at least as England, and perhaps fully as ready to do justice to the character of their neighbours. Our first league with France was in the reign of Charlemagne A.D. 792. Charles the Great was so fond of ennobling France, not only by arms but by arts, that he sent learned men from Scotland to read Greek and Latin at Paris, and he had for his own preceptor Johannes Scotus or Albinus, a man eminent for learning. Many other Scots went over about that time to instruct the inhabitants about the Rhine, which they did with such success, that the people built monasteries in many places; and the Germans paid such respect to their memories that, even in Buchanan's time, Scotchmen were made governors of them. From the time of Achaius to the Union, our alliance with France continued. A complete catalogue of all those treaties, with an English translation, was published in 1751, to which I refer the Doctor, to convince him that we had some importance as a nation, before we had any connexion with his country. There he will see the uncommon privileges we enjoyed in France—that we were entrusted with the highest offices, both military and civil—that we were complimented with all the rights and franchises of native subjects, which we possess to this day—and that we were distinguished by the singular honour of acting as lifeguards to the French kings, a trust, one would think, not to be conferred on savages and barbarians, as the Doctor would make us. Our merchants likewise enjoyed the most uncommon privileges and immunities in France; and many of our nobility and gentlemen obtained extensive estates in that kingdom, as rewards for their signal service to the State, which the posterity of most of them inherit to this day. There cannot, I think, be a more convincing

proof of the entire confidence which the French reposed in the honour and fidelity of the Scots, than their making choice of them for guarding the persons of their sovereigns. After Louis the Twelfth had set forth, in terms the most honourable to our nation, the services which had been performed for Charles the Seventh, in expelling the English out of France, and reducing the kingdom to his obedience, he adds—‘ Since which reduction, and for the service the Scots rendered Charles the Seventh on that occasion, and for the great loyalty and virtue which he found in them, he selected two hundred of them for the guard of his person, of whom he made a hundred men-at-arms, and a hundred life-guards ; and the hundred men-at-arms are the hundred lances of our ancient ordinances, and the lifeguard-men are those of our guard who still are near and about our person.’

“ With respect to the fidelity of the Scots in this station, let us hear the testimony of Claud Seysil, Master of Requests to Louis XII, and afterwards Arch-bishop of Turin. In the history of that prince, when speaking of Scotland, he says, ‘ the French have so ancient a friendship and alliance with the Scots, that of four hundred men appointed for the king’s life guards, there are a hundred of the said nation who are the nearest to his person, and in the night keep the keys of the apartment where he sleeps. There are moreover a hundred complete lances and two hundred yeomen of the said nation, besides severals that are dispersed through the companies ; and, for so long a time as they served in France, never hath there been one of them found in a fault against the kings or the state, and they make use of them as of their own subjects. The ancient rights and privileges of Scottish life guards are very honourable. Here follows a description of functions and precedence belonging to their company, and especially to the twenty-four first guards, to whom the first Gen-d’armes of France being added, they make the number of twenty-five, commonly called Garde de manche, i.e. Sleeve Guards, who were all Scotch by nation. The author of the Ancient Alliance says, ‘ Two of them assist at mass, sermon, vespers and ordinary meals. On holidays, at the ceremony of the royal touch, the erection of

knights of the king's order, the reception of extraordinary ambassadors, and the public entries of cities ; there must be six of their number next to the king's person, three on each side of his majesty ; and the body of the king must be carried by these only, wheresoever ceremony requires ; and his effigy must be attended by them. They have the keeping of the keys of the king's lodging at night, the keeping of the choir of the chapel, the keeping of the boats when the king passes the rivers ; and they have the honour of bearing the white silk fringe, which in France is the coronal colour. The keys of all the cities where the king makes his entry are given to their captain in waiting or out of waiting. He has the privilege, in waiting or out of waiting, at ceremonies such as coronations, marriages and funerals of the kings, and at the baptism and marriages of their children, to take duty upon him. The coronation robe is in his keeping ; and this company, by the death or change of a captain, never changes its rank, as do the three others." * From the above facts all the sons of honesty may see how impossible it was for the French authors to be ignorant of Scottish affairs or Scottish history, or to be liable to errors, and to have easily fallen into mistakes, as our Dublin novelist would insinuate. But how can others please this gentleman, when no mortal, nor yet himself, can tell what he would be at. The one time he will send his Forgo to Scotland, and attempts to quote one of our national manuscripts to prove it ; next he asserts, in no small *chafe*, that his Forgo never left his country (Ireland) ; thirdly, he seems to be highly satisfied with our historians, for he tells us with the very next breath, " that the arrival of Fergus in Albania is fixed at the time that Alexander the Great took Babylon, that is about three hundred and thirty years before Jesus Christ." And he adds, " such is the account which Buchanan, and nearly all the historians of his country, give of the origin of the Scots, and the foundation of their monarchy in Albania, which leaves no doubt concerning it." See page 104. He should rather have said that no historian before the

* M'Nicol's Remarks on Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, p.p. 279, 280, 281.

Union ever said otherwise ; and, that since that period, our author is welcome to call them almost, or any other name that may suit his fancy ; or, perhaps our author may be well pleased to hear that no true Scotchman will give more credit to the *almos* who wrote since that event, than they would give to Mr O'Kelly himself for his well reconciled definitions in the history of his Forgo.

Let the reader reconcile, if he can, this gentleman's humours, if he is not satisfied with Dublin logic. In what is past, our friend made a positive declaration, that what the Scottish historians relate concerning our monarchy, "leaves no doubt concerning it." But he is not long in this humour. The true-blue Scot, Abercrombie, in his imperishable monument, entitled the "Martial Achievements of Scotland," excited the choler of our friend to new logical deductions, quite unrivalled heretofore. Nor is it in the power of mortal man to be reconciled with this adversary in the way. His own positive declaration is, that our historians are in the right by fixing the beginning of our monarchy at the time that Alexander the Great took Babylon, 330 years before the Incarnation. Now, Abercrombie very modestly does the same ; but the next instant, Mr O'Kelly quarrels with him, and with himself at the same time. "Our author," says he, "complains of the antiquarians who reject the history of Fergus I., and the foundation of the Scottish monarchy in the time of Alexander the Great. Here Mr O'Kelly, in the face of his own declaration, would turn about and tell us after all that Luddus Cambden, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Usher, Stillingfleet, &c., would settle his Forgo as first king of Scotland, about 503 ; at the prospect of which he seems to be highly elevated, so much so indeed, that he quite forgot to perform his own promise of proving to us how his favourite could be king of Scotland, while at the same time he assures the world that he never left Ireland. But although he is not equal to the undertaking, he would like to charge at the head of another corps, from whom he expects to derive no small assistance. Hence it is necessary to remark, that it is deeply to be regretted that the names of Usher and Stillingfleet should be found coupled with the barbarous reveries under review. But Scot-

land must do her duty—she has been too long silent—and she has too long overlooked with silent contempt the puny efforts of her antagonists. These circumstances must lead to the conclusive truth that no Englishman, whether he be Usher, Cambden, Stillingfleet, or any body else, knew, neither can any of them now living know aught of the history of their own nation, except what is recorded by the Celtic annalists of Ireland and Scotland; nevertheless they must be infallible judges of Scottish history, according to Mr. O'Kelly.

LETTER IV.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 6th April, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Is it not allowed on all hands that, if the genius of thieves in the concealment of their ill-gotten gear was equal to their abilities in procuring it, that the rest of mankind could not subsist? Such is just the position of our friend Mr. O'Kelly, in this instance. He is somewhat of opinion that, by borrowing the names of Usher and Stillingfleet, he may introduce his Forgo right or wrong; but he should first establish the fact that Usher and others of the same school were as dishonest in this matter as himself. We shall therefore lay down the proposition on the broad basis of fair and open discussion—that no Englishman, since the days of Fergus II., can have any information concerning the history of his own country, but what is borrowed from the authentic annals of Ireland and of Scotland; consequently anything at variance with these records are mere fabrications. Therefore Usher, Cambden, Stillingfleet, and the whole fraternity of them, with Mr O'Kelly at their tail, should be regarded only as mere talkatives, so far as this controversy is concerned.

It is impossible that Englishmen can know anything of their own history but what is recorded by the Scottish annalists. They readily admit that Vortigern, the British king, brought the Saxons to his assistance A.D. 449, to which we have no objections; therefore supposing that they were a learned and civilized people at that period, and that from the day they entered Britain they had recorded their own history, what possible knowledge could they have of Scottish affairs previous to that time, seeing they were only a section of the hordes of gipsy tribes from the East, who infested Europe about the beginning of the third century; and, in fine, that Fergus II. was dead twenty-nine years before the arrival of the Saxons? Any one taking an impartial view of these facts must necessarily see that the Saxons could have no more knowledge of Scottish affairs, than a number of Indians could possess of the proceedings of the British Privy Council. Therefore the question must be referred to the Scottish annalists, who are the true judges, excluding all Englishmen, and Mr O'Kelly to the bargain; for it is notorious that the Saxons could have as little knowledge of Fergus the Second, as they had of the thirty-nine kings who preceded him. Hence we may presume that our good friends of the South might be very glad to be allowed to tell their own stories without interfering with us. Even granting that the Saxons were a literary people at the period of their entrance into Britain, they knew nothing of the true God, nor of letters, till the middle of the seventh century. Oswald, prince of the Northumbrians, as an exile, took refuge in Iona, A.D. 635, and was converted to the Christian faith. At his desire, Aidin MacLibheir, and others, went to England as Missionaries to preach the gospel to the benighted Saxons.* Supposing the Saxons to have written their own history from the period when letters were introduced into their own country, this could only take place 215 years after they entered Britain. Such was not the case however. They were obdurate savages all along till they became extinct under the ravages of the Danes in the tenth century. One Aldhelm was the first of them that was

taught to read, by the missionaries from Iona, about A.D. 670. In these circumstances therefore, what knowledge could they have of Scottish affairs at that time, and how impossible for Englishmen now to know anything of the history of their country but through the medium of the Celtic annals of their protectors? Of this we know they are perfectly conscious. Their rage to conceal and destroy these histories is more than sufficient to expose them. Besides, it is certain that the Saxon speech, whatever it might have been, was never written, as will shortly appear. When the Saxons received the knowledge of letters, where would they look for information about themselves in order to compile their own history? This is a sad problem, and many inventions have been tried by "the noblest race in the world," to steer clear of the "barbarous Celts," but all of no avail. First, should they prefer that the Saxon conquest, as they term it, did not totally overturn Christianity, and establish idolatry under the heptarchy, they must at once admit their obligation to the Celtic ancient Britons, and forsake their consolation in life and in death, "that the Saxon pushed the Celt before him" and possessed his country, because the latter like all his kin, was volatile, and consequently devoid of systematic policy, which is only peculiar to the great English character. Secondly, should they prefer the alternative, that they have no history during many ages of their career in this country, which is absolutely true, they must in consequence hang their heads, and be exposed by their own braggart pretences of being judges of Scottish history, or betake them to their abominable traffic of watching, knighting, cajoling, and bribing Scotchmen, in order to prevent them from making an unreserved exposure of their words and deeds, to pull us down to their level. Consequently our Dublin adventurer should think before he brought forward his *corps de reserve*, and seriously ask what are these men, and what daring insolence must they possess, when they would speak of such matters? The question for them to solve is who wrote the history of the Saxons for near three centuries of their career in Britain, during which period they lived without the knowledge of the true God or of letters? The answer is, and the conclusion is

unavoidable, the learned Celts of Scotland and of Ireland. These are the men who recorded during that period what is known of the Saxons. Take we this view of the subject, and it will naturally force itself on the attention of the most thoughtless, how impossible it is that a nation so situated could possess any knowledge of Scottish affairs, if we except her claymores and her five-ell spears? Certain it is that they could, if they liked, tell something about these, when they were so often chased to their back-woods of Northumberland. But yet from that barbarous people, Englishmen of the present day would fondly derive their pedigree, because it is the highest figure of antiquity that they are able to grasp at in their rage of being something like the neighbouring nations. This period of their history is a hard problem for some who are making marvellous advances, not only in Dublin, but likewise on our own soil. Mr Chambers, editor of the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," is here in an amusing position by not knowing where to find "Anglo-Saxon writers of that age." He strenuously attempts to pilfer Gildas; but as it so happens that Dumbarton, his native place, is no part of England, he has no great relish for his company. Aware of this, he seems to have had a qualm of conscience when he states that the history of the Anglo-Saxons are involved in obscurity during that period,* which is tantamount to the fact that they could not write their own history for several ages after they settled in England. But it is a gross mistake that their history is obscure. Our historians recorded their good and their evil; and, as they were their nearest neighbours, they were also their teachers. These are facts we know, for which Mr Chambers and his coadjutors have no relish. True to his purpose of pleasing his friends at all hazards, he would draw a veil over the history of the "Anglo-Saxons of that age," as that would serve two purposes at once. First, he could insinuate from this proposition, that Scotland has no history prior to their entrance into England; and secondly, he could cover the barbarity of his pretended Saxon sires, or rather please his dupes.

* Cyclopædia, page 2.

Such are some of the arguments set forth by this editor and instructor of the people, but they must contribute to that exposure which he and his colleagues so richly deserve, not forgetting Mr O'Kelly. And where is the coward that would shrink from meeting them on their own terms? Say at once, for argument sake, that the Scottish history of that period should be rejected, our opponents will gain nothing by it, unless they can prove that the Saxons wrote their own history in some unknown way independent of either letters or learning, which, of course, must have been by magic ; as Wharton, an enlightened and civilized Englishman, would have the wall of Severus to have been both built and overturned by that means. Now, if they admit, in order to cover their savage origin, that they have no history of their own during several centuries, the whole fabric of their pretended Saxon learning of " that age " will fall about their ears, and they must at once sacrifice " the great and systematic English character, which drove the volatile Celt before it." But there is another and greater hardship, which is, that the Celts are and must be the true arbiters in the whole affair, unless that the Dublin adventurer, or the Edinburgh editor, can prove that the Anglo-Saxons left any writings of their own from the period of their entrance into Britain till they were brought to the lowest pitch of slavery by the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries, and finally exterminated by that people, under the name of Normans, A. D. 1066. Such proofs would afford them some relief from their terror of the history of Scotland being the alone source from whence they can gather the least knowledge of themselves. But there is not the slightest trace now in these kingdoms of either the Saxons or of their speech ; nor is there anything to prove that it was written, or its ever having had as much as an alphabet of its own. This is the ground on which Mr Chambers would insinuate " that their history is involved in obscurity." But still he is loath to quit his hold, under the impression, no doubt, that he must submit to the only possible information which he can have regarding them, namely, what is recorded by the annalists of the other two nations. In the meantime permit us to ask, in what age

did the Anglo-Saxon writers exist, about which he would tell us something? That is the question, and it will admit of no evasion. Finding it impossible to make Gildas his ally for that purpose, he next fixes his clutches on that eminent evangelist, Ceadan, one of the missionaries from Iona, who preached the Gospel with amazing success to the heathen Saxons, and who was stationed as pastor at Winchester about A.D. 670, and afterwards at Lichfield.* Here let it be observed, that, in order to stimulate their rage for making "an Anglo-Saxon writer" of this Argyle-man, Mr Chambers would bring forward the venerable Bede to second him, though apparently with some reluctance. He is anxious too in craving the aid of Bede, owing to the difficulty of combating Ceadan awake. He also informs us that Bede would have him under the guidance of inspiration while sleeping, and while in that state that he sang sweetly, which proves that Mr Chambers is not caring a fig for either Bede or Ceadan, nor yet for the fabulous sleepy inspiration, but is only trying to gain some credit for his own fable of making an "Anglo-Saxon writer" of my Rev. countryman, by changing his name into Caedmon;† and after making a snoring monk of him, all that he can produce of his sweet singing is only a few short lines, wherein the sweet singer is personating the devil. You need not, therefore, be surprised though I cannot exactly say who supplied Mr Chambers with a translation of the above wicked piece of waggery, but I hope he will be more cautious in future in his attempts to present to the public for inspired singing, what is no more than the production of a Kintyre tailor. The history of the above, gravely presented by Mr Chambers in his Cyclopædia, as the production of the fictitious "sweet singer," is yet daily rhymed where it was produced. About thirty-five years ago, some smugglers in the south end of Kintyre dreading an invasion from the crew of a revenue cutter, at anchor in the harbour of Campbelton, being at a disadvantage from the inconveniency of bad fuel, they went to

* Bede's Eccles. Hist., Lib. IV. c. 2.

† He is the Bishop Ceatan of Bede. See Bede's Ecclesiastical History, Lib. IV. cap. 2.

the neighbouring clergyman's peat-stack, and took a cartful or two. The minister resolved to improve on this circumstance in his discourse on the following Sabbath, and alluded in plain terms to the audacious conduct of the smugglers. Alexander Graham, tailor, a native of Knapdale, was in the church during the discourse, and, it would appear, on his way home, composed the poem attributed by Mr Chambers to his sweet singer Caedmon. You will at once see that in this age of marvels, which only a very few years ago made an Englishman of Gillespie O'Duibhne, Baron of Loch Awe, can present as many Saxon writers and poets as their editorial purposes may require. It is pretended that Alfred composed something in the Saxon tongue, but of this there is not the slightest proof, nor yet of his having received any of his education in England. All the learned in Europe are aware that Alfred was educated at Mayo in Ireland, and that he travelled over the most of that country. His opinion of it is given in his own poem, consisting of ninety-six verses. It is recorded by the Four Masters. It is now translated from the original Gaelic of these annalists,* and is indeed a noble specimen of Alfred's poetic talents, and of his thorough knowledge of the Celtic language, which was then in the zenith of its classic fame. The three following verses may satisfy you, though no translation can express the energetic style of the celebrated Alfred. He says—

“ I found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,
Abstinence, in obedience to the Son of God,
Noble, prosperous, learned sages.

“ I found in the country of Connall,
Brave victorious heroes,
Valiant men of fair complexion,
The exalted stars of Erin.

“ I found in the province of Ulster,
Long blooming beauty, hereditary vigour,
Young scions of energy,
Though fair, yet fit for war, and brave.”

This monarch, who died A.D. 900, left ample proof

• By Mr Geraghty of Dublin.

that the Saxon was not written in his time. He complained that from the Humber to the Thames there was not one priest that understood the liturgy in the mother tongue ; and that from the Thames to the sea, there was not one that could translate the simplest piece of Latin. Here is certainly proof positive that the priests among the Saxons had no knowledge of writing the vernacular tongue, or anything else ; and further, when we consider the unnumbered miseries which that people suffered at the period their race became extinct, there cannot be even a bare probability that any monuments of their speech could survive. During the ninth and tenth centuries, the Danes and Norwegians invaded England with powerful armies, and ravaged the country in the most atrocious manner. They burned and plundered towns and churches everywhere. The Saxon chiefs, who, it is said, resisted them in succession, were Egbert, Ethelwolf, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Alfred, Edward, Athelstan, Edmond, Edred, Ethelred, Edmond, Ironside, &c. But it is merely taken for granted that any of these, with the exception of Alfred "ever existed." They left no monuments of their own to prove it. The Saxon race became extinct under the shocking ravages of their invaders, who cut them off in vast numbers. They compelled them not only to surrender their country and their earthly all, but also to worship them. The Danish officers, who called themselves lurdies, now transformed into lords—an abominable title that no Scotchman should ever give or receive—compelled the poor Saxons to pay them Divine adoration, and reduced them to the most miserable state of slavery, of which we have the unparalleled example in their blasphemously attributing divine power to Canute the Danish king of England, who would not receive them. The God-forsaken Saxons exclaimed that Canute was a god, but he did not believe them, for he knew that he was a mortal sinful worm. And he, to shew them their own degradation, ordered his royal chair to be carried to the sea shore, and when the rolling billows began to approach the puny mortal, he, with a commanding aspect, ordered the blue waves not to approach their sovereign lord, but the next instant he was tumbled from his seat. He then turned to his

flatterers and told them "that the title of lord and master was due to none but he alone who made the sea and the dry land." From A.D. 979, to 1013, the Danes extended their murderous sway over the whole of England, and enslaved the inhabitants in a manner unheard of, and levied immense tributes. According to Turner and Speed, they were as follows:—In the year 980, L.10,000; in 993, L.16,000; in 1000, L.26,000; in 1006, L.36,000, and in 1010, L.48,000. These were, beyond doubt, enormous sums in those days; but nothing short of the total destruction of the doomed Saxons would staunch the rage of the Danish furies.

In A.D. 1011, according to Speed, the Danes under Torquill attacked Canterbury. They took Alphegus the bishop prisoner, and murdered 900 monks. And the same historian assures us that on this occasion alone they massacred forty-three thousand persons. Alphegus, the bishop of Canterbury, refusing to give them a ransom of three thousand pounds,* they stoned him to death at Greenwich. In A.D. 1013, Sueno, king of Denmark, ravaged England in a terrible manner, and forced the principal men of the Saxons to abandon the country entirely, since which time they, as a distinct people, perished from among men.† Their pretended descendants would have them a warlike people at their first entrance into Britain; but it is far more certain that they were a savage untameable race. Whatever warlike achievements they performed when they seized their share of it, they had only but the effeminate South Britons, broken down under the Roman yoke, to extirpate; but when we consider the miserable resistance which they offered the Danes, it is impossible to admit that they were anything like the many tales of their valour so strenuously circulated since the union. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that they degenerated, to an astonishing degree, before they were extirpated by their merciless invaders. Indeed, it is certain that the produce of the soil of England has no better effect on the human constitution than to make

* There was no money coined in England till the year 1505.—Historians merely used these terms to express the value of what was extorted.

† See Annotations to Annals of the Four Masters, vol. II. p. 463.

its wretched possessors the prey of slavery and lust. Such has been the case all along. Let men who bear the name of Scots consider this matter to purpose. As we will have occasion in a short time to say something relative to that, we shall just repeat the question—Is there now any vestige of the Saxon speech extant, or was it ever written? Most certainly not; neither was the English tongue written till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But to show you the danger to which mankind are exposed by its agency, I shall here give an example or two, and then make some remarks to convince you that Englishmen are not worthy of the least credit when they attempt to deceive themselves and others, that the Anglo-Saxon speech was written before that people became extinct by the ravages of the Danish furies.

Examples, like old English composition, may be forged with great ease, and of this the impostors who make it their trade are well aware. The following may be taken as specimens :—

I.

SHEP-HERD.

Suet, suet, O Gyt-hird, is the gent'l brez
 That blas thro ghoner firs by yon wel-es,
 But suetir far thy Pyp! Not Pan denys
 Thy rival skil, but ghelds the second pryz;
 Git then a buk wi buttan horns be du,
 To him a teman gyt belongs to ghu,
 Or gif a Gyt he klem for his propyn.
 Then sal a gimmar (ne sma ben) be thyn.

GYT-HIRD.

Suetir, O Shephird! ar the nots ghu sang,
 Than uater tryoklin fre ghon rok-born spryng.
 Se gin the Meses in a ghu delight,
 A fat lam is thyn undutid rikht,
 Or gin thei levir tchus to ha the lam,
 Then Shephird, then thy pryz sal be the dam.

SHEP-HERD.

Wult'u (let me by a the nyn intreat.)
 Wult'u on this brem-hillok tak thy set,
 And ten thy Huissil to some tendir air,
 Men-huyl, thy Gyts sal be my speishal kar.

GYT-HIRD.

Na, Shephird, na! Tis nu the nen ov de,
 Huan o' the Pyp we Gythirds dar na plei,
 For fer o Pan hua tyr't wi sylvan sports.
 To sum quil kov to rest hinsel resorts.
 A kankirt god he is—an gif he sha
 His atri snut he'll sarli fleg us a.
 Rather, () Shephird—for ye kan relat,
 In miakles numbers, Daphnis wefu fat.
 Kum! syt we dun aniou this Elme's brun shad,
 Huar hirdlik hands a verdand bink ha mad,
 An spryng-fed aks arun luxuriant grou.
 Kum! sit we dun! un Thirsis! gif thy stran
 Be sic a Khromis (of the Libian plan)
 Erst try'd to match, but vanli try'd. To the
 A Gyt that ilkeh gher bryngs tuins, y'l ge
 A Gyt hua tho she sukkil beth the twei
 Sal fil utour the milk kog tuys a dei,
 An huat than Gyt. Y valu mukil me,
 A branu kap lang wi the Gyt sal ge.
 Twa-luggit larj wi wax wel fentit, and
 Evn yit redolent o the wark-man's hand,
 Arund its lip the mimik ivi tuyns,
 Thru huilk the goudin heliokrysis shyns,
 Ner thys a vyn's luxuriant tendrils shet,
 An on the tendrils hing the klustirt shet,
 Within en uman sits divynli fair,
 A rob her lim's, a sned adorns her hair.
 On either syde, a wel-kem't spark is sen.
 Etlan to wun, hir smyls an katch hir en,
 Huyl she unmevt at t'en and t'ither lers.
 An seman beth to sorn, at beth she sners.
 Yet still thei stryv wi le-lorn laks to gan
 Hir ruls hart—but stryv lyk fels in vain.

II.

The air grew ruch with boistuous thuds
 Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the cluds,
 Maist lyke a drunken wycht;
 The thunder crackt, and slaughts did rift
 Frae the black vissart of the lift.
 The forrest schuke wi fricht;
 Nae birds abune their wing extenn,
 They ducht not bide the blast;
 Ilk beist bedeen bang'd to thair den,
 Until the storm was past.

III.

Great daring dartit frae his e'e,
 A braid sword shogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe,
 A shynand speir filled his right hand,
 Of stalwart mak in bane and brank;
 O' just proportion large.
 A various colourit plaid
 Owir his left spaul he threw,
 Doun his braid back frae his quhyt head
 The silver wimplers grew,
 Amaisit I gaisit
 To se led at command
 A strampant and rampant
 Fers Lyon in his hand,
 Whilk held a thistle in his paw.

These examples are extracted from volume first of the Transactions of the Antiquaries of Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in the year 1792, and are here presented to show that imposition can be carried to any extent, as to the antiquated appearance of composition in the English language. The first of these examples is transcribed from the last of three poems in the above work, and was contributed by the Rev. Dr Alexander Geddes. It is a translation of the first Idillion of Theokritus. Far be it from me to suppose that the Rev. author intended to impose on his fellow-members, that his composition, of which this fragment is an example, was of high antiquity, and taken from some valuable manuscript; but had he done so, there can be no doubt from his position in society, and the facility by which the English language can be transformed into any appearance, the composition would have been received as a marvellous relic of antiquity. The Rev. author, no doubt, foreseeing that his name might be made use of in future, took care to add in a note that he only imitated the Edinburgh dialect, justly calculating that its strange orthography might be a fit tool for others to forge on a new and unheard of scale, marvellous compositions of ancient English authors. I know that from these observations it may be alleged, in order to cover the villany of impostors in these things, that any one might see that the above example from the Rev. Dr.

might be detected, should he attempt to make it pass for antiquity. To this we may answer, that our opponents never proved themselves so enlightened that they could detect their own impositions in these respects. The ballad of Hardiknute, from its first appearance, was regarded as a noted relic of some English grey-beard, till the pranks of Chatterton proved that he was the author of it, about the year 1768. William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, who was a member of the Society of Antiquaries at the period referred to, like a foresighted canny Scot, took very good care that he would not be, soon or late, among the dupes of the juggling forgers of antideluvian English composition, therefore, you are informed by him in plain terms, "That the poem of Hardiknute has been the subject of curiosity among the literati, both with respect to its author, and the era of its composition,† till the rest of Chatterton's works of the same sort proved him beyond doubt to have been the father of it." Much may be gathered from these observations of Mr Tytler's, but much more from the fact that Englishmen never proved, till they were befooled in the face of Europe by the boy Chatterton, that they could detect their own impositions of that sort, when that extraordinary youth exposed his countrymen to the ridicule of the learned and unlearned throughout Europe. Our civilized friends of England not being able to recall their blunders, nor yet to banish from the world the pillory on which they were obliged to stand for years, in consequence of their rage for Trojan manuscripts, of which they got enough from Chatterton, that they were in a sad plight, is too notorious. The Parisian wits, in the plentiude of bright Celtic waggery, on the one side, tormented them; meanwhile, Irish wit inflicted a succession of keen stripes, which only aggravated the choler of the Southrons against that unfortunate and learned nation. Chatterton thoroughly understood their appetite for coining ancestry and MS. for themselves—he punished them accordingly—knowing well that they had neither. But in accordance with their fooleries in these matters, the waggish boy proceeded in the following manner in

* See Article in the above volume of the transactions of the Antiquaries of Scotland, page 395.

October, 1768. When the new bridge at Bristol was finished, Chatterton, for his first attempt, duped the editor of a newspaper by an account of the ceremony at the opening of the old bridge, some centuries before; as also a description of the friars in front of the procession passing the said bridge, and that all this was taken from an old manuscript; but as the morsel was swallowed by Mr. Editor without the least suspicion, his next object of ridicule was an old dottard who was resolved to have his share of England in spite of the world. To this foolish man he presented a pedigree reaching almost to the time of William the Conqueror, for which he was mightily caressed. To another he presented a poem, pretended to have been written by one of the dupe's ancestors 150 years previous; and that the said poem was taken from a fine old manuscript. To another he presented a sermon, pretended to have been written by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century. His next victim was Horace Walpole, at that time engaged writing the *Lives of British Painters*—one of the grossest pieces of weak credulity that ever was palmed on the public. Chatterton, highly stimulated with his former successes, sent him an account of "*Emynent Carvellers and Peyncters*," extracted from a fine Saxon manuscript, which Walpole accepted as a valuable addition to his biographical collection of admirable English Artists. Sometime afterwards, and when he could not recall it, Walpole discovered the imposture from some hints dropped by Chatterton himself, but in the true spirit of a most civilized Englishman he sung dumb, little thinking that any wicked Celt would hear of such a treasure of national marvels. Chatterton's next achievement was a number of fictitious poems, pretended to have been discovered in what was known as the coffers of Canning, who was some merchant in the reign of Edward the Fourth; and that the said poems were the productions of the monk Rowley. Among this valuable collection of old English literature, all forged by himself, was the ballad of Hardiknute. These poems were published in the newspapers and magazines as valuable additions to the national fame! At this crisis, the eagle-eyed wags of Paris and Dublin threw out some hints which excited their choler to the highest pitch. But it was too late; the waggish boy completely befooled what they were, and are very well pleased to boast of, as the classical

scholars of England. When they were thus ridiculed by those from whom they expected no mercy, they struggled for sometime to defend themselves by sheer impudence—the majority vehemently defending the authenticity of the poems, and the other forgeries of the immortal youth, as rare specimens of English literature. Some duels were fought in committees, besides other numberless squabbles, like so many Turks at the anniversary of Hegira; and some of them were at last on the eve of exchanging shots, when Walpole disclosed his foolish pursuit after what he knew could not be found, viz., “Saxon manuscripts.” He honestly declared to Gray and Mason that he was outwitted by Chatterton; so that by these means the would-be-combatants were prevented from further mischief. The men who defended the authenticity of these manuscripts were and are esteemed distinguished English authors; and yet so ignorant were they of their “own language,” that a boy of fifteen years of age befooled them in the face of Europe. They were the severest judges of Scottish history, but yet could not detect the grossest impositions of their own that could be offered to them. There are none of the pieces produced by Chatterton, nearly so antiquated like, neither in style nor orthography, as the foregoing example from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Geddes. The second example given is extracted from the poem called the “Vision,” published in Allan Ramsay’s “Evergreen” in the year 1724. It is, indeed, as any one may see, quite different from the Doctor’s composition, in style and orthography, and equally diverse from the productions of Chatterton; but yet it was hailed as a marvellous piece of Saxon composition, till Mr. Tytler, the *canny Scot*, found out that Allan Ramsay was the author of it, and so saved the Society of Antiquaries from being on a level with the dupes of Chatterton. Mr. Tytler, in the article above referred to, says: “On perusing lately the ‘Vision,’ and considering the signature at the end, I flattered myself that I had made the discovery * of its real author. This led me to a further research; the result was that, upon inquiry, I found that both that poem, and the ‘Eagle,’ and ‘Robin Red Breast,’ were known by the friends of Ramsay’s family to be his composition, though only tacitly owned

* This shows that no ordinary scene of raving was current about them as wonderful ancient English compositions.

for the above reason.* Of this fact I had a positive acknowledgement from Miss Ramsay, the eldest daughter of the poet now alive, who informed me that her father was the author of both the pieces. The Roman letters, said that lady, plainly pointed out the name and surname of the author, with the addition of his country, which he was always proud to acknowledge, A.R.S.—Allan Ramsay, Scotus."

From these few facts you will easily perceive that it is indeed no less than consummate insolence on the part of Englishmen, in the nineteenth century, to assume the attitude of comparison with Scotchmen. The causes of the barbarity of these would-be-rivals cannot now be remedied; neither can man define when or by what means they may be emancipated. When the children of men of old commenced the heaven-defying project of building the rebellious tower, the Almighty frustrated their design by confounding their speech, and they were dispersed. Ever since many millions of Adam's fallen race has continued in a state of barbarism. Hence we see that the confounding of a people's language is one of the greatest calamities that can befall them. The collision of five different races, struggling for the ascendancy over each other in so small a country as England, rendered it impossible that they, as a nation, could arrive at anything like learning, much less at the most distant precision of what branch of the human family any of them now belongs. They should therefore humbly reflect on their own condition; they cannot but know that if they made any progress in literature between the period that Christianity was introduced among the Saxons, about the middle of the seventh century, till the Danish invasion, A.D. 832, those furies completely overturned every vestige of that people, and left nothing to posterity but what is recorded in the histories of Scotland and Ireland. It was their misfortune that they fell a prey to their cruel invaders, for which we would not despise their pretended descendants, if there was the slightest proof that they are the offspring of the Saxons, or that of any other distinct race of the human family. Therefore, when they insolently assume equality, if not something more, it were criminal indeed not to chastise them.

* Ramsay was a staunch adherent of the House of Stuart.

For a good number of years past they have quite forgot themselves, talking of their crown, parliaments and records. With regard to the latter, if they had any before the Reformation they were then and there lost. It is utterly vain to palliate this fact, when Englishmen, with all their straining for being something like the neighbouring nations, cannot determine what year or time their parliament was formed, or of what number it was composed, before the accession of James VI. Despite the united efforts of Coke, Brady, Hallam, Blackstone, and others,* they are not able to trace a legislative body in that country till the reign of James. It is said, however, that four years after the Norman conquest, or A.D. 1070, William the conqueror ordered some persons to assemble in order to inform him of some points relative to the nation; but we cannot find two of themselves even agreeing on that point. Sometimes they assert that they cannot determine when their House of Commons was formed, in order to make the world believe that they had some other legislative assembly; but such weak subterfuges are the very means of making the world laugh at them. They had neither a House of Commons nor any other legislative assembly, till, in mercy for them, they submitted to the righteous heirs of Britain—the line of Celtic monarchs by which all the nations of Europe are governed.

With regard to English literature, whatever it was before the Reformation, that event destroyed it in quantity and in quality. Bale informs us of the atrocities then committed in these lamentable words: "They seized upon the books—some to serve their jacks; some to scour their candlesticks; and some to rub their boots. Some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers. I knew a merchant," says he, "who bought the contents of two libraries for forty shillings a piece. A shame it is to be spoken, and a prodigious example to be abhorred, of all men who love their country as they ought. Some they cast into the sea, to the wondering of foreign nations," &c. Here you will at once see the reason that the Southrons are perfectly conscious of their own insignificance; they are quite well aware that they have no records extending beyond the reign of James VI.; and that such as they have are not worthy of the least credit,

*Simpson's History of Scotland.

except what that monarch compiled out of the authentic histories of his other two kingdoms. Royal James Stuart, the Sixth of Scotland, entered their tub of a throne on the 26th July, 1603, and died on the 27th March, 1625, after he reigned in England 22 years. He found them immersed in barbarism, and moreover, being displeased at the celebrated George Buchanan for writing against his mother and her accomplices in crime, James, to gratify the English and his own scholastic caprices, resolved to compile something in the form of a history for England. The vast mine of Celtic literature, preserved in Ireland, served for the frame-work; and what could not be construed to exalt England, was supplied by the most impudent forgeries. But to complete the whole, it was found necessary that a crown should be made. Hitherto there was no crown in England, but only the coronet of his petty dukedom of Normandy, brought by William the Conqueror in the year 1066; and as I have no access to the pawn-brokers with which it was so often lodged, I leave it to the "noble English" to tell the world what like it was.*

Thus it will appear that the confusion of five different tongues, and the murderous struggle of five different races, viz., the Ancient Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, who preyed on one another in that hitherto benighted country, so that now they cannot trace their origin to any branch of the human race. They cannot define imposition from truth in what they are pleased to term their language. They cannot tell what was the merit or demerit of their literary works before the Reformation, nor what was the destiny of William the Conqueror's COUL—whether it was on the head of hunch-backed Richard III. or not at the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, or where it was lost. These truths, with many more of which you will hear by and bye, excited the "most Christian people in the world" to diffuse their civilization into Scotland, by pilfering our national records through the instrumentality of apostates among ourselves, and more especially the Society of Antiquaries, founded in 1791, who gleaned every vestige of our antiquities into their coffers, in order, no doubt, to put us on a level with their relatives, and make us forget that we

* You will shortly hear the name and quality of these brokers.

were an independent people for upwards of two thousand years. But still there is little consolation for the "hog patrons" after all. Their agents can coolly pocket coin and titles, but at the same time are looking on their alien connections like so many mules.

"Faileadh a ch—c dheth n' mhala,
S' faileadh a mhala dheth n' phiobaire."*

How can these hypocrites be reconciled to beings of which they can trace nothing but just that they are human in appearance; how can they be reconciled to practices which are calculated to make them stick at nothing base. Let these men answer to their countrymen for the facts, that no sooner will anything appear under the name of Scottish History, than it is at once apprehended, garbled, and mutilated, in order to support the incorrigible savages with which we have got nothing to do. Let them answer to their countrymen for the outrage of garbling Buchanan's History in the various forms in which it is now current—let them answer for the destruction of Tytler's brilliant work, now destroyed in the most criminal manner, under the pretence of abridging it for the use of schools, in which process there is scarcely a vestige of the author's language, or of his description of the important periods of which he treats, left. This iniquitous manual of slavery, put into the hands of Scottish children, bearing the name of "Tytler's Scottish History," was invented by Alexander Reid, A.M., and is not only crowded with barbarous expressions, only fit for drunken colliers, but the compiler had the audacity to plant on the front of it a colony of imaginary Saxon Indians, which he drags to the banks of the Forth, at a period when all souls of them did not amount to 3000 in their colony at Kent. From this instance, you are left to judge of the alarm which Mr. Tytler's work produced, and the cowardly vigilance with which every Scottish production is watched. My countrymen, beware of such inventions. I speak to you who are still justly proud of the name of Scots—do not allow such books to be put into the hands of your children. I am quite confident that when the present edition of Tytler's splendid monument is worn out, it will be kid-knapped

"The smell of the d——t from the bag,
The smell of the bag off the piper."—

OLD CELTIC POET.

and swept for ever, like the rest of our national records, from the stage of Scottish nationality. Permit me also to mention, in addition to this outrage, another of a still more felon character, it is not only that the stratagem of mutilating Scottish histories is tried with complete success after the authors are dead, but they are frequently corrupted while the writers are living. Of this we have a notorious instance perpetrated on the work entitled the "Scottish Gael," by James Logan, Esq. That gentleman delineates the Scottish character with a precision worthy of a great and honest man. He proves that learning and civilization always followed the Celtic race everywhere; but he treats in particular of Scottish affairs, and shows, in vivid colours, the superiority of this kingdom, telling you what is true, that there was no coin in England for a thousand years after the Saxon period; yet in other copies of the same work it is stated that the Caledonians had no coin for a thousand years after the Saxons entered England. You will ask, how are we to reconcile such contradictions? That is by no means difficult to do. Gold and silver was coined in Scotland, in the reign of King Donald the First, A.D. 201. The first shilling was coined in England, in the year 1505, leaving the enormous balance of thirteen hundred and four years in favour of Scotland. Mr. Logan's work was published in 1831. Few can give much credit to the benefactors* of the world, in their frequency of performing the important duty of prayer, as they have them ready made, and consequently they can cast them off just when it answers them; but for their watching Scottish books, they have proved these few years back, that they are indeed unmatched anywhere. The very report of Mr. Logan's work made them quake. Sir Walter Scott, their late agent in the work of Scottish defamation, was then on the brink of finishing his career in their service; nor were the two Chambers' of Edinburgh, who succeeded him, installed in that situation at that very time, though it is undeniable, that Mr. R. Chambers † was the next candidate for the chair.‡ But whether it

* This is a title of which our neighbours are very fond.

† This gentleman made the tour of confirmation to the Highlands in 1824.

‡ The necessary qualification for this office are—First, He must be sworn to conceal any particulars of Scottish history before the Saxon period. Secondly, He must with all the means in his

was found necessary to pension Mr. Logan in order to stop his mouth, from terror that the antiquity, independence, learning, and invincible courage of this veteran kingdom should be for once, in two or three centuries, honestly spoken of, I cannot exactly say. Another plan, however, was tried with some success. The contradiction just now noticed must have been indeed the result of consummate villany. After the proof sheet was corrected, and the author off his guard, in the above particulars, and several other points of the same nature, *England was substituted for Scotland*. This must have been perpetrated on a number of copies cast off after the author received his full number. I am not aware of a second edition of that work having been published; but I am quite sure that such is the case with regard to the first. Every Scottish production of the kind, since the union of the two countries, has fared the same. Thus the generous and magnanimous "promoters of every benefit that the world can boast of," are mutilating and suppressing our national histories to cover their own degradation as a despised and uninfluential handful in the earth. I must now conclude this note by summing up the evidence contained in it, which is briefly that the people historically known by the name of Saxons left no monuments of their speech; that it was never written, and that those letters now denominated Saxon characters are arrant forgeries; they are only the Celtic characters in quantity and quality, except two, and one of these is the Saxon capital G, which is only the Hebrew letter "Beth" inverted, or as the vulgar phrase hath it, turned back-side foremost. Hence no impostor on earth can cheat the Gael in that and many more particulars, which the heartless enemies of our race and language would impudently claim. The most illiterate Scotchman can prove that English literature is but mere modern imposition, and that if many of the dupes who are

power contribute to the publishing of contradictory versions of Buchanan's history, so as to bewilder the readers into whose hands it may fall. Thirdly, He must be always on the look out to give timely warning of any Scotchman of ability that may appear, in order to pension him in time, and so prevent the lash of exposure from apprehending the harpies who are taught to act in this manner from the cradle to the grave. Fourthly, He must make the tower of confirmation—that is, go through the Highlands, and then publish afterwards a picture of falsehoods, such as Chambers' picture of Scotland; after which the agent is considered as civilized a Saxon as can be.

fixed in chains of darkness under it, could see but a small portion of the savage craft by which they are bound, the impostors who are deluding them would be either forced to adopt the dog's life,* or pack to the spade.

Indeed, the English speech was never written till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was at that period that the black English letters were invented. In like manner the "Doom's Day Book," of which it is said to have had its beginning at the accession of William the Norman, A.D. 1066—it is only a pitiful imitation of the annals of the Four Masters. Its contents are absolutely copied from the Irish Records, and Fordun's Scoto Chronicon; nor are they able to banish from its pages the original Celtic characters, in which James the Sixth, who was the compiler of it, ordered it to be written. It is indeed, the first history of England that was ever written, and is the fruit of James' rage against the celebrated Buchanan, for scourging the English and the family of the Stuarts.

Lastly, for argument sake, may we not here admit the decisive inquiry what was the first written language of England, after the Saxon period. To reason hypothetically is, in other words, to represent a man with his head full of ashes; besides, we all know that the braggart spirit of our opponents has been criminally indulged for such a length of time that nothing short of a severe regimen can have any salutary effect. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary to bring the case at once to the test of truth and experience. In order to do this, it is first proposed to prove that any two languages which can be written with the same number of letters cannot be two different dialects, but one and the same, however far they may differ in name. Thus, Dr. MacHale can write the Milesian Scotie or Celtic with the eighteen letters, used by the original Scots, although the one, by the march of intellect of the nineteenth Century, is denominated "*Erish*," and the other "*Heilands*." It is death for our civilized friends to confess that the Scottish Missionaries first taught them the alphabet, and that these missionaries laboured in their country thirty-five years before the pretended Roman mission came hither. Here then, the question is asked to the point—Do you contend that the Scottish Missionaries taught the Saxons to read and write the Saxon speech? Indeed I do not; but, on

* Hunger and ease.

the contrary, I contend that the Saxon tongue was never written. The Celtic alphabet only consists of seventeen letters.* It is therefore impossible that the Saxon was written with the Celtic alphabet, otherwise they were not different, but one and the same language. True, says the English, but we got our letters from the Romans, not from the Scots, if so, when did you invent the characters impudently called by you Saxon? Besides, you are unable to tell us at what era, or by whom they were formed. But granting that the Romans introduced letters into England about A.D. 670, when Willifride, the Roman missionary, had the dispute with Colman the Evangelist from Iona, that year, at York, which is the first public transaction of Rome, in that country; still the same impossibility is against the Saxon becoming written by these means, for it is decisive, that if the twenty-two letters of the Latin alphabet were adequate to express the genius of the Saxon speech, they could not be different, but one and the same language. But it would be more prudent for the mushrooms with which we are remonstrating, not to annoy the world any longer with their bombast. Take this point into due consideration, and the result will bear us out, by contrasting the tenor of our argument with facts already established beyond the possibility of doubt. Should our friends prefer the alternative, that the Roman missionaries taught the Saxons the knowledge of letters, the next question must be, whether these missionaries taught them only to read and write Latin; or by whom, and at what time that was done by the Romans, after they came hither, is left to themselves to prove; but certain it is, that what is an impossibility for the rest of mankind is to them an easy matter. Such is the marvellous advance of intellectual light of the present age, that the wretched multitude can swallow anything from the ravings of the would-be literary thief, to the gallows tenets of the infidel chartists. Yet it is almost incredible the weakness of these men in their attempts to deceive. Bailey tells us that the English, which was eighteen hundred years ago the ancient British or Welsh, is now a mixture of Teutonic Dutch, Danish Norman, and modern French, embellished with Greek and Latin, yet the same gentleman seems to have forgotten all

* The letter H is but merely an aspirate, and could be very well dispensed with.

this, the next moment, for he immediately thereafter, in his short preface to his *Lexicon*, gravely gives an example of the paternoster, and adds that it was written by Alfred, bishop of Durham, about A.D. 900. Also, Mr. Chambers, of the "*Cyclopædia of English literature of Information for the People*," &c. gives an example or two of Saxon, said to have been written by Alfred; but he is cool enough not to commit himself quite so glaring as Bailey, for he does not tell his readers what Alfred he means. Of course it would not be quite consistent to say that Alfred, bishop of Durham, could write Saxon, A.D. 900, when Alfred, the king of England, who died that year, left on record, on the most positive terms, that there was not a priest in England in his day that understood the liturgy in the mother tongue. Aware of this, Mr. Chambers, like the beadle of Comrie, smells the air to find what kind of weather it is ere he venture past the threshold. It is necessary to do so, for two material reasons—First, to make it appear that he is not himself the Alfred who is the author of the Saxon example on the second page of the "*Cyclopædia*."—Secondly, to insinuate that Alfred, king of England, was a "Saxon writer of that age." But Mr. Chambers should be more explicit, and tell his readers downright what Alfred he means. Should he assert that that king was the author of the said example, he should tell us at the same time who taught him. King Alfred to all appearance was a good man, and no hireling. If it be urged that Bailey should be relied on for the assertion that his sacerdotal Alfred was a Saxon writer, the answer is, that Bailey was a generation behind in presenting his man, for had he been privileged with the light of the nineteenth century, he could write Saxon like Mr. Chalmers, instead of sprinkling the Celtic paternoster with a few letters here and there, and finally vow that it is a fine example of pure Saxon, as we may be sure all the Englishmen in the world are now prepared to do. But still the prayer is intelligible enough to the most illiterate Celt; and for the conscientious and learned of the other party we have nothing to fear from them, they are already aware of the numberless villanies of that kind palmed on the public long before either Chambers or Bailey appeared on the stage of time.

The following is Bailey's paternoster, said to have been written by Alfred, bishop of Durham, A.D. 900:—

"Uren Father thic eortha in heofnas, sic gehalgud† thin noma; to cymeith thin ric, thin pilla sue in heofnas and in eortha; uren hlaƿ ofer pirthe sel us to daeg, and forges us sylða, urna sue pe forgesun sylðgum urna; and no inleað urith in custnug, all urich from ifle. Amen."*

In the above, *to cymeith* is equivalent to *do cumadh*; *thin ric* to *do rioghachd*; *thin pilla* (ancient British) for *do thoil*; and *sue* is a pitiful imitation of *so*; therefore, every Gaul will see at a glance that the sentence is only "do thoil so n' neamh," i.e. "thy will which is done in heaven be it so on earth," &c. My dear youthful friend, perhaps you are somewhat suspicious that rude waggery may break loose when you read "*uren hlaƿ ofer pirthe*," with Bailey's interlineal translation, which is "our loaf superabundant give us." It is vain to look for such phraseology in any other version of the paternoster on the face of the wide world except the English one now before you, forged by Bailey or some other impostor of his race or kindred. All are aware that an Englishman can never be reconciled to anything, unless his "loaf superabundant" is made sure to him. His creed every hour in the twenty-four is the interrogation of Sancho to the Doctor: "What do you think of the huge dish that sinokes so." Here you will observe also, that the Almighty often permits the dire effects of sin to apprehend human rebels in many ways, irrevocable in their progress, as well as direful in their effects. Duly considering the confusion of language, one may discover divine judgment binding rebellious men by their own sinful devices. Hence it is certain that no sooner is the language of any people confounded, than a dark cloud of barbarism is sure to follow; and perhaps in no instance of that terrible providence has matters reached the same height as in Britain for the last three centuries. It can scarcely be conceived how men can be tempted to punish themselves, having nothing for their reward but

*Let worms of the earth tremble. The radix of this awful term is written by Moses, under the unerring guidance of the Holy spirit of God, to shew that our globe is but one pile of fuel. Gen. i. 1., &c. The Hebrew word *ERETS* imports, strictly literal, *FOUNDED ON HEAT*. The Celtic at once grasps at matter after it is formed, and proclaims, *EORTHA*, which is *FIERY CRUST*. The reader is affectionately requested to lend his aid to its preservation.

†*GEHALGUD* is an original Celtic word, compounded of *A DHE*, that is, *THOU GOD*, and *AIL*—THE MOST HIGH; and lastly, *GU DIA*—THE WORD, or *SON OF GOD*, importing at once the Trinity in Unity.

the lash of exposure, from time to time, and that to by the very men which Englishmen hate and fear above all others. But it is certain that our civilized neighbours are doomed to such punishments and to such exposures. The men who would attempt to palm on the world for Saxon the Celtic version of the paternoster now before you, have truly more need of pity than of censure. For example, the term *forgef*, here given by Bailey, is but a pitiful imitation of *foir dhe*—pronounced *foir yæ*. It is so very frequently interspersed in our version of the sacred volume, that one can scarcely conceive how the most brazen impostor could attempt to transform it into unknown barbarity. In almost every psalm occurs, *Foir orm a Dhe*,* that is, *Relieve me, O God*. *Foir orm, a Dhe, mo shlanuig fear*, that is, *Comfort me, O God, my saviour*. It would have been more honourable for them to have written “forgive,” as it is more fashionable than the childish attempt “forgef,” which is in their estimation only somewhat antiquated. But it is in vain for them to take refuge under such cobwebs, as they may rest assured that Scottish forbearance is at an end. The abuse poured on this nation by the hired emissaries of her own apostate sons, who partly instigated, and criminally indulged Johnson, M'Culloch, Scott the fabulist, and the two Chambers, with a host of others, not only to defame the slain martyrs of Jesus Christ, but also the living inhabitants, from time to time during the last century, and to the present day. Such, therefore, have no just reason to complain, though their savage ways and works should now be exposed. But there is yet one term in this juggling version of the paternoster worthy of observation, viz. *cuistnug*. There is something plausible in making Saxon of *foir dhe*, in as much as that the current term “forgive,” is an imitation of it. Assuredly, however, nothing short of the rabid notions peculiar to finished barbarians could for once select this original Celtic phrase for Saxon; and I believe that there is not a classic in Britain, whether they may have the honesty to confess it or not, but is well aware that the term under review is not Saxon, but is, on the contrary, a highly philosophical word of our significant language, teaching the penitent to avoid lewd practices—teaching erring man that the beatings of his pulse are represented by it. It signifies

*Pronounced—Foir orm a yæ.

also that mad current of the blood by which men are deprived of their right reason, by the impulses of lewdness, or the mad rage of ungovernable fury, to destroy the life and property of their neighbours—but particularly the former. It is therefore vain for the hardest impostor to attempt his juggling, so long as the Gael is master of his own speech. The meanest Celt in a cottage can buffet an Oxford scholastic dignitary in matters of this nature. Such an one indeed may be daily licked into new forms by his own kindred, but neither himself nor his inventions can command any attention here, except the good old way of chasing him over the border. Such is the source, therefore, whence Mr. O'Kelly would derive his celebrated authority for proving the miraculous transfiguration of his Forgo; and such is the foundation on which Usher, Cambden, Johnson, M'Culloch, and other calumniators, built their malicious inventions against this kingdom, but more especially against her historians and original professors. However that may be, I think that these few observations are sufficient to shew, that nothing short of barbarous ignorance, hereditary malice, wilful raud and imposition, goaded forward by creeping cowardice, could stimulate our Dublin friend, and the two Chambers, to lean on the rotten fabric, reared by English braggarts, in these instances and many more. It is true, if our opponents could show that the Saxon could be written by the Latin alphabet, it would afford them some relief, in as much as many, for the sake of common courtesy, would not strip them of that barbarous cover; but those who are criminally indulging them in these reveries are only supporting a very bad cause, and an infidel argument, while we are borne out by facts the most incontrovertible. The infidel who will unhesitatingly blaspheme every thing sacred, would often insinuate that the Egyptians or Phœnicians were the inventors of letters, and, consequently, would directly infer that the art of writing was known prior to the time of Moses; but the christian maintains, that though the Hebrew, Coptic, Phœnician, Chaldaic, Ethiopic, Arabic, Syriac, and many more, are one and the same language under different names, yet it is impossible to admit that any of them were written for many ages after Moses wrote his Five Books. This is absolutely certain, from the fact, that the Arabic and Hebrew were at one time the same language. All are

aware that Ishmael was the son of Abraham as well as Isaac. In like manner the six sons of Keturah, his second wife, from whom many of the Arabian tribes are descended, could not have a different language from their father and their elder brother; but yet how notorious the fact, that while the Hebrew is written by twenty-two letters, the Arabic has twenty-eight, and the Coptic or Egyptian has thirty-two. What is the natural inference? Must it not appear beyond doubt that the Coptic and Arabic, in their written character, are but imperfect essays of heathenish bungling, borrowed in after ages from the Pen ateach.* If it is asked, how can it be shown that the Egyptian and Hebrew are the same, the answer is, that it can be proved, that, from the earliest times, Assyria, Canaan, Egypt, and Caldea, spoke the same language. Abraham, who was a native of the latter, understood them alike, both in Egypt and Canaan, so that the student, who will now attempt to acquire them, will find no difficulty in tracing the identity, despite the blundering stupidity of the Egyptian, Chaldean, and Arabic writers.

Just on the same principle the forgers of Saxon examples are detected, and consequently deserve to be exposed. Some may feel disagreeable to make simultaneous attacks on our "nearest neighbours," as many would phrase it; but where were their honesty, decency, or brotherly justice, when they hired that malicious boor, Samuel Johnson, to travel on one purpose to Scotland, in order to defame this nation, without the least provocation on our part; or who can overlook, without committing high treason against God and Man, the atrocities perpetrated for the last thirty-five years in this country? Let the reader but take a survey of the havoc made of our countrymen during that period, beginning with Sutherland, where the work of destruction first commenced. There he will see, in that district, where, about thirty-five years ago, a regiment of 1200 men was raised in a few days, there is now but a few individuals in it. This was the first sacrifice made of our countrymen by English malice, through the agency of the savage house of Sutherland. These unnatural barbarians stood alone for many years in the work of destruction, till their tutors began to improve on the system. The nominal Sutherlands, whose malignant fury to extirpate our race

* The five books of Moses.

and language knows no limits, were deservedly singled out as monsters, while others were quite passive in that horrid work. But there was no difficulty in preparing more new agents. It is certain that the men, now known by the name of Scots,* are made aliens from the womb, and strenuously taught to destroy everything national. Nor can one decide whether they are running faster to the school of the Spanish hell hounds, who cut off fifty millions of the innocent natives in South America, or to the practices of the ancient Amorites, the hereditary customs of their connections South of the Tweed. Leaving Sutherlandshire with only a few individuals of human-kind in it, look next towards Perthshire. The estate of Lawers may be marked down as the next victim of Southron malice. That beautiful track of country, partly situated in the parish of Monievairst, and partly in the parish of Comrie; extending from the northern banks of the Earn to the Cairn Dearg,† a distance of eight miles; once densely peopled, now with only a few shepherds in it. In like manner the district of Bredalbane, immediately adjacent. Notwithstanding the late Marquis, was one of the best of human kind, and who left an imperishable character for charity, benevolence, and sincere affection for his countrymen; no sooner however did he receive the well-done of his Master than the Sutherland school was adopted—the besom of destruction was at once applied—the country was proscribed for desolation—her Majesty's brave, peaceful, and loyal subjects had the alternative of either removing to death or to Canada, or suffer the penalty of getting their houses pulled down or set on fire, according to the will and pleasure of the unnatural barbarians, whose memories will stink while the world stands. Methinks I hear already some mutterings of revenge, by which I am stimulated to state in addition, that no later than the year 1849, in the district of Easdale, the christian population in that island was attacked by the same brutal fury—their peat stacks were set on fire, in order to starve them from want of fuel, and so exile them; but their enemies finding that the love of their country was interwoven with their very existence, an edict was passed, so Nero like, that genera-

* I mean the Highland Land-holders.

† The range of hills which forms the boundary between Bredalbane and Strathearn in that direction.

tions to come must view it with horror, and which enacted that all the young men who served their lawful term of apprenticeship in the slate work there, were ordered to leave their aged parents and their homes; by which we know that in a few days upwards of one hundred fine young men were driven into exile, and dared to return under the penalty of extirpating their aged parents in like manner. So far the Sutherland school of extirpation is in full practice on the Bredalbane estate everywhere. Next comes the district of Stonefield. Here again the iniquitous practice of desolation is carried out with all the rigour that savage brutality can suggest; the brave, peaceful, and christian natives are extirpated without mercy: those lands which their fathers defended from the beginning of their race in Scotland, much above two thousand years ago, till the battle of Waterloo, are desolate, without scarcely an inhabitant of our race there to whom the soil justly belongs. The same atrocities were carried on in Kintyre for many years, till now very few of the original inhabitants are left to tell the tale of destruction. Meanwhile, the simple aliens, who are transplanted in their place, are flying off every year, leaving their earthly all to the vicious harpies, whose trade it is to decoy them there, in order to rob them of their gear, under promises of cheap lands, but in reality to seize every farthing which these misguided vagrants possess. Hence let others take warning, that these mongrels called Highland landlords are dangerous beings. Just look at the face of forlorn desolate Caledonia, and ask yourself where are the miscreants who almost desolated our country, and reduced its inhabitants to their present melancholy condition; and what is the cause of all this? what is the reason that the once populous Sutherland is now a complete desert, together with the adjacent counties throughout the whole extent of the Highlands and Islands? In the face of these melancholy facts, it is maliciously reported that the inhabitants are lazy, &c., and therefore they must be extirpated. But how is this to be reconciled with the notorious truth, that instead of better cultivation, the half of Scotland is turned into a perfect desolation, almost without an inhabitant. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is true that the pretended proprietors are taught from the womb to do so. It is a fact, that no sooner is he born—which is very seldom the case on his own soil—whenever he is ushered into the world he

is carried off soul and body to the "country of his dear mamma," where she was instructed all her life by her "civilized" relatives to hate and extirpate everything Celtic. Look now at young MacGowlish under her tuition. The first step of his education must be his articulating E-England! E-England!! E-England!!! Next his papa, who is doomed to be the last of the MacGowlishes, is led into all the civilization in London, where he may live up to the highest standard of the Amoritish practices there, so that in a very short time he is in the possession of a score or two of concubines. At this stage, however, he is confirmed that not only God has forsaken the earth, but that MacGowlish need not fear anything but the gallows—in all which he is greatly mistaken. His dearie pledged herself to her kindred, ere she had anything to do with him, that she would finish him, or, at the outstretch, her darling boy, which she is pleased to call his son according to fashion only; if he is white he must be so. Be that as it may, he is educated in all the civilization of England. He is first torn from his parents and cast on the lap of some savage being of the same race of which his mamma is one—a system in itself abominable as it is unnatural. You are not to think that it is any pleasure to me to speak of matters of this nature in plain terms, but the truth must be told in plain terms, without the least regard to the belchings of savages. Perhaps there is no invention peculiar to the cattle of which we are now speaking more detestable than the one just now mentioned. A child cast from the mother to a strange woman, must, in the nature of the thing, partake of the disposition of its nurse, as much as of its parents, so that he cannot miss being a compound monster before he is able to live. This is the first stage of pollution peculiar to English civilization. Next comes his enlightened education of the marvellous growth of the nineteenth century. At this stage he is placed under some hungry harpie, who is by no means ignorant that Mr. and Mrs. MacGowlish are implacable barbarous creatures, and that it would be as safe for him to provoke a tiger in his den as ruffle the temperment of either; therefore, should he attempt in the least to disciple his pupil, the young Indian will fume and get black in the face; consequently mamma is ready to second him, not forgetting to whisper daily in his ear that England is the most christian country in the world; and that, on the contrary, though she is under the

necessity to call him MacGowlish he is not to mind that, but must know that the Scots are savages and fanatics—that christian civilized England alone must be his country now and for ever, where a man may take his brother's wife, his niece, or anybody else ; and that though a gentleman may keep whole flocks of concubines, they have nothing to do but get themselves thoroughly drilled to perform the theatrical evolutions at the sound of the organ, and then desolate the Highlands ; next hire rascals to defame Scotland ; and, lastly, call yourself MacGowlish to look somewhat like common humanity at present ; “but the d——l and Barabbas take me if you will deviate one hair breadth from these most christian instructions, only cherished and taught in glorious England alone.” Moreover, hide the history of Scotland : also, beware that at the close of the French war in 1815, when the sword of France was sheathed, and when that could be made no longer a pretence to levy whole regiments in the Highlands to extirpate the inhabitants, then it was that the felon club was instituted, which sent emissaries through every district of that country, under the pretence of teaching the nation the Gaelic language, whereas the real intention was to conceal the atrocious design of extirpating both the brave Gael and their language. To this purpose, the hue and cry was raised everywhere, “spiritual destitution in the Highlands,” by which the public were diverted from observing the wicked designs of the miscreants who were destroying them ; but still it was found necessary to sell them at the dearest rate ere they would part with them—that was the spiritual destitution to be supplied. While the felon landlords, beagles, and factors were going hand in hand in the work of destruction, the sons of perdition in Edinburgh were defaming the victims as ignorant and needful of instruction, and by these means robbing and deceiving the unsuspecting public, who were perfectly ignorant of the extent of the devastation ; so that by these diabolical inventions, the brave original Scots have been extirpated at the rate of 2000 per annum, for the last thirty-five years ; and, marvellous to tell, the deadly thirst of revenge imbibed in their brutal persecutors seems to gain strength yearly. Another feature of the English character is involved in this lamentable narrative of the destruction of our race and language in Scotland, which is the implacable revenge peculiar to these English women by which our utter ruin was completed. In every instance

where they came commenced destruction, as we have related. But some would think, despite their instructions to destroy the native Gael, that the ties of nature might bind them from undoing the young MacSlaivers, (their own,) at least after instructing them in all the civilization of England—but no. No sooner is the ground cleared of the inhabitants, than the next onset is directed against her husband and her own offspring. Many instances of this might be pointed out, but let desolate Scotland bear witness to it. These cursed messengers who completed our destruction, are dead to every natural feeling by which the rest of human kind are restrained from savage violence. In instances not a few, however, where there are families before the compass is espoused, such may look out for the destruction of their lives, or, to say the least of it, a supper, that will doom them to a lunatic assylum. But still she is so amiable and civilized; so quite different from the barbarons Scots. Or if the good providence of God may in mercy save their bodies from the accursed *imp*, whose instruction it is to undo them, her next attempt is sure to carry. Her *Caffre* husband, already more than half brutalized by English practices, will, at her instigation, join with her to ruin his heirs. Here she will instruct him in a course of wholesale robbery, by cajoling the heir to sign bonds, and after so doing these bonds are forged on a new and extensive scale—the signature of the heir is counterfeited, by which monstrous sums are raised; meanwhile the vagabond is pocketing the plunder, in order that the forfeited estates may be bought by her relatives, and so dispossess the innocent victim, who had never done her any wrong. Scotland has to lament many such cases, some of which are indeed so notorious, that the meanest capacity cannot mistake the portrait here presented, though we cannot condescend to name the bride who perpetrated these deeds of current notoriety. But we are bound to love the exiled victims, and do sincerely pray that the good God may confound their enemies. Such are some of the reasons for which we should not speak aught against “our nearest neighbours.” The only answer to that villan subterfuge should be, that the brutality of these enemies of our race should be restrained—that they should be directly compelled to desist. All should enquire, is it lawful to burn any man’s house? Most assuredly not. For example—If any one of his neighbours would go to Taymouth Castle with a burn-

ing peat in his hand, and order the Marquis of that ilk to depart—order him at once to go to Canada or to the d —l ; and, should he complain, tell him that Loch Tay was deep enough for him, the man would be at once seized as a felon not fit to live—the law, the law, the precious law, would seize and punish him accordingly ; he would be branded too as an incendiary, &c. Hence, it must naturally follow, that if the law regards house burning as a crime, how is it that factors and their brutal guides are exempted ? how is it that none of the savages implicated in the Sutherland devastations, or those implicated in the burning of the peat stacks at Easdale in 1849 were apprehended, and brought to trial, and sentenced by a jury of their countrymen ? These are the questions which ought to raise the spirit of this nation to enquire where is there a law to authorise the brutal mongrels, known by the name of Highland landlords, to pull down houses occupied by her Majesty's true and sincere friends, or otherwise burn them about them, and so turn them and their little ones to seek shelter where they may, and yet, while they are in the very act of perpetrating these gallows deeds, face about and tell the British public that it is lawful to do so.

But how it is lawful for one man to perpetrate deeds which are gallows crimes for others to commit, is now, at length, left for the public to decide. I know the fatal notion, so industriously circulated for some years back, may be cast in our teeth—that now law and order is established, and the feudal practices are for ever abolished. The answer is—barbarians of the present day may talk as their slavish condition will force them ; but it should be made known, for the preservation of mankind, that it is absolute felony, on the part of these mongrels known by the name of Highland landlords, to assert that these lands belonged to their fathers, or to themselves. The same apostacy which hired the boorish Johnson to make his toper in this country in order to defame it, that these Angeliced apostates might, through his evil report, get themselves exempted from the income tax with which they were then threatened ; so now, on the same principle, they have prevailed to deceive the public, who have a right to punish them for the desolations and death brought on the brave Gael by the offspring of the robbers and thieves who seized the soil of Caledonia after the battle of Culloden, as if these lands belonged to them

and not to the free people who possessed them, and whose hired servants these chiefs were. It should be known to all, therefore, that none of the Highland chiefs, before 1746, had any right whatever to the soil on which they resided; neither had they as much power as that they could choose sites whereon to build their mansion, without the consent of the free people over whom they presided. They were only the nominal heads of the people.

I must now, for the sake of brevity, abridge the most noted transactions of the following catalogue of our monarchs. I only intend to give, in this place, the names of all those who was buried in Incolmkill, between A.D. 404 and 1040. I have access to various authentic sources for that purpose, but, I think, the order followed by the immortal M'Lean, in his historical account of Iona, quite sufficient. He abridged his sketch from John Monniepennie's Chronicle, only many of the dates are incorrect—which must not be attributed to the affectionate author, but to typographical errors; besides, it will be, I think, found necessary to extend the following biographical sketches as wide as our limits can admit.

A.D. 421, Eugene II., the son of Fergus, ascended the Scottish throne, under the guidance of the valiant Graham, his maternal grandfather, at which crisis, the kingdom was reduced to the brink of despair. He made a bold effort to muster a new army to attack the Romans and Britons, but he found that the nation was so weakened, in consequence of their late disaster, that he could not take the field, and so contented himself, in alliance with the Picts, to defend the frontier. After some desperate engagements, however, the Romans and Britons forced the Scots and Picts to abandon much of their respective territories south of the friths of the Forth and Clyde; by which invasion the Roman empire was once more extended to its bounds, in the reign of Severus. Thus it will appear that the Pictish kingdom was entirely overrun. You will ask, what were the bounds of the Scottish territories in those days? The line of boundary of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms was fixed between Dumbarton and the Bay of Cardross, on the northern bank of the Clyde. The fortress of Dumbarton was always disputed. Both nations held it alternately, so that the line of boundary was generally fixed at the Bay of Cardross; from thence, it ran, in a northerly direction, to Drymen in Stirlingshire. That

village is just in the march. From that, it ran between Doune and Dumblane, keeping the northern hills on the south border of Strathearn, and running directly parallel with the river Earn through the town of Crieff, in those days called **DUNCREI**, from a fortress at that time on the rock of *Tom a Chasteil*,* immediately adjacent where now stands the monument of the late heroic general, Sir David Baird. From Crieff, the territorial line followed its course a little south of the present house of Monzie. From that it ran in a direct line to Dunkeld—that ancient city, however, is on the Caledonian side of it. From thence it ran through the domains of the Ogilvies, by the castle of Airly, which is in the Pictish kingdom. From that it followed by Aboyne castle, which is also in Picti; but Invercauld, immediately adjacent, is on the Caledonian side of the boundary. From that it strikes through the lands of the Gordons, by Glen Livet, and runs through the river Spey at Ballandalloch, and from thence reaches the Moray Frith at Nairn; so that the whole of Dumbartonshire was in Caledonia, together with the highlands of Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Moray, Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, Argyle and Bute. These are indeed the bounds of Caledonia Proper, which district, including its islands and mainland, is the largest half of Scotland. Within its very narrow limits the Scots and Picts were forced to take shelter, by the victorious arms of the Romans, about the third year of the reign of king Eugene, or A.D. 424. The Romans, who committed inhuman enormities on this occasion, only provoked the Scottish monarch to retaliate. Notwithstanding the prodigious labour with which they and the Britons repaired the wall of Severus—which was thirty miles long, eight feet broad, and twelve feet high, fortified by castles, the last of which is still extant in the ruins of Dunglass, on the northern bank of the Clyde—king Eugene, in the seventh year of his reign, attacked this strong barrier, which the Scots carried by storm, and entered the country of the Britons, carrying devastation and death in their tract. The valiant Graham, who now, as formerly, was General of the Scottish forces, gave the Romans and Britons battle, and was victorious—15,000 of the latter were slain, and 4000 of the Scots. This decisive stroke so

* Literally—The Fortress Bush.

weakened the Roman power that they declared the Britons free ; and, after exhorting them to arm in their own defence, withdrew their forces to defend the dying empire, which brought terrible calamities on the Britons from the hostile nations of Scotland and Picti, who ravaged their country in a terrible manner. Meanwhile, the Britons, in despair, assembled a general council of their nation, to devise measures to avert the utter destruction with which they were threatened. After the Scots and Picts were tired of ravaging and preying on their country, however, many of the Irish, encouraged by their calamities plundered the coasts ; so that now only one alternative was left them, which was to buy a peace on any terms, and which they happily obtained beyond their expectation. The Picts, who were their nearest neighbours, fixed the line of boundary at Newcastle, or, in short, at the wall of Adrian—which truce was ratified A.D. 430. Consequently a short calm succeeded. But the miseries of the Britons began to assail them from causes which no human agency could avert. Continually harassed by the raids of the Irish they had little respite ; in addition to which misfortune, a general famine began to rage in their country, so that multitudes perished for want of food. To so low a condition did this calamity reduce them, that their best soldiers surrendered themselves to the Irish marauders to save their lives from death by hunger. Thus they, the unfortunate Britons, seemed devoted to destruction ; at which crisis the remainder began to creep out of their holes, in which they were hid from the fury of the Irish ravagers, who, in addition to the famine, reduced them to seek shelter in dens and caves. These, however, compelled by their miseries, began to muster, so that in a very short time a considerable force was collected, who resolved to redeem their country or perish in the attempt. They on a sudden attacked their plunderers, and unexpectedly cut off many of the straggling parties, who were quite off their guard ; so that at last taking courage they furiously attacked the Irish in a general engagement, and drove them out of the country with great loss. But no sooner was this calamity averted than another, manifold worse, threatened the distressed Britons. Eugene, the Scottish king, on some pretence, sought to quarrel with them. Some would assert that his grandfather, the renowned Graham, was a South Briton, though he was the grandfather of Eugene, and always general of the Scottish

forces under him and his father Fergus II., and that when he died, that his grandson, king Eugene, demanded from the Britons the lands which belonged to him, but that they refused, for which reason the king of Scots proclaimed war, &c. Thus far the perverters of Buchanan's history interpolated that arrant fable, which that righteous man never wrote. But where were their eyes, when they left themselves open to detection, by not picking out what Buchanan in truth states to have been the real cause by which Eugene was instigated to attack the ill-fated Britons. After portraying in vivid colours their distressed condition under the famine and the ravages of the Irish, the historian winds up his description in these words:—"That the Britons were necessitated to come out of the dens and caves to scatter the troops of the plunderers, and that they drove the Irish back to the sea, and compelled them to abandon the country. That mischief was no sooner removed, but a calamity nearer hand began to press upon them. The Scots and Picts, their eternal enemies, were not contented to drive preys from them by stealth, but watched an opportunity to attempt greater matters. For Eugenius, the son of Fergus, who till that time had lain under the tutorage of another,* his strength being increased by a long peace, and his army much augmented by a list of young soldiers flocking to him, desired to show himself." So far Buchanan in truth describes the cause of Eugene's war on the Britons, without his once mentioning Graham as one of them—therefore the fable must be attributed to the perverters of his history; besides, Nicholas, who wrote 123 years ago, confirms in accordance with our annalists, as was already noticed, that he was undoubtedly a Scot of noble descent, &c.† How ridiculous the assertion, that Graham, who was the perpetual scourge of the Britons for thirty years, could claim lands in that country, and yet that he did not take possession of them after the whole kingdom was open to him at the head of his victorious troops again and again. But the above fable, interpolated in Buchanan's history, is replete with malignity and cunning, therefore, it should be detested. It is farther certain, that he lived and died in Scotland; and that after the conclusion of the above treaty with the Britons, Graham still acted as regent of the kingdom, and divided the country under the

* Graham was Regent.

† See his Scottish Peerage.

names which many districts of it still retain, such as Ross, Caithness, Lochaber, Lennox, &c., &c. And farther, that he encouraged the clergy to strenuous exertions to evangelize the people, and even restored many of them which were in exile during the distress by the invasion of the Britons and Romans. He also enacted laws to protect them, which provided that their maintenance was secured from the produce of the soil, and that they should have an annual income of the same; after which he fortified the marches with watch towers, to prevent sudden incursions, and shortly thereafter he died, about A.D. 431-2, and was buried at Falkirk as aforesaid, leaving an imperishable name, not only by his own great actions, but the male line direct from his person is still preserved in the family of Montrose with its branches, for 1447 years, which is in itself a very singular fact. After his death, Eugene, left to his own guidance, intimated to the poor Britons his intentions of invasion. Meanwhile, they adverted to their former method of buying peace by money, while at the same time they made vigorous preparations to defy the enemy, should he attack them with wanton cruelty, as that was beyond doubt his intentions, aware of their real designs to fight at all hazards. Eugene, in alliance with the Picts, demanded by his ambassadors full possession of the Briton's territories, which extorted from the latter, not submission as the Scots expected, but, on the contrary, they dared him to do his worst. Here we may see a chain of wonderful providences. The South British branch of our race not only assisted the Romans against the Scots for many centuries—though the latter always invited them to join them, so that they might by these means cast off the iron yoke of their conquerors—but they, either unable or unwilling, could not be advised—they took the strongest side, and left their brethren of the north to defend their liberty through streams of blood; who, though their country was ravaged again and again, maintained their independence, as their love of liberty was bound up with their existence, and so it fares with their descendants to the present hour. On the other hand, the South Britons, though of the same race, were for many centuries broken down under the Roman yoke, drank in the abominable dregs of servitude, so that as men, they knew no higher motives for war or peace, but under the one to act as cruel as they could, and while under the other, they cherished the vices of their

implacable Roman taskmasters. At this crisis of their history they were without either friends or natural valour, therefore doomed to destruction. Their atrocious deeds after the battle of Mundi, together with the wars which followed under Fergus the Second, and in the reign of which we are treating; but, in particular, their last invasion of the Scottish territories, must have been the cause of the destructive rancour cherished by Eugene on this occasion. He would therefore grant them no conditions but to surrender their earthly all, so that both sides were at the last extremity of the offensive and defensive. While matters were in this sad posture, the united armies of the Scots and Picts entered the country of the Britons, where, for a very short time, they committed excessive enormities. The latter, enraged in the last degree, between the torturing forebodings of utter annihilation and the effects of the evil deeds of their ravaging invaders, marched to meet the confederates. Probably no description can express the mental state of both nations like the literal translation of a passage illustrative of it from the Latin of the righteous Buchanan. He says :—"In this posture of affairs and temper of spirit, when both parties came in sight of one another, such a sharp fight commenced between them, as the inhabitants of Britain had never seen before." The Britons commenced the battle with great resolution, and directed their hottest charges against the Picts, who were placed in the centre, led by their king in person. Both armies maintained their ground with astonishing obstinacy; nor does it appear that either had any cavalry. The Britons were armed with swords, bows, and battle axes, and when they came to close fight with the enemy they proved that they were not inferior to them in the use of these weapons, so that victory seemed to decide for them, as at this crisis the main body of the Picts were cut to pieces, and the right wing of the Scots seemed to share the same fate, when Eugene armed the baggage men, which he joined with his own guards, and at the head of this body he charged the Britons with the utmost fury. Meanwhile, the remaining Scots, who were already in the heat of the action, summoned their remaining strength, and followed up the advantage so unexpectedly, that the Britons, no longer able to maintain the struggle, fled in the utmost terror. Meanwhile, the victors pursued them with such vigour that they were compelled to fly through an adjacent

morass immediately in the rear, where multitudes of them perished, who were cut down by their hard enemies. This terrible battle seems to have settled the Scots and Picts considerably; but still the condition of the unfortunate Britons was deplorable. Our historians relates its effects in substance as follows:—"That the Britons in despair pleaded for peace with great humility. That the allied kings dictated, as the substance of their terms, that the Britons should never more send for aid to the Romans or any other foreign auxiliaries, and that they would expel such if they would volunteer their services; and that the Scots and Picts would defend them from any foreign aggression which might befall them in consequence of the said neutrality on the part of the Britons; and that they were to surrender the whole of their country north of the Humber and pay a certain sum of money yearly; also, that an hundred hostages of their principal men should be given, the selection of which was entirely left to the choice of the confederates*"

But these chains did not bind the Britons long; they only submitted till the horrors of their late disaster partly subsided. Some very honest historians would maintain that they bore the yoke for several years—but of that there is no great certainty. It is far more authentic, that they secretly brought one Constantine from Brittany, who was an exile in that country for some reason absolutely unknown. Constantine was a Briton, and also a nobleman of great talents, so that his countrymen could not have made a better choice, if human agency was of any avail to avert their doom. No sooner was he crowned than he turned his attention to the deplorable state of his kingdom, tottering on the brink of ruin; nor does it appear that the allied kings had any aversion to these proceedings on the part of the Britons. Our historians merely mention the leading facts, but not particulars; and they also add, that the country of the Britons, at his accession, was inundated with "murderers and robbers—discord and violence;" moreover, that this excellent monarch was always inclined to peace; that at last, after a reign of ten years, Vortigern, a British nobleman, and one of the vilest cowards and murderers that ever existed, assassinated Constantine, and seized the throne, about

* Buchanan.

A.D. 446; and that the utter ruin of the Britons was accelerated more under his peaceful reign than under the former horrors of war and ravage. That during the ten years of his reign the country produced abundant crops, and that consequently luxury spread its baneful effects—whoredom and drunkenness, with their attendant evils. Truth and sincerity were so far from being anywhere found, that equity, the performance of promises or good discipline, were not only subjects of scorn and laughter among the rabble, but also among the monks and those who professed a religious life. But while they were thus immersed in vice and its horrid consequences, their head was murdered by the vile Vortigern, which sad event brought on them the vengeance of the Scottish lion when they least expected it. Detesting Vortigern, and justly provoked at the atrocious murder of the good king Constantine, the Scots and Picts mustered a powerful army, at the head of which their respective kings entered the country of the Britons, resolved to annihilate them. The wretched assassin made some show of resistance, but the allies overran the country as it were without opposition, carrying devastation and death in their tract, so that in a very short time they stripped the murderer of all his dominions, except what is now the principality of Wales and the province of Kent. It was in this terrible extremity that the Britons, for the third time, applied to the Romans for assistance. Their own words in that embassy are a lasting monument of their unparalleled distress. Their address is directed to Etius, the last of the Roman heroes, who was at that time in Gaul wrestling for the preservation of the empire against the terrible Attila the Hun, surnamed the scourge of God. The Britons implored his assistance in terms never to be forgotten: “The barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea beats us back upon the barbarians;* we have no choice but one of these two kinds of death, either to be killed or drowned.” Such was the extremity to which the Britons were reduced by the Scots and Picts when they applied to the celebrated Etius, the Roman Consul, for aid. It would be unpardonable to pass this noted hero without saying something as a tribute of honour to his memory. Attila the Hun, of lasting notoriety, historically known by the above title, ravaged the

* Observe that they borrowed this manner of speech from the Romans.

eastern provinces of the empire, sparing nothing sacred nor common. Myriads of the Roman subjects were slaughtered by him; so that at the crisis just mentioned he entered Gaul at the head of 400,000 men, where he proclaimed himself king of the Huns, Vandals, Franks, Gepidæ, &c. Meanwhile the heroic Etius, by extraordinary exertions, levied an army of 250,000 men, at the head of which he hastened into Gaul to fight the Scourge. Both armies met on the plains of Chalons. Here you will observe that the Roman army consisted only of raw recruits, gleaned out of the broken provinces of the empire, all except 80,000 veterans, which was indeed the last regular force that the once iron mistress of the world brought into the field. By the admirable arrangements of the troops, devised by the lion-hearted Roman, he defied the utmost efforts of the Scourge for a whole day. The slaughter was prodigious, beyond almost anything on the page of history. Very honest historians have handed down to us some of the terrors of that day. They tell us that the torrent of blood swelled a rivulet on the field of battle so high, that some of the slain were carried with the flood for some distance below the scene of action into the adjacent fields. *Alas for fallen human nature!* It is presumed that there is nothing incredible in this horrible picture of that scene, when we know for certain that Atilla lost 200,000 of his best troops, and the Roman hero 106,000, the majority of which perished before his veterans were brought into action. Here we may see what kind of men our Caledonian ancestors were, who defied those iron teeth of the fourth beast* for near five centuries. The amazing courage and discipline of the Roman armies were never equalled on earth; neither is there any other event in the history of that wonderful people, in their numberless military achievements, more conspicuous than this. Those 80,000 regular troops sustained the fury of Atilla's bloody host after the raw levies were hewed down by the overwhelming masses of the barbarians, and defied the most noted enemy of human kind in the age in which he lived, and also humbled him. When the shades of night put a stop to the horrid contest, the Scourge found that more than the one half of his army was lost, he fortified his camp to the

* Dan. vii. 7 signifies the Roman armies.

utmost; after which he ordered a pile of the military waggons and other burning materials to be set in the centre of it, and took a solemn oath of his officers, that if the Romans would defeat them on the ensuing day, to tie him on the said pile, and burn him, so as that he would not survive the anticipated defeat. But matters proved quite otherwise. Etius wisely withdrew, which afforded the Scourge an opportunity of doing the same. Such was the fearful state of the Roman empire when the Britons made their last appeal for succour against the Scots and Picts. The abandoned Vortigern, seeing all hope of Roman aid lost for ever, devised another stratagem, only worthy of such a wicked man. About a century previous to the period of which we are treating, whole gangs of those strange vagrants, now generally called gipsies, began to infest the eastern parts of the Roman empire. Their savage manner of living, unknown language, and untameable nature, rendered them at first a matter of curiosity. They gradually found their way into Germany, where they became formidable, dwelling in woods and desert places. At last a general abhorrence at their savage manner of living compelled them to disperse, so that many of them formed themselves into formidable gangs of robbers by sea and land. Here we must lay open the insolent pretence, that the robber Hengist, who joined Vortigern about A.D. 449, was a German; and that there was a warlike nation in that country known by the name of Saxons, and that he was one of them, a number of which followed Hengist into England. History indeed proves the fact, that one Hengist, a notorious gipsy robber, came to England at the desire of Vortigern; but it is quite another matter that he was a German, and that he joined Vortigern, and that by their united forces they drove the Scots and Picts beyond the wall of Adrian, or, in other words, as far north as Newcastle, or thereabout. It is notorious, and we are very sorry for it, that this gross falsehood is strenuously circulated, and put into the hands of Scottish children, in order to make them heartless slaves. But let the impostors who are vending these pollutions answer the objection cast in their teeth in our last number, viz., where did Englishmen get all this knowledge about themselves, when it is already proved, that, for near three centuries after these gipsy gangs entered England they had not the slightest knowledge of anything earthly but

savage war and their idols? It is, indeed, with some reluctance that we again turn to this subject, but our neighbours must know that the malicious scurrilities of Churchill, with those of M'Culloch and the boorish Johnson, are not quite forgotten. But when Scotland is inundated by their vices, and Caledonia a desert, through the instrumentality of her own apostate nominal sons—when all this is accomplished, they would now gull the world by speaking well of us, of which we have lately seen some notorious instances, but, in particular, a paragraph that the journals seemed delighted to exhibit, said to have been penned by one Miss Strickland. According to this lady, the Scottish character stands very high; but she may spare herself the trouble of offering us what will not be accepted, for if we exist as a nation, no thanks to her country; and if we are not like the old Canaanites or the Babylonians, it is just because that there is a poor despised remnant here, who are not as yet brutalized after the manner of England's treacherous allies, our enemies, the Highland landholders.

In like manner, Sir E. Bulwer made some attempt lately at New York to speak favourably of us; but he would do well to keep his blasted freaks to himself, for he may rest assured that every Scotchman, worthy of the name, is well aware that such attempts are peculiar to Englishmen, or in other words, that Sir E. Bulwer's blandishments bespeak deep alarm; that Scottish forbearance is at an end; and that no branch of the human family are so distinguished for low flattery as the English are, when they cannot help it. Yes, truly, it is a noted feature in their national character to creep on their four like a fractious hound under the lash of its keeper, so that common humanity must shrink from inflicting due punishment on them for their endless malice and perfidy; but they should not be spared in that case, in proof of which I now appeal to the consciences of every man in this ruined kingdom, did they ever show a ray of mercy to any of our countrymen when they got some slight advantages over us? No. So that at the very moment that you hear them speaking well of you, they are only on their bellies preparing for the death spring; and if once they may get that hold, neither time nor circumstances—neither religion nor treaties—nor yet blood consanguinity, will for once move them to spare their victims till there is no more to destroy; neither will they spare their savage tools who desolated our country

when their purpose is accomplished, nothing of the kind. But to return to our subject, the bravado, "that a mighty host of Saxons came from Germany, which performed marvels in many battles against the Scots and Picts." But what do they know about these affairs? Aye, ask them if our historians are explicit on this point. They tell us that the pirate Hengist, as might be expected, came at the instigation of the infamous Vortigern, not with a mighty host as is falsely asserted, but only what manned three gallies. It is said further by English writers, that he received lands for his services, but of this there is no certainty; nor yet that he or any of his followers performed any thing worthy of notice, nor yet what way he ended his life; neither was the name Saxon heard of for many ages after these events, and is only a mysterious gipsy term of a very modern date. But there was another tribe of the Oriental Faas* about this time got a footing in England, these were the Angles, or, as the term signifies in plain English, necromancers or mountebanks. They took the field under Vortigern, and fought for the Britons against the Scots and Picts, but as to their success there is absolute uncertainty. But it is more to our purpose to state the fact, that the valiant Eugene finished his mortal career after reigning 32 years, and was buried in Icollunkil, A.D. 452, and was succeeded by his brother, Dongardus, the forty-second king of Scotland. This brave and pious monarch combined at once in his person all the best qualities of his predecessor, without his fiery temperment. He always supported a well disciplined army to meet any unexpected emergency which might occur. There was peace during his reign. The Britons had enough to do in their wrestling with the Angles, who no sooner got footing in the country, than they turned the besom of extirpation on the doomed wretches who brought them, so that Scotland had no wars for sometime. Dongardus was a distinguished patron of learning. The three noted pillars, Servanus, Ninian, and Kentigern flourished in this kingdom at that time, and were also natives. Much about the same time, the pelagian heresy began to spread to an alarming extent. The king opposed it vigorously by abridging the gaudy pomp of the clergy, and ordered that the primitive mode of worship in its simplicity should be

* The common Scottish name for the gipsies.

adopted. But while Scotland was thus prospering, the gory hand of civil war extended its ghastly sway over the doomed Britons. The detestable Vortigern was dethroned by his own son, Vortimer, who was elected king by the unanimous voice of the nation. This monarch resolved at once to expel the Angles, but finding the nation greatly weakened; he formed an alliance with the Scots and Picts, so as to render himself more formidable to the barbarians; but, unfortunately for him, the good king of Scotland died in the fifth year of his reign, A.D. 457, and was buried in Icollumkil. In the common course of Scottish Annals, he is Latinized Dongardus, which is very near the original Celtic in which it was first written, *i.e.* Don-Gairid; a very significant name. Donn imports his brown hair; Gairid signifies that he was low of stature but stout built. By his untimely death the throne was left vacant for his youngest brother.

Constantine I., the forty-third king of Scotland, notwithstanding the excellent examples of his two brothers, this monster of vice was scarcely in possession of the regal dignity when he gave fearful proofs that his private life only served as a nurse for his profligacy. His palace was the infamous haunt of buffoons and vagabonds of every grade. Ancient Dunstaffnage, where virtue and bravery were adorned by many of his predecessors, was an unclean cage for the enormous vices of this monster and his parasites, so that here we may find an example of fallen human nature of the lowest order; but, at the same time, never was the national character marked with more noble traits of that independence peculiar to our race in all ages. Not only did the nobles revolt against him, but the people also mustered, fully resolved to bring him to condign punishment. They were prevented by the Thane of Galloway, not because that he connived with the king, but from fear of giving such indulgence to the masses, who might in future repeat the ordeal in an improper manner. At last his wicked practices became so unbounded, that, among many others, he ravished the daughter of MacConn of the Isles, or one of the ancestors of the family of M'Donald, who in return slew him, to the great joy of the nation. He was buried in Icollumkil A.D. 479, after a wicked reign of 22 years.

Congall I., the forty-fourth king of Scotland, ascended the throne at a crisis when the nation was in a deplorable

condition from the effects of the mal-administration of his abandoned predecessor. Congall was absolutely averse to war from wise motives, and notwithstanding the flatteries of the leading men, he obstinately refused. He, with singular perseverance, aimed at the reformation of the masses by his own example, and by mild persuasion where his admonitions were of avail; but if the guilty proved obstinate they found in him an inexorable judge. It was during this reign that the Angles first took the field against the Scots. Both sides maintained a predatory warfare as opportunities occurred. The Scotch kept possession of Westmoreland, and harassed the Angles by their incursions, and vexed them in this way, without a single decisive battle, so that nothing remarkable of that kind happened during the reign of Congall. Contemporary with this good king was Merlin the poet, and Gildas the historian—both natives of Dumbarton. Congall continued a steady reformer till his death, which happened A.D. 501, after a reign of 22 years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

He was succeeded by Conran, his brother, the forty-fifth king of Scotland. This monarch was remarkable for his equity in dispensing justice, and his conscientious opposition to the barbarous Angles. At his remonstrance, Lothus, king of the Picts, broke his alliance with these savages. Conran expostulated with the Pictish monarch in terms at once worthy of a christian, a Scot, and a king: "That he, Lothus, should, first of all, have the utmost care of his own and of his, which was nothing but the same country; and especially as both nation were christians and the Angles barbarous idolaters; that the Pictish monarch was mad on his own destruction if he put any confidence in the faith of the Angles; that they merely made a tool of him for the present to destroy the Scots and Britons: that he was aware that the Angles were treacherous, inhuman, and cruel; and that it was sufficiently notorious how little they regarded leagues or the law of nations, when they murdered the nobility of the Britons in one day, after the most friendly invitation to meet them in a public conference; and that the sacred ties of leagues, which, amongst other nations, are accounted the firmest bonds of union, only served the Angles as a snare to catch the simple and unwary in. To what purpose was it to run so many hazards to themselves from the tyranny of the Romans, if they must of their

own accord give themselves up to the base servitude of the heathens; besides, this was not to alter their condition for the better, but only to prefer a blood thirsty enemy to their own countrymen, who only differed from them simply by a political division of the same soil of which they were all natives; and that the present position of the Picts was criminal in the extreme, by giving their support to the piratical Angles, the common enemies of mankind—the wicked tyrants—the enemies of humanity and of piety, armed with malice against God and his law.” Such is the tenor of the remonstrances delivered by the good king of Scotland, to Lothus, king of the Picts, which shows that he was a judicious christian; and that the English character was no better in the beginning of the sixth century than it is in 1850, neither was it worse. The Pictish monarch at once broke the alliance with the barbarians, and renewed the ancient league with the Scots. Meanwhile the Britons were not slow in joining the confederacy. It was at this time that the celebrated Arthur completely subdued the Angles, and made them tributaries by the assistance of the Scots and Picts; but shortly thereafter they revolted—the confederates again attacked them, and a bloody battle was fought, when the Angles were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The Scottish army was commanded by Congallus, a prince of the blood royal. Our historians assures us that a destructive war raged between the Britons and the Angles for many years during this reign, and that the Scots were in close alliance with the Britons till the death of Conran, A.D. 535. He reigned 34 years and was buried in Icollumkil.

Eugene III., the forty-sixth king. It is difficult to define the character of this monarch. Our annalists are very suspicious that he was partner with Donald the Atholian in the murder of his predecessor, king Conran, but of that there is no decisive proof. It is certain that nothing remarkable happened during his reign, which lasted 23 years. He died A.D. 558, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Conal II., the forty-seventh king, next governed the kingdom during ten years with the greatest peace and tranquility; a man whose excellent virtues rendered him worthy of eternal memory, for besides his equity in matters of justice, and an aversion which he had from his very soul to covetousness, he vied with the very clergy themselves in point of sobriety of life, though they at that time were

under very severe discipline; he enriched them with lands and other revenues, more out of a pious intention than any good success. He restrained the soldiers who were declining to effeminacy and luxury, and abusing the blessings of peace, this he did more by the example and authority of his own life than by the authority of the laws. He called home the sons of Goranus, who for fear of Eugene had fled into Ireland, but before their return he died, A.D. 568,* and was buried in Icollumkil. He maintained an inviolable alliance with the Britons against the Angles, but never headed his own army, though many battles were fought between the Scots and the barbarians during his reign. He was succeeded by Kenneth I., the forty-eighth king, who was an excellent monarch. When Aidan, the son of Conran, came from Ireland, Kenneth at once placed him at the head of affairs, assuring him that shortly he would fill his place, which was soon verified, for he died in about a year, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Aidan, the son of Conran, the forty-ninth king succeeded him. The celebrated Columba† put the crown on his head and administered the coronation oath, according to the laws; after which the man of God delivered a long address to the king, the assembled nobles and the people, wherein he exhorted each in their several relations to walk in nearness to God, and so perform their respective duties as his responsible agents; and that it was at their peril to deviate from these divine injunctions, &c. Shortly thereafter, the king made a tour over the land, as was customary, during which he summoned three different conventions—one in Galloway, one in Lochaber, and another in Caithness. About this time some delinquents of quality, to avoid the vengeance of the law, fled into Picti, and was received by Brudus, the king, contrary to the treaty then between the two nations. Aidan, by his ambassadors, demanded the restitution of the culprits, but the Pictish monarch returned an answer breathing warlike defiance. The consequence was that both nations flew to arms, and after several bloody battles were fought with various success, by the interference of Columba, peace was restored and the bonds of amity once more cemented. It was during this reign that the barbarous Angles effected a universal massacre of the Britons, after they had lived among them for

* Buchanan's history of Scotland.

† Collum Cille.

some time with the greatest apparent amity ; which dreadful calamity compelled the remaining few of the Britons to take refuge in the mountains of Wales, while others fled into Brittany, in Gaul, where they have preserved our language to this day. They divided England into seven divisions, commonly called the heptarchy, or the seven kingdoms of the Angles. Nor was this sad disaster of the Britons without its evil attendants in Scotland. Ethelfrid, a Northumbrian chief, instigated the Picts to renew hostilities. Accordingly they commenced some predatory incursions, by which the Scottish monarch was roused to chastise the barbarous Angles. Perfectly aware of the perfidious designs of the Northumbrians, Aidan collected a considerable force, which he sent under the command of Prince Griffinus, his son, and Brandu, king of Mann. The Scottish army was considerably augmented by the Britons, who rejoiced at finding an opportunity to avenge themselves on their murderers. Thus stimulated, the Scots and Britons entered Northumberland in search of the enemy, but the Angles by cowardly flights evaded battle for the present, as a general muster of their whole force was vigorously in operation. The east Angles, who raised a vast force, was on their march to join the Northumbrians, already between the jaws of destruction ; but the Scots and Britons were warned by their spies, that the intended junction of the two armies would prove their undoing, and that nothing could prevent it, but to fight the east Angles without delay. Much excited at these tidings, the Scots and Britons selected an advantageous position, where they waited the approach of the enemy, but in the end were sadly disappointed, when they found that they were advancing in a different way altogether from what they expected. Stung at the disappointment, and pressed by necessity, the allies hotly pursued them. The Angles, observing them just at their heels, pressed forward, but the confederate forces completely cut off their retreat, and compelled them to fight. The battle was long and bloody, but the Angles were defeated with great slaughter, and Cutha, the son of Cuelinus, their chief, slain. But this hard chastisement had not the desired effect, for those of the barbarians who escaped the carnage formed the intended junction with the Northumbrians, and as both united constituted a formidable force, they returned to the fight with the greatest fury. The Scots and Britons,

taken on their own principle, were in their turn compelled to fight. The Angles, far superior in number, made furious charges, determined to overpower their foes by numerical advantages, but the Scots in close battalia, with their formidable eighteen feet spears, the eternal terror of the Southrons, cut their way through the thickest ranks of the savages, at which crisis prince Griffinus was slain. The Scots thus deprived of their brave commander, were headed by Brandu, king of Mann, but he sharing the same fate, left them without a leader, and so deprived them of a victory already within their grasp—both sides claimed it. The Angles lost Cutha, the son and heir of their chief—his father also was slain. Ethelfrid, chief of the Northumbrians, lost one of his eyes; and the perfidious Picts carried their king off the field at the next stage of being a corpse. This melancholy battle drowned the flames of war for a year. In the interim, however, the Scots wrested Galloway from the Picts, but the latter unable to take the field single-handed, had again recourse to their auxiliaries of Northumbria, and, aided by their savage allies, they anon marched into Galloway. Aidan, at the head of a well disciplined army, came to Annandale, where he was joined by the Britons, always glad of an opportunity to revenge the murder of their nation. Our historians all along relates that the Scots encamped in some narrow pass where they could not be surprised; that having fortified the entrance, the enemy, neither able to attack them, nor yet retire for fear of the Scots entering further into their country, had to sit watching them as they best could; that the Scots marched out of their cage by night, and took their route for Cumberland, where they wasted the country with fire and sword; and that when the Picts and their barbarous allies found that the enemy had removed they followed them, but ere they reached England, the country of the Northumbrians was overran, and the Scots rampant with plenty of provisions. It is now the turn of the Marquis of Bredalbane to revenge it on their descendants, and he is doing so. While matters were in this posture, the Picts and Angles, enraged in the last degree, met their invaders: both sides prepared for battle, under orders to give no quarters. The Scots were forced to that dire extremity by the savage Angles, who always adopted that inhuman practice. The names of the Scottish generals

were Calein and Muracha, latinized by some Calenus and Murdacus. The British or Welch leaders were Meingrinn and Constantine. The Celtic leaders subordinate to the Scottish monarch, encouraged the soldiers to fight to the last, assuring them that death without mercy was their doom should they fall into the hands of the heathen barbarians now coming to devour them, after which, each leader took his post. On a signal being given, the Scots commenced the battle, but was opposed with great obstinacy for some time. The Scottish king seeing the Picts maintaining their ground longer than he expected, cried aloud, "Victory is for us, Columba is praying," at the hearing of which, the Picts threw down their arms and fled, leaving the Angles to perish under the formidable pikes of the Scots, who advanced from right to left like a mighty wave, cutting through the ranks of the enemy, no longer able to sustain the charges of the highly disciplined troops with which they wrestled. They were defeated with great slaughter, and their two chiefs, Cailinus and Vitelius, were left dead on the field.

It is related by our historians, that Columba, in Iona, told some persons who were about him at the very time that this victory was obtained, "that the Scots were at that moment triumphant and their enemies prostrate," but that he seemed pensive for sometime, and afterwards added, "that in the latter days a destructive flood, as if the ocean would break over the barriers assigned to it, would cover Ireland and the western isles of Scotland, but that Iona would float above it." It is of no avail to call the attention of the brutal wretches to this by which our race is destroyed in these quarters, without either humanity or justice. I do not intend to assert that Columba in truth uttered these words, or, if he did, who can determine his meaning; one thing is sure, however, that "the secrets of the Lord are with them that fear him," and that if living proofs are sufficient to realize this figure, we may almost conclude that it is now at length fulfilled by beings who neither fear God, nor anything else; but it must henceforth be a national question, whether the lives of thousands of her Majesty's brave and loyal subjects should be weighed against their carcases, and that of their connections? But not to digress. This bloody battle broke the power of the Angles and Picts, so that they could not attempt anything for many years afterwards.

Aidan returned triumphant, and, to commemorate his victory, he deposited in Iona the colours and other trophies taken from the enemy. According to our historians, eleven years elapsed before the Angles took the field again, during which period the Picts maintained their alliance with the heathens, always waiting a fit opportunity to wrest Galloway from the Scots. At length the Angles and Picts entered that country in a hostile manner, when Aidan, though old and frail, hastened to give them battle. The Angles and Picts, by a formidable ambuscade, cut off a whole division of the Scots, after which they attacked the rest with the utmost fury, before they were aware of that slaughter. A dreadful battle ensued, in which the Scots, though they were not completely overthrown, lost a great number of their best men. After his return, Aidan was informed that Columba had gone to his eternal rest, at the rehearsal of which melancholy news the king died, brokenhearted, A.D. 604, after a reign of thirty-four years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Eugene IV., the fifty-first king, was proclaimed A.D. 605. He was the pupil of Columba. There are several accounts of his character. Some state that he continually harrassed the Picts and the English, while Buchanan, following the Black Book of Paisley, gives you the facts there recorded, but refers you to Boethius, who says that his reign was very peaceful, owing to the murderous broils which existed among the Angles at that time, but particularly in Northumberland, when one Edwin murdered Ethelfrid, the chief who lost his eye in the battle already mentioned. Some of Ethelfrid's relations fled into Scotland, where they were protected, and educated in the christian faith. As these are the most noted transactions of his life, we have only to add that he died, after a reign of sixteen years, and was buried in Icollumkil. He was succeeded by his son.

Ferchard I., the fifty-second king, A.D. 622. This wicked man seems to have been an outrageous infidel. We find also in his character a formidable combination of cunning and felony, truly astonishing. He first aimed at breeding discord among the nobles, in order to pave the way for despotism, but they, suspecting his design, overthrew his machinations, by cementing themselves in closer friendship than ever. Foiled in that attempt, he next encouraged the pelagian heresy, to the universal

grief of all good men; and, lastly, denied that baptism was of divine origin. For these, and other enormities, a convention of the states declared him a traitor not fit to reign. He was in consequence imprisoned, and shortly thereafter committed suicide, in the fourteenth year of his reign, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Donald IV., the fifty-third king, was a great and pious monarch. He exerted every means to propagate christianity in England, but particularly in Northumberland, where anarchy and universal murder was the daily employment. But in case that you may think that I am exaggerating anything by this statement, I will presently quote Turner's history of the heptarchy. Speaking of Northumbria, that author says: "Usurping, murderous usurping, is the prevailing incident. A crowd of ghastly monarchs pass swiftly along the page of history as we gaze; and scarcely has the sword been cleansed from its horrid pollutions before its point is turned upon its master, and he is carried to the sepulchre which he had just closed upon another. In this manner, within one hundred and fifty years, no less than seventeen sceptered chiefs were hurled from their joyless thrones, and the death of the greatest number was accompanied by hecatombs of their friends." To alleviate these miseries, king Donald attempted to christianize the wild Angles by his own personal example, as well as by other means, but all his efforts proved of no avail at that time. Their savage nature would not tame. Some of the exiled children of Ethelfrid, who not only remained in Scotland many years, but were also instructed in the christian religion, as well as some more who took refuge here from the vengeance of Edwin, the murderer of Ethelfrid, notwithstanding that the Scottish monarch caressed them with gifts and full liberty to pass between the two countries at pleasure, they relapsed into idolatry, and renounced the christian faith. About this time, England presented a frightful scene of assassination and ravage. The Britons and the Mercian Angles, with their joint forces, attacked Edwin, and several battles were fought. At last Edwin's forces were completely defeated, himself slain, and his people murdered in multitudes. So frightful was the destruction, that it became proverbial for ages after, "few as Edwin's people." But amidst these shocking events, providence preserved one who was the means of introducing

the light of the gospel into England. As was already noticed, about A.D. 635, Oswald, the son of Ethelfrid, seized his father's dominions of Northumberland. No sooner was he installed than he sent to Scotland for learned preachers, which request was readily granted by king Donald. It is improper to say much in this place on that head, as more must appear when we come to treat of Iona in a distinct article. The venerable Bede tell us, that Oswald interpreted the pathetic sermons delivered by the Gael, and that in a very short time 15,000 of the heathen Angles were baptized. Such are some of the most noted events which happened during the reign of this monarch. He died A.D. 650, after a happy reign of fifteen years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Ferchar II., the fifty-fourth king. The character of this monarch is defined by all our annalist, in nearly the same words, as a monster of vice and covetousness. "His cruelty towards men was perfectly inhuman—his impiety towards God absolutely diabolical."* He murdered his wife, and committed other deeds in his family which we abhor to mention, and for which the national character would have been vindicated in his execution. When the nobles assembled, sheathed in their mails, fully resolved to make an example of him, the noted man of God, Colman the evangelist, appeared in the assembly, and told them to desist, for that the wrath of God would soon apprehend him. Shortly thereafter, while he was hunting in Glen Creran of Appin Stewart, the hounds pressed a wolf so hard that it turned to bay, and as the king was pushing forward to dispatch it with his sword, the furious animal pounced upon him, but missing his throat it fastened on his face, and there inflicted a wound which brought him to humiliation and death. He pined away by degrees, but not without great signs of sincere repentance. His death is fixed about A.D. 667–8, after a reign of seventeen years. He was buried in Icollumkil.

668. Maldum, a great and good king. He was strangled by his wife in the night, in the twentieth year of his reign, and was buried in Icollumkil.

688. Eugene V., as brave a monarch as ever swayed the Scottish sceptre. He defeated the Northumbrians under Edfred, ~~when~~ 10,000 of the Saxons were slain. He
when

* Buchanan.

died in the fourth year of his reign, and was buried in Icollumkil.

692. Eugene VI., died in peace, and was buried in Icollumkil.

697. Amberkellach succeeded, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Eugene VII., a religious and virtuous king. He reigned sixteen years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

Eugene VIII., a good king—was buried in Icollumkil.

763. Fergus III., a filthy tyrant. He was murdered by his queen, a daughter of the king of the Picts. She confessed the crime, and then stabbed herself to the heart with a dagger. The body of Fergus was buried in Icollumkil.

767. Solvathius, a filthy tyrant. He reigned twenty years, and died of the gout. He was buried in Icollumkil.

787. Achaius, a great and good monarch. He married the daughter of Charlemagne, emperor of Germany, and king of France. Achaius, by her, had three sons, and one daughter. In the second year of his reign, was ratified what was called the ancient league between Scotland and France, which ancient bond of alliance was signed by king Achaius at Inverlochy, A.D. 792. He sent his brother, prince Gillema, with four thousand men, to assist his father-in-law in the wars. "Achaius sent his brother Guillian with sundry nobles into France. The armies of Scotland wore for their ensigns the red lion rampant in a field of gold; thereto was augmented a double tressour with contrary lillies, or *flower de luce*, including the lion on all parts. Guillian, Achaius' brother, was holden in so great estimation among the princes of France, that he was called the knight without reproach. When Charles the Great was passing through Tuscany, and restored the city of Florence to its ancient rights after it was destroyed by the Goths, the Florentines, in recompence of Guillian's humanity towards them, ordained solemn plays to be made in the city, in which a lion was crowned. They commanded also living lions to be yearly nourished upon the common purse, because the lion was the arms of the Scottish Guillian."* King Achaius

* M'Ure's History of Glasgow, 8vo. edition. Printed by James Duncan, printer to the city, and sold at his shop, near Gibson's Wynd, in the Saltmarket Street, 1736.

reigned thirty-two years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

819. Conal III. reigned five years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

824. Dongall. A valiant monarch. He was drowned crossing the Tay, at the head of his army, while going to fight the Picts. He was buried in Icollumkil.

831. Alpine. A magnanimous hero. This royal progenitor of the clan Gregor commenced war against the Picts in consequence of his lawful right to their crown. In the first battle he defeated them with great slaughter. But a second bloody battle was fought at Dunchailin, (Dunkeld.) The heroic Alpine was killed. He was beheaded by the Picts on the field of battle, but his body was buried in Icollumkil.

834. Kenneth II. [Coinneach MacAlpin.]

“ If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles.”

He married the Lord of the Isles' daughter, and had by her three sons. Hence her Majesty Queen Victoria is a descendant of this family. Her descent is from both the MacAlpines and the MacDonalds. King Kenneth pursued his right to the Pictish crown. Both nations took the field. The Picts were defeated with great slaughter, their king being killed, with the flower of their nobility. The Pictish king's sword and coat of mail was sent to Iona “ in perpetual memorie.” The Picts offered to treat on the most humiliating terms, but MacAlpine would not hearken to any proposals short of the absolute surrender of their country. The Picts in despair risked a second battle, which was fought at Perth, A.D. 837. They were defeated a second time with prodigious slaughter. Abernethy, their capital, was surrendered, next followed the county of Fife, the Lothians, &c. King Kenneth is often branded as a bloody tyrant, for his utter extermination of the Picts. He is on the other hand ably defended by not a few, as a brave and magnanimous king. But the best defence that can be offered for him is shallow and formal. The battle of Dunkeld, in which his father perished, was only the common result of war. The ignominy offered to his body on the field of battle was no new process. But when we honestly consider the Picts before the battle of Perth supplicating in the most humble manner, that their existence as a nation, should be spared, and pleading

their brotherly treatment of the Scots under Fergus the Second, and finally, urging their claims on his humanity, as being one and the same people, none but a "limb of the devil" could destroy them. He is further charged with exterminating them, but of that there is not a shadow of proof. Those who are curious to know if there are any of them now existing as a distinct people, can find the remaining few of them in the Shetland Isles. He reigned twenty years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

854. Donald V. was buried in Icollumkil

858. Constantine II. He defeated the Danes in a bloody battle at Leven Water, in Fife. He was killed by them in a second battle, and was buried in Icollumkil.

866. About this time the Danes began their invasions. They proved a lasting scourge to all the maritime countries in the west of Europe. They ravaged the coasts of France, the Netherlands, Ireland, and South Britain. That these Scandivanians were perhaps the most formidable section of the human family for many ages, we have ample proof in their invasion of Italy, when the Roman empire was at the zenith of its power. The barbarians were about 300,000 strong. Livy, the great Roman historian, tells us, "that such was their gigantic stature and fierceness, that they were made for the destruction of other mortals." Marius, by repeated stratagems, weakened them considerably before he could risk the general battle by which he drove them out of his country. Another historian of high repute, tells us, "that when they fled, their cries were so terrific, that they made the hills resound, rather resembling distant thunder than human voices, by which the veteran Roman soldiers were struck with perfect terror." In the ninth century, they compelled the French to cede to them a part of that kingdom. They landed in Ireland and seized Dublin. The brave natives defeated them with prodigious slaughter again and again. In the reign of Fionn Liath MacNiall Caille, king of Ireland, and the year 863, Donnogh, prince of Meath, was killed by them at Clonard. But the brave Fionn Liath attacked them at Loch Febhail, now Loch Foyle, when they were defeated and several thousands killed. Forty of their principal leaders were left dead on the field of battle; their heads were carried in triumph before Fion Liath. Sometime afterwards, the same monarch, with a very small army, chiefly consisting of one thousand cavalry, gained a

complete victory over them at Cluandoighre—the enemy being five thousand strong, among which were many Irish rebels. The Danes still continued their murderous work. In the year 888, they plundered Cluain Joraird, and ravaged the adjacent country, committing unheard of enormities. The reigning monarch, Flan Sionna, engaged them in a bloody battle. The slaughter was prodigious on both sides. The Irish gained the victory, but it was a dear bought one, both armies being almost annihilated. The valiant Aodh Mac Conchovair, prince of Connacht, was found among the slain. Sometime afterwards we find the Danes committing inhuman enormities in the province of Ulster. Niall Glun Dubh, the successor of Flan Sionna, gave them battle on the 15th September, 919. His army was cut to pieces. He was killed, together with Aodh MacEochagain, king of Ulster, and several other princes. It were endless to follow these bloody contests. There is nothing more base—nothing more groundless, than to represent the Irish tamely submitting to the Danes. None but the offspring of the slaves, which they subdued beyond the Tweed, can fabricate such gross falsehoods. The Irish never submitted to the Danes, but, on the contrary, resisted them with valour equal to any nation in Europe.

The first of their invasions, by which Scotland suffered such terrible calamities, happened A.D. 851. The Danes, led by their general Aulaf, entered the Frith of Clyde, and ravaged the country in the most inhuman manner the length of Dunbretton. They burned the ancient city of Ail-Cluith, or Dumbarton, and murdered the inhabitants. The Scots flew to arms, but ere they came to the scene of devastation the furies were off with their booty, and landed in Dublin. The year following they landed on the coast of Argyle, where they committed slaughter and devastation far and near. Nor was the university of Iona exempted. That sacred repository of gospel light and learning was ravaged, and sixty-eight learned personages murdered. Saomhairle Mor Macdonald, ancestor of the family of the Isles, defeated them in a bloody battle in Suainart, in which the Danes lost their two leaders, and the most of their men. The Islanders left four hundred of their men dead on the field. Macdonald himself narrowly escaped with his life. He and a near kinsman engaged the two Danish chiefs in single combat. Mac-

donald's kinsman was slain, but the brave Saomhairle, after a desperate struggle, slew Ugadal, the Danish general, and the rest fled to their ships. This happened in the year 852. In 856 they landed in Caithness, but were repulsed; but in 858 they landed in Fyfe, and ravaged the country in a terrible manner. The valiant king Constantine II. gave them battle at Leven Water in that country, where the Danes were defeated, and only what would man three ships escaped to Crail of their whole army. Their graves are still to be seen in the vicinity of that ancient port. The year following, the Danes entered the Frith of Forth, and landed a potent army. King Constantine at once gave them battle, but the Scots were defeated with great loss. The king, with most of the nobles, and ten thousand soldiers, were killed. This weakened them considerably, but they repeated their ravages on the coast no less than four times between 871 and 876, and were as often repulsed with severe loss. In the reign of Donald VI., in the year 892, they covered the Frith of Tay with their ships, and landed a strong army near Scoone. To try the spirits of the Scots, they insolently sent orders to the king to supply them with provisions. The monarch seemed very compliant, and sent them abundance of bread and ale, the latter being mixed with the juice of the hemlock, a poisonous herb. They drank freely of the fatal beverage, and were instantly seized with a mortal stupor. The Scots instantly attacked them in their camp, making an indiscriminate slaughter of their whole army, excepting a few individuals who carried their king on board the fleet. In the year 903, the last of king Donald's reign, they again repeated the invasion, and were repulsed with great loss. This disaster settled them for sometime, but in the reign of king Indulphus, in the year 958, they landed a powerful army in the Bay of Cullen, in Banffshire, under Hagan, prince of Norway, and Xekelri, prince of Denmark. King Indulphus gave them battle, when they were defeated with great slaughter, and their two princes slain. Again, in the year 973, the Danes, with a numerous fleet, covered the Frith of Tay, and ravaged the adjacent country, sparing neither man nor beast. They burned the town of Montrose, killed all the inhabitants, and demolished the walls. Kenneth III., one of the bravest monarchs of that age, hastened to give them battle, but after a sanguinary con-

test, the Danes had rather the advantage. The Scots retired towards the capital, nor were their enemies slow to follow them. Both prepared for the decisive trial at Luncarty, near Perth. The Scots, aware that their earthly all was depending on that battle, met their implacable invaders with courage equal to their danger. After prodigies of valour on both sides, the victory was long doubtful. At last one of the wings of the Scottish army, completely overpowered, began to give way, and retreated through the pass of Kinoule. Here, providentially, a countryman and his two sons, who were ploughing in an adjacent field, stood looking on the scene, where no less a prize than the liberty of their country was at stake. Observing the rampant lion of Albin beginning to cower before the Scandinavian boar, the old hero, at once excited with the tide of ardour which genuine love for Scottish freedom alone could inspire, exclaimed, "Alas! my sons, all is lost—St. Andrew! St. Andrew!" after which he seized the beam of the plough, the sons following his example. To give it in plain broad Scotch—each seized the stults o' the pleuch, the homely fastenings of which groaned and yielded to the powerful grasp of the three mighties, who ran instantly towards the pass, shouting as they advanced, "turn! turn! help is at hand," adding, "that it was more honourable to die fighting for their king and country, than to be afterwards murdered by the Danes." But the fugitives who were half-dead out of the scene of blood and blows, could not be impressed by words, till the sturdy strokes of the three patriots left many of them prostrate in the defile. The rest amazed at the deeds of the ploughmen, stood, but were still more so, when the rallying shout was reiterated by the hoary champion, who that instant stood in front of those whose flight would have been the utter undoing of Scotland, had they not returned to the field of death to gain everlasting laurels. At this crisis the rest of the Scottish army was in the grasp of annihilation. The shattered remains of the left and centre, rallied by the king and the nobles, formed into a square mass, always the last shift of the Caledonian lion. It is remarkable that, through the whole course of the martial achievements of our Scottish ancestors, there is scarcely an exception to this form of battle when the last extremity came. In this form the 1500 Bute heroes perished under the High Stewart, surrounded by three battles of the English, at Falkirk, of which more

anon. The field of Luncarty was not only destined to preserve the honour of our native land to this day, but it also produced a race who are still living monuments of the heroic virtues of the man, whose efforts brought the defeated wing of the army to the relief of his sovereign, who, as we have noticed, was at the last extremity, with the Tay in the rear, and the furious invaders within a few yards of his person, wrestling through a forest of spears to deprive the royal hero of life. Then it was that the Danes were attacked in the rear by a mighty wave of lances, wielded by the hardest enemy they ever encountered. Their boldest lay gasping on the fatal shore, and their leaders were hewn down by the gleaming claymores of their invincible scourge. The contest at last terminated in their total defeat, but not till the most of them perished. Their graves are still to be seen. After the battle, the three patriots were brought before the king, carrying their homely weapons by which they saved Scotland; and the grateful monarch rewarded them with the lands possessed by their descendants to this day—the family of the Hays of Kinoule.

A short calm succeeded the scene of Luncarty, but in about nine years afterwards, they landed in the north of Scotland, and fortified themselves at Burghead. Issuing from thence, they again and again ravaged Moray, but were as often repulsed. At last, Malcolm II., about A.D. 1003, resolved to annihilate them. He mustered a powerful army, but before he could scarcely arrange his plans, the Danes sent him a challenge to fight him any where he thought proper. Both armies met at Mortlach, where a destructive battle was fought, which lasted a day, and it would seem, from the name attached to the place, the most part of the ensuing night,* but, in the end, the Scots gained a complete victory. Nevertheless, the Scandinavian furies were far from being subdued by that overthrow, for the next year we find them landed on the coast of Angus and Buchan, where they committed a succession of ravage and murder, before the brave and good king Malcolm could muster a competent force to fight them. Much sooner than they expected, however, the Scottish army apprehended them at Aberlemno, where they received a total defeat. Only three days thereafter,

* The appellation Mortlach signifies destruction by day and by night.

however, they furiously attacked the Scots at Panbride, but were again defeated with great loss. As soon as they collected their shattered force, they made their last effort at Slaines castle, where they were again defeated. The remaining few of the Scottish army so hotly pursued them, that they were entirely chased out of the kingdom. From this event Scotland received the additional title of *tumili danorum*, i.e. *the grave of the Danes*. Their former defeats so terribly enraged them, that every Scandinavian of distinction, who joined their expeditions, was sworn never to lay down his arms till he would revenge the slaughter of his countrymen on the Scots; but after the disaster at Slaines castle, they changed the order for two centuries, and bound all their knights under a solemn anathema not to invade the cursed Scots.

It was about this period that Godfred Crovan, a Danish lord of high distinction, took possession of Islay, the history of which is wrapped in a metaphorical form, undoubtedly handed down from the Danish mythologists of those days. The legends say that the island was desolated by a fierce dragon, and that it was destroyed in the following manner.—That Crovan, having discovered the monster at Imire Caomhnard, a spot about six miles from the shore of Lochindaul, took four of his best horses, and left three of them at different stations between him and Langa Bay, where his navy was anchored; after which he cautiously proceeded to an adjacent height, yet pointed out on the farm of Skerasi, about a mile from the place where the serpent was. Here Crovan blew his bugle, which at once roused the monster, who pursued him with such terrible speed, that he scarcely reached the first of the three stationed steeds when he was obliged to abandon the one on which he was mounted to let it be killed and devoured by the dragon. After killing the three horses in succession, it still pursued the bold Dane to the shore, on which was placed a long file of spiked barrels, reaching to the water edge, over which the monster passed a considerable distance but was at length lacerated to death. The solution of the foregoing metaphor is directly the following historical facts.—The Danish fleet penetrated into the spacious harbour of Lochindaul, and finding the bays of Kilarua and Langa affording every facility for their landing, they invaded the island. The natives watched their movements with the utmost caution, while they pro-

ceeded, without the least opposition, till they reached the present beautiful farm of Gartloisg, much of which, within the memory of your humble servant, was thickly covered with wood. Under its shade, the Ilaymen lay till the the Danes reached the morass of Lenan Buie, immediately adjacent. Here the Gael, stripped to their sword belts, rushed from their covert at Cregan a Chath,* a rock at the western extremity of the bog. The action was sanguine in the extreme. The Danes, at last overpowered, began to retreat for the shore, and maintained a running fight towards the valley of Gartmain, about three quarters of a mile from the spot where the battle commenced; but perceiving that the Ilaymen were obliged to break their ranks while crossing the rivulet in that hollow, the Danes rallied, divided into two bodies, the one of which entered the brushwood immediately in the rear, while the other division attacked the Ilaymen with the utmost fury on the open ground, before their advance could form after passing the brook; at which crisis, the other divisions of the Danes slowly advanced in the channel of the burn, quite unperceived by the Gael, till a furious attack made them sensible who they had to deal with. It would appear certain that the natives were at last compelled to give way, and that for the following reasons.—The Danes making the best of this advantage, no doubt resolved to push into the interior of the island, and progressed eastward, but the brave natives arrested them on the heights of Sliav a Chath, *i.e.* the Battle Moor. This spot is about a mile farther east than where the first action was fought. After a desperate conflict, the Danes gradually retired towards the valley of Gartmain, where their former stratagem proved so fatal to their enemies. Their scouts soon discovered that there was no ambuscade between them and the shore, and hence, judging that the strength of the island was now in arms before them, they rallied on the very spot where they were successful only a few days before. It is difficult to determine what loss either side sustained, but it is certain that the Gael suffered severely, for here they left a monument in commemoration as long as the language of nature is spoken in I-lay.† After this disaster, the I-laymen mustered at Imire Caomh-

* The Battle Rock.

† Gleann airc—the valley of distress.

ard,* where they strongly entrenched themselves, calculating that if they were compelled to abandon the country, that their only safety was in crossing the sound for Jura, and from that to the mainland, as fate would determine. As the enemy invaded the island from the west, nothing could be more judicious than the plan adopted by the natives in their extremity, but their doom was fixed. The indefatigable Crovan discovered their camp, and set his snares accordingly. Aware that the Islaymen were encamped on a plain where they could not be surprised, the crafty Dane appeared on the adjacent heights of Cairn Skerasi, making every display of defiance, to tempt the enemy to attack him. At the same time, the Islaymen discovered by their spies, that instead of an army attending Crovan he had but a few individuals about him; and that his present appearance on yonder rock, with only a few individuals in his company, directly indicated his utmost contempt of their valour if they would not attack him; and that it was impossible he could escape if they would pursue him. Flushed by these considerations, they at once left their camp in battle order, while Crovan still displayed his banner in open contempt of the islanders, who, as they drew near, saw their enemy, with only a few men, forming in order of battle. Thinking now that they had him secure, the Gael pressed forward with eagerness, but ere they reached the heights, Crovan and his attendants fled. Stung at the disappointment, the Gael still pursued. Crovan seeing plainly that the bait took, on reaching his first ambuscade made a show of resistance, but afterwards fled in apparent great terror. This deception was repeated, indeed, according to the legend, until he reached Langa Bay, where, on the plain shore, the Islaymen could see nothing but a chief, with a few men, running before them. The Gael still pursued with eagerness, thinking to overtake them; but how sadly were they surprised when the fugitives, on reaching the shore, faced about in grim array, and, at the sametime, the dire charge-yell of a body of Danish pikemen rushing from the heights of Bruach-nan-Grianan, completely cut off their retreat. Absolutely surrounded, they resisted to the last man. Only three

* Observe that this is the spot where the legend says the monster dragon was discovered, in reality the natives brought to the last extremity.

individuals, of the remaining male inhabitants of Islay, escaped the carnage. Thus ends the destruction of the dragon on the spiked barrels. I will give you more of their dreadful work in due course, but, in the meantime, permit me to add, that their last invasion of Scotland took place in the year 1263.

874. Ethus, a degraded being, reigned three years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

876. Gregory, a great hero, died 892, and was buried in Icollumkil.

892. Donald VI reigned eleven years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

903. Constantine III. reigned forty years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

938. Malcom reigned nine years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

958. Indulfus defeated the united armies of Norway and Denmark with great loss. He reigned nine years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

968. Duffus was murdered by Donald of Forres, and buried in Icollumkil.

973. Kenneth III., the hero of Luncarty, reigned twenty four years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

994. Constantine IV. was killed in battle at Crammond. He reigned two years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

996. Grimus, a detestable wretch, was killed in battle, and buried in Icollumkil.

1024. Duncan I. was murdered by Macbeth. He reigned six years, and was buried in Icollumkil.

1040. Macbeth reigned seventeen years, and was killed by M'Duff, Thane of Fyfe, in the seventeenth year of his reign, and was buried in Icollumkil.

In the reign of king Alexander III., the Danes ravaged the islands of Islay, Mull, Gigha, and the peninsula of Kintyre. They murdered the inhabitants, and carried off their cattle, or otherwise destroyed them. They also entered the Frith of Clyde, sailed up Lochlong, and ravaged the adjacent country, and burned the castle of Lennox. The defenceless inhabitants on the islands of Lochlomond, in particular, suffered very much. Meanwhile the Scots made vigorous preparations to give them battle. On the third of October, 1263, king Alexander III., only twelve years of age, guided by his nobles, hastened to the relief of his people. The Scottish army

was commanded by the Thane, Walter Stewart, ancestor of our monarchs to the present day. A sanguinary battle was fought at Largs, on the Frith of Clyde. The Scandinavians were defeated with dreadful carnage. Their graves are still to be seen by the curious traveller.

LETTER V.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 19th May, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will observe from the foregoing brief sketch that the Danes invaded Scotland sixteen times and were as often punished—that they invaded England when the wonderful Saxons were in full possession of that country, and not only conquered it, but extirpated that people—and that the Scots fought the same enemies in the open field and never surrendered a mile of this kingdom, excepting that the Norwegians partially claimed some of the Hebrides at some intervals during the struggle. One would think that these facts might put the English of the present day to the blush if they had a spark of common honesty, as they may rest assured that the simplest cannot miss the enquiry, that if the Saxons were anything like the many stories circulated of their valour, why did they not fight the Danes with the same success as our invincible sires had done? But no. Matters were then quite different from what they are now. The cowardly English of those days could not pretend to claim, such as they do now, what did not belong to them; they could not exhibit, at the expense of their neighbours, that meanness of soul with which they would pilfer the national honour of Scotland and of Ireland in the late struggle with France; they had not in those days whole gangs of mongrel apostates to feed them in their presumption, and

while these nominal Scottish hypocrites are doing so, they are at the same time to use a vulgar phrase, putting their tongues in their cheeks. Whenever they turn their backs, the Southrons are mocked and laughed at, Their very grimaces are the theme and song of even the boots, cooks, grooms, hostlers, and sweeps of their Angeliced connections. They no doubt very frequently tell them that they have angelic faces according to the fable,* but when they turn their backs they only say what is true—that now the whey coloured visages of the Southrons have no comparison in earth or sea, but the skin of a scraped pig, daily varnished by the grease of that unclean animal, with whites an additional coat of tobacco slaivers—“*glancin like the wings o’ a saddle,*” quoth Sawney.

But to resume. After the expulsion of the Danes, Scotland enjoyed perfect tranquility, till the death of Alexander III. That calamity, however, soon mustered the black cloud of war, more awful than ever. The ensuing period, between the death of that monarch, A.D. 1292, and the battle of Bannockburn fought on the 22d of June, 1314, which was the space of 22 years, perhaps no kingdom, ancient or modern, of the same population, suffered more than what Scotland endured for many years at that time. During the Danish invasions, her kings, nobles and people were united in her defence; but here the case was quite different. The braid matron forlorn, without a head—her nobles were murdered or dispersed, while only a very small faction was inspired to preserve the spirit of resistance against a barbarous foe. All are aware, that between what fell in battle, whole massacres, and the inhuman forays of the English in general, that about 100,000 of the Scots perished in the short space of three years; besides, it is almost needless to recapitulate the fact, that the English, long before that period, were not Saxons as is falsely asserted. The bloody burglar, Edward the First, was a Norman Dane, and so was his father, so that it is vain for present English braggarts to presume any such things; but if treachery and blood, the national ornaments of England, can afford them much consolation, we can present them with their own in quantity and quality. After the fatal battle of Dunbar, A.D. 1293-4, many of the Scottish nobles took refuge in Berwick, which was a most

* We shall have occasion to speak shortly of it.

infatuated delusion, as that town was the border key of Scotland. Edward lost no time in securing it: his fleet entered the Tweed with orders to besiege it and to give no quarters, while at the same time he crossed the river at Coldstream, with thirty-five thousand men, wherewith he besieged the devoted city by land. Thus infested on all sides, the bold borderers, who never yielded a foot of their country without their lives in exchange, defended their town till the Tweed was one sheet of blood. But here the diabolical hand of treachery rendered their valourous deeds of no avail. Some wretch in the English interest threw the gates open when the action was at its height—the cry soon reached those who were on the walls—each man flew from his post to defend his own dwelling. The cruel enemy, manifold more than the number of the brave inhabitants, gave no quarters—men, women, and children were cut down without distinction, till, according to some very honest writers, 7000 of the inhabitants perished. The streets were covered with heaps of slain. Men were found in the doors of every house dead, with their weapons glued to their hands, and their wives and little ones, who shared the same fate, dead around them. Such was the fate of the citizens of Berwick. Of such deeds as these, the English may and will boast. The cruelties of the invaders extended to every rank and condition. One of the most atrocious acts on record, of the many enormities committed by the English at this time, proved afterwards the very means of saving the liberty of Scotland. Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, never submitted to the yoke of the invaders. He fought at the battle of Dunbar, and survived it. He afterwards, with a few fellow patriots, one of which was his eldest son and heir, fell in with a gang of English ravagers at Lochmaben, and a sanguinary encounter ensued. The Scots, overpowered by numbers, fought to the last. The young Wallace fell covered with wounds, which rendered the father unmindful of consulting his own safety; surrounded and alone, the mighty patriot stood, hewing down the enemies of his country; at last his hough sinews were severed by the dire cut of a two handed sword, and he fell, but still his enemies were obliged to attack him with their pikes ere they could dispatch him. This was the father of our great national hero, Sir William Wallace. The surname of Wallace as it is now written, is but a pitiful imitation of the original. This name rendered

immortal by the three patriots just now mentioned, can never be claimed by any but the Scottish Gael—it was anciently written Uals, and is a compound. Its etymology is simply Ualesh—Ual signifies lofty or pompous—Esh, man, he, or him. The term however, is very original, which tempts me to think that the Wallaces were of high antiquity at the period in question. Sir William Wallace, knight of Ellerslie and regent of Scotland, a great and righteous hero; a man who was endowed with mental and bodily qualities adequate to the task assigned him by his maker, was but a youth when his father was killed. It might be well said of him, that the spirit of his destiny began to move him when a child. On a festival in Dundee, a Southron spark of the name of Selbie, insulted young Wallace, and a scuffle ensued. The Southron drew his sword but ere he could inflict the first stroke, Wallace seized him by the throat and sheathed his dagger in him. He fell slaughtered. The young hero was hotly pursued, but escaping he concealed himself for sometime, grieving for the calamities inflicted on his country. He, with a few more gentlemen, commenced operation on a small scale against the English. Such as knew him placed the utmost confidence in him as a personage of extraordinary endowments. Among the rest, the noble patriot, Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, with several others, resolved to redeem their country or perish in the attempt. He first encountered the English in the field at Loudin Hill. The enemy was ravaging the country under the command of one Fenwick. Wallace, accompanied by his own near kinsmen, Adam Wallace, younger of Riccartown, and his two brothers, Richard and Simon, Robert Boyd, &c., in all about fifty spirited gentlemen, resolved to revenge the foray conducted by Fenwick. They posted themselves in a position where the enemy could not pass them unnoticed. The Scots lay on their arms all night, waiting the return of the plunderers. Early next morning, as the English advanced, suspecting no danger, they were suddenly surprised by the Scottish patriots. The English, well mounted, galloped at full speed towards a strong dyke, in order to guard against being flanked. The Scots, all on foot, made a desperate effort to deprive them of that advantage, and was successful. This bold manoeuvre compelled the English to form on open ground, the prelude of deadly conflict. The Scots armed with broad swords and spears rushed upon

the invaders sword in hand. The English troopers fought hard, but Wallace, acting on a maxim from which he never afterwards departed, in the deadly strife, fought the English leader—mortal cuts were exchanged—the two-handed fauchion of the Scottish hero fell on the thigh of his antagonist—Fenwick tumbled from his saddle to rise no more, at the sight of which the English renewed the strife with fresh vigour, but were at last completely defeated, with the loss of many of their best men. Sometime afterwards, the followers of Wallace unanimously elected him as their leader. The war was prosecuted with great vigour, but our small limits can only admit of a cursory glance at a few of his exploits of lasting notoriety.

The horrible massacres committed by the English in different parts of the country, seems to have rendered both parties incapable of giving or receiving quarters. Subsequent to the massacre of Ayr, towards the close of the year 1295, the Scottish patriot, with amazing rapidity, wrested from the enemy the castles of Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and Aberdeen. He drove the Earl Percy out of Glasgow with great slaughter—took the Castle of Stirling by storm—drove the English out of St. Johnston, (now Perth)—recovered Angus and Mearns. A strong body of English mauraders landed in Lorn, and instigated by thirst for ravage, they committed inhuman deeds in these quarters. Calein Mor, the valiant knight of Lochow, ancestor of his Grace the Duke of Argyle, defended his country with great bravery, and fortified himself in his castle of Caol Chuirn. This nobleman is sometimes vulgarly called Duncan, but he is no other than the famous Colin Mor O'Duine, who in 1308, entered into an association with Sir Gilbert Hay, and Sir Alexander Seaton, wherein under a solemn oath they bound themselves to defend, till the last period of their lives, the liberty of their country and right of Robert Bruce, their king, against all enemies, to which they subscribed all their hands and seals, on the 9th of September, at Cambuskenneth. Wallace, hearing of these disasters, at the head of a small force hastened into Lorn. Terror-struck at his approach, the maruaders posted themselves in the pass of Cruachan Beann, at Bunawe. Argyle, joining his men with those of the regent, attacked them without delay. The contest was long and bloody. When the action was at its height, Wallace perceived some Irish among them, and knowing

that they were forced into the service, cried, "spare the Scots," which stratagem had the desired effect. The Irish at once laid down their arms. There ensued an indiscriminate slaughter. Their leader was taken and beheaded. Immediately thereafter, a convention of the Highland chiefs was held at Ardchattan. The place where they met is still pointed out, by the imitation of a table and seats cut in the green turf, where they solemnly bound themselves to defend their country.

These transactions so disheartened the English that they sued for a truce, which was concluded in the old church of Rutherglen, on the 18th of June, 1296. Shortly thereafter, Wallace passed into France. Edward, hearing of his absence, invaded Scotland, and committed inhuman ravages. Wallace returned, and finding the country devastated, he raised every man capable of bearing arms, and marched towards the border. Edward, aware of his approach, hastened to fight him. Both armies met on the plain of Stanmoor, in Cumberland. The Southron savage, cowardly as he was cruel, justly calculating on the abilities of the hero he had to encounter, and over-awed at the resolute appearance of the Scottish army, slunk off the field without striking a blow. The Scots were commanded by the regent, under pain of death, not to leave their ranks, but they could scarcely be restrained from pursuing the enemy. Edward fled into London, leaving his kingdom open to his triumphant rival. The Scots ravaged the country in a terrible manner to the gates of York. Wallace remained in England for six months without battle, which was more than any other had done since the days of Julius Cæsar.

It is amusing to see the shifts to which Southron scribblers are reduced to vindicate Edward's flight from Stanmoor. It is pretended that his army consisted of raw recruits, and were therefore inferior to the veteran Scots. But how can this be reconciled with the boastful noise, so industriously repeated, of the wonderful English armies which performed so many deeds of valour against the insignificant Scots? It is certain, moreover, that at no period of the history of this ancient kingdom was her people fewer, more divided, or in a worse condition to meet a foreign enemy. But when it suits the purpose of defeated English cowardice, they were wonderfully resolute and highly disciplined. The friends and foes of Scotland

have some proofs of their bravery, which time itself cannot obliterate, notwithstanding the terror manifested by despicable hirelings, who are strenuously, from time to time, polluting the minds of the Scottish children by their historical school books.

October, 1298.—Edward, enraged at the terrible retaliation inflicted on his country by the Scots, mustered a large army, the command of which he gave to the Earl of Warren, who quickly dispatched Baron de Woodstock at the head of 10,000 men, with strict orders to halt at Stirling, and guard the passage of the Forth, till the main body of the English army could be forwarded. Wallace, who had timely warning of the approach of the enemy, left Fife at the head of 8000 veterans. Woodstock, dreading no danger, exceeded the bounds of his commission, crossed the Forth and began his march to the north. Wallace, informed by his scouts that the enemy was advancing in straggling divisions, prepared to cut them off by stratagem. Aware that the English were just at hand, Wallace divided his army into three divisions, the first of which pressed forward and met the enemy on the western extremity of the Sheriffmuir. Here the red rampant lion of Scotia pounced on the advance guard of the invaders, where imperial Rome was obliged to surrender the contest under Severus, eight centuries before. The Scots charged them so hot that the first division, panic struck, fell back on the one immediately in the rear, and so on for the rest. The Scots still advanced in grim array, driving the enemy before them. The Southrons, seeing no shift but to fight, formed in order of battle, at which crisis, the second division of the Scots, in a hollow hard by, as instructed by their heroic leader, rushed from their ambush. The English completely surrounded, had no alternative but death or victory. Wallace advanced from behind the adjacent rocks with the reserve and attacked them in the rear. The carnage was dreadful. On that piece of ground at the farm house of Pendreich, not exceeding twelve acres, between five and six thousand English were slain. The wretched remains attempted to force a passage in the Ochills, but were surrounded and speared to a man. The disaster of the Sheriffmuir proved fatal to the Baron Woodstock. He was found among the slain with his body cut in two. There was found on his person a list, containing the names of many gentlemen, north of the Forth,

whose lands he, in his reveries, allotted to be divided among his followers.

The decisive battle of Stirling Bridge took place on the 13th September, 1298, and proved a sanguinary chastisement to the enemy. The three-fold stratagem adverted to on that occasion by the Scottish leader are too well known to require a rehearsal here. The Scots, under Wallace, were encamped on the extremity of the Ochills, commanding a view of the Forth and bridge; and the patriotic Earl Malcolm of Lennox, with the clans Stewart, Alpine, and Buchanan lay in ambush at the back of the Abbey Craig. The first crash of the fatal bridge was the signal of battle for the injured Scots. They advanced in close battalia with their spears ported, thereby stamping never-ending fame on the Eden like banks of winding Forth. By the first onset, sudden as it was fierce, the English were thrown into the utmost confusion. Their hardy foes followed up the advantage with dreadful slaughter, at which crisis, the sound of the Regent's bugle warned the patriotic Earl to share in the triumph. Never was a stratagem better timed. The Lennox men, stripped to their sword belts, attacked the ill-fated enemy —

“ Foe came on foe
Like wave on wave.”

The English leader, quite unable to render the least assistance to his fellow adventurers, stood an idle spectator on the opposite bank of the river. Many thousands of the English were cut to pieces, and among the number was Cressingham, Edward's treasurer in Scotland. He was a fit agent for such a master. Warren fled in despair, leaving his men to the mercy of the victorious Scots, who pursued the wretched remains of his powerful army to the gates of Berwick. Much about the same time, after a furious siege, the Scottish Regent took the strong fort of Dunotter, where a thousand of the enemy perished—some say four thousand.*

Some would date the battle of Falkirk in the summer of 1298, but the 22d of July, 1300, is the time at which it occurred. The fatal scene of Stirling bridge so weakened the English, that they had neither will nor power for two years to attempt further aggressions against Scotland.

* Scenes in Scotland.

Edward could not get a man in all England to head his armies against the Scots. On one occasion he urged the Earl of Hereford to undertake an expedition, but the Earl peremptorily refused. The king in a fit of rage told the Earl that he would either go or hang, and he, in his turn, replied that he would do neither. Edward, grieved at the success of the immortal Wallace, in the spring of the year 1300, made formidable preparations for a new invasion. The Scottish regent, with great wisdom, contracted his vigilant foe, by avoiding a pitched battle, and driving off all supplies in the districts through which the English had to pass; and, lastly, his plan was to attack them when they were exhausted by privation. Edward advanced as far as Kirkliston, but finding the country waste, the Sabeans fell into mutiny. The king reduced to the brink of despair, issued orders for a retreat. The treacherous Earl of Dunbar brought him the welcome news that the Red Comyn, John, Earl of Badenoch, succeeded in his plot of instigating the Lord High Steward, Thane of Bute, to contend with Wallace for the chief command. Edward at once, guided by the felon Dunbar, marched to attack the Scots, who were encamped somewhere near the heights of Linlithgow. There are so many fables forged by creatures who have the audacity to call themselves Scottish historians, that the honest reader may be quite bewildered by this time. But of these mutilated school books it is very seldom that you find two of them agreeing on the same point, which is sufficient of itself to prove that their intention was and is, by persevering treachery, when they cannot overturn facts highly illustrative of the fame of this ancient kingdom, to exert their utmost to render the said facts at least doubtful. On the approach of the enemy, the Scottish hero arranged his small army in the most admirable manner. The infantry were formed in deep circles, with their spears pointing outwards; between the circles were the archers; and in the rear, a body of cavalry commanded by John Comyn, Earl of Badenoch. The Lord high Stewart told Wallace that he would lead the van. The Regent, consistent with his honour, declared in solemn terms, that he would not surrender his office till he was legally divested of the same by a convention of the states, from which he received it. Bute, in his turn, insulted the heroic bulwark of his country in terms sufficiently base. Edward instantly attacked the Stuart.

The traitor Comyn, with the cavalry, deserted him, without striking a blow, leaving Bute with twelve hundred Gael, surrounded by two battles of the English, in which extremity, the immortal root of kings behaved with the utmost bravery. The spearmen knelt in a solid mass, with their backs against each other, having, says an English writer, the appearance of a vast castle, walled with steel. The English cavalry made furious charges, but could make no impression for sometime. At last, Stuart fell mortally wounded, and his brave followers were cut off to a man. The division of the Scottish army under Wallace, is said to have suffered severely, but of that there is not a shadow of proof. It is far more certain, that twelve hundred of the noble Stuart's dependants perished by the hand of treachery. Making every fair allowance, the battle under review, was one of the hardest contests on the page of history ; but it is a gross falsehood to assert that Sir William was defeated, and that 50,000 of the Scots perished, or, according to other humours, only 15,000 fell. Sometimes the school books, in pure English style, will come as low as ten thousand. The truth is, that our great national hero never lost a battle during his life. The noble Stuart, scorning to yield, sacrificed his own life and that of his followers to no purpose. But it was quite otherwise with the worthy who knew the value of his brave countrymen. Seeing that Edward and Beick might easily cut off his retreat should he attempt to march eastward ; and, on the other hand, the Brucian lines in grim array between him and the Carron, he choose the least evil of two, and resolved on cutting his way through Bruce's army. If so, how can it be called a defeat ? Never, perhaps, did his great and comprehensive mind unfold itself with brighter lustre than on that memorable field. Dividing his veteran army into four square divisions, he placed his few archers in the intermediate spaces, and three hundred cavalry, all that he had, formed the rear guard.

“ The hero then, to meet the Bruce, before his squadron rode.
 Ten thousand spears advancing in his train,
 An iron forest glittered o'er the plain.”

Here the meanest capacity may perceive, that by the above admirable disposition of his troops, he brought every single man into action at once. The moment that the Scots closed with the front of the adverse

host, every man under his command was in the neck of his enemy. The whole Scottish army bore the same proportion of their foes at the same time. The magnanimous Bruce, blindly convinced that he had to contend with a rival for his crown, fought to the utmost. The slaughter on both sides must have been considerable. Bruce, determined to cut off his supposed rival in the heat of the action, rushed in front of Wallace. Mortal cuts were exchanged—through the rivets of his mail, Wallace received a deep wound on the thigh. Wallace's *claimor* fell with irresistible force on the neck of Bruce's horse, and both the steed and its princely rider fell. A few spirited gentlemen, who fought like lions, hand to hand, with the masses of the enemy, were surrounded, one of which was the worthy Sir John de Graham, knight of Dundaff. This noted patriot, it would appear, observing Wallace wounded, prodigal of life, rushed into the forest of lances, by which the Bruce was rescued from his mighty opponent, and was there slain, by the thrust of a spear which entered his back, through an opening in his mail; at the sight of which, Wallace, in a fit next to distraction, rushed into the hot-bed of death a second time, hewing down his enemies in a terrible manner. Bruce, at the head of a company of pikemen, advanced to attack him. The bulwark of Scotland, now surrounded and alone in the midst of a bloody host, proved that he was the first hero of the age. As often as the English spearmen repeated their destructive charges, the Scottish champion cut their lances like stubble. Seeing that his steed might sink, he cut his way through the dense forest of pikes by which he was surrounded, stamping on that field, the memory of his matchless person, name, and actions, as long as Scotland will have sons to record them. "Here," says the Rev. Mr. M'Gregor, "we have an extraordinary description of Wallace's horse. The noble animal covered with spear heads sticking in its flesh, carried him through the carnage to Dunipace."* Our hero, still at the head of a few horse, fought in the extreme rear of his retreating but not disordered army. Pressed by the masses of the enemy's cavalry, he left to posterity the cause of that eulogium so generously bequeathed to his memory by the

* Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire. Edited by Mr. M'Gregor, Minister of Port.

late magnanimous and much lamented Lord William Bentick. Among the numberless many of our hero's admirers, his lordship, as judge second to none, gave it as his opinion, that the "abilities of the celebrated Sir William Wallace as a leader must have been next to superhuman, when he saved the remains of his army in such circumstances."* Such are some of the virtuous actions of our great national hero, Sir William Wallace, who was made the honoured instrument of saving Scotland during a period of dark distress. He was a noble personage, endowed with a great and virtuous mind, consisting of astonishing courage, wisdom, and perseverance, almost next to a miracle. It is not too much, therefore, to say that he was raised for the express purpose of redeeming his country from the grasp of a foreign tyrant, by which means our national independence is preserved to this hour. Here our limits compels us to digress for a little.

Some would maintain that the English borrowed some knowledge of government from the Scottish records, part of which fell into their hands at that time, but all this is ridiculous nonsense. How impossible that a people literally immersed in barbarism, could read or understand the records of this ancient kingdom.

Englishmen are the strangest dodgers that ever appeared on the stage of time, and that they have been so for many ages past is certain. Witness, for example, their fable of a Saxon woman, called by them Queen Margaret. The Southron legend concerning this lady is, that she and some others fled from the vengeance of William the Conqueror, and that their vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Frith of Forth, where Malcom Canmore, king of Scotland, visited these fabulous fugitives, and at once espoused the princess Margaret, all which is utterly groundless. King Malcom Canmore, indeed, married a princess of that name, but there is not a shadow of proof that she ever set a foot on English ground. But you see that they would like to insinuate themselves into commerce with us very early, so that I am under the necessity to commit an awful act of sacrilege, which is no less than the depriving our good friends of a wonderful phoenix. In short, therefore, Queen Margaret came not from England but from Hungary,† in proof of which we may state

* He was scarcely twenty-two years of age at the time.

† Book of Heraldry, by Francis Nicholas, 1727.

the undeniable truth, that the ancestors of the two potent families of Drummond and Livingston came in her rentinue from Hungary.* It will be objected that even Buchanan makes mention of her also as a Saxon princess. Buchanan wrote no such stories about her, as he could not but know better. That distinguished christian and scholar could not but know that the history of the Livingstons of that ilk is plain and decisive on this point. The first of the name of Livingston was one of the gentlemen who accompanied Queen Margaret, wife of king Malcom Canmore, from Hungary to Scotland. In like manner, the heraldic records of the Drummonds inform us, that the first of this family that took the name of Drummond was one Maurice, son of George, a younger son of Andreas, king of Hungary, who accompanied the princess Margaret from Hungary, and commanded the ship in which she was conveyed thither, &c.

We need not, however, go so far back to find an instance of English cowardice, for in their attempts to prove Arthur, Duke of Wellington, to be an Englishman we have one, perhaps, unequalled in the history of the world. Their despicable attempts at making an Englishman of him is notorious to all Europe, though it is well known that that nobleman all along detested them and their attempts of that kind. But for their consolation we may repeat what is known to all, that the Duke of Wellington is an Irishman—born in Ireland, and so were his ancestors for some generations; and that he and them are French Gauls—a set we are sure of which Englishmen have no good relish to hear. But never was Horite genius tried as in his case. After the Peninsular scene was finished a terrible problem started at once into being, namely, how was it to be endured that Ireland would have the honour of so distinguished a man? Well, first, it was expedient to make a duke of him, which was very right, for that he truly deserved; but that does not alter the case, he is still an Irishman. To flatter him is equally useless. He could not be cajoled out of his senses by demi-savages, who could not drop the rage of making an Englishman of him. But the last shift is tried by putting most false words in his mouth on the field of Waterloo. He is represented by them as having said at that memorable battle,

* Nicholas' Heraldry.

"You and I, and every Englishman on the field, must die or beat them,"—words which he never uttered. Every man in his senses is well aware that the Duke had no great relish to die, otherwise he would not live so long. But even granting that he expressed these words, it was great insolence on his part to do so, when he and every other who can judge for himself are aware that the Irish, and their Celtic fellow soldiers of Scotland, were the men who fought the battle; and that the Duke kept the precious English guards a gun shot or two out of harm's way till the work was done. Then we hear the mighty word of power, as his biographer, in this instance, blasphemously phrases it, "Guards up and at them." You are, perhaps, somewhat at a loss to see the force of these words, but you must remember that they are still trying to make an Englishman of an Irishman, a process that will baffle all the barbarous Celts in the world.

Another Horite shift, of a most despicable character, is plainly recognized in their claiming our matchless countrymen in the lowlands of Scotland as Englishmen, or Saxons as they sometimes call themselves. The reader can judge for himself what sort of connections these Saxons were. But to prove, beyond doubt, that very few of our low country population are of English origin, we shall, in the meantime, observe, that the Gaelic language was spoken in Galloway in the sixteenth century; and we refer the reader, for further information, to that vast granary of heraldic achievements, published by Francis Nicholas in 1727, where the extraction of all the Scottish nobility is traced with astonishing accuracy. The Douglasses, Wallaces, Maules, Kennedies, Keiths, Boyds, Lennoxes, Kinnairds, Nairns, Montgomeries, Lindsays, Melvilles, Napiers (the Napiers are a branch of the Stewarts of Lennox), Lyons, Ogilvies, Carnegies, Bruces, Fotheringhams, Carmichaels, Irvines, Dalziels, Weems or M'Duffs, Alexanders, Abercrombies, Bannermans, Arbuthnots, Burnets, Leiths, Duguids, Mowats, Barclays, &c., are all, according to the most authentic records, celts—originally Scottish, French, or Irish, so that you may see, my brave countrymen, that they have neither part nor lot in you. That these clans had their share of this kingdom between the rivers Tay and Spey is plain, from their muster at Harlaw in 1411, under Stuart, Earl of Mar. The western clans, as was already noticed, under the great M'Donald

of the Isles, met them on that memorable spot, where a dreadful battle was fought. The Earl had in his army the flower of the Scottish nobility, chiefly consisting of the above names, who formed themselves in the centre, with the Earl at their head. How that bloody tragedy was ended is well known. The Scottish nobility never got such another gleaning from the beginning of our monarchy, except on the field of Flodden. We have already observed the probability of the apparent fact, that it is in consequence of shame that the Southrons would attribute to themselves everything Scottish, such as their claiming our brave brethren in the lowlands. But their unparalleled impudence in that respect is not to be regarded as proceeding from the simple principle of shame, or, to reduce it to its lowest term, that harmless failing marked in individuals, springing directly from a sense of their own wants, and which cannot fail, in no instance, to procure for such persons the warmest regard of those who can discern it in its native simplicity. But the English are quite otherwise disposed. They are sensible of their wants, it is true, but their savage nature can never be tamed to receive the very elements of civilization, much less that of christianity. When an Englishman may look about him in the world he can see, on all hands, nations of the most honourable character, such as Scotland, France, &c. He will next, very naturally, turn his eyes to his own native soil, and will find that that country has been nothing else but a sty for the public since the Roman period. Here, perplexed to madness, he cannot find where to lay his head. He dare not claim the ancient Celts for his progenitors, knowing full well that they would break his neck if he would presume to name himself after them. The Romans are extinct—that will not do. The Danes will not brook him. The French are his foes, and of that he is well aware. His pipe is out with the Normans, who was long in the habit, after their conquest of England, to ask the Southron pagans, “if they thought they were Englishmen?” We cannot help thinking, in the meantime, that the monstrous mixing of these five races render Englishmen perfect incorrigible heathens, equal, at this day in London, to the ancient Babylonians, untameable and savage in the last degree. Besides, they are the most vigilant cowards in the world, in lowly stealing the fame and antiquity of other nations.

Nor are their weak and outrageous attempts to vend them in the markets of the world less notorious. In order, therefore, to make themselves appear something, they generally advert to two stratagems, in neither of which have they proved successful. First—It is quite natural for an Englishman to swagger and try to impose, in countries quite near us, that all Irishmen travelling on the continent are Englishmen, though he can only circulate it among grooms, stable-boys, postillions, &c, in Germany and Holland. But it is proof positive for our present assertion, that their imposition in this particular is fully established among the stable troops in these quarters, for they will call you an Englishman at first sight, and when you tell them that you are an Irishman, you will get for an answer that they never heard of that nation; so that you see that no sooner is the Heenglishman off his his own soil than he is at once and bodily in the skin of a Scotchman, or an Irish gentleman, wearing his own name at the sametime. And when he cannot, nor dare not, attempt to vend his malice anywhere else, he is content to do it even among stable cattle. That this is no exaggeration, but only a very mild feature of English goodwill for Scotchmen, we refer the reader to their impious famas during the late war, when the Scottish Celts distinguished themselves, as they always did, in behalf of our great and most beloved king of happy memory, his majesty George III. The fame of these Scottish heroes was proclaimed over all the Continent. The English took the alarm, but they could not, however, manage to prove the “kilted-belted bairns of auld Scotia” were Englishmen, else they would have been converted into Horites as sure as the Duke of Wellington. But they at length found a plan. Kind reader, well may you and I tremble at the awfulness of human nature in the absence of grace, and even natural honour. Englishmen, therefore, from downright malice, published in the newspapers of Germany, that these heroic christians of the Highland reigments were savages, roaming in a state of perfect nudity on the mountains of Scotland, where they were but lately caught and taken into the army; and that they knew nothing about their maker, &c.* But after all, their christian behaviour in private arose triumphant even in

* See Stewart's Sketches, vol. ii.

Germany, and soon convinced the natives that the men were christians, and their officers accomplished gentlemen. The malicious calumny proved an eye-sore to their enemies even at the time. There can be no doubt but low envy was the original cause which moved their foes to abuse them, in order, if possible, to introduce mutiny amongst them, and so undo their fair fame at home; but in that they were sadly disappointed, for instead of mutiny their bravery and good behaviour, as is well known, gained for them everlasting laurels. But secondly.—When calumny may fail, our good friends of England have another shift, namely, the coupling of themselves with us on their own terms; or, more to the point, they go a piece with us in order to make it appear that we are just as degraded as themselves. But it so happens, that in every instance of this kind, however eager they are to grasp at it at first, in the end, they are sure to blunder themselves out of the credit of our company ere they can enjoy the much coveted equality. For example—The high consistency of calling Oliver Cromwell murderer, tyrant, usurper, regicide, barebone, &c., is pure English logic; but just with the very next breath “the most enlightened people in the world” can extol the tyrant and usurper as a mighty conqueror, revered at home and abroad. You have no doubt read many stories in the precious historical school books, “corrected and improved by D. D., so and so, or A. M., the learned and classical rector something,” who can tell the world, with unblushing impudence, that the tyrant and usurper, Oliver Cromwell, conquered Scotland. You are probably anxious to hear the truth, and I am equally anxious to tell you facts and nothing else. We shall do all parties honourable justice in this matter.

A.D. 1651, Sir Hector M'Lean of Duairt, received pressing orders to support the cause of Charles II. against Cromwell. The brave chief complied without hesitation. After mustering his own clan, about 800 strong, the Buchanan's joined him under their respective chiefs, amounting to 700. These 1500 Celts were in the Scottish camp at Falkirk when Cromwell pursued his foray the length of the Queensferry; but judging that the Scots were too numerous for an immediate attack, he at once dispatched a body of his chosen troops across the ferry, with the view of surrounding his hardy foes. The Scots

in their turn, sent Sir Hector M'Lean, General Holborn, and Sir John Brown, to prevent his passage. General Holborn commanded 1000 horse; Sir John Brown was at the head of two regiments of light infantry; and M'Lean, with his small iron band, resolved to conquer or die, as the sequel will show. The Sabeans at once prepared for battle. No sooner did Holborn see their numbers than he clapped spurs to his horse and fled without striking a blow. Sir John Brown's courage began to sink, and he instantly suggested to Sir Hector to consult their safety in flight, but that, the brave chief scorned to do. Why? said Sir John, they are two to our one, judging from their appearance—no doubt wishing to convince Sir Hector to fly with him. What? replied M'Lean, and if they should, there is not a M'Lean under my command but will fight two of them—the cause and honour of my king is at stake. The next instant the work of death commenced. Scot's description of the scene of Flodden is highly applicable here:—

“ They closed in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword's sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there.”

Sir John Brown fell wounded—I know not whether mortally—at the sight of which his followers fled. Here the brave Caledonians were left alone to do or die, and die they did—only 1500 strong to cope with 3000. The name of M'Lean was immortalized at the battle of Inverkeithing under the following circumstance.—Assailed in front and rear, the two clans maintained their ground though literally overwhelmed. Sir Hector M'Lean, covered with wounds, unable to move, stood still. Thirteen gentlemen, of his nearest kinsmen, of which were the five sons of the laird of Acha-na-Croish, fought round his person. The enemy pressed with murderous vigour on the remaining few to seize the standard, and if possible their leader alive, but in that they were mistaken. The oldest of Acha-na-Croish's sons stood before the chief, but soon fell to rise no more. His next brother took his place, but shared the same fate, and so perished the five brothers in succession, with other three, eight in all—each exclaiming as he took the post of honour and of death: “Another for Hector.” Sir Hector almost immediately expired.

It were needless to enter into detail of the evil doings of that perjured traitor, Charles I., who provoked two-thirds

of the Scottish nation to become his enemies, and, as the Rev. Mr. M'Nicol remarks, there could not be possibly any animosity between them and Cromwell, so that he had but a comparatively small faction to oppose him, but even these few, Cromwell, with all England at his back, could not subdue. Many of the covenanters acted favourable to Cromwell even in the field of battle, and thereby left indelible proofs of their enmity to the house of Stuart. The very fact of their inviting him to Edinburgh, before he took the field against Scotland at all, bespeaks friendship, and not animosity. On the other hand, is it not notorious that one of the charges against the Marquis of Argyle, after the reassertion; was that of strenuously supporting Oliver Cromwell: so that we are sure, that only a remainder of the Gael were in earnest in behalf of the Stuarts. In the meantime, however, we shall show that Cromwell did not conquer Scotland, neither did he build a line of forts, as Cullen and other slow bellies of that school would impudently assert. But, on the contrary, that he, in the height of his career, was not only obliged to cease from hostilities, but was compelled to a treaty, and that his conquest of Scotland ended where it began, *i.e.* in nothing but his humiliation.

SIR EWEN CAMERON *versus* CROMWELL.

A.D. 1652, Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, only 18 years of age, commenced hostilities against the Generals Lilburn and Morgan, Cromwell's emissaries in the Highlands. Several sharp encounters with various successes were fought. At last, Lord Glencairn and General Lilburn fought a hard action in Braemar. Lochiel was posted at a pass, which he defended with the utmost obstinacy after Glencairn retired. Lilburn, at the head of a strong detachment, attacked Lochiel in the rear. Sir Ewen, with admirable dexterity, changed his position in a manner which enabled him to retreat slowly up the hill, showing a daring front to the enemy, who durst not follow him. From that day, Lochiel, in the true spirit of his countrymen in all ages, followed an independent course, entirely guided by his own ingenuity and bravery. His lot was, however, very far from enviable. He had to contend with the brave General Morgan, who was by far the hardest foe in the Cromwellian service. Morgan tried every possible stratagem to bring Lochiel to a general

engagement, but that he avoided with great coolness, while on the other hand, he grievously harassed the enemy, cutting them off in every skirmish, with scarcely any loss of his own men. After a long and bloody struggle, the English had recourse to their favourite reserve of bribery and flattery, but Cameron remained inflexible, deprecating any compromise with the English traitor, as he constantly and justly termed Cromwell. At last, General Monk, finding all his efforts of no avail, contrived the scheme of building a fort in the neighbourhood, in order to over-awe the Gael. But you must bear in mind, that the temporary hut just now mentioned is the sole foundation on which English fabulists built a whole line of mighty castles, wherewith Cromwell secured no less an object than the entire conquest of Scotland. Yes! the above hut was the only solitary instance of the Cromwellian line of forts that ever was reared in Scotland, and a wretched one it was—scarcely musket proof. You will see this statement fully confirmed in “Stewart’s Sketches.” Nevertheless, such is the truth and candour of that noble race, “the most christian people in the world south of the Tweed,” that they would make the world believe in 1850, that they could produce the map of a whole line of superb forts with equal facility as a number of surveyors could present a similar document to exhibit our present Railways.

There are abundance of authentic proofs to vindicate the honour of this ancient kingdom, against the weak slanders of our despicable accusers, whose characteristic fame is here illustrated. Colonel Bigan, the commander of the English force in Lochaber, or rather the architect of the hut, carried troops, stores, and materials thither. The English, thinking their object secure, sent 200 of their soldiers to plunder the country of the Camerons. They sailed for a considerable distance along the coast, but the Camerons kept pace with them under the covert of the adjacent woods. At a certain point, the enemy landed 140 men. Sir Ewen had only 38 in his company. He however resolved to give them a hot reception, but some old experienced men of his small band represented the madness of the attempt. He patiently hearkened to them, then drew his sword and emphatically replied, “every man who is a true lover of his king and country follow me; if every man will kill an enemy I will answer for the rest.” The Camerons were armed with muskets and broad-swords.

They at once rushed on their foes, discharged their muskets and then attacked them with their broad swords. The English received them on the point of the bayonet.

“Spears shook and faulchons flash’d amain.”

At last the Sabeans began to give ground, but still trusting to their numbers, they disputed every foot as they retired. At this crisis, Sir Ewen sent two men to the rear to fire and make a noise, as if a fresh party had arrived. But, says General Stewart in his brilliant description of this affair, “that made the English desperate; instead of throwing down their arms, they only fought the harder, expecting no quarters from these terrible savages, of which they heard so many wonderful tales.” In short, of the 140, only two survived, and even these the Camerons pursued chin deep into the water, in which condition their countrymen received them into their boats, but durst not land to retaliate, although 138 of their fellow-adventurers lay dead on the adjacent shore. It was just now intimated that the Camerons were only 38 in all, hence the honest reader may judge of their bravery, when they only lost five men in that sanguine skirmish.

Shortly thereafter, the English issued another plundering party. Absolutely unmindful of their fate a few days before, they proceeded in their career of robbery. They were suddenly surprised by their vigilant foe. The whole party were cut off to a man. You will see this in General Stewart’s Sketches.

These chastisements, so severe, did not restrain them long. Taking advantage of Sir Ewen’s absence, after he joined Lord Glencairn in Athole, the English, a third time, sent a strong detachment to plunder the country of the Camerons. Sir Ewen, who had timely notice of the foray, soon returned from Athole. With 150 Camerons he encountered them 500 strong, at the foot of Ben Nevis. The action was sanguine in the extreme. The enemy left 108 men dead on the field, and as many wounded. The remains were pursued by the Camerons to the fort. In this bloody fray, not one of the English officers escaped. Much about the same time, General Morgan offered fair to establish the Cromwellian sway in Braemar. His opponent, General Middleton, reduced to the brink of despair, sent a crying message to Sir Ewen to hasten to

his relief. Lochiel immediately joined him, at the head of 400 Camerons. Here, the vigilant Morgan experienced sad reverses. Lochiel fought him with such incessant vigour, that Morgan was glad to seek his way back to Inverlochy. During his retreat, Cameron harassed him, attacking him in every pass, and cutting off the enemy, who could neither fly nor fight, feeding for several days on horse flesh. This is the very case mentioned by Balfour,* that the English, finding nothing amongst them save hunger and blows, were glad to return to their winter quarters.

Sometime in September, 1653, with a few of his own clan, and about 50 Athole men, Sir Ewen defeated two regiments of Cromwell's troops, near Loch Garry, in which engagement few of the enemy escaped. When General Middleton retired, Cameron had to contend single-handed in defence of his country. So that we find not long after the chastisement of Loch Garry, the Sabeans recruited fresh courage, and still continued their wanton rapine on the country of the Camerons. Sir Ewen exasperated in the last degree, concerted his plans so formidable, that by boldly attacking the enemy with a few on the open ground, he, by degrees, led them into a destructive snare between two bodies of his men in ambuscade, by which the invaders were completely surrounded. An indiscriminate slaughter was the consequence, so that not one escaped.†

After this disaster, the English invaders abandoned Lochaber in despair. Balfour, in alluding to this expedition, says, "Glengarry stood out, and in effecte the Heighlandmen fooled them home againe to the Lowlandes. The Inglish finding nothine amongeste them save hunger and strokes. Ther bisquet and cheesse being all spent and ther clothes worne, they returned, curseing the Heighlandes, to their winter quarters." The truth is, that between the Mull of Kintyre and Inverness, not one of the Clans submitted to Cromwell, except the Frasers, who consented to pay taxes, but never performed their promise. After the Sabeans were compelled to abandon Lochaber, we find them next trying their fortune in Argyle. General Monk dispatched a considerable force, with positive orders to

* See his History, vol. iv. p. 345.

† Stewart's Sketches, vol. ii. p. 362.

land in Lochfine, and seize on the adjacent estates of M'Naughton, M'Lachlan, &c, all staunch loyalists in these quarters. Though the above gentlemen had not the slightest anticipation of the coming storm, the valiant Cameron, by forced marches, arrived at Ard-Kinlas on the 14th November, 1653, and apprised his friends of their danger. The chiefs immediately collected their men at Cairndow, where they bound themselves to defend their country to the last extremity. Accordingly, the English appeared in Lochfine, and landed at Dundarav, the once princely seat of the M'Naughtons of that Ilk. The Gael lay concealed in a thick wood hard by, where they coolly waited till the invaders landed. Here, the Celts, with their usual impetuosity, stript to their shirts and sword belts, rushed from their concealment. The attack was both fierce and sudden in the extreme. The Sassenachs had no time to manœuvre. A dreadful hand to hand melee ensued. The English did all that men could do in their horrible situation—they stood back to back when they found themselves surrounded, and fought with their small swords and bayonets to the last extremity. But such weapons were miserable means of defence against Lochaber axes and broad swords, many of which were, in those days, not only two-handed, but also two-edged. And so it fared with these unfortunate brave men. They were indiscriminately put to the sword, and all their officers taken prisoners. It is said that not one shot was fired on either side, but one by Sir Ewen, as the signal of attack. One cannot but feel deeply sorry at the fate of these gallant soldiers, led to the slaughter by insolent calves, excited by dreams of plunder and ravage, and that too against a race that no enemy, from the beginning of their history in Scotland, could withstand. But to follow the Cromwellian adventurers in Lochfine a little longer. The English officers, not one of which escaped, were, by Lochiel, immediately blindfolded, nor were they relieved till they reached the residence of Sir Ewen, in Lochaber. As a guilty conscience is always afraid for the worst, they expected to be immediately roasted on grid-irons or some savage torture, such as they would give, if they had their conquerors in their power; for the world must confess, that if they had the Scots in their hands, that hanging, quartering, and exhibition of their limbs on town and tower would have been their fate; instead of which, they

found that their heroic conqueror was an amiable gentleman. Lochiel at once liberated them on their parole, and contrived hunting matches on a pompous scale, for their amusement. How different from this, was the savage hearts of the English exhibited towards Scotchmen, at any rare time it happened that they got some slight advantages. They murdered the immortal Sir William Wallace, without a ray of justice. They cut off with equal vengeance, every branch of the Bruce family that they could lay their hands on, but more of this by and by. Perhaps there is not another section of the human family that can act, from age to age, on the same invariable principle of malignity, as these Englishers can do. There is to be found among all other nations, some intervals of honour, or in other words, no other people but Englishmen will act at all times as wicked as they can. I readily grant that it is altogether human, that they should feel some gripings, in a national point of view, at the unavoidable humiliation which they must swallow, in cases such as this. But on the other hand, it is certain that Cromwell's Generals represented to their master, the utter impossibility of subduing a people that would perish to the last man ere they would submit. Accordingly, instead of the conquest of Scotland, as English scribblers would have the world to believe, General Monk, as commissioner for Cromwell, pressed on Sir Ewen Cameron the following treaty: "No oath was required of Lochiel to Cromwell, but his word of honour, to live in peace. He and his clan were to keep their arms as before the war broke out, but to cease from hostilities. Reparation was to be made to Lochiel for the wood cut by the garrison of Inverlochy. Reparation was to be made to the tennants for all the losses they sustained from Cromwell's troops. All tithes, cess, and public burdens, which had not been paid, to be remitted." All that General Monk demanded of Lochiel, was, that he and his men should lay down their arms in name of king Charles II., before the garrison of Inverlochy, and take them up again in name of the states, without once mentioning Cromwell's name.

The day that the treaty was to be signed, Lochiel drew up his men in companies, led by the most respectable gentlemen of the clan Cameron, *viz*, Glenives, Calart, Errach, Dungalion, &c. They marched to Inverlochy, with pipes playing and colours flying, as if going to battle.

The Camerons formed in line, in front of the garrison, while the English troops marched out to receive them in the same manner. The commanders saluted each other as friends—the treaty was read—the ceremony of laying down and taking up arms performed. Both parties dined together, the governor having prepared a great entertainment for the occasion. This was in June, 1654.* Thus ended Cromwell's conquest of the Highlands. The English troops left the country just as they found it. "They were all obliged speedily to retrace their steps amid the jeers and laughter of the Highlanders †"

That Cromwell's plans for the subjugation of Scotland were truly formidable, is no secret. Caledonia was attacked in three different directions by his armies. General Lillburn, after burning the ancient burgh of Inverness, and murdering the inhabitants, advanced towards Lochaber on one side. General Dean marched from Perth, in the same direction, on the other, but the most of his division was cut off by the Marquis of Huntly and Lord Balcarras. Colonel Overton took Argyle for his share and landed in Kintyre, which expedition, with the rest, proved a miserable failure. Overton encountered the greatest danger of all. "If my Lord Marquess of Argyle had not protected him, he, and all that was with him had gottin ther throottes cutte. So, weill laughin at by the Heighlanders, he was forced to retorne with penurey aneuche, werey glade all of them that ther lives were saved. ‡" The reader is, I hope, convinced by this time of the cowardly character of our would-be caluminators. He will see, that after Caledonia was infested in three different directions, by Cromwell's armies, the brave Gael, in the true spirit of their mighty fathers in all ages, defended their hills, and defied their despicable enemies. The natives of Lochaber compelled them to the most honourable treaty above presented, and left them nothing but hunger and strokes. The Marquis of Huntly and Lord Balcarras so humbled General Dean, that he was obliged to treat with them on very humiliating terms. So little did they regard the English afterwards, that Huntly disbanded his men, for sheer want of employment for them. And finally,

* Stewart's Sketches, vol. ii. p. 364.

† See Browne vol i. p. 77; also Balfour, as above quoted.

‡ Balfour, vol iv. p. 349-50.

that the natives of Argyle proved so formidable to the invaders, that the Marquis had to interfere, out of sheer humanity, to save their "*throottes from being cuttc.*" The English ravaged part of that county, but Cromwell was obliged to pay Argyle the sum of £12,000 for the damage done, which sum was also brought forward as an act of high treason, when Charles II. murdered that noble martyr. When our good English friends are convicted in this way, they are sure to turn to bay, and say that it was not worth while to conquer Scotland. But how can this agree with their favourite theme, that they actually conquered it. To what purpose did imperial Rome proceed against ancient Scotia, with her formidable armies? and in one expedition lost 70,000 men in the passes of the Grampians. To what purpose did the first Edward of England, for 15 years, try to subdue her—by forces in the field—by whole massacres—by breaches of the most solemn treaties, and a succession of atrocious murders? We demand a direct answer to these facts. It is truly humbling to think of the shifts to which the Englishers are reduced to on this ground. They must have armies and victories, in order to appear like the neighbouring nations; but then they must be, at the same time, the most christian, the most civilized, as well as the most humane people in all the world. On the other hand, if they admit that their armies under Edward the First butchered the Scottish nation—their christianity—their civilization—and their humanity must be forfeited to the scorn of even British pagans of the nineteenth century.

But, on the other hand, should they prefer their second shift, that Scotland was not worth the conquering, the valour of their kings and their armies is undone—besides, where is the credit of their historians? It is a hardship on all hands—intolerable dilemma—to be whipped into so devilish a neuk by a barbarous Celt; but it is not the first time that that all hateful race served them so, for all that English vice has overran this apostate land to its utmost bounds, and although every vile precaution is taken to hire emissaries, from time to time, for the express purpose of mutilating our histories. Still, it is hoped, that there are not a few who are honest enough to detest the Southrons and their fables, yes, and expose them too. The English might gain something like credit for their fabulous conquests in France, by their princes black and

white, at Poitiers, Cressy, Calis, &c., had they steered clear of their everlasting punishment here. The honest reader can judge for himself what amount of credit can be due to them, when in our own day many falsehoods are circulated of which the grossest clown would think shame. Nor did any of their agents, for the last century, exert himself to feed them in these extravagances like Scott the fabulist. No doubt, they thought, long before now, that they had Scotland secure, when a whole succession of their hired impostors went hand in hand to suppress everything national, beginning with Robertson and ending with Allison,* whose honesty would not allow him to mention his countrymen as Scotchmen. While saying something of the British forces in the late struggle with France, his eternal theme is the English army. Sometimes this phraseology seems to stick in his gizzard, and when he cannot avoid mentioning the Highland regiments, his cowardice is such that the contents of his internals must come out at his mouth, and from terror of offending his employers he is glad to take his chance of being degraded by calling them British regiments; nevertheless, the Sheriff may rest assured that he is detected and condemned—his whole design clearly discovered, and himself justly despised. I have lately seen a very spirited example made of him by a labourer in Greenock, who had a volume of Sheriff Allison's "History of Europe" out of the Mechanics' Library here. The man thought he would find some justice done to his country in it, but in that he was grossly mistaken. He saw plainly that though Scotchmen are sleeping in these affairs the stratagems of apostates are only increasing. The honest labourer, with true patriotism, took his pen and scored out the obnoxious title English, where it should not be, and interlined British army, &c.; and, in like manner, where Sheriff Allison audaciously wrote British to represent those who never turned their back to a foe, the "honest man" wrote Scottish Highlanders. Is it any wonder, therefore, that such men are not only perverters of truth, but also very often perfect fanatics. Few there are who have not heard of that production entitled "Letters from Scotland," said to have been published at London in 1754, wherein it is said, "That when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among

* Sheriff Allison of Glasgow.

the hills in cold weather, they sometimes soak their pluids in a river or brook, and holding up a corner of it a little above their heads they turn themselves round and round till they are enveloped in the whole mantle. They then set themselves down on the heath upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle." The man who is pretended to have been the author of these letters is represented as an officer of engineers,* and that he was an Englishman, not one word of which is true. It is not above thirty-five years since these letters were produced by a native of Lochgoilhead, Cowal, Argyleshire. Briefly, the case stood thus:—The late Mr. M'Donald Campbell, innkeeper there, was an accomplished but withal a very eccentric character, but never aspired above keeping the Inn at that place, by which, together with a small farm, he was supported during the most part of his life. Some tourists from England found their way to Lochgoilhead. They of course lodged in the Inn, and discovered that M'Campbell was not only a profound scholar, but also the most extravagant wag that they ever met with. The gentlemen departed, but the affair ended in a correspondence between his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Mr. Campbell. The consequence was the production of these letters and other extravagancies, flowing like an incessant current from the inventive genius of their accomplished author, all to divert his Royal Highness; but yet they must be of date 1754—believed as gospel—quoted and circulated to shew forth the comet-heat of the Highland blood. Those who were able to palm these letters on the world as the production of an officer of engineers from England, are qualified to present you with as many victories, both in France and Scotland, as you like to hear. Or if they are resolved to find the real temperature of Celtic heat, we can only remind them of the burning of London in 1667. They are sometimes in humour of saying that God set fire to it, but as Charles II. was the devil that did it, they can ascertain the heat of Celts and Angles by their own affairs, without pilfering Mr. Campbell's humorous correspondence with the Duke of York. We remember of reading of another old friend of theirs, the Count Chordes, who said that he would roast

* See Notes to Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

seven years in — on condition that he could wrest Calais from the English—that was one hot Celt. You may here, perhaps, object to me speaking in such rude terms which are not at all consistent “with Angelized civilization of the nineteenth century.” The only answer that honesty can afford to that corruption is, that in these times of profane apostacy, wicked men are not to be indulged in any such evil suggestions. The men who can feloniously maintain that the present system of robbery and violence perpetrated by our enemies, the nominal Highland land-holders, is lawful, have an equal hatred to hear their evil deeds exposed, of whatever kind they may be. How often have you heard that the barbarous Celts were under the feudal system till of late ; and how many thousands of the benighted population of these kingdoms take for granted that all this is true, who cannot tell what feudalism is. That system was never known beyond the Grampian range, till within the last forty years. The difference, therefore, between Scottish freedom or clanship, and English slavery or feudalism, is simply, that in England the land was properly in the hands of the king, the feudal sureties of that country, only as middle men held their possessions by military tenure from the monarchs. The wretched people were the slavish serfs of both, or in other words, such as the whole of the British population at the present day. But it was quite otherwise in Scotland, till of late. The people were the proprietors of the soil. The chiefs were neither hereditary nor yet absolute lords of the persons and property of the people, as is falsely reported, but within certain limits, which guaranteed the utmost freedom for his supporters. If the heir to a chieftancy was found qualified in body and mind to be the honourable head of the clan, he was supported, but if not, another of the line was elected, with the unanimous consent of the people, but never otherwise. Neither was it an exclusive right of any such, to levy racket rents as he thought proper, directly or indirectly. He was only maintained by the voluntary donations of his supporters. In the capacity of a gentleman, he could not as much as choose a site to build his castle, without the common consent of his clan. In proof of which, only a few years ago, when Glengary made his graceless attack on the free people of that country, by introducing the feudal abominations of England, the whole population left the land

of their fathers, *en masse*, and emigrated to Canada, where their descendants are now in a flourishing condition. It is true they are not out of the reach of their brutal persecutors even there. We often hear the malignant tongues of clerical vagrants defaming them through their monthly records and other agencies of that sort. But the time is not far distant, when such emissaries will meet their due reward, when once that the Gael there are made aware, that such are sent on the express errand of betraying them, and to rob them of their good name. The result will be in future, that the graduate must be hanged on the first tree

I must now proceed to give you a brief sketch of the most noted of our Scottish families, proving their Celtic descent, from national documents the most incontrovertible, but withal disowning their present representatives, as unworthy of their names. Nor should it be overlooked, that our sovereigns have been most grossly insulted, for the last century in particular, by English scribblers, in their daring assaults on this kingdom, where the reigning family can boast of a pedigree, unequalled in this quarter of the globe. Probably many there are of you who hitherto might not have an opportunity of finding Her Majesty's descent so particular as you would wish. That is the reason, therefore, that the following list of your Sovereign's ancestors is submitted to your perusal.

Much as the Scots have to boast of, never was the Celtic character adorned, in any age or country, more than in the person of our most beloved and interesting Sovereign.

THE PEDIGREE OF HER MAJESTY, IN THE ROYAL
LINE OF SCOTLAND, &c., FROM A C. 330.

Fergus I.
Mainus
Dornadillo
Ruther
Josina
Finnanus
Durstus
Ederus
Corbredus I.
Corbredus II.

Mogallus
Euthodius I.
Euthodius II.
Fergus II.
Dongardus
Congallus
Eugene III.
Donald IV.
Eugene V.
Eugene VII.

Etfinus
 Achaius the Great
 Alpin
 Kenneth II
 Ethus
 Constantine III
 Indulphus
 Kenneth III
 Malcolm II
 Duncan I
 Malcolm III
 David I
 Robert I
 Robert II

Robert III
 James I
 James II
 James III
 James IV
 James V
 Mary, queen of Scots
 James VI
 George I
 George II
 George III, prince Edward
 of Kent
 Queen Victoria

The German ancestry of the present royal pair, is as follows. The German Celts were numerous and mighty.* The ancestors of our beloved sovereign, are here presented to the Scottish public, as handed down to us by the German historians, from the year 970. Azo, the first Count of Este and Marquis of Tuscany, who was the Emperor's vicar in Italy, died in the year 970. To Azo, succeeded Thibant, his son, who, by the Emperor Otho, was created Marquis of Este, being also Lord of Lucca, Cremona, Mantua, Ferrarra, &c. He died in the year 976, and was succeeded by Albert Azo, his brother. He died in the year 995, and was succeeded by Hugh, his son, whose wife was Mary, daughter of Theodatus, Marquis of Parma, and by her had Azo, his son and heir. Azo the Second, who was the founder of the Brunswick family, married Cunegunda, sister to Guelph the Third Earl of Altort, of the ancient family of the Guelphs, and by her he had Guelph the First, of Este, surnamed the robust, who, about the year 1070, was by the Emperor, Henry IV., made Duke of Bavaria, and he marrying Judith, daughter to the 5th Earl of Flanders, and widow of Tosto, brother to Harold, king of England, by her left issue, two sons, Guelph and Henry,

Guelph the Second succeeded his father in the year 1101, and died without issue. Henry the First, called the black, his brother, became heir. He died in 1125. By Wilfenden, his wife, he had Guelph, who settled in Italy, and Henry the Second, called the haughty. This Henry, married Gertrude, daughter to the Emperor Lothair II.,

* For proof, consult the first number.

of whom he had the investiture of Bavaria, and afterwards the Dukedom of Sacraesonn. He died about the year 1179, and was succeeded by Henry the Third, his son, who was called the lion. He died in the year 1195, and left three sons, whereof Otho, was the fourth Emperor of that name. Henry, was Count Palatine, of the Rhine. William, was Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh. It was then, that his brother Otho erected those lands into a Dukedom. This William the First, surnamed long-sword, succeeding his brother Otho, married Helena, daughter of Voldemar, king of Denmark, and by her had Otho, his son, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg. He died in 1252, and left issue by Maud, his wife, daughter to Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg, two sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Albert, the eldest, called the great, succeeded him; and John, who was Duke of Lunenburgh, dying 1330, left Otho, who died without issue, as also his brother William, who died 1365, and was succeeded by his kinsman Magnus Torquatus. Albert the great, who succeeded his father, as above-mentioned, married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, the magnanimous Duke of Brabant, by whom he had three sons, Albert, his successor, William and Henry, surnamed the admirable, which last, had two sons, Henry, father of Otho. From Albert the Second, who died in 1316, descended the Prince of the house of Brunswick that wide spread royal tree. He married Ricca, daughter to the Duke of Herules and Vandale, and by her had Magnus the meek, his successor, whose wife was Sophia, daughter to Henry, Marquis of Brandenburg, and by her he had Magnus Torquator, his son and heir. This Magnus the Second, who in 1362 succeeded his father, married Catherine, daughter to Voldemar, Elector of Brandenburg, and he dying in 1370, by her left three sons, whereof Frederick was Duke of Brunswick, and elected emperor. In the year 1400, he was slain at Frislar, by Count Waldech. Bernard was progenitor of the Dukes of Lunenburgh, and Henry, was prince of Colemberg and Wolfenbuttle.

In the year 1428, Bernard had the Dukedom of Lunenburgh, and his father's right over the city of Brunswick, by partition made with his nephews, and dying in 1434, left issue, by Margaret his wife, Otho and Frederick the just, which Frederick died in 1478. He left two sons, Bernard and Otho. The eldest dying in 1464, without

issue, his brother, became heir. He died in 1471, left a son named Henry, who died at Paris, in 1532, and left three sons, Otho, Francis, and Ernest, who all subscribed the Augsburg confession. Ernest died in 1546, who was the first protestant prince of this family. He married Sophia, daughter to Henry, Duke of Meclenburgh, by whom he had three sons, Francis Otho, who died in 1559. Henry, Earl of Dannebergh, who was ancestor of the house of Brunswick. Wolfembutte died in 1598. William, Duke of Lunenburg-zell, born 1535, from whom is descended the house of Hanover-zell, of which king George the First was the head. The said William died in 1592, and left seven sons and seven daughters, of which George, who was born in 1582, succeeded him, and died in 1641, and left four sons and a daughter, named Sophia Amelia, who was married to Frederick III, king of Denmark. Of the sons, which were Christian Lewis, George Williams, John Frederick, and Ernest Augustus. The latter, who was born in 1629, was first administrator of the bishopric of Osnaburg, for the Augsburg Confession, and in 1648, succeeded Count of Wirtemberg. Francis, in the said bishopric, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia, ratified in 1648. He also in 1680 became Duke of Hanover, and in 1693, the Emperor Leopold, in consideration of the assistance afforded him by the said Duke Ernest, for carrying on the war against France, made him Elector of the Empire, *viz.*, Elector of Brunswick, Lunenburg, also, arch-standard bearer. The Emperor Joseph, gave the said Duke Ernest, the post of Great Treasurer of the empire. The said Elector Ernest married the princess Sophia, youngest daughter to Frederick V., Elector Palatine, of the Rhine, elected king of Bohemia, Nov 4, 1619. He died, November 19, 1632. By Elizabeth of Great Britain, eldest daughter to king James the Sixth of Scotland and Anne, his queen. The said Princess Elizabeth, was born in Edinburgh on the 16th of August, 1596. She was married at Whitehall, on the 4th of Feb, 1612, to Frederick, the Fifth Count Palatine of the Rhine, who, in the year 1620, was elected king of Bohemia, and by him she had eight sons and five daughters, (now mark), of which Sophia, the youngest, was nominated successor to the crown of Great Britain, and was mother of king George the First. Wherefore, George Lewis, eldest son of Duke Ernest and the Princess Sophia, was on the 13th

March, 1702, installed a knight of the Thistle, at Windsor, by his proxy, Charles Lord Mahoun. On the 1st of August, he was crowned king of Great Britain, and died on the 11th June, 1727, after reigning 12 years, 10 months, and eleven days. Now! there the whole affair to you to the end of the chapter. Never was a claim more righteous than his.

LETTER VI.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 29th May, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As many into whose hands this tract may find its way, had never seen the imperial crown of Scotland, permit me here to present it in a few words, as it really is. It is only fulfilling what was promised sometime ago.

The imperial crown of Scotland was, for many ages, a plain diadem of gold. Caractacus, the seventeenth king, about the period of the incarnation, made some addition to it. Charlemange added another addition, with Fleurs-de-lis, to king Achaius, as a token that France would always support Scotland. The crown is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls, and curious enamellings.

Its form. First. It is composed of a circle, which goes round the head, adorned with twenty-two large precious stones, viz, topazes, amethysts, garnets, emeralds, rubies, hyacinths, in collets of gold, of various forms, with curious enamellings, and betwixt each of these collets and stones, are placed great Oriental pearls.

Secondly. Above the circle, there is another small one, formed with twenty points, adorned with the like number

of diamonds and sapphires, and on each point there is a great pearl.

Thirdly. The upper circle is heightened with ten crosses floree, each being adorned in the centre with a great diamond, betwixt four large pearls. The number of diamonds upon the upper part of the crown, besides what are in the under circle, and in the crosses pattee, are fifty-one; and those crosses floree are interchanged with ten high Fleur-de-lis alternately, betwixt the great pearls below on the points of the second circle.

This is the form of the crown of Scotland. Since the league between Achaius of Scotland and Charles the great of France, it differs from other crowns, in that it is heightened with crosses floree alternately, with Fleurs-de-lis. Whereas, the *coul* of England is heightened with crosses pattee, alternately with Fleur-de-lis.

Fourthly. The crown of Scotland is thus closed—from the upper circle proceed four arches, adorned with enamelled figures of most exquisite workmanship, which meet and close at the top, surmounted with a celestial globe of gold, enamelled with blue semee or powdered with stars, crossed and enamelled with a large cross pattee on the top, adorned in the extremities with a great pearl, and cantoned with other four in the angles, in the centre of the cross pattee. In the fore part of the crown, there is a square amethyst, and on the other side of the cross there is a great pearl, and below it, on the foot of the cross, are these letters, "I.R.V.," by which it appears that king James V. added that part to it. The tiara or bonnet of the crown, consists of crimson velvet, adorned with four plates of gold, richly wrought and enamelled, and on each of them a great pearl, half an inch in diameter, which appears between the four arches, and the cap is faced with ermine. Upon the lowest circle of the crown, immediately above the ermine, there are eight small holes, two and two together in the four quarters of the crown, in the middle space between the arches, to which there are tied two diamonds and precious stones. The crown is nine inches in diameter, being 27 inches in circumference, and in height, from the under circle to the top of the cross pattee, six inches and a half. It always stands on a square cushion of crimson velvet, adorned with fringes, and four tassels of gold thread hanging down at each corner.

The above description of the Scottish crown may satisfy

the most curious, as to the quality of that magnificent relic. There is not the like of it on the globe.

Next comes the sword of state. The sword is five feet long, the handle and pomel are of silver, in length fifteen inches; the pomel is round and somewhat flat on the two sides, and on the middle of each there is a garland of embossed work, and in the centre there are two enamelled plates. The traverse or cross of the sword is silver, seventeen inches long and a half an inch thick. The form of it is like two dolphins, their heads joining and their tails ending in acorns. The shells hang down towards the point of the sword, formed like an Escallop, or rather like a green oak leaf. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, and magnificently wrought with fac simile of branches of oak, with leaves and acorns. On the scabbard there are four round plates of silver, two of which are enamelled blue. At the opening of the scabbard, opposite to the hook, there is a large plate of silver enamelled purple, in a cartouch azure, an oak tree eradicate and fructuate Or.

The Sceptre.—The stem of the sceptre is of silver, and about two feet in length, of a Hexagon form. Betwixt the second and third nob there are three sides engraven, representing the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew, and St. James. On one side, under the Virgin Mary, there is the letter 'J,' upon the second side, under St. James, there is the letter K, and on the 3d, under St. Andrew, there is some initial which I do not know. On another side, there are magnificently engraved fourteen fleur-de-lis; and on another, ten thistles springing from one stem, directly from the third nob to the capital. The three sides under the statues are plain, but on the other, there are many engravings of exquisite beauty, representing sacramental cups, Medusa's heads, and Rullian foliages. Upon the top of the stem, there is an antique capital letter of leaves embossed, the import of which I do not know. Upon the abacus, there is the image of St. Andrew, in apostolic garment, and on his head a Scotch bonnet; there are also that of the Virgin Mary and of the apostle James, with many other beautiful ornaments. Between each of these statues, there is a Rullian in form of dolphins, about four inches in length and their tails ending in a rose. Above these statues there is another Hexagon nob, with oak leaves, under every corner, and above it, a crystal globe,

of upwards of two inches in diameter, within three bars joined above, where it is surmounted with six Rullians, with an oval globe, in the top of which is fixed an Oriental pearl, of half an inch in diameter.

Arms.—A Lion rampant. Gules armed and langued azure, within a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered, with fleur-de-lis of the second circle, composed of rue and thistle, having the image of St. Andrew, with his cross on his breast, appendant to it, and this motto round the image, "*Nemo me impune lacessett.*"* Above the shield, a sovereign's helmet, with a mantle Or, faced with ermine, adorned with an imperial crown, beautified with crosses, floree, and fleur-de-lis, surmounted on the top for a crest, a Lion full faced Gules crowned Or, holding in his dexter paw a naked sword proper, and in the sinister a sceptre, both erect, supported by two Unicorns argent, crowned with imperial, and gorged with open crowns. To the latter, chains are affixed between their legs, and reflexed over their backs. The one on the dexter side embracing and bearing up a banner of cloth of gold, charged with the royal arms of Scotland; and the one on the sinister side, bearing another banner azure, charged with St. Andrew's cross argent, both standing on a compartment from which issues two thistles, one towards each side of the escutcheon; and for the sovereign's royal motto, in a scroll above all, "In defence," and under, in the table of the compartment, "*Nemo me impune lacessett.*" "It is agreed by our historians," says Nicholas, "that Fergus the First took this Lion for his arms 330 years before Christ, when he beat the Picts." The double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered, was added by Charlemagne when he entered into an alliance with king Achaius of Scotland, to signify that the French lillies should defend and guard the Scottish Lion. It is said by Hoppingius, that Charlemagne adorned the crown of Scotland, being then emperor as well as king of France, with four lillies and four crosses, as a symbol of the Christian religion, and of the inviolable fidelity of the Scots. The royal badges and ordinary symbols of the kingdom of Scotland, are a thistle of gold, the white cross of St. Andrew in a blue field, and the standard bearing of

* Nemo shall safely provoke me.

St. Andrew's cross, which is a badge derived from the Picts after the Scots conquered them.

The following is the order in which the Scottish Parliament always assembled:—When the day came on which the first session of each Parliament was to be held, the Members went to the house. The crown, sceptre, and sword of state, were brought in a coach, attended by three noblemen of the first order, attended by a guard, till they brought the regalia to the monarch or his commissioner. When the king or his commissioner was ready, the procession began as follows:—

All the Members mounted their horses, caparisoned with rich trappings, in the great court before the palace. The Burgesses, two and two, each being allowed a lackey, two trumpets, and two pursuivants, bareheaded, ushering the way. These were followed by four door-keepers of the Session or Courts of Justice on horseback.

Next came the Commissioners and the Burgesses, who were allowed to wear cloaks, followed by such of the Officers of State as were not noblemen, and two of the door-keepers brought up the rear.

Next to them rode the Lords, two and two, in their robes, according to their degrees, followed by four trumpeters, bareheaded, two and two, four pursuivants, two and two, and then six Heralds and the Gentlemen Usher, in the same manner, bareheaded.

Next came the Lion King of Arms, bareheaded, in his robe and foot mantle, and his baton in his hand.

Next came the Regalia, carried by three of the nobles of the first order, all bareheaded. On each side of the Regalia there was three mace bearers, bareheaded. After them came a nobleman, bare-headed, with a purse containing the Lord High Commissioner's commission.

Last of all came the Lord High Commissioner, with the Dukes on his right and the Marquises on his left. When the king was present, the Master of the Horse rode near, but a little aside. Every Duke had eight lackeys, every Marquis six, every Earl four, every Viscount three, every Lord three, and every nobleman had a gentleman to hold up his train besides his pages.

When the King was present, the Dukes rode next him, then the Lord High Commissioners, and next to them the Marquises and the Earls, but the Lord High Commissioner always rode before the King, bearing the great seal. The

noblemen's lackeys had short velvet coats over their liveries, with their badges, crests and mottos, either in plate or embroidery, on their breasts and backs. The great officers of state rode from the palace some short time before the cavalcade in their robes, attended by their friends on horseback, and waited in the Parliament House.

When the Commissioner entered, the Lord Chancellor took his own purse, and ushered him from the bar to the throne. When the king was present, the Lord Chancellor received His Majesty at the door of the Parliament House, and ushered him to the throne. All the Members of Parliament waited on the High Commissioner, or the King, in the great hall. The noblemen in their scarlet robes faced with ermine, according to their degrees. The Guards followed the King or the Commissioner, and the street was always lined with trained bands. The throne was raised six steps high, with a canopy of state over it. On the first step sat the the Lord Chancellor, with other officers of state on both sides of him. On the next step sat the Judges. On the right hand of the throne were two rows of benches, upon which the Archbishops and Bishops sat. In the middle of the floor were two tables—one for the Regalia, and in two great chairs by it sat the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal; at the other table sat the Lord Clerk Register, with his deputies, the Clerks of Parliament. The Representatives for Shires sat on the right side, and the Representative for Burghs on the left. If the King was present, he spoke to them in his robes, with the crown upon his head, and the Members stood up uncovered; but the Commissioners appeared only in common wearing apparel, and stood and spoke uncovered.

The Members returned in the same order back to the palace, only the Constable and Marshal rode on the Commissioner's right and left, with caps of permission.

The Lord Chancellor and Lord Privy Seal staid behind until all withdrew, and returned in the same state to the Parliament House; and the same order of riding was observed on the last day of the Parliament.

From what we have just now stated, some of the magnificence of the Scottish Court can be plainly seen, but at this stage we are only drawing an outline of it. Enough, however, has been said to repel London Indians for the present. How otherwise could it possibly be, when you

consider that a kingdom so ancient as Scotland, ever free, ever progressing in every department of human knowledge and independence, from the beginning of this monarchy till the filthy bargain was concluded in 1707. Again, duly considering the vast profusion of learning always nurtured here under the sway of the Celtic language for ages, as will shortly appear, the smallness of our territorial bounds, and the matchless valour of the natives, all combined, were unmatched in Europe, till English vice, and the low fraud peculiar to that people, have now destroyed her courage, marred her progress, and, with the exception of a small remnant, indeed, made her like her infamous tutor—in vice, a lying, drunken carrion.

Those who would insinuate that any part of this kingdom had not a large share of civilization, we would recommend them to read that pamphlet lately published by the learned William M'Donald, A.M., M.D., Argyle Street, Glasgow, entitled "Historical Sketches of Islay," where the reader may see what will both gratify and surprise him.

THE CAMPBELLS.

In reference to this celebrated family, it is only necessary to mention, that Caha Fanan, the son of Coll Meain, brother of Coll-uais, and Prince of Dalriada, was the first of the family of Argyle, and that he entered Scotland about the period of the incarnation, or, at the outstretch, about A.D. 80. Therefore the Duke of Argyll is the son of John, son of John, son of John, son of Gillespic, son of Gillespic, son of Gillespic, son of Gillespic, son of Colin, son of Gillespic, son of Colin, son of Colin, son of Colin, son of Gillespic, son of Nial, son of Colin-mor, son of Duncan, son of Gillespic son of Colin, son of Gillespic, son of Gillespic, son of Duncan, son of Gillespic, son of Paul, son of Donocha-an-aigh, or Happy Duncan, son of Nial-mor O'Duibhne, son of Eoghan Riabhach, son of Raoine Garv, son of Diarmid O'Duibhne, son of Caha Fanan, son of Coll Meain. There is no difficulty whatever in tracing this pedigree through the Milesian records to Milesius of Spain, or the leader of that colony of Celts which took possession of Ireland, as proved by Sir Isaac Newton,* a thousand years before the incarnation. Be-

* See his Antiquities.

sides, it is needless to remind you that there is not in this catalogue near the number of this illustrious race which succeeded each other as Thanes, Barons, Knights, Marquises, Earls, and Dukes; but as many of them died without issue they cannot be admitted in genealogical order, though they succeeded to the estate. The crest of this family is not what is now, and for many ages past, known as such, viz., quarterly 1st and 4th, girony of eight pieces, topaz and diamond, for Campbell; 2d and 3d pearl, a lymphad, or old fashioned ship, with one mast, her sails close, and oars in action, all diamonds, with flag and pendants ruby, for the Lordship of Lorn. Crest on a wreath, a Boar's head couped, topaz; supporter, two Lions guardant, ruby; motto, "*Ne oblivisearis.*" The proper crest is a stalwart Celt, attacked by a wild boar. He is in the full costume, and the furious animal, with open mouth, rushing upon him. MacO'Duibhne is on his knee, and holds in his left hand a large rough stone (no topaz) which he is pushing in the Boar's mouth, and in his right hand, the claimor, in the act of cutting the Boar down—that is the way you would know a Campbell.

The first of this illustrious race, of which we shall at present take notice, is Pol-an-Sporain, or Paul* of the Purse, who was Treasurer to King Donald I., the first Christian monarch of this realm. He ascended the Scottish throne, as was already noticed, A.D. 201. He and many of the nobles were baptized at that early period. Church history is sufficiently clear on this point. Hence you may see the insolence of those who would fix the beginning of the Scottish monarchy under Fergus II., which is already, it is hoped, sufficiently refuted.

Paul O'Duibhne, Thane of Loch Awe, had no issue but an only daughter, named Eva. In all probability this lady was named after the "mother of all living," which could not but be derived from her father's knowledge of the sacred scriptures, and his being a Christian, as well as his sovereign. Eva married Gillespie O'Duibhne,† her cousin, A.D. 218. It is falsely asserted that this nobleman changed the name into Campbell, whereas the Gillespie that did so lived in the reign of Malcom Ceanmore, in the

* Paul is a Christian name.

† This is the nobleman called the Anglo-Norman in the Douglas Peerage.

eleventh century. Gillespie, by Eva his lady, had a son, named Donacha-an-aigh, or Happy Duncan, &c., &c., in succession, as in the above catalogue, till you reach the famous Colin-mor, who in 1296 was summoned to Berwick on the part of Robert Bruce, when bloody Edward I. came hither to decide the dispute between Bruce and Baliol. He married a lady of the family of Sinclair, by whom he had two sons, viz., Sir Niel, his successor, and Sir Donald, ancestor of the family of Loudin. In 1308, Colin-mor entered into an agreement with Sir Gilbert Hay and Sir Alexander Seaton to defend Robert Bruce as aforesaid. In 1315, he was one of the barons in the Parliament held at Ayr, where they made an entail of the crown to king Robert Bruce and his heirs, for which signal loyalty, and other good services, the king granted him large possession, and the lady Margery Bruce, his sister, in marriage. By this lady he had two sons, Colin and John. The latter received the title of the Earl of Athol, and died without issue. Sir Colin, his brother, succeeded his father in 1316, and joined the expedition made into Ireland, and was the chief instrument in getting Edward Bruce crowned at Dundalk as king of that country. He returned shortly thereafter. In the minority of king David Bruce, he, at the head of 400 men, took the castle of Dunoon by storm, and drove the English out of that fortress, with great loss, for which signal service that king made him governor of it, which is still one of the many titles of his descendants. He married a lady of the family of Lennox, and had by her a son. Colin died in 1340, and was succeeded by his son Gillespie, who defended the right of Bruce during that period of blood and treachery perpetrated by the contemptible Baliol. After the restoration of Bruce, Argyle was distinguished with high honours for his loyalty. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Lamont, of that ilk, and had by her Colin, his son and heir, who was a person of singular endowments. In the reign of James I., he was made his Majesty's Justice General, one of his Privy Council, and Lieutenant within the Shire of Argyle; all which offices he was continued in by James II., whom he helped to settle on the throne, for which services Argyle was made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and was summoned to Parliament by the title of Lord Campbell.

He married the Lady Margaret Stuart, daughter to

Robert, Duke of Albany, and by her had two sons, Gillespie and Sir Colin, ancestor to the family of Braedalbane. Gillespie, who was the elder brother, died before his father, and left issue by Elizabeth his wife, daughter to Sir John Sommerville, ancestor of the Lord Sommerville, a son named Colin, who succeeded his grandfather, and was Earl of Argyle in the reign of James III., was employed in the highest offices in the State, as Lord Privy Seal, Master of the Household, and Lord High Chancellor, all of which he discharged with great ability and integrity, and enjoyed all these offices till his death, A.D. 1492. He married Isabella, daughter to John Stewart, Lord Lorn, by whom he had two sons and five daughters, whereof Margaret was married to Lord John Drummond, Helen to Hugh, Earl of Eglinton, and Elizabeth to John, Lord Oliphant; and Gillespie the eldest son succeeded his father. The said Gillespie, who was the second Earl of Argyle, was a nobleman of great wisdom and valour; he was Chancellor and Chamberlain of Scotland, and Master of his Majesty's Household, and perished on the 9th of September, 1513, in the following manner. It is notorious to all, that the first vital stroke was inflicted on Scotland, when James I. took that savage woman Joan with him to his kingdom. She first instigated him to murder his best friends, and next plotted against his own life, because he refused to give his daughter in marriage to her kinsman in that abominable country. But the next connection with the Faas, almost ruined this kingdom. James IV. unfortunately married Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., but that only served the English for a pretence to invade the Border, on which occasion they slew the valiant Sir Robert Kerr. As an act of retaliation, the Lord Alexander Home entered England, and wasted the country from sheer contempt of the enemy; however, he continued too long till the English had sufficient time to collect a large force: the consequence was, that after a destructive battle, both sides claimed the victory. When James heard of these bloody frays, he took excessive grief at the death of Sir Rob. Kerr. Accordingly he entered England at the head of 50,000 men. He besieged and took the Castles of Norham, Werk, and Ford. Shortly thereafter, from some unaccountable infatuation, he dismissed the most of his army; the general estimate made of what remained is about ten thousand;

there were scarcely a family of distinction but were there, fathers and sons. At this crisis the doomed King of Scotland was warned that the English were on their march fifty thousand strong, to give him battle. Douglas, Earl of Angus, whose wisdom was equal to his bravery, implored the king to retreat, and not to risk his own life and that of his nobles against such fearful odds. But all the Earl's remonstrances proved of no avail. The king's answer was, "That if the enemy were one hundred thousand strong, that he would fight them." On the morning of the 9th of September 1513, the English army commanded by the Earl of Surrey, the Lurdy Howard, and Sir Marmaduke Constable, drew up in battle array on the field of Flodden. In like manner, the Scottish army 10,000 formed in three divisions. The centre was commanded by the king, the right by Argyle and Lennox, the left by Huntly and Home. Never did the Celtic character shine with brighter lustre than on that field of horror. It is allowed by all our historians that Huntly commenced the action at the head of the Northern Gael, and that he defeated the vanguard of the enemy with great slaughter, and chased them off the field; that by pursuing them too far, he was separated from the main body, which event proved the ruin of his countrymen. The right under the two Earls* was enveloped in clouds of English cavalry, without a man in reserve to relieve them. It was no longer systematic fighting but downright murder. The Scots, as was usual in their last extremity, formed into a deep phalanx. In close battalia, with their formidable spears, they sustained the fury of their foes, though the enormous proportion of five to one was in favour of the English. King James "dismounted and fought sword in hand in the front rank."† The English resolved to annihilate them—poured their masses of horse and foot to make a breach in the forest of lances which guarded the royal standard of Albion, but they perished as often as they repeated their destructive assaults. As might be expected the Scots were devoured by the numerical power of their foes, but still did not lose a yard of their position till the shades of night separated the combatants. The great and virtuous Gillespie of Argyle, and his fellow commander Lennox, perished early

* Argyle and Lennox. † Simpson.

in the action. It is a task even at this distant date, from which we shrink with horror, to repeat the names of the many nobles which perished on that field of destruction. William Graham, Earl of Montrose, and Sir Lachlan M'Lean the 9th of Duairt, were the last persons of distinction who commanded near the person of their Sovereign; both were slain. I believe that Huntly was the only exception of his rank which survived. Nor is it to be forgotten that the king left the field alive, and was seen on horseback crossing the border, but was undoubtedly murdered in some mysterious manner about the town of Kelso. That he was brave to a prodigy is certain, and was one of the finest looking men of the age in which he lived, is amply recorded. He was an accomplished surgeon, and even Buchanan who had a deep aversion to Monarchical pomp, says, "The access to his presence was easy, his answers were mild, he was just in adjudging, and moderate in punishment. He bore the malevolent speeches of his enemies and the admonitions of his friends with a greatness of mind which arose in him from the tranquillity of a good conscience, in so much that he scarcely ever returned an harsh word." We shall now return to our subject.

Gillespie last mentioned, married Elizabeth, daughter to John, Earl of Lennox, and by her had four sons and as many daughters. Margaret, married to John, Lord Erskine, and Isabella, to Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassillis, and Mary, to John, Earl of Athole; and of the sons, Colin the eldest, succeeded his father, was one of the Privy Council to King James V., as also in his reign was made Lord-Lieutenant of the Border and Warden of the Marches, Hereditary Sheriff of the County of Argyle, Justice-General of Scotland, and Hereditary Master of the King's Household. And marrying the Lady Janet Gordon, daughter to Alexander, Earl of Huntly, by her had Gillespie, his heir, and a daughter named Margaret, who was first married to James, Earl of Moray, and afterwards to John, Earl of Sutherland.

Gillespie, who was succeeded the fourth Earl of Argyle, and one of the Peers, who after the death of King James V. opposed the then intended match between Queen Mary and Edward VI. of England. When the war broke out with that kingdom in 1547, Argyle greatly distinguished himself by his wisdom and valour at the battle of Pinkie,

the siege of Haddington, &c., &c., and was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland.

He was the first of his quality who embraced Christianity when it revived under the glorious Reformation. He died A.D., 1558—he left two sons—Gillespie, his heir, and Sir Colin Campbell of Buchan; the former of which succeeded his father, and was the fifth Earl of Argyle, was a pious and most learned personage; he together with the Earls of Glencairn and Morton established the Protestant religion by Act of Parliament in the year 1560. In 1571 he was constituted Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, which office he enjoyed with universal reputation till his death in 1575; and then leaving no sons he was succeeded by Sir Colin Campbell his brother, the sixth Earl of Argyle. He was also made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and one of the Privy Council to King James VI., and dying in 1584, left issue by Agnes his wife, daughter to William Keith, Earl of Marischal, Gillespie, his son and heir, and four daughters, of which Anne was married to George Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, Annabella to Robert Kerr, Earl of Lothian, and Jane to John, Viscount Kenmure. He married for his second wife, Anne, daughter to Sir William Cornwallis, in the county of Suffolk, and by her had a son named James, as also a daughter, Mary, married to James, Lord Rollo. Gillespie, his son, the seventh Earl of Argyle, was one of the Privy Council to King Charles I. into whose hands in 1638 he resigned his Justiciary, which had been in his family for divers ages, reserving to himself and his heirs only the jurisdiction of Argyle and the Western Isles. In 1639, he was one of those fourteen who attended the King at Berwick. In 1641 he was created Marquis of Argyle. He was looked upon as one of the greatest statesmen of his time, and a zealous assertor of the Covenanted Reformation; he contributed much “to the reception and coronation of Charles II., for on the 1st of January 1651, he put the crown upon his head at Scoon;” but after the Restoration, A.D. 1661, he was basely accused by his enemy, the Earl of Middleton, especially for favouring Cromwell, and other alleged treasonable practices of which he was never guilty. Accordingly on the 27th of May, 1661, he was beheaded at the Market cross of Edinburgh, though he declared his innocence on the scaffold.

He married Margaret, daughter to William Douglas, Earl of Morton, and by her had two sons, Gillespie, his heir, and Neil, and three daughters, whereof Jane was married to Robert Kerr, Marquis of Lothian, and Mary, first to George, Earl of Caithness, and afterwards to John, Marquis of Braedalbane. Gillespie, his son, the eighth Earl of Argyle, signalised himself against Cromwell, and never laid down his arms till he received orders from the exiled Charles II. to do so, but that was no guarantee for his life or property afterwards. His estate was attainted, and himself declared a rebel without a shadow of justice, which iniquitous process was tried to intimidate this noted disciple of Jesus Christ to betray his God and his country, but all of no avail; he remained inflexible. The bloody and perjured tyrant Charles II. soon discovered that harsh treatment had no effect, he at once dignified Campbell with the title of Marquis of Argyle, and one of his Privy Council; "which offices he discharged with great fidelity." But, in 1681, he being against Popery and the Duke of York, that wicked man, acting under the instructions of the fiendish father La Chaise,* confessor to Louis XIV. of France, never halted till he brought the noble Gillespie to the block, on the 13th of June, 1685, though the most eminent lawyers in the kingdom openly declared that he was innocent of the alleged charges.

This noble martyr married the Lady Mary Stuart, daughter to James Earl of Moray, by whom he had four sons and two daughters; of which Anne was married to Richard Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, and afterwards to Charles Earl of Murray; and Jane to William Kerr, Marquis of Lothian. The four sons were Gillespie, John, Charles, and James. He was succeeded by his son Gillespie, who finally proved the undoing of the Stuarts.

To avoid the fury of the bloody York,† Argyle fled into Holland, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution in 1688. He landed with the Prince of Orange, on the 5th of November, and was declared by the Parliament of Scotland third Marquis of Argyle; and that the attainder against his father was a reproach to the nation. He was sent to England, together with Sir John

* See Protestant, Vol. IV., page 405, &c.

† James II.

Montgomery and Sir James Dalrymple, to offer the crown of Scotland, in name of the Convention of Estates, to King William and Queen Mary, on the 11th of April, 1689, the day that they were crowned. He, with the other Commissioners, presented the Act of Settlement to their Majesties, and taking their oath, which was distinctly pronounced by the Earl word by word, while their Majesties repeated the sentences after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of Scotland. This illustrious nobleman was the first Duke of Argyle. He died A.D. 1703, as was strongly suspected by violent intrigues. He was succeeded by his son, the celebrated

IAIN RUADH MAC CAILEIN.

It would take volumes to record the deeds of this noted hero. He was not five years of age when he leaped out of a window, three storeys high, without receiving the least hurt, which happened, as near as could be calculated, in the very minute that his grandfather suffered. In the seventeenth year of his age, he was major-general and commander of a regiment of foot, at the head of which, in 1694, in a sanguinary battle against the French, Argyle "charged at the forcing of the French lines," where the action was so hot, that his horse was twice shot under him. He fought, sword in hand, at the head of his regiment, until they nearly all perished about his person. Only three individuals of his whole company of grenadiers survived. He likewise distinguished himself through the whole course of the war in Germany at that time, as at the battle of Ramillies, where he was Brigadier, and at the siege of Menin, of which he took possession. He commanded at the taking of the Fort of Plassendall, and assisted at the siege of Ostend. He distinguished himself at the battle of Audenarde, and afterwards took possession of Lisle, the siege of which town he had assisted in; as also at Ghent and Bruges. In 1705, he particularly signalised himself at the siege of Tournay and of Blair-aignes. All this he performed ere he reached the 22nd year of his age. In the same year, 1705, he was appointed by Queen Anne to be her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland, and was afterwards made General of her Armies. When Marlborough

was recalled, he was asked whom he would recommend as his successor? His answer was — "JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE. None so able; none so willing." He might well say so. His countrymen of England, like the rest of their evil ways, attributed to Marlborough deeds which he never performed; indeed, it is certain that many of the feats attributed to him are only extracted from Argyle's Memoir within the last thirty years; so that we think no harm in making them pay stock and interest for their low tricks in that particular, as well as the rest. Just wait a little. Argyle was also appointed by Queen Anne General and Commander-in-Chief in North Britain; Viceroy of Minorca; Governor of Port-Mahon; one of the Privy Council; Colonel and Captain of the 4th troop of Guards, and Colonel of one of her Majesty's oldest regiments of foot; he was also made Baron of Chatham, Earl of Greenwich; one of the Privy Council in England; Knight of the Order of the Thistle; one of the Extraordinary Lords of Session; Ambassador Extraordinary to King Charles III.; and Commander-in-Chief of the English Forces in Spain.

Upon the demise of the Queen, August 1, 1714, he was made choice of by his Majesty King George I. to be one of the Lords Justices till he arrived from Hanover; and on the 19th of the said month, was appointed First Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, and Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and, on the 27th, he was appointed General of the Foot, and General and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Scotland. On the 1st October, he was appointed one of his Majesty's Privy Council; and, on the 20th, assisting at his coronation, there carried the sceptre.

Here justice demands that the Gael should be vindicated from some vile aspersions ever since that event palmed on the British public. It is not my intention to spend much time in discussing the merits or demerits of either Georges or Jameses, but only in this place to refute the malicious charges established long ago against the Gael of those days. The following document will prove that they were fully satisfied with the Revolution Settlement, and with the reigning branch of the Stuarts as their sovereigns, but that they were both betrayed and abused on the accession of George I. In the year 1714,

the Highland chiefs presented a loyal address to the King, signed by one hundred and two of their number, which document I now transcribe from volume first of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquarians, printed at Edinburgh, 1792:—

“ ADDRESS.

“ May it please your Majesty,

“ We, of the chief heritors and others in the Highlands of Scotland, under subscribing, beg leave to express the joy of our hearts at your Majesty’s happy accession to the crown of Great Britain.

“ Your Majesty has the blood of our ancient monarchs in your veins and your family. May that Royal Race ever continue to reign over us.

“ Your Majesty’s princely virtues, and the happy prospect we have in your Royal Family of an uninterrupted succession of Kings to sway the British sceptre, must extinguish the divisions and contests which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happiness to live under your Majesty into a firm obedience and loyalty to your Majesty’s Person, Family, and Government. And as our predecessors have for many ages had the honour to distinguish themselves by their loyalty, so we do most humbly assure your Majesty that we will reckon it our honour steadfastly to adhere to you, and with our lives and fortunes to support your crown and dignity against all opposers. And, in like manner, may your Majesty extend to us your Royal protection against any who labour to misrepresent us, and who rather use their endeavours to excite a misunderstanding than to engage the hearts of your subjects to that loyalty and cheerful, affectionate obedience which we owe, and which we are ready to testify, towards your Majesty.

“ Under so excellent a King, we are persuaded that we, and all other peaceful, faithful subjects, shall enjoy their just rights and liberties, and that our enemies shall not be able to hurt us with your Majesty, for whose Royal favour we presume humbly to hope, as our ancestors were honoured with that of your Majesty’s ancestors.

“ Our mountains, though undervalued by some, are, nevertheless, acknowledged to have in all times been

fruitful in producing hardy and gallant men; and such, we hope, shall never be wanting amongst us, who shall be ready to undergo all danger in defence of your Majesty's rightful title to the crown of Great Britain.

"Our behaviour shall always witness for us that, with unalterable firmness and zeal, we are,

"May it please your Majesty,

"Your Majesty's

"Most loyal, most obedient, and most dutiful,

"Subjects and Servants."

The first signature appended to the above excellent Address is that of Alexander Mac Donald, of Glengari; the last is that of Lachlan Mac Lean, of Kilmori—in all one hundred and two.

It is pretended that this loyal and affectionate address was never presented to the King; but that will not in the least extenuate the enormity of the abuse poured on the heroes who most justly attempted, the next year, to dethrone him, if it be alleged that the King was ignorant of the loyalty of the Scots. In this instance, it will appear, beyond doubt, that he was befooled, and maliciously instigated against his best friends; just as his ancestors were long ago by the English. Nor can one conceive how that diabolical act of treachery could be perpetrated without the knowledge of many fellows called Scots who were about the court at the time. We would wish that such could be vindicated. On the other hand, if it is admitted that the King really received the address, and was advised to abuse the affectionate Gael, the insolent felon richly deserved to be kicked back to Hanover. Nor is it less surprising to contemplate how Argyle, who was one of his Privy Council, could be ignorant of the insult offered to his countrymen. Whether we view this affair in the King's person, or in his pretended Royal prerogative, we find that he was either the essence of a slave, or was surrounded by a gang of ruffians, that would disgrace a convention of Mamelukes. And, farther, as it was, and is, customary to call those brave men "rebels" who boldly took the field to punish that King and his infamous associates, it is now justice to call them rebels, or anything which may first take your fancy. As to George I., he was indeed a base creature; and that after the above act

of treachery, either performed by him or by the graceless beings he had about him, he had no claim whatever on this kingdom; and so it was that not a few of our countrymen detested him, as we must now briefly relate.

The adherents of the exiled branch of the Royal Stuarts in England, during the reigns of William and Anne, never lost sight of restoring the male line of the Royal Family; but the Act of Succession in the Protestant line completely blasted their hopes of that kind. Hence it was that at the very time that the Scots were insulted, as we intimated, many in England were ripe to attack George; but from quite different motives. In short, the difference was, that the Scots detested him for his personal baseness; but the real Jacobites hated him for his being a professed Christian, and no Papist. As to the diplomatic trickery of this affair, we do not consider it of much importance to relate it in this place. To be brief, therefore, when Prince James Stuart, son of bloody York, or SEUMAS A' CHAC,* landed in the year 1715, many of the Scottish nobility were favourable to him; but they suppressed their inclinations in sullen silence, while others took the most decisive measures to dethrone George, from downright contempt of his person, and in particular for the above act of treason. Of this number were some of the most potent peers of Scotland—Livingston, Earl of Callander; Erskine, Earl of Mar; Drummond, Viscount Strathallan; Maule, Earl of Panmure, and several others, who unfurled the banner of the exiled branch of the Stuarts, and proclaimed the Prince on the 4th of August, 1715, by the name and title of James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. After which, Mar was appointed Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, and, you need not doubt, the rest to other stations of importance.

Now was the time for the insulted Gael to make manifest their detestation of the Hanoverian and his infamous advisers. They offered their sincerest affections, but either he or his associates abused them! Nor do we hesitate in the least to remark, that, if his descendants are as honest as we would wish them to be, let them vindicate him if they can. Let them, in the first place, make an honourable apology for the lying titles of "rebels," &c.,

* The Irish complimented him with that title.

vomited by the base fellows who attempted to make it appear that the Gael committed no less than an act of treason when they made a bold effort to punish the man in whom they could not place the least confidence. Or, secondly, if the King was advised to act the traitor, let them now disclose who instigated him so to do. This is, at least honourable; but till such time all this is done, we have no hesitation in calling him any name which the muse at present may dictate—"time about is fair play."

When the news came to the ears of Geordie's parasites that the Scots were in arms—as might be expected—those who were the hardest bullies with their tongues were glad to implore the non-such of Argyle to head their army, that was his post independent of their choice; nor was he slow to face the rising storm. Multitudes in his own county volunteered their services, from conscientious motives that the cause was good, though they were perfectly aware that there was no choice to be made between the two candidates. They knew that George was not worthy of the least confidence. He

"Could cheat and lee wi' ony man."

That, on the other hand, had James the power, they were sure that famous John himself could not save their lives nor yet his own. The visit paid them by Montrose was quite fresh in their memory. The other party, however, made vigorous preparations to meet their foes. The insulted chiefs mustered a gallant force; and had it not been that the Prince himself was a good-for-nothing being, his rival would have been exiled.

On the 13th November, 1715, both armies met on the Sheriff Muir, near Dunblane. Mar commanded the Royalists; the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, commanded the rebels for his master.* The action was hot in the extreme, for the time it lasted. The insulted Scots, with their usual ardour, completely routed the right of the insurgents; but they had only the half of it. Argyle, at the head of his cavalry, overpowered the left of the Royalists (all infantry), so that he had a decided advantage in that case. The Gael retired along the valley of the Allan, partly broken. Argyle pressed them so hard,

* King George I.

that they had not a minute to form, for several miles, till at last the insurgent cavalry stuck in a morass. Here a dreadful scene was enacted. An eye-witness has left us the following picture:—

“I was one of two hundred men who accompanied Rob Roy,* as we thought to fight for King James; but fortunate for ourselves, as I am now convinced of our folly, we were a few hours too late. When the valley of the Allan opened to our view, we saw a moving mass approaching us. The sun was shining bright; we could plainly see the red coats of the rebels. When their cavalry stuck in the fatal morass, as you are informed, we saw the dark mass formerly moving in front of them now began to extend, as it were, from two opposite points, and gradually formed a ring, which enclosed the scarlet cloud on all sides. Rob Roy looked attentively for some time. He appeared as if unconscious of his being alive. He at last broke silence, looking around him in apparent great anxiety, and said, ‘Gentlemen, will you fight for Mac Calein Mor?’ at the hearing of which each man looked at his fellow in sullen silence. He then asked, ‘Will you fight for Mar?’ Each man drew his sword, and exclaimed, ‘God bless King James!’ By this time we plainly saw that the struggle in the valley below was fast coming to an end; for every second the red mass enclosed in the dark ring was diminishing, till at last it decayed into a mere speck, and finally disappeared altogether. ‘Well,’ said Rob Roy, ‘that is so much. However, I think it is not proper for us to fight, for neither King James nor for King George; for my own part, I must say, that both Mar and Argyle were my friends at all times.’ I cannot really say what number perished, but the morass and adjacent ground presented a ghastly spectacle. When we came down to view the field after the tragedy was finished, men and horses lay dead in every position imaginable.”†

So far we have gone on the left hand road. The right of the rebels was totally defeated. They ran through Dunblane for Stirling Castle. Mar pursued them hard. Argyle, who foresaw the probability of that event, guarded against it with that wisdom peculiar to him, and accord-

* Rob Roy Mac Gregor.

† Extracted from the manuscript letter of a contemporary.

ingly stationed a chosen body of troops under the command of Major John Mac Donald, a native of Islay,* with positive orders to guard the Bridge of Stirling, and allow none to pass till further orders. When the flying rebels reached the bridge, they were repulsed, but could not be rallied to fight their pursuers. When Major Mac Donald saw their dismal appearance—some horse were among them, with the mangled limbs of their riders sticking in the stirrups—he exclaimed, “Thanks be to God, Mac Dougal is living! I know his cuts there.”†

In addition to his former preferments, Argyle was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of Surrey; the same year he was made Colonel of the Royal Blue Regiment of Horse, and one of his Majesty’s Cabinet Council. All this, of course, took place before the Battle of Sheriff Muir, within the space of less than one month, between the 8th and 31st August, 1715. In 1716, he was again appointed one of the Lords Justices, whilst George went to Hanover; and, on the 6th of February, was made High Steward of his Majesty’s Household, and afterwards Duke of Greenwich. On the 13th of June, he was a third time made one of the Lord Justices, as on the 3d of June, 1723, he was made a fourth time. On the 1st of June, 1725, he was made Master General of the Ordnance, and a fifth time one of the Lords Justices. On the 26th August, 1726, he was made Colonel of the Princess of Wales’ Own Regiment of Horse; and on the 31st of May, 1727, he was a sixth time appointed one of the Lord Justices and High Steward of the County of Wilts. He died November, 1743, and was succeeded by his brother Gillespie, Earl of Islay, the third Duke of Argyle, who died on the 15th of April, 1761; and was succeeded by John Campbell, son of the Honourable John Campbell of Mamor, second son of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, who was martyred for our covenanted Reformation in 1685. He died 9th November, 1770, and was succeeded by his son, Field Marshal, John, fifth Duke of Argyle. He was succeeded by his son, George William, sixth Duke of Argyle. He died April, 1841, and was succeeded by his

* The noted John Kiar, of that Ilk; he was in Mar’s army.

† Eoin Mac Sheumais, grandfather of the late Captain Alexander Mac Donald of Glasgow.

brother John, the seventh Duke of Argyle. He was succeeded by the present Duke, George William.

THE DOUGLASES.

“The Douglasses were heroes in every age.”—BURNS.

The original of this heroic race is derived from the following event:—In the reign of Solvathius, and about A.D. 780, Donald Ban, a notorious bad man, made an attempt to seize the Scottish throne. The king took the field, and so closely hunted Donald, that he was hemmed in a wood, where nothing but desperation could save him. Accordingly he made a bold effort to cut his way through the royal forces. A desperate battle was the consequence. The king rallied his troops, who were on the eve of giving way, in which onset there was one man who performed such deeds of prowess, that the king, astounded, exclaimed, “Seall thu Dughlas!”—that is, “See the dark gray man.” This Celtic title is, ever since that event, the surname of this potent race—unmatched in Europe, or anywhere else within the province of history, the Hebrew mighties alone excepted. The king, Solvathius, rewarded Douglas with large possessions for his services. Here it is necessary to observe, that “Seall thu” is barbarously transformed into “Sholto”—a phrase that would defy all the etymologists on earth to decypher, were it not that the genuine title is handed down to us. For form sake, we shall at present call him Sholto. He was succeeded by his son Hugh, who was the father of another Hugh. He was succeeded by his son John, the first Lord of Douglas, who was succeeded by William, next Lord of Douglas. He was succeeded by Gillespie his son, who was the father of Hugh de Douglas who signalised himself at the battle of Largs, A.D. 1236, where the Scots obtained their noted victory over the Danes. Hugh was succeeded by William the Hardy, who was the father of the celebrated Sir James, the Black Knight of Annandale. This is the noted hero who pursued Edward for forty miles when he fled from the field of Bannockburn, which was but the beginning of his actions in the service of his country. In the year 1313, he besieged and took the castle of Roxburgh from the English. For king Robert Bruce he commanded the left wing of the Scottish army at Bannockburn, where

he received the order of knighthood under the king's displayed banner—a title in those days more honourable than the peerage. He was, by king Robert Bruce, made Warden of the Marches. The English invaded the Border; Douglas immediately collected a force to oppose them. He attacked them in the forest of Jedworth, and defeated them with great slaughter; for which victory was added to his arms a wreath of stakes, because he hemmed in the Sabeans in that forest, that they could not escape. He may be reckoned one of the bravest men that ever existed. He fought fifty-seven battles and rencounters against the English, and was thirteen several times victorious against the Saracens and Turks, and all in the space of twenty-four years!

Some time after the battle of Bannockburn, when the English could do no more, their priests made it a constant practice to excommunicate King Robert. Randolph, by an embassy to England, demanded satisfaction, or otherwise threatened invasion. The promise of compliance was readily granted, but never performed. Douglas at once entered England, and wasted the adjacent counties with fire and sword. The Southrons met him at Northallerton, in Yorkshire. Douglas there gave them battle, and slew their three generals with his own hands. Lastly, this celebrated Celtic hero was killed in Spain, fighting against the Saracens, on the 26th of August, 1331.

The Douglasses were so extraordinary in every age, that we do not know which of them to prefer. There is not a kingdom in Europe but their name is commemorated, and some of their matchless actions recorded. From them descended the family of Scoti in Plaisance, in Italy; the Riari Scoti, in Banonia; the Mari Scoti, in Mantua; the Baroni Scoti, in Florence; and the Paperoni, in Rome. In St Laurence's church, in Plaisance, the family had twelve monuments. In Russia and Sweden they were equally famous. The city of Dantzic, in Poland, was relieved by a Douglas. The natives, in commemoration of which, erected a triumphal arch, which is still called Douglas Port, and the suburbs without was called Little Scotland; and they also enacted that a man born in Scotland should for ever be a freeman as much as a native. In France, this family had distinguished commands and titles. Douglas, Earl of Wigton, was, by Charles VII.,

made Duke of Turrenne, for his services in the wars against the English; and another Douglas, at the same time, was Count de Longueville. Again, we have Robert Douglas, who went into the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and had a regiment of horse in Queen Christina's time. He was Crown General of Sweden, and Governor of Riga. His son was Governor of Ostro-Goatland; he also married the sister of the great Count Steinboecks. He had three sons, of which the eldest, William, was Count Douglas in Sweden. Nor could that terrible pillar of obstinacy, Charles XII., want them. The above Count William Douglas commanded at the battle of Pultowa, under the said Charles, where he was taken prisoner; but not being ransomed, he entered the Russian service, and was Lieutenant-General. His youngest brother was captain in the King of Sweden's guards. What more need be said? There were, at one time, no less than six Earls of them in Scotland, viz. Earl of Douglas, Earl of Angus, Earl of Morton, Earl of Ormond, Earl of Murray, and Earl of Wigton. There is at present of them the *Earl of Morton*, the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch; the Marquis of Queensberry, and the Viscount Drumlanrig.

"All their doings to rehearse down to this time,
Would ding a Lalland tongue or Earse in prose and rhyme."

THE GRAHAMS.

"Thy death shall be to Southron dear,
Thou man of honour great."—SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

It was already noticed that this warlike race is descended from the noted Greim Cruai, who was Regent of Scotland during the minority of Eugene II.; and that his posterity is preserved in the family of Montrose for 1447 years, till the present Duke James. Let the hardest impostor in all England produce an instance like that, if he can. Nor is it but right to ask Scottish apostates of the present day if there is anything among their nasty relatives there to compare to it?

That the Grahams often erred like fallen humanity in every other instance, is certain; and, moreover, that vagabond flatterers made most ridiculous figures of some of them, is too notorious to be overlooked. They were alter-

nately called William, James, John, and David. Our limits will not permit us to give but a mere outline of a few of them. It is well known to all, that during the distress of the Southron invasions in the thirteenth century that the celebrated Sir John de Græme was one of the few who dared the butcher, and that he joined SIR WILLIAM WALLACE and perished on the field of Falkirk, and was the next to that hero for wisdom and personal prowess. When even the spirit of a Douglas sunk in this instance, Græme remained inflexible. WALLACE was scarcely twenty-two years of age when the battle of Falkirk was fought,* and it is certain that the other hero was somewhat younger. This is easily ascertained when we compare dates and other facts. Sir John was the grandson of Sir Patrick de Græme, who lost his life at the fatal battle of Dunbar, A.D. 1292, and son of Sir Nicol, eldest son of the said Sir Patrick. Though the family of Graham had no more to boast of, it were enough to immortalize them; he fought at the sanguinary battle of Biggar, and was one of the forty mighties who executed the English murderers in the Barns of Ayr. That terrible act of retaliation was undoubtedly a christian duty to cut off the monsters whose thirst for blood seems only to remain in the stomachs of the Southrons if they durst. But the same cowardice that instigated the English of those days to commit that horrible massacre would now either deny that the like happened, or would brand the Scottish Patriots with cruelty for executing the wretches.

“A Mhoire s'buidheach mise a Dhià dhiot
Cuid 'dheth n'Athe'buine mar dhiar'rin
N'grad Spadadh le lannan Liath-ghlas
S'a tarruing ghad air fad am fiacal.”†

The exploits of this hero are so well known that it would be superfluous to say much more. After the battle of Falkirk, that very night, or on the following day, Wallace in great anguish laid his remains in the churchyard of Falkirk, where his grave is known to this day. Thus died on the 22d of July, A.D. 1300, Sir John the Graham, Albyn's pride till the latest posterity. He was certainly

* Sir William Wallace did not reach his twenty-seventh year of age, when he was murdered.

† Iain Lorn.

one of those of whom the world was not worthy. His mighty colleague in arms revenged his death during the six years which he survived him. The prodigies of conduct and bravery performed by Wallace on that retreat and afterwards, partly paid his loss. We left Wallace a little ago at the head of a few horse in the extreme rear of his army, contending with the bloody thousands by which he was pursued. When the Scots reached the Carron, the advance of the enemy's cavalry came up to his person, there was one Brian an Irish knight in the English army who disgraced humanity by slaying and pursuing the Scottish infantry; he was a powerful man cased in mail. When Wallace reached the ford of Dunipace, he observed Brian just at his heels; Sir William reined his horse in front of him, the other bloody slave was too near to avoid instant death; by the first cut of Ellerslie's claymore he fell headlong into the river; the spot is still called Brian's Ford. Seeing that these events are so nearly allied to the death of the worthy Graham, a few words more will conclude the tragical effects of the battle where he lost his life. Surely nothing short of the impulses of God could support the surviving hero after his loss. Wallace marched the remains of his army to the Torwood; the next day he entered Stirling, and burned the town in order to deprive the enemy of every means of shelter; he next marched to Perth, and reduced that ancient capital to ashes for a similar purpose, and anon resigned his office. Such are a few of the leading events connected with the history of the heroic Sir John. We next find Sir David, his kinsman who succeeded, was in like manner a zealous patriot for the cause of King Robert Bruce, for which Graham performed many notable actions, and was one of the Scottish Barons who, in 1320, signed the letter at that time sent to the Pope, asserting the independence of Scotland. In like manner, when English brutality in France provoked King David Bruce to commence war with them in order to relieve his faithful ally, Graham made a distinguished figure during the several invasions into England at that time. At last one of those seldom advantages occurred of which our Southron neighbours are very proud; for, let it be observed, that though they would deny every vestige of Scottish history, while they are in these humours, yet they will soon forget all when they find that contem-

porary events are somewhat favourable to them; for example, "Scotland has no history," but yet the Saxons performed wonderful achievements against them while in the fifth century. It is just the same thing at this period. It is not true that the Scots have history when David Bruce invaded them four or five times to the very heart of their country; but when it happened at last that he was set on by a host at a time that only a few individuals were about his person, Scotland had then a King and an army too, besides it is never doubted; but it was a glorious victory, as it so happened that the King was taken, but still there is a grievous obstacle even here. When Sir John Copland seized the King's bridle and declared him prisoner the next moment the Royal Celt scarcely left him a mouth to triumph, for he not only wrested his sword from his grasp, but also "knocked several of his grinders out with his fist;"* hence, let the world judge which of the two was most on the cove when they reached London. This happened A.D. 1346. Sir David Graham afterwards exerted himself in a manner altogether worthy of his name and country for the release of his Sovereign, and Sir Patrick his son offered himself as a hostage for that purpose. The latter was succeeded by his son, William, Lord of Kincarn. He married Mary, daughter to Sir John Oliphant, and by her had a son named Alexander, and by his second wife, the Lady Mary Stuart, daughter to King Robert, he had several sons, of whom descended the Grahams of Fintry, Dundee, Garvock, and Balgown. Lord William was succeeded by his grandson Patrick, who in the minority of James II. was one of the governors of Scotland. He was succeeded by his son William, who died in the year 1472, and was succeeded by his son William, who was the first Marquis of Montrose; he died on the field of Flodden, as was already mentioned. He was succeeded by his son William, second Marquis of Montrose. From his second son Patrick are descended the Grahams of Inchbrakoe, Gorthy, and Newtown. He was succeeded by his son John, and dying in the year 1608, left his son, another John. He was President of the Council of King Charles I., which office he enjoyed till his death, and was succeeded by his noted son James, who proved such a fearful scourge to his country, the prelimin-

* Vide Buchanan's History of Scotland.

ary causes of which miseries must be traced to English venom in the preceding reign. Therefore, enemies of the Gael, as your apostacy like every other evil, had its beginning in treachery, so also you must end in disgrace and ruin. Your nasty connexions of England cannot trace their national origin to any branch of the human race. Consequently they abhor you, because you can. Their national titles are confusion and amalgamation of they do not know what. In like manner their speech is a compound abomination of seven or eight different dialects, and is therefore the "rude speech of a barbarous people." They pretend to be the descendants of the Saxons, merely because they cannot nor dare not father themselves on any of the Celtic nations, though it is well known even to themselves if any of them can trace their origin to either the Danes or the Normans, that man is undoubtedly a Gael, as sure as any one who are justly proud of that name. But the present savage English can trace no such connexion with us, for they only know by the history of your country that a Danish chief of Normandy commenced something like a monarchical form of government in South Britain, A.D. 1066, whose forefathers murdered the Angles when they took possession of that country. They are conscious likewise, that though their grovelling spirits are still preying on the reputation of their protectors on a large scale, they are yet fond of their former invasions, massacres, and treachery; they still ponder with delight on the little chances which seemed to favour their poor attempts in past ages. Such as their acts of burglary in the thirteenth century for which Bannockburn and many other such like chastisements made, and are still making more than ample amends. You will observe, moreover, that even the race of their chiefs died in the person of Queen Elizabeth, that savage woman who first introduced the inhuman practice of stealing the Africans for slaves; she who set the fearful example of man-stealing. It was in the year 1562, that the evil woman above-mentioned made a law and granted power to her wild countrymen to traffic in human beings—but more of this in due place. Thus we find that the motto of the LIA FAIL was verified; the wild English aliens who stole it, died out in the person of an infamous woman a slave trader in Africa, and a dealer in human heads at home as will shortly appear; then it was that out of the free nation of Scots, by right the sixth James

was taken, and sat upon it, where it remains the pride of his heirs, and is likely to continue so till human policy is no more. During the life of Elizabeth, the mother of African Slavery was hatched, the germ of all the devilry which Scotchmen endured since, and as I know, that apostates of the present day mortally hate to be skinned, we shall observe anon.

That the Maritornes* of England, by a long series of intrigues imbibed Episcopal principles in James, so that he was prepared to turn on the bowels of country ere he went to England at all, here, however, your fathers chained him by the free constitution of this kingdom, in such a manner that their Southron enemies had to begin the battle when they thought that all was victory; the reason was, however, that Scotland at that period was a Christian country—England was not.† In those days all ranks and conditions of men were members of the Christian Church; neither durst they profane their profession. The same Christian discipline was extended to all the members of the Church—they could not betray their country with impunity—they durst not swear and blaspheme, and still be acknowledged as Christians—they durst not fiddle and dance on the Lord's-day—they durst not come to any man's house and seize on his earthly all by the agency of beagles and factors, and afterwards run off to London with the booty, and spend their substance in that pandemonium, without being brought to an account for their evil doings. It was not then customary to hear Scotchmen speaking the barbarous foreign tongue called English—it was not customary in those days to applaud it, what is nothing else but the greatest curse that ever Providence permitted to apprehend mankind. Let none think that we are blindly prejudiced.

Whether the advocates of that curse "hear or forbear," there never existed such a current of downright brutality as what is under the death sway of that tongue wherever it is triumphant. Those who may feel angry at this declaration and who are benighted enough to think that there are great things achieved by the press, &c. &c., as the rhyme goes, we can present you by and by with living proofs. Let such,

* A character in Don Quixote, vide that matchless novel. Had it been that this second jezebel Queen was anything but the creator of the African Slave Trade, I would not interfere with her.

† England was never a Christian country.

but just with cool christian candour, look at the present state of Englishmen, wherever they may appear on the face of the earth, whether in the Senate-house, or in the graveyards howling the dead for the sake of their teeth—if such will honestly let their conviction speak, the result will be that the people everywhere in England under the death reign of that tongue, whether wearing couls or coronets, are like so many brutes half tamed with hunger and fear. That the apostacy by which we are now ruined, progressed with steady and blasting influence in this country since the accession of James to that crown, is easy demonstrated. That monarch largely drank in the draughts of pollution taught him by the enemies of his country, so that when he went there, these pernicious seeds sprung up sooner than even his savage associates could expect. He was flattered, cajoled, and almost worshipped by them for some time, but it was all to purpose, and that purpose was to alienate him from his own native kingdom.

They first of all plunged him into their slavish element of despotism, they next led him into vice; so that he not only apostatized in part, but in a very short time he vied with the most wicked of them in swearing, in Sabbath-breaking and lying; he was that expert in the language of hell * that he could swear with the Bible open in his hand while disputing the scriptural authority of Episcopacy; and as for the way by which he and his heathen associates banished Sabbath sacredness out of that Pagan country is known to all. Thus prepared, the English thought it high time to try the experiment of turning that profane man on his native country. They could not forget that Scotland had her foot on their necks, they laboured under the intolerable dread, and keenly felt when too late that their country was under the sway of the very people who despised them for ages, and made feasts for the crows of them as often as they deserved it, but still it was necessary to persevere. Here, then, was hatched the infernal suggestion that Scotland could never be brought to the level of her contemned rival so long as her history and her ancient language should remain. To what extent these are destroyed at the present day is notorious to all. To arrive at these conclusions therefore, is chiefly the design of this article, which could

* He could swear well, depend upon it.

not be accomplished without following the bloody intrigues of the English during the reign of Charles I., which is essential with the short, but yet extraordinary career of James, Marquis of Graham, the last of that illustrious race mentioned above. The Scots of those days saw clearly the pranks of the English, and plainly read their malice in the evil deeds of James, and they acted accordingly. Indeed it is not altogether conclusive whether the king was willing to break down those noble barriers of Scottish independence. It is no secret, however, that his unclean advisers stuffed him continually with the sweets of despotism, for which he had a singular relish. It is largely recorded that he harassed the Church of Scotland during the rest of his reign, though he and his English colleagues were foiled at every point. He at last finished his career, or in plain speaking, was poisoned, as well as all England could do it, when they despaired of making a tool of him to the desired extent against his country. He left behind him a character which none can define; whether we view him as the profound scholar or otherwise, he is equally singular. After fifty-four Englishmen spent three years in the translation of their version of the sacred scriptures, the King compared it word by word with the original, which was more than all England could do,* and finally pronounced a sentence worthy of the great Buchanan. "It is very good, but I never saw a Bible yet *without an error*." Leaving the mysterious James where we found him, consider the deeds of your countrymen repelling the aggressions of his son Charles I., we know that you hate the covenanted Gael of those days just as much as you hate their Christian descendants at present. Repent and be ashamed of your atrocious sins in desolating your country. Your hearts know that their achievements are numberless and unequalled. Where is the man among you who is ignorant that they not only had a large share in the preservation of Christian independence here, but that they also effectually defended the civil and religious liberty of Europe, when the Popish Council of Trent moved the giant empire of Germany to crush the infant Reformation. Hear the testimony of an English

* Let it be observed that the English version is not translated from the original Hebrew. It is only a duplicate of the Septuagint which is also a translation.

barbarian depicting their prowess in that glorious struggle for the result of which innumerable millions are glorifying God in heaven and on earth. Many of you could record the deeds of the brave Gael to show posterity the fame of your sires, but you are unworthy of their name; you are unworthy of their country. Where can you hide your guilty heads after extirpating the descendants of the heroes who followed Gustavus Adolphus through his career of lasting fame. If you look up to heaven your names are recorded there as unnatural apostates. The powers of darkness also have long ago engraved on your cowardly obdurate hearts and vile actions that damning title. The savages whose barbarous speech and vile actions you imitate, will in due time and deservedly face about and rend you—upbraiding you, as degraded traitors, unworthy of the least confidence. They will most deservedly trample you under foot as felons. Corrupted as they are, they detest you for your evil ways, towards what should be your country. Many vile shifts are tried to blot from the earth the great truth that multitudes of the Gael embraced the the glorious gospel from the dawn of the Reformation in the Islands and Highlands. That is the very cause therefore why every Christian Scot should now cherish the highest affection for the persecuted descendants of those, who, under God, saved the Reformed States of Germany from utter destruction, when none else but the sons of Caledonia could do it.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, “the Lion of the North and bulwark of the Protestant faith” defied the armies of the empire, and maintained the cause of God against the Papal alliance. It is vain to conceal the Christian triumphs of our countrymen in that contest. Yes, Caledonia mustered four thousand men, who, under Mackay, Lord Reay, and Munro, Baron of Fowlis, served during the whole of the campaigns of the King of Sweden, reaping, in common with that hero, never ending fame. An English officer in the same service recorded some of their deeds in the sanguine battle of Leipsic, the effects of which saved the Protestant world. Englishman as he was, he was infinitely more honest than the seed of you put together for the last century. Hear him:—

“But these troops, who, as I said, routed the Saxons, being called off from the pursuit, charged our flank, and

being now grown very strong, renewed the battle in a terrible manner. Here it was I saw our men going to wreck. Colonel Hall a brave officer commanded the rear of the Swede's left wing; he fought like a lion, but was slain, and most of his regiment was cut off, though not unrevengeed. Colonel Cullembach with his regiment of horse was hard pressed; also, the Colonel and many brave officers were killed. In short, all that wing was shattered, and in an ill condition. At this juncture came the King, and having seen what havoc the enemy made of Cullembach's troops, he came riding along the front of our three brigades, and himself led us on to the charge. The Colonel of his guards, the Baron Dyvel, was shot dead just as the King had given him some orders. When the Scots advanced, seconded by some regiments of horse which the King also sent to the charge, the bloodiest fight began that ever man beheld; for the Scots brigade giving fire, three ranks at a time, over one another's heads, poured in their shot so thick, that the enemy were cut down like grass before a scythe; and following into the thickest of the enemy's foot, with the clubs of their muskets made a most dreadful slaughter; and yet there was no flying. Tilly's men might be cut down, but no man turned his back, nor would give an inch of ground; but as they wheeled or marched by their officers, they were found next day dead in heaps, rank and file, as they formed."*

Did ever an Englishman tell the truth before or since. The same author is equally honest in his description of the prowess of the Caledonians at the storming of the strong Fort of Marienburgh, which commands the city of Wurtzburg:—"The King had taken the city, but the garrison and the richer burghers retired into the Castle, and trusting to the strength of the place which was thought impregnable, they bade the Swedes do their worst. The Fort was well provided with all things, and a strong garrison in it, so that the army indeed expected it would be a long piece of service. The Castle stood on a high rock, and on the steep of the rock was a bastion which defended the only passage up the hill into the Castle. The Scots were selected to make this attack, and the King was an eye witness of their gallantry. In this action Sir John

* Memoirs of an English Cavalier. 12mo Edition. Edinburgh, 1761.

Hepburn was not commanded out. I observed that most of the *Scottish officers in the other regiments prepared to serve as volunteers, for the honour of their country.* I was resolved to see this piece of service, and therefore joined the volunteers. We were armed with partizans, and each man with two pistols at his belt. It was a piece of service that seemed perfectly desperate; the precipice we were to mount; the height of the bastion; the resolute courage and number of the garrison, who from a covert made a terrible fire on us, all joined to make the action hopeless. But the courage of the Scots was not to be abated by any difficulties. They mounted the hill and scaled the walls like madmen, rushing upon the enemy's pikes; and after two hours desperate fight in the midst of fire and smoke took it by storm, and put all the garrison to the sword. The volunteers did their part, for thirteen were killed out of thirty-seven. The King received us at the foot of the hill as we drew off, calling the soldiers his brave Scots!!!” * It is also amusing to see the description given by this man of our countrymen in the Scottish army, which made Charles I. swallow his felonious intentions, when *his English advisers* instigated him to invade Scotland. It is true he speaks like a barbarian, and shows plainly that his countrymen at that period were so ignorant that they knew nothing beyond the borders of England, however tamely apostates now may submit to the calumny that the Caledonians were in opposition to the Covenanted Reformation. The public can judge even at this distant date what the Gael had done to repel the encroachments of the would be despot and his English tail.

The Cavalier goes on—

“I was in the first army at York, as I have already noted, and I must confess had the least diversion there that ever I had in my life. When I was in Germany with the King of Sweden, we used to see him with the general officer every morning on horseback, reviewing his men, his artillery, his horse, and always something going forward. Here we saw nothing but courtiers and clergymen, bishops and parsons, as busy as if the direction of the war was depending on them. The King was seldom seen among us and never without some of them always

* Vide Memoirs as above quoted.

about him." No; they corrupted his father by immorality and the poison of despotism, but still he could not altogether stifle the Christian instructions imparted to him by the righteous Buchanan. But here the case was quite different. Charles was taught from the beginning that the kingly prerogative was unlimited with whole gangs of parasites ready to obey his commands. He was instigated and flattered to wield the rod of despotism in a country whose eternal doom seems to be heathenism, slavery, ignorance, and malice.* His father, it is true, was compliant enough with his tongue, but always when they thought that they had him, it was then that he was farthest from them, often declared that he was one of the wisest and best of men; when anon some contradictory prank would convince them that he was a perfect idiot. All are aware, however, that he never took up arms against his native country after he left it, but his son was instructed by his savage tutors to hate his native country, just the same as Scottish mongrels now are. They longed to see her language, religion, and institutions prostrate. But there was another object the most galling of any. Scottish pride sat triumphant here, while at the same time Stuart ruled the English, whose fraud could not penetrate beyond the border unless the King was set at variance with his countrymen. Aye; that was the darling object. In illustration of which, the Cavalier says†—"Those of us that had seen the wars, and would have made a short end of it,‡ began to be very uneasy, and particularly a certain gentleman took the freedom to tell the King that the clergy would certainly ruin the expedition. The case was this, he would immediately have him to march into Scotland and put the matter to the trial of a battle, and he urged it every day; and the King finding his reasons very good, would often be of his opinion; but next morning he would be of another mind. This gentleman was a man of conduct and of unquestioned courage, and afterwards lost his life for the King. He saw that he had an army of young stout fellows pretty numerous; and though they

* There are eight millions in England at the present day who can neither read nor write.

† Observe that this man served during the whole of the civil war, and was a strenuous supporter of the King's interest.

‡ What insolence.

had not seen any service he was for bringing them to action that the Scots might not have time to strengthen themselves; nor they time to destroy themselves by idleness and sotting, the bane of soldiers, to make themselves unfit for anything.* I was one morning in company with this gentleman, and as he was a warm man, and eager in his discourse, 'Pox on these priests,' said he, 'it is for them the King has raised this army and put his friends to a vast charge, and now when we are come, they wont let us fight.' But I was afterwards convinced the clergy saw farther into the matter than we did; they saw the Scots had a better army than we had, bold and ready, commanded by brave officers; and they foresaw that if we fought, we would be beaten, and consequently that they were undone. And it was very true had we been engaged we had been all ruined." Here we may plainly see the thirst that the heads of Antichrist, the Southron Bishops, had for getting at the Scottish fields to feed their bastards. The Scots formerly, under the pretence of not being the aggressors or invaders, only arming in their own defence, now having been invaded by the English troops entering Scotland, they had what they wanted: and to show that it was not fear that restrained them before, but policy, they came up in parties to our very gates every day braving us to come out!

Page 139, speaking of that very circumstance, the Cavalier says—"I confess I was heartily ashamed; when the Scots came up to the place where we had been posted, they stood and shouted at us. I would have persuaded my Lord Holland to have charged them, and he would have done it with all his heart, but he saw it was not practicable."†

Again, page 142, Our men were posted well enough behind a small enclosure, with a narrow lane in front of us, and my Lord had caused his dragoons to be placed in the front of the line behind the hedges, in which posture he stood viewing the enemy at a distance. The Scots, who had some intelligence of our coming, drew out three small parties, and sent them by different ways to observe our number; and forming a fourth party, which I guessed to be about 600

* A true picture of an Englishman.

† Or in other words he was afraid to do it.

horse, advanced to the top of the plain, and drew up to face us, but never offered to attack. One of the small parties, about 100 men, one-third foot, passed our flank, in view, but out of reach, and they marched past shouting at us, which work pleased our men better than fighting, and would fain have fired at them, for the pleasure of making a noise, for they were too far off to hit them.* I observed that these parties had always some foot with them, and yet, if the horse galloped, or pushed on ever so hard, the foot were as forward as they, which was an extraordinary advantage. Page 143. These were those they called Highlanders. They would run on foot with their arms, and all their accoutrements, and keep very good order too, and yet keep pace with the horse, let them go at what rate they would. When I saw the horse interlined with the foot, together with their way of ordering their flying parties, I knew we were not match for them. I knew not whether they would have ventured to attack us at least before their foot had come up, but whether they would have put it to the hazard or no, we were not resolved to hazard the trial! Page 144. I never was so much ashamed of myself in my life; we were all dispirited. The Scots gentlemen would come out single within shot of our post, which, in a time of war, is always accounted a challenge to any single gentleman to come out and exchange a pistol with them. But nobody would stir. At last our lieutenant rides out to meet a Scotsman that came pickering on his quarter. This lieutenant was a brave and strong fellow, and had been a soldier in the Low Countries; and though he was not of quality, only a mere soldier, was preferred for his conduct. He galloped bravely up to his adversary, and exchanging their pistols, the lieutenant's horse was shot. The Scotsman very generously dismounted,† and having engaged him with his sword, fairly mastered him, and carried him away prisoner; and, I think, this horse was all the blood that was shed in the war. The lieutenant's name thus conquered was English; and as he was a stout soldier, the disgrace of it broke his heart. The Scotsman, indeed, used him generously; for he treated him in the camp very

* The Scots were not fighting their battles for them, such as they had done in the late war.

† Would an Englishman do it to him? No!

courteously; gave him another horse, and set him at liberty. But the man laid his discomfiture so to heart, that he never would appear in the army, but went home to his own country, and died.

Page 146. When the treaty was so near a conclusion, as that conversation was admitted on both sides, I went over to the Scots' camp to satisfy my curiosity. I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure by the oddness of their garb.* They were tall, swinging fellows; their swords were extravagantly broad; and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper parts of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest. A flat cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet; long hanging sleeves behind;† and their doublets and stockings of a stuff they called plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short clocks of the same.

Surely this gentleman must have been deplorably ignorant when the plaid and plumes of Scotland appeared so very strange to him; or the amount must be, that he never wrote the above ridiculous picture, or otherwise it must be allowed that Cæsar's works were unknown in England at that period. How could they miss his singular and minute description of the ancient Celts? He says—"Gaul is occupied by the Celti, so they name themselves in their own language, but we call them Galli. They use clothes of a curious texture; wear coats stained with various colours, called by them 'breaca:' they tie with clasps striped plaids, exhibiting little squares like flowers."‡

However ignorant the cavalier was in scholastic matters, he was shrewd enough to observe their martial bearing and other particulars. "They are in companies all of a name, and therefore call one another only by their Christian names, as Jemmy, Jockey, Rob, John, and Sawney, and the like; and they scorn to be commanded but by one of their own clan or family. They are all gentlemen, and proud enough to be kings. The meanest man among them is as tenacious of his honour as the best nobleman in the country. To give them their due, were their dis-

* This is a very accurate English description truly; for all mankind, the Scots excepted, have their sleeves in front, and not behind.

† Here you may observe the barbarity of the English, when they were so ignorant of our national costume in the reign of Charles I.!

‡ Julius Cæsar.

cipline equal to their courage, they would make the bravest soldiers in the world. They have large bodies, and prodigiously strong; and two qualities they have above all other nations, viz., hardy, to endure hunger, cold, and fatigue; and wonderful swift on foot. The latter is such an advantage in the field, that I know none like it; for if they conquer, no enemy can escape them, and if they run, even the horse can hardly overtake them!"

None can believe that the cavalier, who seems to have been indeed an honourable man, amidst this true but not exaggerated description of those heroes, would write the nonsensical passage interpolated:—"If their discipline was equal to their courage, they would make the bravest soldiers in the world." How did he know that their discipline was not equal to their courage? This requires no further comment. Moreover, it is certain that their courage was never equalled. How often were they, during the late struggle with France, taken from the plough or the sheepfold, to face the best disciplined troops of that mighty kingdom, led by her great Idol * himself, or his subordinates? What prodigies of valour did they display on every occasion! What moral rectitude do they exhibit in the annals of this great nation as Christians! Oh! ye ungrateful apostates, how is it that your obdurate hearts cannot be reclaimed! To what degree of treacherous apathy have you fallen! Just look for a moment at the second attempt of English malice, directed against your nationality in the person of the First Charles! His father was a wicked man, it is true; but the devil's utmost efforts could not eradicate what was taught him by the righteous Buchanan, nor make him forget altogether that he was King of Scotland. On the contrary, the son was the creature of English corruption, such as you now are. There is here, what no reflecting mind can overlook with indifference. What devilry did that first thorough pupil of England cause in his short career? How eager, blind, and iniquitous were his efforts to pull down the civil and religious rights of his country! And yet how admirable were the machinations of his besotted guides defeated, when neither justice or truth could tame either him or his parasites! The broad swords of the Gael brought them to their senses. To such as may in future attempt

* Bonaparte.

to tarnish their high fame as Christians at that period, it should be enough to remind them of what was just now mentioned, that they were made the honoured instrument, by God's goodness, to save the infant Reformation from utter destruction; that multitudes of them, in common with their *Laigh Kintra brethren*, resisted the ungodly encroachments of the pampered Prelatists, and their perjured tools the three Stuarts;* and that it is lamentable to think that there is not as much honesty among the apostates by which we are represented at the present day as will protect their Christian descendants from the brutal fury of their alien persecutors, much less record their virtuous actions in this nor in former ages, but would, on the contrary, defame their memory, and annihilate them! Neither should it be forgotten what blood was shed, what horrors unnumbered, English machinations brought on this country, once they managed to turn the Stuarts on the bowels of their native land? And, finally, when they saw that neither their porkish troops, nor yet their intrigues, could pull down one particle of Scottish independence, they turned about, like grunting boars of the forest, and chopped the head off their unfortunate tool!

Enemies of the Gael, consider this matter aright! Do not think that Scotchmen are overlooking that your nasty connections are just as malicious now as they always were; and that, further, knowing that as Scotland suffered such sad calamities during that period, all directed to rob her of her independence, when her Southron foes had but a few agents employed against her, but how much more now when the whole nation is corrupted by their vices and the effects of your perfidy? You will no doubt fume, and attempt to deny it, by asserting that the Gael were always partial to the house of Stuart, and therefore ought to be considered as rebels, &c. It will shortly appear that this is a gross calumny, at least in the manner you would have it related.

* We have already partly proved that there were many of them far from favourable to the Stuarts. We proved that they were in the covenanted army which repelled the pampered prelatists under the First Charles; hence it is plain, that if there was high merit in opposing that monarch and his descendants, they had their large share of it. On

* James VI., Charles I., and Charles II.

the other hand, if it was meritorious to have been Stuart-devoted, there is nothing in the history of any kingdom on earth to exceed their loyalty and valour in behalf of that royal race;—so that whether we view them for or against the Stuarts, we find them the same heroic, trustworthy men on both sides. Nor was it any disparagement to them to be divided in their choice in those troublesome times, seeing that the three nations were so also. There is ample proof that many of them were strenuous supporters of that bulwark of Heaven, the National Covenant. I would appeal to your consciences, are there any of you ignorant how resolute were they and their chiefs in support of that glorious cause? What a host of them were ready to dare any power on earth which might invade their civil or religious freedom? Where is the man among you that is ignorant, that when Huntly raised the royal standard in the North, that the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Seaforth, Lord Berridale, Lord Lovat, Grant, Mac Intosh, the Laird of Innes, the Rosses, the Monroes, the Sheriff of Moray, the Baron of Kilravock, the Laird of Altire, the Tutor of Duffus, and a host of others, joined the glorious Covenant, and selected for their motto, what you hate, “God and our country!” What multitudes of them suffered in Argyle, by the ravages of Montrose, would be shocking to relate, but you know it all. What havoc was there made of their persons and goods can never be blotted from the page of history; and was never equalled since till now, till English pollution made tools of you to destroy them root and branch out of these lands, which are not yours by any laws existing or obsolete. No; on the contrary, should we speak of the other party of them, who followed Montrose, those of them who were Stuart-devoted, what loyalty, what prodigies of valour did they perform, under the most extraordinary disadvantages! Let none think that we are advocating the cause which they defended, nor yet the treachery of their leader, James, Marquis of Graham. We detest him as a covenant-breaker, but we defend him as a soldier, a Celt, and a Scot, and his followers as prodigies of bravery.

In accordance with these facts, it is necessary to mention a few of the leading circumstances under which Graham brought the Gael into the field, to show the world that no earthly obstacle would prevent them from

conquering when they were led by one in whom they confided. In the month of December, 1643, King Charles I. and James, Marquis of Graham, met in council at Oxford, where it was arranged that the Earl of Antrim should be sent to Ireland to levy an army, and that as soon as he had them together, that the King would accommodate him with transports to land them in Scotland; and that, by these means, the Covenanted army should be compelled to abandon England. That, in the meantime, the Marquis of Graham was to receive a considerable force, by which he was to commence hostilities in the south of Scotland, in order to divert the Covenanted army till the Irish and the auxiliaries from Denmark should arrive, which was expected in the spring following. Accordingly Graham took his route for Scotland, with only 200 horse, but ere he reached Carlisle, the Cumberland militia, about 800 strong, and about 200 cavalry of gentlemen-yeomen, joined him. After the first day's march, however, the English deserted him to a man. Here he was left with only one hundred cavalry, in an enemy's country, where he was detested in the last degree as a covenant-breaker; surrounded in all directions by multitudes of the armed Covenanters, who vigilantly guarded every road and pass, so that Graham was compelled to retreat back to Carlisle, where he was shortly thereafter informed that the King could afford him no succour. In was in this extremity that he sent the Lord Ogilvie and Sir William Rollock as spies into the north of Scotland, to learn whether Huntly succeeded in his enterprise there. Those distinguished personages, however, soon returned, with the sad tidings, "that Argyle, with a force of nearly 6000 men, chased Huntly out of Aberdeen, and so hotly pursued him into the Burgh of Banff, that Huntly, in despair, was compelled to disband his army; and that he fled into the wilds of Strathnaver, to secure his personal safety; and that the whole population of the northern shires were in arms to defend the Covenant; and that it was death for any one to mention the King's name in those quarters; and that all the passes and principal towns were in the possession of the Covenanters, and, therefore, that the Royal cause, for the present at least, was perfectly hopeless.

This circumstance itself might prove a tongue-lock for malignants who will contemptuously suggest that the Gael

of those days had not their large share of the defence of the civil and religious liberty of their country.

No sooner, however, was Graham's followers apprised of those affairs, than each man provided for his own safety, and deserted him, except Ogilvie, Sir William Rollock, and a gentleman of the name of Sibbald. Some advised Montrose to fly the kingdom; others that he should return to England, and join the king at Oxford; but all in vain. We next find him mounted on an old horse, trudging after Sibbald as his groom, in which capacity he travelled till he reached the house of Patrick Graham, of Inchbrakie, his cousin, after much hunger and fatigue. Nor durst he venture to stop there, but was compelled to lodge with a shepherd in the neighbourhood, till his spies returned from several quarters with intelligence that the country was entirely in the power of the Covenanters. Here, reduced almost to the brink of despair, he waited for some days. At last the shepherd brought the report that a body of Irish troops had landed in Argyle, and that they were on their march to the interior of the kingdom; but that he knew not whether. Montrose at once knew that they were the levies promised by Antrim. They amounted to nearly 2000 men, and were commanded by Alastir Mac Cholla and Alexander Mac Donald, son of a gentleman of Iona, named Coll Mac Gillespie Mac Donald, who had been "greatly persecuted by the Earl of Argyle," says Browne.* Mac Donald very judiciously landed his

* We should like to know when Black Coll Mac Donald was a gentleman of Iona, or "that he was greatly persecuted by the Earl of Argyle." It were more like Dr Browne's kindred to make an "Anglo-Saxon at that age of him," as that would save us the trouble of briefly noticing that he was no gentleman of Iona, but was of the Mac Donalds of Antrim, a princely race, and that he was married to the daughter of Campbell of Achanambreac, a gentleman of the Argyle family, and the mother of Alastir above-mentioned, the first soldier of the age in which he lived. His father, however, was a most wicked man, so much so, that the Campbells used various stratagems to effect a final separation between him and the lady of which he was by no means worthy. That Coll in his turn as an act of retaliation, murdered Mac Fie of Colonsa, a near kinsman of Argyle, and seized that Island in open defiance of the Campbells, but owing to the troubles of that period, Argyle was prevented for some time from bringing the murderer to justice; but not long after, the Campbells attacked him, so that he was obliged to abandon Colonsa; but he lurked among the Hebrides where he left ample proof to this day, that his sagacity in avoiding his pursuers was truly

army in Cnoidart, in the very heart of the territory where the clan Donald was strongest. It would appear, however, that few of them joined him at that time; only Clan Ronald and Glengari offered their personal services. This

astonishing. The iron coast of Islay afforded him shelter for a long time. Many of those creeks which covered him from the vigilance of his pursuers are on the south coast of the island. It were vain for hosts of strangers to attempt their discovery; they are generally in the heart of rocks, surrounded by the boiling tide, and are without exception of that nature that a stranger might pass them within an oars length without observing them. Their entrances are generally so very narrow that only a small fishing boat can be pushed through, and not a few of them consists of various windings ere you reach the internal basin. So that many of them are perfect natural curiosities. There are several of them round the island everywhere; nor is it less remarkable that none of them which he selected, are without two entrances, in case that he might be discovered, that he could fly out on the other side, and are all since his time called Acarsaidcan Cholla, or Coll's Harbours. There are three or four of them on the coast of Ardmore, and several on the north and west of the island, but there is a very singular one near Portnahavan, on the north-west coast in the centre of a large rock surrounded by the awful billows of the Atlantic.

But so it was that Coll at last found that nothing could screen him from the vengeance of justice so long as he would remain within reach of his pursuers, in which extremity he fled to St. Kilda or Hirt, that small island fifty miles from the west of the Lewis. How long he continued there, is to me unknown; but it is a fact of historical notoriety, that he was afterwards seized in Islay, where he was fully in the power of the Campbells, but neither Argyle nor all that was alive of his kindred durst execute him, so long as his terrible son Alastir was alive. The leading circumstances which brought his vengeance on the Campbells were, that not only his father was in custody, in which case his doom was fixed, but Alastir's uncle, Campbell of Achanambreac, concerted schemes to cut off himself also. He was then a Lieutenant in the royal army in Ireland. Achanambreac sent several emissaries there to assassinate him, none of which would venture to attack him directly or indirectly. At last an English Commandant,* undertook to despatch him under the following circumstances. It was contrived that all the commissioned officers should be invited to a splendid entertainment, and that as soon as Alastir would enter the banquet house, that on a signal agreed on, his fellow-officers would murder him, all of which he discovered in due time. Aware of the murderous intentions of his uncle, Alastir watched the messenger from Scotland ere he reached his destiny, and demanded the letter-bag or any other written documents which he might possess. The man solemnly declared that he had no letters. Alastir still suspicious, searched him till he was satisfied, but could find nothing. At last he demanded the messenger's dagger, which he examined with care, and discovered that there was a joint in the handle of it. With a screw he opened it and there found the document, a duplicate of the agreement between Achanam-

* One of the Plunkets of Lowth.

apathy was partly owing to the vigorous steps taken by Argyle, who destroyed Mac Donald's transports to prevent his return to Ireland; and, moreover, threatened the proscription of those districts should they join Mac Cholla; in which extremity Alastir dispatched the fiery cross through every district as he advanced, summoning the clans to muster, but all to no purpose. He persevered, however, in his march, not knowing whither, and finally resolved to force his way to Carlisle, where he thought Montrose

breac and Plunket. As we have related, after reading the agreement Alastir returned it to the messenger with a sum of money assuring him that he would attend the feast but would never discover the transaction, and that if he would inform, that he would never return to Scotland, all which the man faithfully kept. On the appointed day the officers assembled, but each as they entered were commanded to lay down their arms. The design was, that Alastir would be stripped of his, as they were well aware that it was next to impossible to kill him by open force. After the guests assembled, last of all Mac Donald appeared, he was peremptorily ordered to disarm; instead of which he entered sword in hand and sat next the door. Plunket utterly confounded accosted him with apparent great friendship, and invited him to take his seat at the upper end of the table, but Mac Donald quaintly replied that yon end of the house cost as much as the other, and that if he Plunket would desire a proof of it that he could produce it there and then. Plunket who instantly saw that the whole was discovered insolently replied, "Mac Donald," said he, "How dared you enter here sword in hand." Yes; replied Mac Donald, I have done so, and it is in the second strongest hand in Ireland. And where is the other, interrogated Plunket. Alastir grasped his weapon with his left, and answered there it is you English dog; at which crisis, the armed party in waiting to murder him rushed from another apartment, but Alastir retired backwards out at the door he entered, and twenty men and the piper followed him. It was that day that he solemnly vowed that he would not leave a Campbell alive in Scotland, and shortly thereafter joined the party of the Earl of Antrim, and commanded as Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Mac Donald, under Montrose. This terrible man was born in the Island of Colonsa, county of Argyle, A.D. 1618, and reared till he was eighteen years of age, with one Ferguson, a tacksman of the estate of Sunderland, in the Rhinn of Islay. His very name for ages was abominable to the Campbells, but yet there is not one word of truth in Browne's statement that Argyle greatly persecuted his father, unless the pursuit of a murderer can be made great persecution; neither is there the least proof that Argyle had any hand in the plot against Alastir's life. As above noted, it is far more certain that he fearfully retaliated that infamous transaction on the Clan Campbell everywhere without exception; nor is it any exaggeration to say, that with the exception of the great Sir William Wallace, and two or three of the Douglasses, that Europe scarcely produced for a thousand years a man equal to Alastir Mac Cholla.

still was. It was at this juncture that Graham despatched the welcome intelligence to him that he would soon join him; but in the meantime that Mac Donald should march into Athole, where he might expect the people would unanimously embrace the Royal cause, chiefly owing to their respect for Montrose personally, &c. &c. Alastir, elevated by these unexpected prospects, hastened into the place of rendezvous; but when he reached Athole, he found that Graham's notions were little better than airy dreams; and instead of warm attachment to the King, the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, at the head of the principal clans in the province of Moray, were in arms ready to engage him; and had it not been for the admirable caution with which he avoided them, there was an end to his career. For not only were the two Earls before him, but Argyle hotly pursued him with a strong force, in order to drive him into the snare set for him by the two Barons; despite of which, Mac Donald reached Blair, in Athole, without the loss of a man. Nor was Montrose idle. According to Wishart, he travelled seventy miles on foot, guided by his cousin, Patrick Graham, of Inchbrakie.

The news of his arrival soon spread, and the consequence was, that the Athole men mustered to the amount of near one thousand strong, in three days. Elated with his success, Graham at once resolved on pushing his way into the Lowlands, with the view of striking terror into the Covenanted party; and indeed he was only glad of the first trifling incident that he could grasp at to show that he was not slow to destroy their lives and property. On his route towards Strathearne, he sent a messenger before him to Menzies of that Ilk, that he intended to pass through his country—a demand which he knew full well would not be complied with. Browne would assert that the Menzieses “maltreated the messenger, and harassed the rear of Montrose’s army.” It is not true that the Menzieses maltreated the messenger sent by Montrose, for he sent no messenger;—but when his army entered these lands they commenced to ravage it; so that the people, without consulting the chief, nor any body else, dirked not a few of the straggling plunderers, which so enraged Montrose, that he gave full commission to his followers to ravage the country in the most barbarous manner. Nor was it but natural that the Irish, who were literally in

a foreign country, cared for anything but to serve themselves, which they did by committing many murders, and other atrocious deeds, by the special orders of Montrose. Now glutted with plunder, he hastened forward, and before next morning, with his army and baggage, crossed the Tay. On reaching Buchanty, he was joined by Lord Kilpont, son of the Earl of Menteith, and by the Master of Drummond, the former a Graham, and the other son of the Earl of Perth. These two young noblemen had about five hundred men, and it is said were on their way to Perth to join the Covenanters; all which is a perfect whim. The truth is, that that was only the report circulated by the young gallants themselves to recruit as many as they could without being suspected; but their real design was to join Montrose. Accordingly, the meeting at Buchanty was far from incidental, but a deliberate arrangement, which proved formidable to the Covenanters in a few days. The general estimate made of Graham's force, after he was joined by Kilpont and Sir John Drummond, is about three thousand. The Covenanted army was stationed at Perth, and is said to have been the double of that of Montrose; but of that there is not a shadow of certainty—the victorious party after battle is always in the minority, to add lustre to their prowess. In this case, however, one thing is sure, that none but a Graham in that age, nor since, could do what the Marquis had done on that occasion. Without cavalry or artillery, nor yet the least proof of the firmness of his raw levies, he marched directly for Perth to fight the Covenanted army, a strong body of which was stationed in that ancient capital, commanded by Lord Elcho. Another consideration which urged Montrose to attack Elcho was, that Argyle might form a junction with his Lordship, or at least cut off Graham's retreat from entering the Highlands in any direction, should he not defeat the Perth army before Argyle could arrive. As Lord Elcho had timely warning of Graham's movements, he instantly left Perth, resolved to fight Montrose wherever he could find him. Nor had his Lordship far to go. His scouts soon returned with the intelligence that Graham was at hand, marching directly for the capital; on the receipt of which Lord Elcho formed his army in excellent order, on the plain of Tippermuir. Thus he had done in a manner worthy

of a skilful commander, and a resolute Scot; and we believe, judiciously, considering the qualities of the Covenanted leaders, that nothing but the prowess of the Gael, led by Montrose, could defeat them.

Elcho himself commanded the right wing; Sir James Scott, the left; and the Earl of Tulibardine the centre. The cavalry were placed on each wing. On the other hand, Graham, seeing the formidable length of the enemies' line, and dreading a simultaneous charge on his wings, he having no cavalry to oppose them, took the precaution of extending his files to the utmost limits consistent with safety. On the extreme right and left he placed the best armed Highlanders, chiefly those who had Lochaber axes, knowing that they had to sustain the shock of the enemies' horse; the centre consisted of the most romantic amalgamation imaginable. Some had swords, some had pikes, but the majority had nothing at all. In forming these, the man who had a sword or pike was placed between two who had none. Having thus arranged his order of battle, the second Hannibal rode along the line, but hardly able to maintain his gravity at the sight of the grotesque mass, with which he had to encounter a comparatively numerous and well disciplined army. Nor is his address to his followers less singular than their condition on the eve of a bloody battle. "Gentlemen," said he, "it is true you have no arms; your enemies, however, have plenty; besides there are abundance of stones on this moor. Supply yourselves with these; so that when you close with the enemies, knock their brains out with them; and once that you are in possession of their weapons, you know your duty." But there was another and more serious want to be supplied by the desperate valour of this erring prodigy. His musqueteers had only three rounds of ammunition; therefore, as his last order, they were commanded to reserve their fire till they were within a few yards of the enemy, as it was on these, and the few who were armed with Lochaber axes placed at the extremities of both the wings, that he chiefly depended. His orders to the latter was, in the first place, not to mind the men, but to aim their cuts at the horses' noses, "for," said he, "once that the horses are prostrate, it is not difficult to despatch the riders." At this crisis, some would introduce a plausible fable to cast a humane lustre on the character of Mon-

trose, which is in substance that he dispatched the Lord Macarty to negotiate with the leaders of the Covenanted army offering them free pardon, in the King's name, should they lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance, &c. It were certainly the devil's chief work to surrender to him or his King; better to have them to bury. Neither will the fables of the Prelatists on that head gain any credit in the world except in the stomachs of those who are fed by them. The battle of Tippermuir was commenced by a party of horse, commanded by an arrant traitor to the Covenanted Reformation. On the whole, it would appear that Lord Drummond, a man who was destitute of both courage and integrity, under special orders, was sent from the main body of the Covenanted army with a party of horse to strike terror in that of Montrose's; and that, by that ill-advised manœuvre, they might sound the courage of the enemy. Graham, in his turn, only sent a few of his ill-armed infantry to oppose them, the rest, on pain of death, were ordered to keep their ranks. At the first onset, Drummond fled with great precipitation, which infamous action struck general terror in the lines of the Covenanters, who were now advancing to the engagement with a slow pace and much disorder; at which fatal crisis Graham animated his men, who advanced with shouts of defiance; so that, despite the murderous fire of several pieces of cannon, which the Covenanters placed in front of their army, the Gael, in a few seconds brought them to the sword point. As Graham foresaw, the enemy's cavalry directed their attack on his wings, but were repulsed with great slaughter at all points. The battle now became general. The musqueteers on both sides were almost brought muzzle to muzzle. The Royalists discharged their three rounds into the solid line of the Covenanters, with murderous effect, which gave way, so that now the contest was chiefly maintained by the cavalry, commanded by Elcho in person, and the musqueteers, on the left, under Sir James Scott. The former, most gallantly led on by his Lordship, made a furious charge on the centre of the Royalists, but were soon convinced of the prowess of the invincible beings they had to contend with. This brave body of cavalry fought well, but the promiscuous group which they attacked, commanded by the terrible Alastir Mac Colla,* rushed on them like madmen. They first

* Sir Alexander Mac Donald.

discharged their few shots, then attacked with the clubs of their muskets, &c. But the unarmed furies made more damage than either; following into the thickest of the *mélee*, throwing whole showers of stones, which felled many men and horses dead, and compelled his Lordship to retire with great loss. At this critical juncture, the gallant Sir James Scott made an obstinate resistance; his brave division maintained the struggle long, but were at last dreadfully slaughtered by the Atholians, who, in the face of a deadly fire of musquetry, overpowered them, so that they fled from the field in great disorder, leaving behind them, though they were defeated, an honourable mark of their bravery.

It can never be ascertained what number perished on either side; only this far, that the Covenanters suffered severely. The field presented a frightful spectacle. The ground was strewn with the noses and jaws of horses, shorn off from below the eyes, by the athletic cuts of the Highlanders; and also with severed arms and legs, and bodies cut in two. Montrose might, and did proclaim his triumph, after pursuing his countrymen six or seven miles, after which we hear of 800 prisoners being taken, but of none being spared. That same day Montrose entered Perth in triumph, where he remained three days, expecting the whole country would join him; but it was quite otherwise. Some say that a few gentlemen from the Carse of Gowrie came to him, but of that there is no certainty. A few worthless fabulists, half stammering, would almost determine that the Lords Dupplin and Spynie were of that number; but where is the authority on which Browne built that fable is unknown to all the world but himself;—besides, it is a disgrace to any true Scotchmen to patronise that false libel called his "*History of the Highlands*," which is nothing else but a series of falsehoods from beginning to end.

On the evening of the 3d of September, rumours reached Montrose that Argyle was fast approaching at the head of a powerful force of his countrymen, which made him reflect seriously that something more than the stones of Tippermuir would require to be applied to them ere they would run. Accordingly, next day Graham removed from Perth, labouring under great depression of spirit, chiefly ruminating on the fact, that the Covenanters had large forces on foot everywhere, and that now all

"h—ll must fly for fear,"* as Mac Caillein Mor was within a few miles of the capital, which was not altogether true, inasmuch as that Argyle was not within two days' march of Perth. But the citizens, who were in great terror for Alastir Mac Cholla and the Irish, raised the rumour of the approach of vast forces, in order to scare them away. After crossing the Tay, Montrose marched for Cupar Angus, in order to augment his army by such of the clans as were favourable. He encamped in the fields near Col-lace the first night after he left Perth. Here Browne, unblushingly relates a great falsehood, namely, that Major James Stuart, of Ardvorlick, "assassinated Lord Kilpont."

"It is asserted that it was by his advice that Lord Kilpont joined Montrose; and that wishing to ingratiate himself with the Covenanters, he formed a design to assassinate Montrose, or his Major-General, Mac Donald; but as he thought that he could not carry his plan into execution without the assistance of his friend Lord Kilpont, he endeavoured to entice him to concur in his wicked project. He, therefore, on the night in question, slept with his Lordship; and having prevailed upon him to rise and take a walk in the fields before daylight, on the pretence of refreshing themselves, he there disclosed his purpose, and entreated his Lordship to concur therein. Lord Kilpont rejected the base proposal with horror; which so alarmed Stuart, that, afraid lest his Lordship might discover the matter, he suddenly drew his dirk, and wounded his Lordship in several places. Stuart thereupon fled, and killed, in passing, a sentinel, who stood in his way. A pursuit followed, but owing to the darkness of the morning, which prevented his pursuers from seeing beyond the length of their pikes, he made his escape, and thereafter joined Argyle, who gave him a commission in his army, in reward for what, in those times, and by one class of men, was considered, if not a meritorious, at least far from a condemnatory, action."

There can be little doubt but Dr Browne was here in his element, while unsparingly feeding on his favourite garbage of defaming the Covenanters and the Highlanders; but few there are who can be ignorant that there is not one word of truth in the whole story save one, which is

* Robert Burns.

that he managed to spell Ardvorlich's name correct,* when he could not deny his royal descent; nor is the weak credulity with which he attempts to varnish his fable at all a novelty now-a-days. At the outset he is somewhat timid to utter his fabulous notions, so very plain, as he is aware his English employers would wish him to do, but fully resolved to bear false witness against Major Stuart, he mutters, "it is said that it was by his advice Lord Kilpont joined Montrose." It is said, but by whom? Granting that Charles I. himself had said so, who could believe him? or had the infamous Laud said so, who could believe him? or had all the pampered Prelates which disgraced human nature in that generation had sworn to it, neither a Christian nor yet a brave thief could give them credit for anything but their own evil deeds; besides, the truth is, that it was the treacherous Kilpont that advised Major Stuart to join Montrose; nor is it at all a secret, but a well established fact that Kilpont and his colleague, Sir John Drummond, corresponded with Huntly, and would have joined him had he kept the field, till their plans could be carried into effect. But aware that Argyle ruined him, our young adventurers crept into their shells, but withal vigilantly prepared to embrace the cause of Charles against their country as soon as the first opportunity would present itself; that in the interim they collected five hundred men, under the pretence of joining the standard of the Covenant. That after the battle of Tippermuir, and on the night in question, Major Stuart upbraided Kilpont for his treachery, and intimated his decided intentions of departing under the shades of night; but Kilpont highly enraged, attempted by the assistance of his two attendants to make the Major his prisoner. In that however, he was fearfully mistaken. Neither did Ardvorlich draw his dirk, as Browne relates, but he unsheathed his two handed sword, by which he cut down the three traitors in succession, nor was the fate of his fourth assailant any better. Having heard the clashing of arms at a small distance through the mist, the sentinel ran to the scene of action, for which he forfeited his life. Whatever crows of the present day may think, it is a fact highly worthy of notice, that Major Stuart's armour

* The family of Ardvorlich are lawful descendants of James II. ; therefore, Stuart is the genuine orthography.

is still preserved by his descendants of Ardvorlich, nor is it any presumption on the part of the writer of this fragment, to remark, that he must have been one of the most powerful men of the age in which he lived. I have had access for several years to the armoury in the house of Ardvorlich, nor can I tell how many times I saw the Major's sword, his gun, and his cross-bow; and it is very dubious if there is a man in the three kingdoms that could wield his sword at the present day. The blade of that prodigious weapon is four feet ten inches in length, and is about three inches broad, tapering a little narrower towards the point. It is three-eighths thick at the handle with little difference upwards. The handle is about a foot long, and is of wood, exceeding hard and solid. In like manner, the traverse or cross of the handle is upwards of a foot long, of solid steel, but I cannot exactly recollect the thickness of it, so that including the diameter of the knob it is about six feet long, and is just as good as it was the morning that the Major sent Kilpont and his associates to their long homes with it. Perhaps many readers may not observe the villanous straining with which the novelist Dr Browne would direct a thrust at both Argyle and Major Stuart in this affair. "He therefore on the night in question slept with his Lordship, and having prevailed upon him to rise and take a walk in the fields before daylight on the pretence of refreshing themselves." It was never heard of before Dr Browne was hired to write his infamous libel, entitled by him, the History of the Highlands; that men encamped in the open field in the month of September after a days' march, would be so very needful of the luxury of walking that they would take the fields before daylight to refresh themselves, unless we suppose that Major Stuart's Highland heat was so intense that no mortal could live near him.* Browne's design, therefore, was to abuse both Stuart and Campbell, merely because they were Gael, on which account his work should and will be detested by every true Scot. Montrose was terror-struck when the bodies were discovered in the morning. But aware that Argyle with a strong force was at his heels, he took his route through Angus and the Mearns, and was there joined by the Ogilvies, resolved to reduce Dundee. He marched thither, and summoned the town to surrender,

* This was already exposed.

which bravado the inhabitants treated with the utmost contempt. Montrose next directed his attention towards Aberdeen, where the Covenanted army quartered after the battle of Tippermuir. Besides, the heroic Lord Burleigh mustered a force of near three thousand men consisting of the Clans Forbes, Fraser, Gordon, &c. Nor are the following transactions on the part of Montrose to be attributed to any other cause but necessity. His eternal terror of being overtaken by Argyle, urged him to attack Burleigh at all hazards. Some would pretend that his army did not exceed fifteen hundred, and about sixty horse, all which is a gross falsehood. Only a few days previous, at the battle of Tippermuir his army according to many of his Episcopal biographers, amounted to three thousand men, and they unanimously maintain that he gained that battle with scarcely any loss. On the 11th of September he crossed the Dee and directed his march towards Aberdeen, and summoned the town to surrender, which message was contemptuously treated by the Magistrates. The malignants add, moreover, that the Covenanters "hanged the drummer sent by Montrose on that occasion," all which is calculated to give some colour of justice to the atrocities committed by his ravaging troops after they entered the ill-fated city. The many murders there committed by Montrose's express orders they could not justify, without first establishing the falsehood that he summoned the town to surrender, but that the citizens refused; and, secondly, that the Covenanters hanged his messenger under a flag of truce. Of course, higher than this the accusers of these magnanimous Christians could not go. Farther, to offer violence to the person of a messenger under a flag, is perhaps the most atrocious of all crimes. Had the Covenanters even maltreated the man, their guilt would have been unpardonable; much more had they taken his life. Graham would have been on his duty in hanging them like so many pounds of candle, but they did nothing of the kind. There is just as much truth in that vile accusation as what is in Major Stuart's story, or that Argyle "greatly persecuted Black Coll Mac Donald." In short, the Covenanters refused to surrender Aberdeen, at which Montrose was terribly enraged. They marched out to give him battle on the 13th of September 1643. The Covenanters opened a destruc-

tive fire from several pieces of cannon by which victory seemed to decide for them, had not the rashness or rather the treachery of Lewis Gordon, son of the Marquis of Huntly, ruined all. The very cause which proved the destruction of the Covenanters at Tippermuir was repeated by Gordon at Aberdeen. He made an attack at the head of a body of cavalry on Graham's right wing, but was hotly repulsed by Sir William Rollock, with a few light dragoons, which event disheartened the Covenanters; but rallying, they made a simultaneous attack on the left of the Royalists. Here again Graham's fiery ardour proved their undoing. At the very crisis when the action was at its height, Montrose, at the head of his cavalry, fell on the flank of the Covenanters with murderous vigour, so that they were compelled to retire, after a great slaughter, quite discomfited. The Covenanters, however, far from losing courage, began to rally with great resolution, which, unfortunately for them, was perceived by Graham, who addressed his troops in terms at once singular and replete, with the utmost contempt of the enemy:—"Come on, my brave fellow-soldiers! These effeminate and timorous striplings cannot stand your attack. Drive them before you, and make them suffer the punishment due to their perfidy and rebellion." No sooner were these words delivered, than the erring prodigy led them on to the charge. The Covenanters stood bravely for some time, but, however unaccountable, were at last overthrown, with terrible carnage. Not only was the road leading to Aberdeen covered with the dead and wounded, besides what fell on the field itself; but when the victorious troops of Montrose reached the city, he ordered his soldiers to the pillage and the slaughter of the inhabitants for four days together; nor can the Prelatists varnish this horrible tragedy but by implicating the Irish and Alexander Mac Donald as the chief perpetrators of it; whereas, in truth, the heathen English advisers of Charles the First were both the authors and finishers of that affair, and of all the bloodshed which took place in Scotland from that period till the Revolution in 1688. Whatever enormities the Irish might have committed, if they had the supreme command, cannot be ascertained; but certain it is, that slaughter and blood was the motto of the English at that time;—besides, the

enemies of Scotland can now extol Graham as loyal and righteous, though, at the same time, they must condemn his troops for obeying him, simply because many of them were Gael, both Scottish and Irish. What civilised consistency! So far the appetites of the heads of Antichrist are still whetted for making this kingdom the but of defamation, when they cannot send their varlets to plunder our fields!

Montrose was in high expectations that the victory at Aberdeen—either from terror or the allurements of preferment—would excite many to join him. Such dreams are, indeed, common to sanguine temperaments, particularly when excited by the cursed lust of military rage.

Ah, ungrateful, fallen Scotland! seldom were thy virtuous sons the aggressors! Who stemmed the current of foreign tyranny, under circumstances the most hopeless? Graham's buoyant hopes were soon blasted. However, when he thoroughly understood the game which the Gordons were playing. The Marquis of Huntly heartily hated him for his phantom title of Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland. Nor was he less active in availing himself of the probable success of the Covenanters; for, as we have noticed, his son, Lewis Gordon, was in that army, acting both the part of a fool and a spy, and lastly that of a traitor; all of which proved true when he afterwards joined Montrose. There is little interest in following the goose chase which Argyle had after Graham for some time; but when the former disbanded his army, and retired to Edinburgh, Montrose despatched the terrible Alastir Mac Donald* to Murder Argyle's clan and his other covenanted adherents in that county. Alastir, now at the summit of his wishes, thirsting to render retaliation to the Campbells, and which he rendered to them fully. His appearance was so unexpected, that he entered Glenlorchy before they knew anything of their dreadful scourge. Here nothing was spared. With the burning peat in one hand, and the sword in the other, the country was ravaged in the most inhuman manner; nor was it long till Montrose, by forced marches, taking his route through Glendochart, joined his bloody jackall. The principal men of the Campbells, utterly dismayed, took refuge in Craignish Castle; but the rest of the inhabitants

* Sir Alexander Mac Donald.

were murdered without distinction; particularly if they were suspected to bear the name of "Campbell," that being the test of life or death. Mac Donald furiously besieged Craignish Castle; but was at last compelled to leave it where he began; cursing the stubborn "little trembling pile," as he jeeringly termed it, when he was departing. So particular and terrible was the slaughter of the inhabitants that Wishart, the contemporary historian, assures us that scarcely was a male person left in the whole country. The malignant scribblers hired by the English at the time and since, would brand Argyle as a coward for his slow motions while pursuing Graham through the country. But how ridiculous to justify Montrose as a hero in this particular, when he always fled before Argyle. Why did he not stop and give him battle when he was aware that Campbell was frequently within half a day's march of him? The truth is that both actors played the same game, instigated by the same motives. Graham fully aware that Argyle's army consisted of Gael now raised to the highest pitch of rage to revenge the atrocities committed by him everywhere, and that they were equally brave and more numerous than his own followers, his design therefore was to avoid battle for the present; knowing that by degrees their ardour for retaliation would subside, in proportion as delay would intervene. Such were the motives which prevented Montrose from turning to bay at that time. Argyle, on the other hand, knew that the elements for the destruction of the Royal cause were too deeply rooted to be overturned by any efforts on the part of Montrose; and hence judging that his followers would soon disperse. So that to avoid bloodshed, and resolved not to offend either party, he attempted to give Graham's cause a lingering death. We defy the world to make more of it.

After Montrose had glutted himself with slaughter and revenge in Argyle, he departed through Glencoe and took his route for Inverness. Shortly thereafter he was joined by the Gordons and Farquharsons, thinking to surprise Inverness which was only guarded by a very small body of troops he hastened thither. Here again he was paralysed by the intelligence that the Earl of Seaforth was advancing at the head of five thousand men to give him battle,

all Highland Clans* who volunteered their service for covenanted principles, which shows the vast majority of the natives who were prepared to lay down their lives for the cause of Christ. Unfortunately however it so happened that the designs of both parties were frustrated at that time, as farther mischief was in store for the Campbells when Graham reached Fort Augustus. But is it not high time to conclude this long epistle. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 3rd June, 1850

MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is with the utmost reluctance that I now proceed to detail more particularly the ensuing horrors all produced by English machinations; but more especially as many high personages of the present day are the direct descendents of the men who had acted their part against the best interest of our native land in the following tragedy; however that may be I shall steer an honest course, careless of consequences.

BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY, &c.

The ridiculous account given by Browne of the leading circumstances of this bloody battle are so puerile that we cannot wait to review them; only it is but justice to remark that there is scarcely a word of truth in his fabrications. He represents Montrose as commanding personally at Inverlochy, and would introduce that phantom of his own creation by telling his readers that Graham had only fifteen hundred men when he resolved to fight the Earl of Seaforth "who was advancing with three thousand men, and that when Montrose reached Kilachuimin, now Fort Augustus, a person arrived who brought him the surprising intelligence that Argyle had entered Lochaber and that he was burning and laying waste the country."

* They were the inhabitants of Moray, Ross, Sutherland and Caithness.

Here our author indeed is playing the genuine Englishman. As for the army of Montrose being only 1500 men is what no author mentioned before Browne. Secondly,—“That some person arrived in great haste at Fort Augustus who brought Montrose the surprising intelligence that Argyle entered Lochaber and was burning and wasting the country” Here again the hired libeller resolved at all hazard to conceal the fact that no other than John Mac Donald, the celebrated Lochaber Poet, was the very man who brought back from Fort Augustus, not Montrose for he was not there, but the terrible Alastair MacDonald; neither is there the least proof that Argyle ravaged the country of Lochaber. That this false charge against Gillespie of Argyle, that eminent servant of Jesus Christ, is the fruit of the same dastardly spirit which drew a veil over the historical fact that no other person than John Mac Donald brought the wrath of their implacable enemy on the Campbells at Inverlochy. The Poet was one of the most extraordinary men of the age in which he lived. His struggle in bringing the murderers of the family of Keppoch to condign punishment is a land mark which shall stand for ages to come to prove his formidable perseverance. Who knows not the unlimited obstinacy with which he pursued those monsters, after he was compelled to abandon his native country to save his life. He never halted till he brought the case before Charles II., and procured a warrant from that monarch and his Privy Council to execute the murderers; all which was amply fulfilled by that pillar of integrity Archibald Mac Donald, illegitimate son of Sir Alexander Mac Donald, the sixteenth baron of Sleit. That, further, when the king was fully aware of the character of the Poet he allowed him a handsome salary, with the additional honorary title of Poet Laureate to his Majesty. These are, no doubt, greivous truths now-a-days, dangerous facts to be repeated. It implies also that the Celtic poets and their reputation were far from extinct in the 17th century. And even allowing that John Mac Donald was the last of them, besides he was not, he died at the age of 94, A. D. 1710. These are undoubtedly the reasons for which Browne would conceal his name by calling him “some person.” His deeds on this occasion however show that his biographers had scarcely done him justice hitherto. When the Campbells entered Loch-

aber under the laird of Achanambreac the Poet at once pursued Alastair Mac Cholla to Fort Augustus, and there depicted in vivid colours the danger to which his country was exposed, by the unexpected invasion. Sir Alexander at once returned. On the 2d of February 1645 Alastair Mac Donald arrived at Inverlochy, after marching thirty miles over the mountains, in little more than the space of one day. Several of Argyle's scouts were murdered by Mac Donald's men; so that the unfortunate Campbells had not the slightest warning of the approach of their terrible scourge. The Argyle men were encamped on the point of land at the junction of the rivers Ivesh and Lochy. On being apprised that their bloody hammer found them out, they at once formed in order of battle. General Campbell made his dispositions very soldier-like on this occasion. The Lowlanders formed the wings, the native Gael of Argyle were placed in the centre; while another body of Celts, commanded by himself in person, were drawn up as his *corps de reserve*. In like manner Alastair Mac Donald adopted a similar plan. His right consisted of the Mac Donalds of Antrim; the centre was chiefly composed of the Atholians and the Scottish Mac Donalds, under the respective Chiefs, Glengari, Glencoe, &c., as also a considerable body of the ever brave Mac Leans: the left were entirely Irish under the command of Manus Macnamara, a very wild man. The judicious Gordon who was an honest writer assures us, that what greatly contributed to the undoing of the Covenanters on this occasion was, that the sudden fury with which the Mac Donalds attacked the Argyle men prevented the Earl, who was on the opposite side of the water, from coming to their relief till all was lost, or nearly so; which incident compelled him to consult his own personal safety, when it was of no use to endanger his life. Mac Donald commenced the battle by a simultaneous attack; and so sudden was it that the Covenanted lines from right to left were brought to the sword point in a few minutes. It would seem that the right of the Covenanters sustained the charges of the enemy with great bravery for some time; but the furious attack of the Atholians and of the Scottish Mac Donalds annihilated the native Argyle men with frightful carnage. Here the brave LAIGH KINTRA BLUES were left to share the same fate. The remainder of this ill-fated army was

awfully slain in the retreat. Some attempted to cross the adjacent river by swimming and otherwise, as they best could, but they were either cut down or drowned. Others fled to the nearest hills where they were overtaken, and upwards of one thousand men perished in the retreat; besides what fell on the field of battle. Nor can the least mercy be traced on the part of the malignants in this affair; excepting that Alastair Mac Donald gave strict orders, before the battle commenced, to save his uncle, General Campbell of Achanambreac, which injunction was little regarded; for when the victors returned to view the fatal field and found many illustrious personages among the slain, Alastair, highly anxious about the safety of his relative, seriously enquired if any of them knew ought of his uncle? Manus replied, "*Tar mo bhoisteadh gu bheil se air an raon ud thall 'sa thàr os a chionn, 's feuch an d' thoir thusa beò e.*" That is, "He is on yonder field stark dead, and bring him to life if you can." The Campbells got sad gleanings; many of the principal men of the clan were slain. Sometime afterwards, when Montrose was apprehended, and many of his party were executed, the brother of Lochnel and others held a "*justice yre* *" at Inverary on some persons who fought at Inverlochy. Among those tried there was a Glencoe-man, who would neither confess nor deny any one question that was asked. At last Lochnel's brother demanded a direct answer to a question which concerned himself personally, but Mac Donald was inflexible. "Did you not see me (said he) when I fell wounded at such a place?" "Yes truly (replied the carle) but I saw afterwards what grieved me most." "And what was that?" interrogated Campbell. "Indeed (said the other) what vexed me most was that you arose again!" Such are the particulars of the battle of Inverlochy, after which Alastair MacDonald joined his colleague who was then ravaging Moray in the most inhuman manner.

Graham entered that country so sudden that the Chiefs had no time to resist him. He plundered several of the principal estates. His ravaging troops burned and sacked the houses and murdered the inhabitants wherever they went; all which must be traced to English malice. The

* Blind Harry.

Southrons corrupted Charles, Charles poisoned Graham, and Graham was the murderous harrow employed by the heads of Antichrist the English Bishops, or more properly the bastards of Court bawds. Let their bloody deeds during that period witness against them. It was not enough for them that their own countrymen are from age to age in a state of heathenish and brutal darkness: the whole seed of them, from the Peer to the beggar, without Sabbath, or any regard for it, living without restraint—living without fear for anything past, present, or future—living in a state of savage hostility to universal mankind; having neither care nor fear for anything known, excepting the gallows and the craving of their stomachs; and we may add another cause of fear and trembling, the publishing of the suppressed Scottish Records. Such were the tutors of Charles I. and are the tutors of every mother's son of our apostate countrymen, who are connected with them: and where are the exceptions? Their emissaries at the present day are as keen on playing the same game as Montrose and his advisers were in their own day and generation: the same elements of heathenism and lewdness peculiar to the English hierarchy are now as rampant as they were then. Just examine the interregnum of whoredom and boxing, during the lifetime of that infamous nursing father of uncleanness, George IV.; the effects of which must inevitably prove the undoing of that kingdom and of his kindred therein at no distant period.

After ravaging Moray, Graham next proposed to visit the town of Elgin, the inhabitants of which fled in the utmost terror after it was ascertained that he would hearken to no conditions but that all, capable of bearing arms, should join him as the King's Lieutenant. Here a lamentable scene ensued. All of the terrified people who could, removed with their effects, to procure shelter in the adjacent districts. Stung at this disappointment, Montrose imposed the enormous fine of 4000 merks on the remaining inhabitants, and guaranteed the safety of the town in consequence, all which promises he fulfilled in the real Episcopal style; for when his troops entered Elgin, he not only permitted them to commit all the enormities which are the constant attendants of a military life in these cases; but their officers, by the permission of Montrose, instigated the Irish to destroy every article of furniture,

by which outrage the inhabitants, who relied on his promises, were deprived of their earthly all. Here Graham was joined by the treacherous Lewis Gordon, son of the Marquis of Huntly, the cause of the defeat of the Covenanters at Aberdeen, as already noticed. This young Judas connived with Montrose all along. At this crisis, when Graham was sure in his own fancy that the Covenanters were almost ruined, the other rascal threw off the mask and joined him, when it was found that his treacherous mission in the other army was of no use. "But those who count before-hand must count again." The Earl of Seaforth, who unavoidably surrendered himself to Montrose, confirmed his colleague, Gordon, in the fatal notion that the Covenanted cause was absolutely undone. This dream however was of short duration; for no sooner did Seaforth turn his back than he took them on their own principle and joined the Covenanters again. If it be alleged that he should not have done so, his accusers can easily be convicted of willful malice in the whole charge. When Graham threatened to burn Elgin, Seaforth interposed personally to rescue the burgh and the inhabitants from the impending doom, Montrose very wickedly seized his person and compelled him to acknowledge his superiority, as the King's representative, and finally dismissed Mac Kenneth* on his parole as a prisoner of war. How ridiculous the accusations against Seaforth must appear when Graham's insolence is duly considered? Nor is it yet established that he even gave his word of honour to Montrose on this occasion: and if he had done so nothing could be more base than to yield obedience to that perjured renegade. It is a matter of high honour to the memory of Seaforth that he treated his bloody rival with the utmost contempt in future. Seaforth's integrity contrasted with the villany of the Gordons must at once cast an additional lustre on the character of that excellent nobleman. Mac Kenneth returned to his post in defence of the cause of God and his country, while the treacherous Gordons, not only betrayed the cause which they had solemnly sworn to defend, but added the aggravating guilt of joining Graham at the head of 500 effective men, which stimulated him to new outrages. On his march towards Banff, Montrose attacked the mansion of the Earl of Fin-

* Earl of Seaforth.

later, and there, despite the remonstrances of the Countess, his men sacked the house in the most atrocious manner. They next proceeded to set it on fire, but the lady appeased his wrath by paying him 5000 merks, with a promise to pay him double that sum in a few days if the Earl would not join him, or otherwise give him full satisfaction. Montrose next ravaged the country, sparing nothing. Here he found a victim to gratify Episcopal fury. The defenceless minister was attacked. His house was plundered so that nothing was left, his very books were carried off by the order of Montrose, and himself and family were turned to the fields without food or shelter. The laird of Boyne, aware of these enormities, fled into the strong baronial castle of Crag and defied his pursuer. The next victim was the burgh of Banff, where a fearful scene of murder and carnage ensued, which lasted for several days. So excessive was the work of destruction that not only the houses were sacked of every thing moveable, but the inhabitants were stripped on the streets and left to wander where they would stark naked. Behold the fruit of the English malice which poisoned the perjured Stuart against his native country! Such was the thirst of the pampered Prelatists for the blood of the true worshippers of God—such was their rage to extirpate the simplicity of that form of worship which is clearly pointed out in the Bible, so directly opposed to the sensual and devilish inventions of Liturgies, organs and theatrical running from one corner of the temple to the other, used by that antichristian baggage, now as well as at that time—such was their thirst for the produce of the fields and of the stalls, but above all for war and invasions in order to subdue our national independence! They could not brook to see a free nation worshipping God without a gang of plunderers robbing their fields to feed hounds and scortums—they could not brook to see God's holy Day sanctified; they would rather have their unholy and unjust gain at the expense of banishing everything sacred from the earth. It will be asked is there any difference in the character of Englishmen now from what it was in those days? Alas! it is a sad reality that England did not apply any remedy since that bloody period to reform the pagan practices for which they were and are always noted. You will ask, how are

we to understand thoroughly that the wickedness of that wild people is growing? for that is a point which must be investigated ere I part with my readers, who are carefully fed in the delusion that the 19th century has done marvellous things here and elsewhere. Ans. State you some of the improvements which these men are boasting of, and I think it is not very difficult to lay open their iniquities in these particulars; for, I for one maintain that never was there such scenes of brutality to be witnessed in these kingdoms as is now rampant everywhere; but bear with me for a little till I finish this sketch of the Grahams.

After the sacking of Banff he proceeded to Aberdeen. Aware of his approach the inhabitants in great terror sent a deputation of their principle men to negotiate for the safety of life and property. Montrose assured them that they would not be molested, and promised that none of his troops would enter the city. The dupes departed quite well pleased; but only a very short time elapsed until English perjury taught them that treaties, however solemn, were of no avail*; for on the following Sabbath Nathaniel Gordon entered Aberdeen at the head of a party of horse, among whom were 100 Irish dragoons; the certain prelude of ravage and the usual good faith of English treaties fulfilled by Montrose, which was quite of a piece with his conduct on every other occasion, such as ordering his troops to destroy the stack-yards, burn and carry away the cattle throughout the parishes of Forgue, Inverkethnie and Drumblade, till nothing was left in those places but universal desolation. You must observe moreover, that all this was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of those districts and preceded the Manifesto sent to the Magistrates of Aberdeen on the 10th of March, demanding every man capable of bearing arms to join him. Nor was this bullying mandate disregarded by many, knowing that the threat of fire and sword, prominent enough in the last clause of the Manifesto was not to be trifled with; and only the short respite of five

* When we come to treat of the English character as a whole you will see a system of perjury committed by those savages in their wars with the other two countries perhaps of which you have no conception. It was by these horrid practices that they always gained their advantages over the Irish.

days to choose what course to follow. Whatever poor, sinful human nature may dictate, sure it is that apostate courses can never relieve erring man, however plausible error may appear at the outset. And so it fared with the Aberdonians on this occasion. Many yielded to the temptation and joined the scourge of their country. The instant Graham saw that they complied in part he directed his next thrust to the quick, and commanded every parish within the Presbytery of Aberdeen to give an exact roll of the inhabitants, in order to force them into the service without delay, and also that he could see at a glance whether their intention to betray their country was sincere and complete. Nor was this diabolical artifice without its bad effects. Many flocked to him out of downright terror of loosing their lives and property; neither was he yet content. He was still longing for a pretence to ravage Aberdeen. Consequently he dispatched the apostate Nathaniel Gordon, son of the Marquis of Huntly, to Aberdeen at the head of a party of horse. Those vagabonds commenced a beastly course of violent lewdness among the higher circles. So brutish and disgusting was their conduct that the injured plotted their destruction, and sent notice to General Hurrey, the second in command in the Covenanted army, to come and avenge the many gallows-deeds committed by Gordon and his vile associates. No sooner did the horrible intelligence reached the Covenanted leaders than they dispatched a chosen body of 200 men to execute the criminals. So sudden indeed was this plot put in practice that the lewd culprits had not the slightest anticipation of danger till the sound of the approaching cavalry forced them out of their dens of whoredom and drunkenness, but it was too late. The Covenanters secured every avenue, so that the wretches were taken by surprise. Some of the malignants who refused to surrender were cut down, and others, mad with liquor rushed to the streets naked! The humanity of the Covenanters on this occasion was worthy of the cause in which they were engaged. By sheer force they saved many by disarming them, and conveyed them under an escort to Edinburgh: not as prisoners of war, to which honour they had no claim, but as monstrous traitors, only fit for being judged according to law. After clearing Aberdeen of those pagans, Hurrey resolved to punish Graham on his own

principle. He entered the burgh of Montrose and seized Graham's son, a fine youth, and sent him off prisoner to Edinburgh. Montrose, who was all along waiting for a pretence to devastate Aberdeen, now threw off the mask, and notwithstanding the very reasonable remonstrances of the injured magistrates of that city he fined them in the enormous sum of £10,000; and last of all sent a gang of Irish to finish the work of destruction; but the brave Alastair Mac Donald followed close at their heels and inflicted severe punishments on the depredators, without once asking whether Montrose would approve of it; which act of humanity on the part of Mac Donald was pocketed by Montrose with haughty silence: but still it kindled a spark which could not be quenched till Mac Donald deserted him at Philiphaugh, an event, as is well known, cost Graham his neck.

We next find Montrose at Stonehaven whence he dispatched his fox-message to the Earl Marischal, who with a few of God's witnessing servants took refuge in the ancient fortress of Dunotter. The messenger sent, bearing Graham's message in writing, to allure the Earl was treated with the utmost contempt and returned without any answer, which so enraged him that he at once commenced the work of destruction by burning the houses, and shocking to relate the crops also. Nor could the cry of the suffering people prevail upon those who were in the fort to come to their assistance; or what is more to the purpose they could not relieve them though they witnessed the stackyards and the houses in one conflagration. The humble dwelling of the minister was not exempted, but shared the same fate. In like manner the town of Stonehaven was reduced to ashes, together with the fishing boats, thinking that by thus cutting off every means of subsistence both by sea and land to starve them into submission. Not content with murder and ravage on shore, Montrose acted the pirate by seizing on a ship in the harbour which he first plundered and then set on fire. We next find him ravaging the lands of Feteresso where nothing was spared which fire and sword could consume. He continued the work of desolation throughout Drum-lathie and Urie in a merciless manner. So fearless did his followers grow in the work of spoliation that they went in bands through the country in all directions, till

at last, apprehensive of no danger, he ordered a troop of horse to seek quarters in the vicinity of Montrose itself; no doubt to lay the foundation of another scene of carnage there: and would have undoubtedly proceeded to the work of devastation had it not been that a gallant body of Hurrey's cavalry arrested the marauders at the wood of Halkerton, where a hard fight ensued. In the end, Montrose's party were defeated and chased for two miles with great loss; the road, for that distance at least, presented a sad spectacle, strewed with pieces of skulls and the hacked limbs of the plunderers. Flushed with this considerable success, Hurrey advanced, quite unmindful that Graham was at hand, and well prepared to meet him on any terms. Always fertile in stratagem Montrose rallied the remaining few who had escaped from Hurrey; but concealed his main body in a hollow quite at hand, by which destructive snare he made Hurrey believe that there was no more to oppose him. The Covenanters at once attacked the former fugitives; but their hopes were soon blasted when the yells of the Atholians burst upon their rear! Panic struck the Covenanters fled in dismay; and indeed their destruction was inevitable, were it not that their veteran leader had few equals. The brave Hurrey displayed singular abilities on this occasion. You are at no loss to comprehend this fact when a fair estimate is made of the non-such he had to deal with. There is a decision of character peculiar to Montrose, in fact almost matchless; and where is the Scotchman even at this distant date but is compelled to weep over that erring prodigy? Despite his utmost efforts however, Hurrey retreated across the North Esk with scarcely the loss of a man!

Our limits will not permit us to give in detail many particulars which several authors, mad with prejudice, related of some transactions which preceded the sanguinary battle of Auldearn. George Wishart, bishop of Edinburgh, who accompanied Montrose through his campaigns, also wrote the best history of his military career, in as much as that his brevity is to be preferred to any other author on that subject. We shall therefore follow the angry prelate for a little.

After the skirmish at Halkerton, Montrose marched to Brechin, and burned the town in his usual atrocious manner. He had some bickering with Baillie at the water of

Isla, where Graham sent him a challenge couched in daring terms; but the latter turned an answer equally haughty. Here they stood for several days like two cocks crowing at one another. At last Graham marched for Dunkeld, and Baillie made the best of his way to Perth, to dispute the passage of the Tay; and so effectually prevented Montrose from penetrating that way. Foiled in that attempt Montrose marched for Dundee at the head of 1000 men. Here, as was his custom, he gave the inhabitants either the choice of absolute surrender, or death by fire and sword. They however returned him an answer replete with contempt. Montrose in his turn led his troops to the assault, and the consequence was that after a desperate engagement which lasted for six hours, the town was taken at the point of the sword; but not until multitudes of the brave people perished, fighting amidst the flaming buildings, which they defended till resistance was useless. A scene followed which no Christian ear should hear. Even the slavish Browne is obliged to confess that "the sack of the town continued till the evening." But amidst this barbarous carnage, Providence interposed sooner than human penetration could anticipate; for scarcely had the murderers exceeded to their wishes when the news reached Montrose that General Baillie was advancing at the head of nearly 4000 men. Montrose at once issued orders for an immediate retreat. Accordingly, despite the numerical advantages on the side of the Covenanters headed by the vigilant Baillie, Montrose evacuated Dundee and continued his retreat towards Aberbrothwick, till the shades of night arrested both armies. Thus far I have attempted to pourtray our sketch as in general recorded by different authors. Among the many into whose Libraries I had admission for the last two or three years, one gentleman in particular* procured a copy of bishop Wishart's History of the Campaigns of Montrose, the tenor of whose narrative we will follow for a little; in the meantime observe that the Prelate wrote in Latin. But there is an English translation made by some barbarous Southron whose insolence prompted him to interpret that work; but so ignorant was he that he did not know the names of either counties or towns in Scotland

* All such generous acts shall be acknowledged before we conclude.

and therefore, as might be expected, his attempt is indeed a curiosity in its way, in as much as that in the year 1660 this "civilized" Englishman could not interpret the names of Scottish shires and towns necessarily mentioned by the bishop; so depend upon it that the translation is a rare one: you will say, "I'll warrant."

Recollect now for a moment where you left Montrose retreating and Baillie at his heels. Here the Gael left another monument of their awful prowess; for it is a fact that for two days and two nights previous they got no rest; but yet when they retreated from Dundee they marched the incredible distance of 40 miles in about six hours.* We must now let the bishop speak out.—"Therefore at the dead of the night, when they were not far from Aberbrothwick, Montrose commanded his men to halt a while. Here he began to ruminate, that all the passes into the mountains might be guarded by the enemy's horse, and he was not mistaken; he therefore ordered the army to face about and march southwest, by which artifice, though with intolerable pains, he beguiled his pursuers, whom he passed, and then turning northward by the next morning at sun rising he passed over South Esk, at a place not far from Carston Castle, and from thence sent to Brechin, to fetch those men which he had there with the carriages. But there was no need of this, for they, on report of this expedition, provided for themselves in time and had taken the mountains. While at Carston the scouts brought him word the enemy's horse were in sight, and their foot after been refreshed with food and sleep were marching after them apace. Montrose being now within three miles of the mountains was not much afraid of them. But his soldiers who had not slept for three days and two nights but had been all that time on their march or fighting, were overcome with so dead a sleep that they could hardly be raised without stabs and wounds. The enemy being at last entertained by a slight skirmish allowed Montrose to possess himself of the bottom of the mountains, and having done nothing to the purpose retreated from their vain pursuit; so he and his men came to Glen Esk.

"This expedition so much talked of, infamous indeed for the mistake of the scouts, but as renowned as any for the

* Browne's History of the Highlands. Compare pages 377-8.

valour, constancy and undaunted resolution of the General, and even admirable for the hardiness of the soldiers in encountering all extremities with patience. For three score miles together they have been often in fight, always upon their march without either meat or sleep, or the least refreshment. And truly among expert soldiers and those of eminent note of both England, Germany and France I have not seldom heard this expedition of Montrose was preferred to his greatest victories.

“ When Montrose was safe beyond expectation he sent the Lord Gordon with those who continued Loyal after the revolt of his brother Lewis into their own country; in order that they might recall those whom his brother seduced away, and recruit themselves by levying new forces; and he was the more active in that business that he might acquit himself of any suspicion. Nor, indeed did Montrose himself or any detest that villany of Lewis Gordon more than that noble Lord his brother. Montrose with a small party, for he kept but 500 foot and 50 horse, marched through Angus into Perthshire that he might distract the enemy till such time as he made up his army with recruits; neither was he out of his aim for the Covenanters had sent Hurrey the Lieutenant General of the horse with a party of 600 foot and 200 horse that he might strengthen their own side and suppress the Lord of Gordon, while Baillie himself remained with the army at Perth in the very heart of the kingdom, ready to wait upon all motions. Montrose was twelve miles off at a village called Crieff where Baillie understood he quartered securely. In great haste he set out from Perth at the beginning of the night with all his army, that by a speedy march he might, at break of day attack Montrose unexpectedly. But he found Montrose careful enough of his business, ready under arms either to march or fight. Montrose with his horse came up to ascertain their number and when he found them to be 2000 foot and 500 horse he marched speedily away. Following the course of the Earn he began his march and with the few horse he formed the rear guard, by which he often repulsed the enemy till he reached Loch Earn, where he quartered that night, being the 18th of April. Next day Montrose marched to Balquhiddy where he met the Earl of Aboyne, who with some few more escaped out of Carlisle and hearing of

Montrose's success returned into their country. From Balquhiddy they took their route for Loch Caterine, where they were apprised that General Hurrey was ready to pounce on the Lord Gordon."*

Montrose now resolved at all hazards to relieve his colleague directed his course that way, and by prodigious exertions formed a junction with Gordon, who was at the head of 1200 men within six miles of where Hurrey was ready to engage him. The latter, now aware of the arrival of Montrose, did not remain long in dangerous company but fled hard across the Spey, in the direction of Elgin, with Montrose at his heels. There ensued one of the rarest pursuits imaginable. The Covenanters scarcely cleared the town of Elgin when the enemy entered it, vociferating, "Traitors, Rebels, Rascals, Round-heads, &c." From Elgin the race continued to Forres. Montrose pursued so hard that "for fourteen miles together, though Hurrey had the advantage of the night he had much ado to reach Inverness."†

When Hurrey reached Inverness "according to his expectations he found the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland, the whole Clan of the Fraser and most of Murray and Caithness, and the neighbouring parts assembled at Inverness well armed."‡ Here we have the plain positive testimony of a man who accompanied Montrose through all his Campaigns proving that what was already noticed is indeed true, that the most potent Barons in the northern shires, with their people were staunch Covenanters: nor is it to be forgotten that though the malignants had proved victorious in that struggle by their assistance, English venom would have no sympathy with their character at that time nor since. You will ask, "Why?" Just because they were Scotchmen; that is the only reason. No, no, the enemies of universal mankind can have no sympathy with anything but their own brutality.

The Prelate goes on:—"To the Clans above mentioned Hurrey added some old soldiers of the garrison of Inverness. He now commanded 3500 foot and 400 horse; but Montrose who had only 1500 foot and 200 horse thought of retreating. Hurrey however pressed him so vehemently that he could not retire. Baillie also, with an army much stronger than that of Hurrey, was march-

* Wishart page 55. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

ing in great haste towards the Spey. What should Montrose do in that condition? He must of necessity either give Hurrey battle or undergo a far greater hazard of being hemmed in between two armies. He encamped at a village called Auldearn and thus resolved to try his fortune by choosing the best ground he could find. There was a little village that stood upon the height which overlooked the neighbouring valley and some hills which were higher than the town. Behind it in the valley he drew up his forces, out of the view of the enemy. Before the town he placed some of his veteran infantry and several pieces of ordnance. The right wing commanded by Sir Alexander Mac Donald took up their position in the places fortified with banks, ditches, shrubs and large stones. They were ordered to remain there as a body of reserve. Montrose also committed to his charge the Royal Standard, expecting that the enemy, upon sight of that, would order the best of their forces to attack that wing, which by reason of the disadvantages of the place would be rendered wholly useless, in which case Montrose could with great ease attack their left flank with his veterans. In order therefore to prosecute his design, Lord Gordon commanded the horse and Montrose himself the foot. Those who stood before the town, under the cover of the banks and ditches, seemed as if they were his main battle, whereas indeed he had none."

As soon as the enemy saw the Royal standard, they just acted as Montrose foresaw, for they instantly directed the best of their troops to that fatal spot. Nor was it long till the van of the Covenanters was engaged in deadly combat with those on the ground in front of the village. The contest was maintained with great obstinacy on both sides; but those who grappled with Alastair MacDonald among the ditches and enclosures were foiled at all points, owing to obstacles impossible to surmount. They at last gave vent to their chagrin, calling on MacDonald, for a "cooardly Heiland rascald, to come out o' that, and fecht wi' fair hand blows on open grun." Unfortunately for them that request was granted soon enough. As to the personal prowess of this extraordinary man, few ages indeed produced his equal here or any where else. Wishart says "For MacDonald being a valiant man, and bold even to rashness, disdaining to shelter himself behind

hedges and shrubs, whilst the enemy provoked him with ill language, contrary to orders, he advanced towards them out of his fastness; and he did it to his cost, for the enemy overpowered him with both horse and foot, and, having many old soldiers among them, repulsed his men; and certainly, had he not timely drawn them off, every one of them, together with the King's standard, would have been lost. But he made amends for that rash mistake by his admirable courage."* Here the struggle was close and terrible, according to this author; and indeed, all others who wrote for or against either party, allow that Alastair MacDonald displayed the hero both mental and bodily, in his share of that destructive battle. The Gael sustained the first onset of Hurrey's cavalry without giving a foot of ground, but when a column of Bailie's pikemen charged, with shouts of defiance, the pressure was excessive. The enemy, borne along, though not disordered, were nevertheless overpowered. It was in that extremity that Alastair fought in the rear with sword and shield. The spearmen came up to his person many times as he was retreating towards his former position, "And covering his body with a great target, which he carried in his left hand, he defended himself against the enemies. Those that came closest up to him were pikemen, who, with many a thrust, struck their spears' heads into his target, which he cut off by three and four at every stroke of his broad sword."* Montrose testified afterwards that he saw him cutting two men across their bodies with a back stroke" at the very instant that he was relieved by that erring non-such. While matters were in this condition, "word came to Montrose that MacDonald, with his men were put to flight," which indeed was true. Here one of those strange impulses, with which he always prevailed, struck Graham in the very hour of peril. It is perhaps without a parallel, except its well-known precedent, uttered in Scotland of old. When the Roman Legions began to reel by the impetuous charge of the mighty Scots on the moor of Ardoch, Agricola exclaimed "Romans! will you leave my head as a trophy to the barbarians on the western march of the empire." The instant that Graham heard that Alastair was defeated, he cried to Lord Gordon—"My Lord, what are we doing? MacDonald, on the

* Wishart. † Ibid.

right, has routed the enemy. Shall we stand by as idle spectators whilst he carries away the honour of the day?" * This occurred at the very time that MacDonald and his party were in reality between the jaws of destruction. Graham instantly attacked MacDonald's assailants at the sword point. The shock was irresistible. Hurrey's cavalry were overpowered in an instant; carried along with the wave, they left the brave infantry exposed to inevitable destruction; the latter, however, opened a well-directed fire, which checked the victors considerably, till Graham gave the word "Sheath your swords in the rebels." The Gael instantly closed with the unfortunates at the sword point. It is needless to repeat that no enemy could withstand the athletes of the Caledonians, excited by the fire of the Grahams. The Covenanters were routed at all points. The very men who brought Alastair MacDonald to the brink of ruin were forced to fly with dreadful carnage, but not without leaving indelible proofs that the defeated were equally brave, and that the difference was not in the men but in the leaders. Many of the Gael in the covenanted ranks performed feats of which the Trojan heroes might be proud. Just picture to yourself Colonel Campbell of Lavir, in the seventy-second year of his age. That ripe christian and honourable gentleman, seeing all lost, cast himself in the extreme rear: he fought with a two-handed sword, hewing down a foeman at every cut. The Colonel, with his two sons, young gentlemen of great accomplishments, together with Sir John and Gideon Murray, knights, sold their lives as high as ever man did. These five worthies fought shoulder to shoulder in the thickest of the melee, where they kept a clear space of several yards till they perished together, covered with many wounds. The slaughter was very great, considering the numbers engaged. The general estimate of the loss of the Covenanters is about three thousand; but there is no great appearance of truth in that statement, when we consider that the rascals who recorded it had neither grace nor honour in them. Be that as it may, the christians lost the battle, and were pursued for many miles, where, no doubt, a considerable destruction took place. The battle of Auldearn was fought on the 4th of May, 1645. This defeat was indeed decisive and formidable;

* Wishart.

but what is to follow will clearly prove that even the few of the Gael who followed Montrose were forced into the service. Nor should it be forgotten that the covenanted leaders were good-for-nothing, in comparison to their opponents. One cannot conceive how armies, comparatively numerous contrasted with the handful which fought them, could be defeated with scarcely any apparent difficulty. They certainly know little of human nature who think that a host led by calves can make head against a resolute few. After the battle of Auldearn, Graham penetrated into Strathbogie; nor was the other party idle, Baillie and Hurrey united their forces with considerable activity, and followed him at the heels: but, despite their efforts, they could not provoke him to fight. Another goose-chase was the consequence; Montrose retreated to Balvenie, thence through Strathdon and Strathspey, into Badenoch, where another cock-crowing match took place betwixt him and Baillie. Subsequently, the covenanted Generals retired to Inverness to concert measures, where it was devised that the Earl of Crawford would enter Angus, for fear that Montrose, after so many victories, would penetrate into the low country, and seize Edinburgh, where the covenanted Convention was sitting. This is indeed the sum and substance of Wishart's narrative on that point: I take him as I find him. But anon—

The Bishop, with considerable exactness, adds "That Montrose resolved with all speed to quell Lindsay, who lay yet at a Castle called Newtile, both because the General was no soldier, and the soldiers raw and unacquainted with the hardships of war; departing from thence, he marched through the plains of Mar, and came by long and painful marches to the banks of the river Airley, intending to surprise the enemy on a sudden, to prevent the report reaching sooner than himself, which was not easily done, for Lindsay was not above seven miles from him. Here all the northern men deserted Montrose, and went back the way they came."* They all returned into their own country. The Lord Gordon was in the camp; and there was none there that detested that villany with greater indignation than he: insomuch that Montrose had much ado to withhold him from putting the fugitives to death.†

* Wishart. † This shews that the Gael heartily hated the service.

Here Wishart adds—"Some stick not to say that these men were inveigled away by the private directions of his father, the Marquis of Huntly, for it vexed him, a haughty and envious man, to hear of the success of Montrose; nor could he endure the intimate friendship which was between him and his eldest son, Lord Gordon." It is not a little remarkable that the offspring of those fellows who were enemies to the cause of God in those days are the implacable enemies of this country now. Verily these Gordons were always evil doers. Huntly, like an enraged *Brac*,* kept the upper end of the den, while his sons, like so many Indian Thugs, ran between the hostile armies. It is therefore the less to be wondered at that, out of the same nest, emanated the destruction of Caledonia. It is also the truth, that generations to come must weep for the evil doings of that iniquitous woman of the same sort, who commenced the work of destruction in Sutherland. If ever God's unerring truth was realized, that "The iniquity of the fathers was visited upon the children," it was in the case of that Gordon brood, especially the party of them who now are known under the name of Sutherland, but are no such things. The righteous Judge of all the earth often leaves wicked men, agreeable to the evil propensities of their hearts, to wither under their lusts, or in a more hopeless condition still, to violate every tie of humanity and justice, such as the ungodly desolators of our country, whose evil deeds are undoubtedly recorded in the book of remembrance. I intend (God willing), in a future number to lay before the public a full detail of those horrible scenes of impiety perpetrated in the Highlands,† wherein every single individual implicated, with their vices, will be exhibited before the sun. It is humbly hoped that justice even now is longing to get vent; but we must not digress.

According to Wishart, Montrose was much dejected when the northern men deserted him; and in particular when Baillie and Hurrey entered lower Mar and encamped by the side of the river Dee. He found indeed that after all his victories nothing short of desperate resistance could enable him to keep the field; consequently he dispatched the treacherous Lewis Gordon and Alastair Mac Donald, to recruit where they best could. The latter is

* Badger. † The Clearance System.

highly applauded by Wishart for cajoling his brother Lord Aboyne into the service of the Prelatists; but even Montrose with all his acumen could not fathom the Gordons. Nathaniel brought some troops into the camp on that occasion. He likewise brought his brother Lord Aboyne with him, who on his performing only a few pranks of the Gordon School nearly proved Graham's ruin. When he had full certainty from Montrose that Lord Lindsay and General Baillie united their forces, he at once pretended sickness and deserted; judging that Graham would have been devoured in the next engagement. Aboyne made clean heels back to Strathbogie, but not forgetting to lead away every one of the recruits brought by his brother. Matters however did not happen just as he anticipated, for the union of the Covenanted forces were of short duration. Lord Lindsay entered Athole at the head of 1000 men, and it would seem rendered ample retaliation for some of Graham's bloody work in other parts. When Montrose heard of his departure he at once resolved on attacking Baillie, who was besieging "the Castle of Bogie," which was a very good opportunity for him to retrieve the favour of the Gordons; nor was he slow to grasp at it. This turn of events made the Gordons right glad to send back the men when they saw that their own *craigs* were in imminent danger; for they preferred the grimaces of the malignants to the liberty of their country.

We shall presently quote their own Episcopal Historian directly to the point. "Montrose, although Mac Donald was absent with a great party thought it necessary to relieve Huntly and his friends whom he laboured to assure unto himself by all good offices and hied thither."* There was another reason also which prompted him to attack Baillie. Lindsay had the most of the veterans in Athole, so that Graham plainly saw that it was an easy matter to ruin his opponent in Strathbogie. Baillie, aware of the coming storm prepared to meet his vigilant foe. When Montrose received information from his spies of the position of the enemy he instantly marched forward; but he found them strongly posted in narrow passes well supported by their numerous cavalry, while the adjacent heights immediately in the rear was occupied by a strong body of serve. Graham attempted to force the defiles but was

* Wishart.

repulsed again and again. At last, despairing of forcing Baillie to evacuate his impregnable position, Graham suddenly marched off to the country of the Forbeses.

I am truly sorry that for the sake of brevity I am unavoidably compelled to give such meagre accounts of these places. I have hitherto described every spot from personal knowledge excepting this, but you must take the will for the deed. No sooner was Graham away than Baillie pursued him, dreaming it was sheer terror that made him run; but he found to his cost that it was nothing of the kind: his design was to draw the enemy into the open country. Nor was he long in accomplishing it. After a hard march Montrose reached Alford where he took up his position on an adjacent hill waiting the enemy. Wishart informs us of his reasons for the choice of that ground. "He possessed himself of the hill that he might receive the charge of the enemy with advantage. Behind him was a moorish place full of ditches and pits, which would prevent the horse falling upon his rear; before him was a steep hill which kept his men from the enemy's view, so that they could hardly perceive his foremost ranks." He was scarcely prepared when his scouts returned with the intelligence that Baillie had passed the adjacent water which movement fixed both armies that neither could avoid battle. Nor should it be forgotten that Lord Balcarras forced Baillie into that snare much against his will. The leaders subordinate to Montrose were Alastair Mac Donald, the Lurdies, Gordon and Aboyne, Sir William Rollock and George Graham. Both armies were fixed in their respective positions; the Covenanters in the valley, secured by marshes and other natural fastnesses, seemed impregnable on all hands. Montrose had the advantages of the intervening steep declivity quite in front of him. Lord Gordon commenced the battle by a hot charge, with the view of forcing the enemy from their position; but in that he was disappointed. "He was (says Wishart) courageously received by the enemy, who trusted to the multitudes of their horse; and now being closed and come to hand blows no one could advance but over his enemy or retreat owing to the pressure in the rear." The Gordons, after a hard struggle, forced the Covenanters to give ground. Graham at once brought forward his reserve, which lay concealed behind the ad-

jacent hill. This chosen body attacked sword in hand. The onset was so fierce and sudden that the Covenanter's cavalry, panic struck, fled amain, leaving the brave infantry open to the destructive charges of the enemy's horse and foot; and they would have undoubtedly all perished, had it not been that their foes were arrested by the fall of the Lord Gordon, which prevented his men from following up the advantage at the very instant the victory was complete. His brothers were so paralysed when he fell that the pursuit instantly ceased. Wishart would insinuate that he was the only man that was killed on that side, but that falsehood is so gross that we consider it unworthy of farther notice; neither can the amount of the loss of the other party be ascertained. This battle was fought on the 2d of July, 1645.

Our limits will not permit us to follow this sketch much longer, but must wind it up as soon as possible. The horrors above detailed were so far from breaking the spirits of the Covenanters that they only seem to excite them the more to cherish that glorious resistance which finally consumed their enemies. In the interim, between the battle of Alford and that of Kilsyth, there was a general rising throughout the whole of the west of Scotland. Those who were most active on the side of liberty on this occasion in the low country were the Earls of Lanark, Cassils, Eglinton, and Glencairn. These preparations so alarmed Montrose that he resolved to give Baillie battle, who pursued him to his camp at Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, on the 15th of September, 1645, which was indeed a mad action on the part of the covenanted General; but it is a fact that he was forced to it by Balcarras, one of another rotten set who did infinite mischief to the persecuted servants of God during the gallows period under Charles II. and the bloody York. "But there are some that say that Baillie himself thought it not best to give battle, but was over-swayed by the authority and votes of the Earl of Lindsay especially, and some others of the Nobility that were present in the army, which forced him, much against his stomach, to draw up his men. However it was early in the morning when they led their men straight upon Montrose."* Here, as in all the former battles, Graham displayed the prodigy both in the choice of his

* Wishart.

ground, and his own personal exertions. He was so much the superior of his opponents that one would think they were created for being his prey. He availed himself of the ditches and gardens adjacent, where he planted select bodies of his Musqueteers, under coverts, which rendered it impossible for the enemy to dislodge them; in like manner his cavalry had decided advantages in some way similar: but, just as the latter were going to charge, Montrose heard some muttering that it was impossible for them to make head against the mailed cuirassiers in the adverse army; for that their steel shells could not be cut, and consequently that they (the Royalists) must die for nothing. But Graham's ardour soon silenced their murmurings. The moment that the wavering grumble caught his ear, the fiery Scot addressed them in words which perhaps can never be equalled—"Gentlemen, you see these cowardly rascals, they cannot look at you without being covered as you see; therefore, to shew our contempt of them, we shall fight them in our shirts!" and, indeed he was the first to perform the example, by casting off his coat and instantly taking his station at the head of the line, sword in hand—which so inspired the men that every one did the same. Wishart mentions this in terms more vague than almost any other historian—"Moreover he commanded all his men, both horse and foot, to cast off their doublets, and to affront the enemy all in white, being naked unto the waist, all but their shirts; which, when they had cheerfully performed, they stood provided and ready to fight, resolved certainly either to conquer or die." The Covenanters commenced the action by an attempt to clear the enemy from their fastnesses among the gardens, &c.; but they were repulsed at all points with severe loss. At this juncture, Alastair MacDonald, the fearless, but erring champion, assailed the main body of the enemy, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulty of ascending the steep brae of which, they had the advantage. Here the work of death raged in all its horrors. This body of the Gael sustained the charge of six thousand foot and eight hundred horse at the sword point. Montrose saw that Alastair's destruction was inevitable, especially when three troops of horse and a strong body of veteran infantry attacked him in the rear. Graham in anguish addressed the Earl of Airly in the following terms:—"My

Lord, all men's eyes are upon your Lordship; they think you only worthy so great an honour as to repel the enemy and bring off our fellow soldiers. Besides, it seems most proper for you that the error which has been committed by the fool-hardiness of youth may be corrected by your Lordship's grave and discreet valour." Oglivie at once obeyed and charged the Covenanters with such fury that their cavalry, completely overpowered, fell back in whole masses on their own foot mad with terror. The latter, overwhelmed by their cursed weight, knew not whether their honour and safety depended most on repulsing those rascals to face the enemy or in immediate flight. The malignants however followed up the advantage with great slaughter, shouting "Graham!" as they cut through the solid ranks of the defeated *witnesses*. The infantry it is true sustained the shock after the villains fled, till resistance became useless; but at last they gave way and the result is too shocking to be related. It is enough to mention that they all perished. Probably about 700 at least fell for the fourteen miles which the enemy pursued them without mercy. Nor can these calamities be traced to any other cause than the one already noticed, viz., that English pagans could not brook to see a free nation worshipping God according to his own revealed will.

The battle of Kilsyth was the zenith of Graham's victories. The scene of intrigue which followed will be fully developed in due course. We shall here only observe that the triumph of the wicked is but short; for scarcely had one year elapsed when he was exiled and compelled to leave the kingdom disguised as a menial; and finally that after his return in 1650 he was defeated by Leslie at Philiphaugh and was executed as a chief malefactor in Edinburgh on the 28th of May that year. Perhaps some may after all feel lukewarm and maintain that the obstinacy of the Scots during that period of blood is not to be commended. The answer is, it is indeed surprising to find even a vestige of the national spirit now; but it was quite otherwise in those days. The Scots at that time and long after it, had the genuine history of their country to peruse; consequently they were able to contrast the character of Scotland with that of her despicable rival; such as, for example, of Church History. The Scots of those days knew full well that the Gospel found its way

to our country at the close of the first century, to God be all the praise. They knew that Columba was not the founder of the Christian seminary of Iona, as Alexander and other rotten Pamphleteers of the present school would falsely affirm. That on the contrary the first Christian place of worship was built in Iona, A. D. 212.* and that Christianity prevailed almost universally in this kingdom since A. D. 165. Nor are the names of many who flourished here, and who were indeed eminent for learning and piety long before Columba had a being, at all obscure. Dr Mac Nicol in his Remarks on Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles says, "As early as A. D. 273 and afterwards there were many eminent Scots, such as Amphibolus, Modachus and others who were worshippers of the true God and called in our language *Gille Dé*, or Servants of God. Even Tertullian who wrote about A. D. 209, says that there were believers in that part of Britain which the Romans had not been able to subdue. That before the end of the 4th century the Christian Religion was spread over the whole of the province of Valentia, comprehending the southwest part of Scotland, from the Solway Frith to Dumbarton. St. Ninian who flourished before and after the year 412 was born of Christian parents in what was afterwards called Galloway, and formed the one extremity of this province. St. Patrick was also born of Christian parents on the northern banks of the Clyde in the place still named Kilpatrick. These two eminent christians and their disciples became the first missionaries to the Picts in Scotland and to the Irish."

Thus it is certain that Christianity found its way into this kingdom very early and though we had no more to shew it will prove that we had our fair share of learning and science for upwards of 1700 years. The above particulars will also refute the graceless falsehood that Columba was the founder of Christianity in Caledonia, whereas the truth is that the Gospel was established in the Hebrides 351 years before Columba was heard of in Scotland. But withal recollect that between the battle of Mundi, fought A. D. 362, and the restoration of the monarchy under Fergus II. A. D. 404 a second darkness appre-

* See transactions of Scottish Antiquaries, vol I.—printed at Edinburgh in 1792; also Dr. Alexander's Iona, a really false production.

hended this land, all in consequence of that fatal battle. The country was wofully ravaged by the united forces of Imperial Rome and of Picti. The king with the most of the nobles perished on that doleful field—all our heroes, excepting a very small remnant, sealed their love of liberty with their blood, as was already noticed. The Christian Clergy were banished and dispersed for a period of upwards of 40 years, during which long night the Druids rallied and seized their old seat Iona and by a desperate effort restored their sway once more; nor is this at all surprising when you consider that the reign of darkness continued for a generation. You are wondering at the fraud of men now a days who make no mention of these truths. Indeed you need not, for it is but too true that they are fit to do anything base. Besides it is very hard to get quit of the Celts after all. It is strenuously smothered that Scotland gave her Apostle St Patrick to the sister kingdom 175 years before Columba was born; and yet Scotland had no Christianity before the Columbian period. Such is the consistency of Dr Alexander in his History of Iona, published by the London Tract Society. Scotchmen should know their own affairs, and certain it is that some of them are honest enough to speak out regardless of consequences. The majority however are quite otherwise disposed. Such would like to cover English degradation as much as they can, though their efforts of that kind cannot reach the mark. There is no doubt but the Columbian period will look nearer the introduction of the Saxon into Britain in the year 449 than that the Scots were a christian nation, as was just now proved, nearly three centuries before that era; but the grand object is, here as well as in the affair of the monarchy, to place us at least on a level with the English; hence Columba, Celt and Irishman as he was, is a very welcome guest with the marvellous lights of the 19th century. However they are not quite so reconciled with other matters closely connected with his life, and the literature of which he was professor. "Murder will out." Cumin the Fair, Abbot of Hi, who died A.D. 668, wrote a life of Columba which is still extant. Let the public ask why that truly venerable relic of our ancient literature, now 1183 years old is not published. Again, Adomnan or properly Aodhan, another of his successors, was also Columba's biographer: he died

A.D. 695; his life of Columba is likewise extant, and is now 1156 years old. Let the public ask why it is not published just as the author left it. In like manner, John Colgan, a native of Donegal, was lecturer on Theology, in the College of St. Anthony, at Louvain, where he died in A.D. 1658. He was a man of great talents and extensive learning: after an arduous labour of thirty years he compiled, in several folio volumes, the lives of a vast number of Irish Ecclesiastics—one of the most interesting works that ever was penned in Europe. It was published at Louvain, in 1645, in one large folio volume. In 1645 he also published the lives of Patrick and Columcille: these works are now guarded from the gaze of the public in a manner consistent with English good-will to the hateful Celts. In particular this volume is so very rare that if it may happen to appear in some villain's coffers after the breath is out of him, it is never sold under twenty guineas; so that by these means the public is deprived of it. In the same way the late Rev. and learned Dr. Smith of Campbelton, at the close of the last century, wrote the life of Columba, compiled chiefly from the works of Cum-in and Aodhan above-mentioned; but the Doctor unfortunately added some notes of a very *dangerous* tendency, illustrative of the pristine glory of Scotland, of which we shall take notice shortly: consequently that doomed his production to the process of mutilation, as well as low villainy could perform it. There are now several distorted and garbled fragments afloat under that designation, for which no doubt some creatures are rewarded, but they should not forget that Dr. Smith's countrymen are not altogether extinct, but are able and willing to punish the creeping pirates who are labouring to destroy his work. We have in our possession an original edition of the Rev. Doctor's most interesting biography of his predecessor in the ministry. The Doctor copied the following list of Columba's pupils, &c, from the Annals of the Four Masters; but if our limits would permit of giving Colgan's list of these and a host of others by him recorded, we have no doubt but it would startle many selfish sots who are fuming in their pride, dreaming of the Mushroom apostate Nineteenth Century. It is the duty of the public, however, to look to themselves, and compel the enemies of our country not only to desist from the work of

mutilation but to restore all our histories and biographies, especially that vast and singular collection compiled by Sir James Balfour already noticed, and all extant. That is the highway for Scotchmen to see themselves: but nothing short of that will do. How lamentable the fact that your cowardly representatives would dare commit such outrages! We should not compare anything earthly to the precepts and influences of the gospel; but on the other hand certain it is that our fathers, in the days of Montrose, knew well the distance between them and the Southrons, and looked upon them as they should, with great contempt in a national point of view. In presenting this list, though containing only a mere few of the Celtic labourers in the vineyard, the wretches who are now not only defaming, but also with vengeance extirpating their descendants and language, will certainly have to answer for it at the great tribunal of the Judge of all. But their is one consolation yet, that God is stronger than them. Some may feel squeamish at the title Abbot now about to be introduced, but such may rest assured that we abhor Popery in proportion to the light which God is pleased to bestow; and farther, that the title Abbot in those days signified no more than what is now understood by Professor, or more properly Principal: the very office now filled by the Rev. Principal MacFarlan or Dr. Lee was just the office of an Abbot in the University of Iona. All are aware that the title itself, in those days of primitive purity, signified head or father, or chief teacher. Popery was unknown in Scotland many ages after the time of Columba; and it were sacrilege to conceal that hard-fated Ireland was the last country in Europe that submitted to the antichristian yoke. Yes! truly there were not a few Evangelical pastors in Ireland even in the Thirteenth Century, a noble example of the Irish witnesses contending against the Papacy, and of how ready they were to repel its aggressions in Scotland even at that period of gross darkness, recorded by the Four Masters under the year 1203:—"A Monastery was erected by Ceallach in the centre of Iona, in opposition to the people of that place; and he did great damage to the town. The clergy of the north of Ireland assembled together for the purpose of going to Iona, viz.: Flaoran O'Cerbhallain, bishop of Tir Eoghain (Tyrone); Maol Iosa O'Doraidh, bishop of

Tir Connell; Amhalgaidh O'Firgail, abbot of the church of Doire Cholum Chille;* Airmire O'Cobhthaigh, with many of the people of Derry and of the northern clergy. They proceeded to Iona and pulled down the church before-mentioned; and Amhalgaidh O'Firgail was elected abbot of Iona by the suffrages of the Scotch and Irish." This clearly proves that the spirit of freedom always attendant on genuine gospel ministry was far from extinct in either kingdom at that period. One would think that Jenny Geddes was present, giving orders to pull down the usurper. But what is more important still, the act of pulling down an antichristian brothel was in itself a glorious one, but observe what was the consequence: the venerable Culdee who succeeded was not forced into his charge by a mandate from Rome, or any other earthly court: no! but was, on the contrary, elected by the free unfettered choice of the witnesses in both kingdoms, which plainly prove that it cost the father of lies and his factor of Rome a long struggle through their English agents ere they silenced the voice of the gospel in Ireland.

I will now proceed to give an alphabetical list of the disciples of Columba as given by Dr. Smith, copied from the Quatuor Magistris (the Four Masters):—

Aodhan MacLibheir, afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne, in England.	Cobhtach MacBhrendain, and brother of Beathen
Aidhan or Aodhan MacKein, Bishop of Couluisc.	Colgan of Cill-Cholgain in Connaught
Ailbhe MacRonan.	Colgan MacAoidh, a Culdee of Hi
Aonghus or Angus of Dermach	Colgan of Darmagh
Baithen of Doire Chaluich.	Colman or Columan
Baithen MacBrendain, Abbot of Hi	Colman, Bishop of Hi, and afterwards of Lindisfarne
Barrind, Abbot of Cill-barrind.	Colman MacCombgell, who died A.D. 620
Becan MacErnan, brother of Cumin	Colman, Bishop of Rechran
Berach, Bishop of Cluainchorp.	Colman MacEnan
Berachan or Barachan	Colman MacTighearnach
Bran, nephew of Columba.	Colman MacRonan
Carnan MacBranduth	Colman Orag, of Erach in Ulster
Ceata, supposed to be the Bishop of Ceadan of Bede	Coman or Comhan, brother to Cumin
Ceallach, Bishop of the Mercians in England	Comgan, sister's son of Columba
Cobhran, nephew of Columba	Connell, Abbot of Iunis Caol,

* Now Londonderry. What presumption!

- Ireland
- Conna MacTighearnach
- Connacht, son of Maoldraighnach
- Conrach MacKein, of Dermach Monastery
- Constantine, King of Cornubia or Cornwall, said by Fordun to have presided over the Monastery of Govan upon Clyde
- Cormac, Abbot of Darmagh
- Corman, the first Missionary to the Northumbrians—flourished A.D. 630. This was the dawn of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons.
- Cuanan, Abbot of Cill-Chuanain
- Cuan or Coan MacTighearnach
- Cuchumin MacKein, Abbot of Hi
- Cumin the Fair, Abbot of Hi, who wrote Columba's life
- Dachonna, Abbot of Eas-mac-neire
- Dallan Forguill, formerly a Bard
- Dermot, of the descendants of King Leogaire
- Dima, afterwards Bishop of the Mercians, in England
- Eochadh Torannan
- Enna MacNuadhan, Abbot of Imleachfodha
- Ernan, uncle to Columba, and Abbot of Himbo
- Ernan, Abbot of Drim-tuam in Tir-chonail
- Ernan, Abbot of Torrachan, of the race of King Nial
- Ernan of Teach Ernain
- Bishop Eoghan or Eoghanan—I cannot positively determine where he settled
- Faillbhe, Abbot of Hi
- Faranan, Abbot of Farannain
- Fiachna of Achaluig
- Fechro MacRodain flourished A.D. 580
- Fergna, Abbot of Hi
- Finan, Abbot of Tourd, near Dublin
- Finan, Abbot of Roth
- Finan, Abbot of Magh-chasgain
- Finan, supposed by some to be the same as the preceding
- Finan, who succeeded Aidan as Bishop of Eilean Naomh, or Holy Island
- Finbar, of Drim-cholum, Ireland
- Finchan, Abbot of Ard-chaoin
- Finlughan, a Culdee of Hi
- Fintein MacAoidh, founder of the Monastery of Caille-abhind
- Bishop Genere or Gueren, a Saxon taught at Hi
- Grellan MacRodan,
- Hilary, brother to Aidan
- Lasran, Abbot of Darmagh
- Lasran, called Garadair
- Lasran MacDeagh-ghille
- Lasar MacRonan
- Libhran, from Connacht
- Loman of Loch-uair
- Luga Ceann-Allaidh of Hi
- Lagaide of Cluan-Largh
- Lugaid, Abbot of Gluain-Finchoill
- Lugair Laidir, of Tir da Chraoibh
- Lughe MacCumín of Hi, afterwards Abbot of holy Island
- Lughe MacBlai of Hi
- Lughe MacCumín, brother to Lughe
- Lughe MacBlai, brother to Lughe
- Marnoc, founder of Kilmarnock Monastery
- Miril, sister's son of Columba
- Maolchus, brother to Marnoc
- Maoldubh, of Cluain-chonair
- Maoldubh MacEnan
- Moab, his brother
- Maolcomha MacAoidh Mac-Aimirich, who from a King became a Preacher
- Maol Orain, of Hi
- Maolumha MacBeothain, King of Ireland, afterwards Missionary of Hi
- Mochana MacFiachna, King of Ulster, afterwards a Pictish Bishop

MacCuthen, said by Usher to have wrote the life of St Patrick	Rus or Russen, de insulis Pictorum
Moluan of Hi	Scandal, Abbot of Cillchobhrain
Moluc, of the race of Conal Gulban. Bishop of Lismore. He died 688	Segin MacFiachra, Abbot of Hi
Mothorian, Bishop of Drumchliabh	Segin MacRonan, Abbot of Bangor, 664
Munna, Abbot of Teach-mhunna	Senach, half-brother of Columba
Pilo, an Anglo-Saxon taught at Hi	Senan of Darmagh
Oran, the first of the "Order of Columba" who was buried at Hi. Reilig Orain was called after him	Silleán MacNimhein, of Hi
Oissin, Abbot of Cluan-mor	Suine MacCurtre, Abbot of Hi
	Ternoc, of Ari-na-molt Ulster
	Torannan, afterwards of Bangor
	Trenan MacRintir, monk of Hi
	Bishop Tulachan, father of Munna, who followed his father to Hyona

A Table of Chronological events from A.D. 563 to A.D. 1099.

Columba arrived in Iona on Pentecosteve, A.D. 563

Oran died 27th October, 563

Connal, King of the Scots, who gave Iona to Columba, died 572

The great Council of Drimceat was held 574

Brudi, son of Malcaoin, King of the Picts, died 583

St. Columba died aged 77. The West Annals say 597

Baithen, son of Brendan, Bishop of Iona, died 600

Lasran, son of Feradach, Bishop of Iona, died 601

Fergna, Bishop of Iona, died 622

Aidhan MacLibheir, and others, set out for England from Iona, at the desire of King Oswald, to convert his people to christianity, 635.

Segin, son of Fiachra, Bishop of Iona, died 651

Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in England. He was from Iona, and died 651. His successors also, Ceallach, Fintan, Colman, &c. &c. were from Iona

Suine, son of Curtre, Bishop of Iona, died 654

Colman became Bishop of Iona, and afterwards of Lindisfarne, in England, which he resigned in 664, and returned to Iona

Cumin, Bishop of Iona, the biographer of Columba, died 668

Failbhe, Bishop of Iona, died 677

Adomnan, Bishop of Iona, goes to reclaim from the Anglo-Saxons some captives and plunder. He was honourably received, and obtained all he wanted—684

Adomnan holds a Synod in Ireland; the acts of which are called the "Canons of Adomnan."

Conal, son of Failbhe, Bishop of Iona, died 708

Caide, Bishop of Iona, died 710

Doirbheinfada, bishop of Iona, died 713

Faolchuo, son of Doirbhein MacTeinne, made bishop of Iona 714—aged 74

The family of Iona expelled beyond Drim-albin or the Gram-pians, by Nectan, king of the Picts, 714

Donacha, son of Ceannfaoli, bishop of Iona, died 716; and Faolchuo, who had resigned his office to him, again resumes it

Faolchuo, son of Doirbhein, bishop of Iona, died 720

Gilleán, bishop of Iona, died 725

Egbert, who had remained in Iona 13 years, died 729

Many of the people of Iona perished in a great storm, 744

Gilleán, bishop of Iona, died 747

Faillbe II, bishop of Iona, died—aged 87—754

Slebhén MacChonghail, bishop of Iona, died 762

Nial Frasach, king of Ireland—had been for eight years in Iona—died 765

Suine II., bishop of Iona, died 767

Murcha MacHuagail, prior of Iona, died 777

Artgal MacCathail, king of Connacht, died in Iona 780

Devastation of all the Isles by the Danes, 793

Bresal MacSegin, for 30 years bishop of Iona, died 797

Cumhal, Clerk-register of Iona, died 797

Iona burned by the Northern Pirates 797

Iona again burned by Pirates, and the learned men burned to death, 801

Sixty-eight of the family of Iona killed by Pirates, 805

Ceallach MacConghail, bishop of Iona, died 810

Diarmid, bishop of Iona, goes to Albin with Columba's coffer, 816

Blamhac MacFlanni, bishop of Iona, slain 823

Kenneth MacAlpine, after his conquest of the Picts, removes from the west to the east coast 843

Iurastach, bishop of Iona, removed to Ireland 848

Amhlaidh, king of Lochlin, came to Ireland, and laid it under tribute, 853

The Coarb of Colum Cille, a wise and excellent man, murdered among the Saxons, 852

Ceallach MacAilid, bishop of Iona, died in the land of the Cruithens, 863

Tuathal MacArtgusa, bishop of Duncaillein (Dunkeld) died 864

Columba's box is carried to Ireland, lest it should fall into the hands of the Danes, 875

Ferrach MacCormac, bishop of Iona, died 877—Ulster Annals say 879

Flanna MacMhaolduine, bishop of Iona, died 890

Maolbride MacDornain died 925

Aonghas, coadjutor of the bishop of Iona, died 935

Dubhard, Coarb of Columcille, rested in peace, 937

Caoínchomrach, bishop of Iona, died 945

Dubhduin, Coarb of Columcille, died 958

Fingin, bishop of Iona, died 964

Amhladh, son of Sitric, prince of the Nortmans of Dublin, after his defeat in the battle of Temora, took refuge in Iona, where he died, 980

The Island of Iona pillaged by the Nortmans, who killed the

bishop and other 15 learned men of the church, 985.

Patrick, Coarb of Columcille, died—aged 83—997

Duncha, or Duucan, Coarb of Columcille, died 988

Maolbride Hua Rimed, bishop of Iona, died 1004

Martin MacCineadh, Coarb of Columcille, died 1009

Murdoch, Coarb of Saints Columba and Adomnan, an eminent professor of Theology, died 1010

Flanai Abhra, bishop of Iona, died 1015

O'Huchton, drowned coming from Scotland with COLIVER, Columcille's Book, and three Manuscripts—Ulster Annals—1034

Robertach MacDhomhneil, Coarb of Columcille, died 1057

B. MacBaithein, bishop of Iona, died 1070

Magnus, king of Norway, subjugated the Western Isles, 1093

Duncha MacMoenach, bishop of Iona, died 1099

The first Legate, John of Crema, comes to Scotland. (This is the first trace of Papal power here)

Patrician Hua-branain, a venerable and holy bishop, died at Iona A.D. 1178

B. Amhladh Hua Loighre, a pilgrim in Iona, died in a venerable old age—1188

Muireach Hua Baodin died in Iona 1199

I will now present Columba's immediate successors with the dates of accessions, and also the period of their deaths, all from the best authorities.

Baithen his cousin succeeded Columba. He was a man of distinguished piety and wisdom; he died A. D. 600. It was during his presidency that Columban and Gille-luis, so called from his extensive knowledge of Botany, were sent to the continent as missionaries. Baithen was succeeded by Lasran, who after a presidency of short duration died A.D. 601, and was succeeded by Fergna who presided 21 years, and died A. D. 622. His successor was Segin Mac Fiachra, who occupied the chair from the year 622 to 651, a period of 29 years. During his presidency Aodhan the celebrated Biographer of St Columba was born A. D. 624. "Seigein is also commemorated in the Annals of Tighearnach as having founded a church at Rechran* in the year 634; and the Annals of Ulster record that in 641 the boat of the community of Iona suffered shipwreck, but to what extent they were injured by this we are not informed."† It is indeed sad to contemplate the manner in which this benighted generation is

* The island of Rachlin in the Irish Channel.

† Dr Alexander.

deprived of every source of information, English falsehoods excepted. The Annals of Tighearnach here referred to by Dr Alexander were compiled from the Records of Clanmacnois, a Seminary founded by St Kiaran A. D. 459. The learned annotators of the Four Masters informs us of what is true that Clanmacnois was a Bishop See, in the barony of Garry Castle, King's County, Ireland. But perhaps the greatest honour of this noted seat of learning was Tighearnach O'Maoilein who compiled the above Annals bearing his name, and was the coarb or successor of Kiaran. It is indeed astonishing the mass of Gaelic Literature that was preserved within the walls of that Seminary, though the Gaeil had no more to prove their learning during many ages, it were enough to stop the mouths of their malicious rivals. The death of the distinguished Tighearnach, according to the Four Masters, took place in A. D. 1088. You will observe also that these valuable Records are considered by all the learned men who have access to them as worthy of the highest credit. They contain an accurate History of Ireland from the reign of Kimbaoth monarch of that country, 350 years before the birth of Emmanuel, and is continued according to the Learned Annotators above mentioned, till the death of the celebrated Tighearnach; and after him Augustine Mac Gradain, a learned Antiquary of the Abbey of Loch Ree on the river Shannon, and County of Longford continued them from the death of the first compiler till the 16th century. There is a copy of these Annals in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. This singular work was originally written in the Gaelic Language and Character, but Mac Gradain made a faithful transcript of it in Latin, both are bound up together. Tighearnach is allowed to have been equal in learning to any in Europe in the age in which he lived, and also a gentleman of great integrity. You know the deep respect with which our own Fordun is spoken of by all classes, even at the present day. The titles of "Faithful," and "Affectionate," are given to him without reserve; and even his defects, such as his attributing marvellous events to the interference of Saints, are never called in question. Indeed such trifles are not attributed to the man at all but to the age in which he lived; while on the other hand all are agreed that his integrity as a Historian is scarcely equalled in any country. But

the learned Professor of Clonmacnois had the advantage of Fordun by many degrees when we consider that hard-fated Ireland was not at that period a Popish country, and that his work is not the production of a dark age either wholly or in part. Tighearnach took the Annals of the seminary of which he was president and compiled the most remarkable events he found there recorded, just as his predecessors handed them down for many ages. Dr Alexander refers to them in his pamphlet on Iona in a very cold and formal manner; but he would be something on his duty had he mentioned downright why are they not published. Now keep in mind that Segin was succeeded by Suine Mac Curtre who filled the chair from A.D. 651 to 654, a period of three years. His successor was Colman, the shining light who combated the Pope's agent Willifride at York as was already noticed. Here we may clearly see the doom of pagan England all along. By the exertions of the Christian missionary from this kingdom the Saxons were nearly rescued from the grasp of idolatry; but scarcely was the Gospel planted there when the Antichrist seized the Southrons as his prey, and under whose yoke they are wallowing in heathenism, brutality and ignorance for near twelve centuries. There is now 1187 years since the primitive heralds of the cross from Iona were driven from England by the now extinct Saxons. When the mummeries of Rome prevailed over the Gospel, in as much as that the savages taught by the Scottish missionaries contrived to massacre them, Colman, in order to save his life, was obliged to abandon England in the year 664, when Willifride convinced Oswald* that Popery was Christianity. Previous to that apostacy the Gospel indeed spread far and near through England. When Oswald renounced idolatry Aodhan, the Biographer of Columba, and eleven ministers laboured among the savage Saxons in a manner altogether worthy of their heavenly calling. They divided England into twelve parts of which each took his share. According to the best authorities the three of them named Ceadan, Aodh and Beati laboured in the interior and disseminated the blessed tidings of Redemption through what are now termed the Midland Counties, and so on southward till they reached London: and is allowed that 15000 shortly

* Prince of Northumbria.

thereafter abandoned idolatry! On the whole, therefore, it will appear certain that the Scottish Evangelists laboured for well nigh 40 years in that country ere Rome had any commerce with the Saxons, except buying them as slaves in their markets. This fact however must not be overlooked. It was intimated a little ago that we would notice this Fable, cunningly devised, always interwoven with Saxon slavery, hereby palmed on the public by English impostors. Neither should it be neglected to tell the kind of a Duke of Argyle, the Baron of Sleit and two or three more that we shall endeavour to give them their due ere long unless they will drop their expatriating rage; but of this we have no hope.

The following legend which is fathered on the venerable Bede was never written by that worthy, as we now have it; but we shall first give it and anon shew what is true and what is false. It is said that Gregory the Great, properly "the nose of Antichrist," visited the slave market at Rome and observing among others some youths of fine form and fair countenances he was struck with their appearance and asked from what country they had been brought? From the Island of Britain, was the reply. He then asked whether they were Christians or Heathens? On being told that they were Heathens he sighed and expressed his regret that countenances so fair should remain under the power of darkness. He also asked of what nation they were? and on being told that they were Angles, he replied that they were as Angels and were worthy of being heirs with them in heaven, and that from that time forward he never ceased to seek their conversion. The Reverend Dr Mac Farlan of Renfrew, in his pamphlet entitled "Popish Claims," makes the following remarks quite to the point. Speaking of this strange Monkish dose prepared for the *Heenglish*, the Rev. author says, "Whatever may be at the bottom of such popish-looking stories, it is certain that Gregory set himself, with great assiduity, to the conversion of the English according to Roman usage. He sent from Rome itself Augustine, a Roman Abbot, with forty coadjutors. These were to proceed through Gaul, now France, and were to obtain all necessary help from that country, including interpreters, so terrible a matter did it then seem to venture among a people so rude as the ancestors of the English race, proud as they

now are." The foregoing remarks from the Rev. Doctor are replete with honesty. Sure enough the English prove by their own confession that the Saxons as a nation were savage slaves, exported as such to the distant city of Rome, and presented as cattle for the market there; that of course is a fact, and all Europe is aware that it is so: but its fabulous connections are only the inventions of Englishmen many ages afterwards. There is no nation of the present day between the Hellespont and Scotland but what are well aware that the vanity, malice, and dishonour of these Southrons are indeed peculiar to themselves; and all other people, kindred, and tongues are thankful that it is so: it is therefore the less to be wondered at that their Monks, who forged so many charters and other false documents from age to age, would at once work on the credulity of a nation, no means hitherto applied for their emancipation being effectual for that purpose; for plain it is that incest and other causes made the English diverse from all the nations of Europe. They are ugly, sluggish, feckless and unnatural in their bodily qualities: big heads, sunk eyes, rascally low foreheads and cocked noses, are the marks by which they are distinguished; and indeed it is impossible that they should be otherwise, where the laws of nature themselves do not restrain high nor low of them from co-habiting with their nearest relatives. Just wait till we shew you the discoveries made of their abominations when Stuart Wortley's Bill of Incest was before Parliament not long ago. Take nothing for granted. We can prove this point to your satisfaction by and by. Such being the case therefore, any fable however gross, if it is calculated to feed stupid English credulity, is believed by them to be the greatest truth in the world. That the story of the angelic faces is a popish fable cannot be doubted, because it bears intrinsic marks of its being so, like the whole catalogue of antichristian inventions. Let us examine it:—*first*, where is the impostor, except a Romish locust, that would attempt to palm on his fellow creatures that Rome could be the seat of God's Vicegerent, while at the same time it is roundly asserted that the Saxons were sold in the markets of that city like cattle? *Secondly*, that Christ's Vicar himself was a regular visitor of the horrid mart, where he discovered the angelic-looking Saxons. We should like to see the sage who can

prove that angels are like men in form or feature: it is rather a hard problem. Nor is it out of place here to repeat, yea even to deplore, the credulity and savage venom of the people who hired Hume the infidel, and other wild beings, to repeat that pitiful fable rather than honestly acknowledge their obligations to this kingdom, to which they owe their earthly all.

Colman was succeeded by Cumin the Fair, abbot of Hi, who went to his eternal rest 668. His successor was Failbhe MacRonan, who presided nine years, and died A.D. 677. The next was Aodhan, the biographer of Columcille. England, who was and is the inveterate agent of Heathenism and Popery, poisoned him, so that he strenuously introduced the Papacy in the hitherto christian seminary of Iona; his brethren there however resisted these innovations with great firmness, though it is certain that that event had sown the seed of the Popish gangrene which ultimately almost extinguished the gospel of Christ in Scotland: but still it is gratifying to think that the testimony of the Culdees undoubtedly reached that of the Lollards, and that the latter were not absolutely exterminated when christianity revived under the glorious Reformation. Even amidst the thick darkness of the Thirteenth Century there were a few who detested the encroachments of the antichristian agents of Rome and England here, of which that noted servant of the Most High, SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, was one. Just wait till you see how he put the Southron Monks to their heels again and again.* You know well their devilish pranks during that period of dark distress. According to the Annals of Innisfallen, as quoted by Dr. Alexander, Aodhan died A.D. 704. (But the Rev. Doctor might have added by a note or some other way, for the gratification of his readers, that the Annals of Innisfallen is indeed a superb monument of our ancient literature.) The seminary so called was founded by Finian, a learned Ecclesiastic in the Sixth Century, on an Island in the lakes of Killarney, the ruins of which are still extant; but the Records in question are very valuable when we consider that they contain a genuine account of remarkable events from A.D.

* We shall attempt to give a true representation of the hero and his deeds in those respects as soon as possible.

252 till A.D. 1320, and are sustained by all who have access to them as a great curiosity. They were compiled, like the rest of the Celtic chronicles, by a succession of learned men; but there is an extraordinary character connected with this venerable relic who flourished before A.D. 1009. Mal Suthaín O'Carrol, Lord of Loch Lein, who is allowed to have been a prodigy of learning in his age, and who wrote a part of these Annals; also, Giolla Patrick O'Huidhir, who was distinguished as a Poet and Historian, did the same. He died A.D. 1197. The original Gaelic copy of these Annals is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, besides which several other copies were in the Duke of Buckingham's Library at Stowe; others of them are in that den of pilfering in this respect, the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, as likewise in that of the Royal Irish Academy. When the learned annotators of the Four Masters wrote* there was a very fine copy of them in the library of the patriotic Sir William Betham. Aodhan wrote a geographical account of the Holy Land, which is also smothered, though it is certain that Aldfrid, a Saxon Chief, received a copy of it from the author himself; and the would-be authors now-a-days will not scruple to acknowledge these facts when it will answer their purposes, while at the same time the Celts must be savages in all ages, though the imaginary, extinct Saxons are everything. Aodhan's successor was Conal MacFáilbhe, who presided four years, and died A.D. 708. After him Ceadan filled the chair two years, and died A.D. 710; and was succeeded by Doirbheinfada (or the long), who died A.D. 713. After him succeeded Faolchuo MacDoirbhein MacTeinne A.D. 714. Here an arrant fable is introduced by many, that Neactan, king of the Picts, compelled the University of Iona to conform to the Roman mania of Easter and other usages. When fabulists of this kind are weak enough to expose themselves to contempt it is certainly the duty of the lovers of truth to check them, though the latter are not insensible that their opponents, while under the ordeal, will grin back at the rod of correction.

We have already exhibited the line of boundary of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms: how ridiculous therefore to assert that the Picts could have any sway in the very

* A.D. 1846. See Annotations of the Four Masters under 1388-9.

western extremity of their neighbours' territory; much less to dictate religious tenets at that early period to the leaders of the first seminary of an independent kingdom, with which they had nothing to do: but let it be observed that this falsehood is not without its design. You will ask "What are you looking for here?" I am looking for what I am sure to find, viz., Englishmen. Observe therefore that when those would-be calumniators cannot avoid mentioning facts which must, from their nature, represent our national character as great and enlightened at that remote era; when they cannot make Anglo-Saxons of the men of that age, or conquer or teach us, they are sure to send the Picts to do it. Moreover few are ignorant that Sealvach, or the same who is latinized Solvathius, was the Scottish monarch at that time; but it is vain to look for the least shadow of the above Pictish dominations in any part of this kingdom. Neactan MacDereli was indeed the contemporary monarch of the Picts, but that is of little avail unless it can be proved that he was master of this kingdom as well as his own, which must have been before he could give laws to the University of Iona, much less force its officials to obey him—which was equivalent to his being their monarch and dictator for soul and body. The very essence of English slavery under which they withered so long that they can neither reform, nor yet suffer their their neighbours to enjoy the exalted privilege of not being like them. But there is another point no less important for them involved in this affair. Finding that they cannot avoid being detected, should they attempt to deny that we were their teachers, they think that it is some consolation to make it appear that if we taught them the knowledge of the true God and of letters, as was already proved, the Picts at the same time could make us accept the mummeries of Rome whether we would or not.

I told you before that the English have no objections to be called savages so long as the Scots may say that they are so also. We shall clearly prove this point when we come to a more convenient place. Faolchuo MacDoirbhein was succeeded by Donacha, who only presided one year, and died A.D. 716; after which Faolchuo was again installed: he died A.D. 720, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and was succeeded by Gillean-fada, who presided five years, and died A.D. 725, and was succeeded by another

Gilleán. It was not yesterday that the MacLeans had this fame and distinction in the Western Isles. It was in his time that the papacy was introduced by one Egbert, a Saxon. This apostate was educated in Iona, and resided therein thirteen years, during which period he, like the rest of the Southrons, plotted the ruin of his benefactors, and was chiefly instrumental in promoting the sway of Anti-christ there. Gilleáin died 747, and was succeeded by Slebhen, who died A.D. 762, having occupied the chair fifteen years; he was succeeded by Bresal, who presided thirty years, and who, there is every reason to believe, was an active agent of Rome. Nor was the divine displeasure long delayed: fearful indeed was the scenes of murder and ravage which apprehended the apostates. God's messengers of vengeance, the Norwegians, were let loose to chastise the backsliding churches of western Europe A.D. 793; they invaded Iona, but the community, aware of their approach, abandoned the seminary and fled, so they escaped at that time: but only four years thereafter, A.D. 797, the bloody Norsmen returned; breathing slaughter, they landed in Iona and murdered, without exception, all they could lay their hands on. Some escaped, but the majority perished without mercy; they likewise burned all the buildings. Again, A.D. 801, they invaded Iona a third time, and that in so sudden a manner that none could remove till the messengers of destruction attacked the defenceless Professors and Students, who were massacred without distinction, so that sixty-eight learned personages were murdered on this occasion. Bresal was succeeded by Ceallach, who set himself to repair the seminary A.D. 806; "but in the year 818 the cruelty and rapine of the Gentiles was again renewed against the Isles, and permitted by God to scourge the apostacy of man. They directed their fury upon Iona, where they sacrificed as a victim to their pagan idolatry, Blambac MacFlanni, the abbot, and fifteen of his associates.* Ceallach, above mentioned, resigned his charge of Iona, and died in the country of the Cruiteinich or Picts A.D. 810; but was succeeded at Iona by Diarmid, during whose presidency the Norwegians again repeated their invasion. Diarmid however outwitted them on this occasion, but not without enduring great hardships. They

* Annals of Ulster Vide also McLean's historical account of Iona, page 57.

so terribly infested the coast with their fleets that it took him two years before he landed safely in Ireland, with the relics of Columcille, by which you are not to understand the antichristian abominations now so called: it was not old bones, rags, and other filthiness, but Columba's books and other records connected with the seminary that Diarmid saved, after enduring incredible hardships for two years. To avoid the furious invaders these records and other articles were afterwards brought back by Kenneth the Great, and deposited in the church of Dunkeld, as Iona was no longer considered a place of safety. The good Diarmid was succeeded by Iurastach, under whom the Culdees made another bold effort to reclaim the Saxons from their idolatry and papal apostacy, but he and his followers were murdered in England A.D. 854; after which I am not aware of any further attempts being made till after the Saxons were extirpated, as was related a little ago. His successor was Ferrach, who died A.D. 877, and was succeeded by Maolbride MacDornain, who occupied the chair forty-eight years, and died A.D. 925; he was succeeded by Dubhard, who died A.D. 937, and so held the primacy twelve years; Caoin-chomrach succeeded him, and died A.D. 945. He held the primacy with great applause, and was succeeded by Dubhduin, who presided thirteen years, and died A.D. 958. After him Dubhsach Mac Coinnich (MacKenneth) was installed; he presided six years, and died A.D. 964; after him Fiachra presided fourteen years, and died A.D. 978; his successor was the learned Mugran, whose term of the chair was indeed very short—only two years—he died A.D. 980. God took him away from the evil that was to come, for scarcely had five years elapsed when Iona was again ravaged in a terrible manner. Duncan, the successor of Mugran, escaped the carnage, but other fifteen learned men were murdered. Duncan died A.D. 988, and was succeeded by Dubhdaltha, who held the presidency eight years, and died A.D. 996; his successor was Maolbride, who presided nine years, and died A.D. 1004. We have moreover Muirach MacCrigain, who resigned in A.D. 1007, and succeeded to the theological chair in the University of Armagh; Ferdomhnach was his successor, who died A.D. 1012; after him came Flannai Abhra, who died 1015, and was succeeded by Cormaic MacFailan; he died 1033, and was succeeded by Maol-

nan Uchdan, who finished his career A.D. 1040. During the ensuing period of fifteen years, between A.D. 1040 and 1055, fearful indeed were the miseries which the apostate leaders of Iona spread everywhere. The leaven of Popery began to infect the sister church of Ireland at this crisis. The antichristians usurped the power over both kingdoms, and terribly vexed the witnesses; so great indeed was the discord that we can scarcely trace the orthodox from the popish party, both of which at last took the field with such murderous animosity that several battles were fought. The incendiaries on both sides were Muireach O'Maolsheachlain, coarb of Columcille, of Iona; and Dubhdaleite, successor of St. Patrick. We cannot trace any cause for these miseries unless some things which they were pleased to denominate the relics of the martyrs, but whatever articles these were, are now quite unknown, though both parties were that mad to possess them that nothing short of bloody battles could quell their rage. This was verily the antichrist that was to be revealed in his time. Maolnan Uchdan was succeeded by Robertach, who died A.D. 1057; his successor was Gillecriosd O'Maoldonn, who died A.D. 1062, and was succeeded by Breandan MacBhathain, who died in peace in 1070, after presiding for eight years; his successor was Duncha MacMoenach, so called from his being a native of the Isle of Mann. The next was Aonghas O'Domhnull. From this date there is a dark impenetrable cloud for about a century at least.

Scotchmen! will you suffer yourselves and your children to be deprived of your national history at this rate. You are told that Cromwell carried off your national Records, and that they were lost between this and London, when Charles II. restored them. Do not be duped by your enemies in any such way: the truth is that Cromwell did not carry off anything of importance, but only some of the Parochial Records, compiled subsequent to the Reformation; and, as to their being lost between this and London, it is as great a falsehood as ever your calumniators invented. After the Restoration it is indeed true that the Scotch demanded them, and that Charles and his English cut-throats pretended that they sent them away, but that they were lost; now see how they managed that piece of villainy they never sent back these Records in whole or in

part, but the vessel in which they pretended they were was destroyed before she left London. It is shocking enough to relate that they cut one of her principal beams before she left the Thames, quite unknown to the master, who put to sea at once, but when he was only a few miles on open water the vessel began to work, and sunk directly with every one on board, so that they could tell nothing about the murderous plot by which they were destroyed till the wicked deeds of Charles afterwards provoked some to spunk out with the whole affair, so you see these Records never left London; I will therefore leave it to your own discretion either to compel them to restore them or break their necks.

We shall now contrast the two countries by a general refutation of English falsehoods propagated during the last century; but let it be observed in particular that the melancholy humiliation to which they were reduced by the pranks of Chatterton brought them to their wits ends. They saw themselves ridiculed by all Europe; but they patiently bore the lash till they managed to dispatch Chatterton on the 25th of August, 1770; nor will they now scruple to give currency to the calumny that he committed suicide: hence, with that magnanimity peculiar to them, they watched their tormentors of the other two kingdoms with eagerness, waiting what they might consider a fit opportunity of finding an equal in either of the other two countries; this was however a hard point: at last James MacPherson, a native of Badenoch, published some of Ossian's Poems in 1762. He was assisted in making his translation of these poems by Mr. MacPherson of Strathmashie, a gentleman of high poetic talents. The performance however, meritorious as it is, is but a poor imitation of the original. No sooner was that known than it created woeful alarm in England. They saw that after all their murders, cajoling and bribery, that the Celt had something still left, consequently MacPherson was instantly sent for to London, and was there bought or bribed to conceal the originals of these poems, thinking there were no more of them in Scotland, though they were well aware they had copies of them in Oxford, stolen by their murderous marauders out of Ireland ages bygone, and are still there. When MacPherson was sent for, as we just now related, he was conveyed to Oxford, and was then confronted with

a beautiful manuscript copy of these poems, written in the original Celtic character contracted, as all languages were anciently written, not one word of which the harpie could read.* Here we may see something of the detestable English character. They were taken by surprise when they heard of the poems, after being convinced that there was not a vestige of them left in all Scotland; so great was their thirst for procuring the originals of these poems, and many other valuable relics, which MacPherson had pilfered everywhere through the Highlands, that they first made him Secretary of one of the Colonies, and advanced him from stage to stage till they crowned him with a seat in the House of Commons, having no other object in view than to secure the Gaelic manuscripts he had in his possession; to pave the way for shaking off their degradation in the case of Chatterton, they first pensioned and then instigated the notorious Samuel Johnson to make his tour into Scotland in the year 1773. Nor was our Scottish gentry idle. Perfectly disgusted with that boor, after MacPherson was bought to sell the manuscripts which he possessed, these wags saw that it was high time to punish all concerned. The Southrons likewise prompted Johnson to undertake his journey; his foolish countrymen no doubt thought that their champion would crush the world, or at least that this mission could not fail to secure two or three objects most dear to them above all things: the first was to circulate the report that MacPherson himself was the author of these poems, in order to put our countrymen on a level with the dupes of Chatterton; the second, to cover their own low malice in bribing that creature by making it appear that they were disgusted with his attempts to palm these poems on them as the productions of Ossian, though at the same time they would give a bond on England before they would let the fellow out of their hands without securing his carcass as well as the poems; the authenticity of which they strenuously attempted to undermine in public, though the securing of them cost many thousands of Pounds before they made a Member of Parliament of a kind of a country Schoolmaster, but among their numberless attempts at theft

* See Annotations of the Four Masters under the article "Poems of Ossian," and Report of the Highland Society, published 1805.

of that sort, scarcely did they ever commit themselves at that time. The desirable object was to make it appear that there were no more of these poems in Scotland, but the few of them which they secured from MacPherson; and, that he composed them; or, at least, if they failed to establish that point, it was deliberated to fly to the next redoubt and maintain that they were never written: farther, Johnson was so impatient to pounce upon his prey that he at once declared that there were not forty lines written in the Gaelic language above two centuries old. He knew this to be indeed a fact with regard to the English; but as all are aware that he said so, and on the other hand that none but the poor ignorants who are now deluded to betray Scotland by the Southrons can be deceived any longer, let us see with what success Johnson proved his assertion, and also how he was handled for his calumnies. When he was in the height of his rage, working under the mania that there were no more of these poems in the world than the few of them which the English secured from MacPherson, the Highland Society, well aware that the Rev. and learned Dr. MacNicol of Lismore, Argyleshire, was preparing his severe regimen for Johnson, coolly allowed him to commit himself beyond recovery. Dr. MacNicol it is true, as a minister and a gentleman, could not condescend to punish him in his own words, for assuredly no man who has regard to common decency could stoop so low, but to what extent the Englishman was exposed, punished and confounded, may be gathered from the following proofs brought forward by the Rev. Dr. to confute Johnson's assertion that there were no manuscripts in our language, when he and his countrymen would make the world believe so: because they thought they had them all secure when they seized the *few* that MacPherson delivered to them. It will fully appear that MacPherson did not collect these poems from oral recitation as was falsely reported at that time, and still partly believed, though only by the vulgar; such would do well therefore to mark the malignity of the English, which if you do you will shortly discover that they are indeed the vilest of all people, that their weakness is equal to their wickedness, and that they cannot be tamed either by teaching or punishment. If they were capable of receiving instruction, Johnson and his associates should forever sing dumb when Dr. MacNicol left

them in the following plight:—

REMARKS ON JOHNSON'S TOUR—(Page 430).

“Being thus driven from post to post, our author has no refuge but ignorance or wilful misrepresentation. To a man of the least dignity of mind or sense of honour either must be intolerable. But let him take which station he pleases, he will find himself disappointed in both.

“He forfeits every pretension to wisdom or to virtue, whether he prefers the weak shelter of the fool, or the more obstinate retreat of the knave.

“It is always with reluctance I have recourse to asperity of language; but the insolence and injustice of Dr. Johnson demand some severity. When a man dares traduce a nation with so much indecent freedom, it would be false delicacy indeed not to treat him, in his turn, with all that contempt that is consistent with truth. . . . As to his next assertion, that ‘neither Bards nor Seanachies could write or read,’ I would ask him what he means? If it is that the ancient Bards and Seanachies could not read or write English, I will not dispute the point. (P. 434) There are at present two very old Manuscripts in the possession of a gentleman in Argyleshire; one of them contains the ‘Adventures of Smerbie Mor,’ one of the predecessors of the family of Argyle, who, as appears from the genealogy of that family, lived in the Fifth Century. The Doctor will not be much pleased to hear that the other contains the History of Clan Usnoch: a fragment in Fingal.” The reader will do well to mark this down against the malicious fama ‘that the Poems of Ossian were never written before the attempt made by MacPherson.’ “The same gentleman is likewise possessed of Brosnachadh Catha-chlann Domhnuill, at the Battle of Harlaw, 1411, composed by Lachlan Mor MacVurich, the Bard. This performance is in exact alphabetical order, like the Doctor’s famous Dictionary. It contains four epithets upon every letter of the alphabet, beginning with the first letter and ending with the last—which proves to a demonstration that some of the Bards at least, were not unacquainted with letters in that age. In the body of the genealogy of the MacVurich Bards this piece is mentioned as the production of the before-named Lachlan Mor. Since I began these Remarks

the Poem has been published by Mr MacDonald, in his collection, where it may be seen by the curious. So far were the Bards from neglecting learning, that, as I have already observed, 'they had Poetical Schools at Inverness, in Skye, and other places. In these they went through certain exercises, or pieces of trial, which were prescribed to them. Such as did not acquit themselves to the satisfaction of the proper judges were rejected as unqualified for the office; and this often happened after many years' study and preparation. (P. 436.)—I can assert, from as good authority as Dr. Johnson can pretend to, that during even the later periods, some of the MacVurich or MacPherson race of Bards kept an Academy in Skye, where they taught the Greek and Latin languages, as well as the Gaelic art of Poetry.

"If any ingenuous sense yet remains with the Doctor he must necessarily feel sore at this account of the Scotch Bards. Ignominy and disappointment stare him at once in the face; his impudent assertions are disproved, and his darling purpose defeated: he must therefore be doubly stung, if he is capable of shame from falsehood, or of chagrin for the failure of his project."

In this most brilliant work of DR. MAC NICOL *versus* JOHNSON, the reader will find an account of a Poem, then in manuscript, of the subject of which every Gael should have knowledge; it is an Elegy on Sir Duncan Dow Campbell, 1630. Another manuscript Poem by MacLean's Bard in praise of Colin, Duke of Argyle, in 1529, a complete century before the said Elegy, was written by the Bard MacEwan, in the Gaelic language and character, and is still preserved at Taymouth Castle. (P. 433.)—"One of the ancient manuscripts of Iona, a Treatise on Physic, is preserved in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. Two brothers of the name of Bethune, both gentlemen Doctors, the one resided in Islay, the other in Mull—the one in Islay lived in the reign of James VI., and wrote a Treatise on Physic in the Gaelic language, with quotations from Hippocrates." The said manuscript was in the possession of Dr. William MacFarlane, Edinburgh, when Dr. Mac Nicol wrote. Both the Bethunes were educated in Spain, and were well versed in both the Greek and Latin languages, but did not understand one word of English: they could not therefore be "Anglo-Saxon writers of that age."

(P. 448.)—"I have just now in my possession a very complete genealogical account of six different families:—viz, that of the Royal Stuarts, Argyle, MacDonald, MacIain of Glencoe, MacNeil of Barra, and the Bards MacVurich—they are all written in the Gaelic language; and, as a proof that they have subsisted for a considerable length of time, it may be proper to inform the Doctor that the last person mentioned in the second of these genealogies is Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle, who succeeded his father in 1661. Here is enough to satisfy the candid; and nothing, I know, will convince the captious. But should any one be still disposed to pay less regard to my private testimony than to that of Dr. Johnson he may be completely satisfied by applying to the heads of the families I have mentioned, or to any clergyman or gentleman in the country at large. (P. 456.)—It is still the language of a large tract of country, and there are many who write it with elegance and correctness.

(P. 459-60.)—"His second assertion, 'that there is not in the world an Erse manuscript a hundred years old,' is sufficiently refuted by the dates I have already mentioned, none of which are later than the year 1630, which of itself alone (though there were none of a higher antiquity) is enough to put our author to shame.

(P. 481.)—"But to relieve our peregrinator at once from his 'wild-goose-chase' after manuscripts, of which he could only learn that they had formerly been in somebody's hands, I will refer him to two gentlemen who will give him more positive information. Dr. Alexander Campbell will, among other things, make him acquainted with a very old manuscript in the Gaelic, which makes a large volume, and which, with a variety of other subjects, gives a particular account of the feuds between the families of Fionn (Fingal) and Gaul. The other gentleman I intend to mention is Mr MacLachlan of Kilbride; he has been esteemed (and very deservedly) one of the greatest antiquarians of his time in the Highlands. Our traveller will find in his family a variety of Gaelic manuscripts which have been transmitted from father to son for many generations. (P. 480.)—When the Doctor acknowledges that he was repeatedly told of an old Translation of the Scriptures in the Gaelic language, and at the same time avows his own obstinacy in disbelieving the fact, he gives

a striking proof how difficult it is to convince him of anything in favour of the country. A stubborn incredulity in such circumstances, and a resolution not to be convinced, is one and the same thing. He could not surely be absurd enough to imagine that every person who mentioned the existence of such a manuscript translation should be able to prove his assertion by producing a copy: it is in the library of the Duke of Argyle. (P. 460.)—But as the Doctor may think it too great a trouble to travel again to the Highlands for a sight of old manuscripts, I shall put him on a plan of being satisfied nearer home. If he will but call some morning on John MacKenzie, Esq., of the Temple, Secretary to the Highland Society, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden—he will find in London more volumes in the Gaelic language and character than perhaps he will be pleased to look at, after what he has said. They are written on vellum, in a very elegant manner, and they bear very high marks of antiquity. None of them are of so modern an origin as that mentioned by the Doctor; some have been written more than five hundred years ago, and others are so very old that their dates can only be guessed at, from the subjects of which they treat; among these there are two volumes which are very remarkable: the one is a large folio manuscript called '*An Duan Air-eadh-Ruadh*,' which was given to MacPherson by Mr Mac Donald of Kyles, in Croideart—it contains a variety of subjects, such as some of Ossian's Poems, Highland Tales, &c. &c.; the other is called *An Leabhar Dearg*, or the Red Book, which was given to MacPherson by the Bard MacVurich. This was reckoned one of the most valuable manuscripts in the Bard's possession. To finish this head at present, let me next inform the Doctor that the Bard MacVurich alone is in possession of a greater number of Gaelic manuscripts than the Doctor perhaps would choose to read in any language.

“At the earnest request of Mr MacDonald, the publisher just mentioned, the Bard has been at last prevailed upon to open his repositories, and to permit a part of these manuscripts to be carried to Edinburgh, for the satisfaction of the curious. I myself have seen a thousand pages of what has been thus obtained, as have hundreds besides; and Mr MacDonald assures me that what he has got leave to carry away bears but a small proportion to what still remains

with the Bard. All of them are in the Gaelic language and character. Some of them have suffered greatly by bad keeping, but many more by the ravages of time. The characters of several are allowed by all who have seen the manuscripts to be the most beautiful that they ever beheld. From all this let the public judge of the truth of the Doctor's third assertion in the last cited paragagraph."

THIS appeal of the Rev. Minister who wrote the above admirable volume seventy-one years ago, from which I have copied these extracts, was never perhaps more nobly responded to than by an Englishman of no mean reputation now residing in Greenock. He solicited to see MacNicol's "Remarks on Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides," in order to be able to judge impartially of both champions. After he read the "Tour" and the "Remarks"—bound together in one volume—"Now," said he, "I am satisfied. In all honour the Rev. Gael took Dr. Johnson by the hair, shook every bone out of his body, and left nothing of him but the empty skin."

Again, it is well known that the Rev. John Woodrow, minister of the Parish of Kildalton, Island of Islay, made a collection of the Poems of Ossian from various manuscripts about the year 1750, if not earlier. After him Dr. Smith of Campbelton published his collection of a part of them—taken from Mr Woodrow's collection and other sources equally authentic. The reader should observe that Dr. Smith's collection was published in the original Celtic. "Jerome Stone and Mr Hill also published portions of these poems before MacPherson."* The *Tain bo*, or Cattle-spoil of Cualaigne, commemorating an event which took place EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO, is believed to be the oldest poem in the Gaelic language. The *Albanach Duan*, i.e. the Scotchman's Poem or Rhyme, of the time of Malcolm III. (1056) which is also an undisputed Relic, must have been composed from Poems much anterior to its own age; and this is admitted by those who have been most noted for their scepticism as to Celtic literature."†

* Vide Logan's Scottish Gael, vol. ii., p. 70.

† Pinkerton ; also Scottish Gael, p. 223.

The Poems of Ossian, according to every hypothesis, were composed by a native Caledonian; the era of that Caledonian was the end of the Third Century.* From the History of Bruce, written by Barbour about 1380, we find they were well known in the Lowlands. In the third book, when the Lord of Lorn durst not follow the enemy, he was "rycht angry in his hert," and said—

"Methinks Marthok's Son
Rycht as Gaul MacMorn was won,
To haif frae Fingal his menzie
Rycht swa all hys fra us has he."

BARBOUR.

Again,

"My foir grand syre hecht, Fyn MacCoul,
That dang'd the Deil and gart him yowl "

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Nial Mor MacVurich and his descendants transcribed these Poems in succession, as Bards of the Clan Ronald family since 1411. Malcolm MacPherson, in Portree, gave to MacPherson, the mock-translator of the Ossian Poems, a quarto volume of Nial Mor's works. Lord Kaimes, in his "Sketches of Man," mentions Four Books of Fingal which MacPherson got in Skye. Mrs Fraser of Culbokie had a manuscript volume of Ossian's Poems that was written by Peter MacDonnell, chaplain to MacDonnell of Glengarry. A manuscript of these Poems was discovered at Rome. Another manuscript was in the Scotch College at Douay, much of it being written before the year 1715, by a Mr Farquharson, and contained all the pieces given by MacPherson, besides many more. It were endless as well as needless to accumulate any more extant proofs of this kind: it is enough to say that the Highland Society have in their possession manuscripts of the Poems of Ossian of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries. Copies of these originals are, with other Records, in the Tower of London.

"The assertion," says Logan, "so often repeated in Ossianic controversy, that no Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, was generally believed until the Highland Society proved its falsity. If the reader will consult the last chapter of this work he will be satisfied that the Scots had the knowledge of letters in the most early ages."† Nor is

* Gibbon. † Vide Scottish Gael, p. 228.

it to be forgotten that the Highland Society published these Poems verbatim from the original manuscripts—to which the Gael have access, as well as to the collections published by Dr. Smith, from his own labours, and also to those of the Rev. Mr Woodrow, minister of Kildalton, Islay.

It is to be hoped that the reader is now sufficiently satisfied, from the above mass of existing monuments, that there never was forged a more gross malicious calumny than that vigorously circulated to condemn the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, of Scottish History in general, and the untarnished literary fame of the Gael in particular. But nothing, we are aware, can divorce our dastardly opponents from that low spirit of envy for which they are noted above all nations; we cannot stop here however. You have noticed a little ago that Dr Mac Nicol directed Johnson to the MacLachlans of Kilbride, where he might see a collection of Gaelic manuscripts which might satisfy anybody but a malicious Southron.

The following catalogue of ancient manuscripts are now in the possession of the Highland Society, as well as those we have already mentioned; but observe in particular that there were Fifty manuscript volumes in the possession of the MacLachlans of Kilbride when Dr. MacNicol wrote, thirty of which are in Glasgow, to give it in the auld broad Scotch term, in the *Lawyer's Library*, and another volume of this noted collection is in the Library of the Highland Society, transcribed in the Fifth Century, and is allowed by competent judges to be the oldest document written in any living language in Europe; for, let it be observed, that other chronicles were transcribed again and again, so as to render them intelligible to every age in succession, but this singular relic is just as the writer left it. The document itself is quite sufficient to prove its author. He was called Fithil, rector of the High School of Iona. The volume consists of two poems, inculcating the only true guide to well-doing here and eternal happiness hereafter, viz., that spotless morality which is alone founded on the Word of God. There is also in its contents a critical dissertation on that singular poem already mentioned, the *Tain Bo*, or the Cattle-spoil of Cualaigne, an event which happened only Five years after the Ascension. There is also in the same manuscript a genealogy of the family of

Argyle, and also of the family of MacLeod. The last Campbell of the list is Gillespie of Argyle, who died A.D. 1558. *Second*, there is a parchment manuscript, dated 1100, containing a Treatise on Anatomy and other subjects of the like importance, by Malcolm Bethune, one of a celebrated family of Physicians, two branches of which were resident both in Islay and Mull for many ages. There is another copy of it written upon vellum in the Advocate's Library. *Third*, a quarto manuscript, written by Ewen MacPhail, at Dunstaffnage, 1603, consists of some of Ossian's Poems; a Tale, in prose, of a King of Lochlin and the Heroes of Fingal; an Elegy on one of the Colins, Earl of Argyle; and a beautiful Elegy on a young lady. *Fourth*, an octavo manuscript from the collection of the MacLachlans, and written by one of themselves named Eamon or Edmond in 1654; it consists of Sonnets, Odes and Poetical Epistles, on various subjects. The Ogham characters are also appended. *Fifth*, a quarto manuscript written by Ewen, which is a transcript of an older manuscript written by the Dean of Lismore in the Tenth Century; it consists of a poem on Conal MacEadar-sgeoil. The transcript was taken at Ard Chonail (Loch Awe), Argyleshire, in 1690. *Sixth*, a quarto manuscript which belonged to James MacGregor, of the metropolitan Church of the See of Argyle; it came into the possession of the Dean in 1712, but the manuscript itself was written in the Ninth Century. It contains eleven thousand verses of Gaelic Poetry; an abridged Chronicle of the Kings of Scotland; and an Obituary of Monarchs, commencing in 1077; also, the Poems of Ossian, and those of his contemporaries, Fergus the Bard, and Caoilt MacRonain. There is also appended to the "Obituary of the Kings" that of many other eminent men throughout Scotland, besides some of the productions of our most ancient Poets from the earliest periods down to the Sixteenth Century. It contains likewise the works of Sir Colin Campbell of Glen Urchy, who fell on the field of Flodden; and those of Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyle and Countess of Cassillis: but the best of it is that it contains the genuine Poems of Ossian and his contemporaries. What more need be said! Who can convince ignorant creatures of their error? for there is no way of having access to these venerable relics of our ancient lit-

erature without learning the Celtic, and giving the Gael the preference. *Seventh*, a quarto manuscript, consisting of the poetry of Cuchullin, another contemporary of Ossian, and one of the Fingalian heroes. This piece is a transcript of another manuscript, and contains much curious matter of Tales and Poetry; the transcript is at least Three Centuries old. *Eighth*, another quarto manuscript, consisting of different subjects in both prose and poetry; its date is not easily ascertained, as part of it is lost. *Ninth*, a quarto manuscript, exceedingly beautiful, with illuminated capitals; it consists of a life of Columba, written in the Twelfth Century. *Tenth*, a quarto Medical manuscript of the Sixth Century—synonymous. *Eleventh*, a quarto manuscript, partly prose and partly poetry, without date. *Twelfth*, an octavo manuscript, written by one of the MacVurichs, so often mentioned already, in the Fifteenth Century—all poetry. Two of the poems are ascribed to Irish gentlemen, viz., Taog MacDaire-Bruaidheadh and Brian O'Domhnall. *Thirteenth*, a large folio manuscript, written about the close of the Fifth Century, containing a Tale of Cuchullin and Conal, two contemporaries of Ossian. *Fourteenth*, a quarto manuscript of the Ninth Century; it consists of a description of Cæsar's invasion of Britain, and other subjects, such as the Arts, Armour, Dress, Manners and Usages, of the Scots at that period. *Fifteenth*, another octavo manuscript of the same date; but I cannot at present positively determine the subject of which it treats. *Sixteenth*, another manuscript written in succession by the Bards MacVurich. Some of the pieces were written in the Thirteenth Century by Cathal of that name, others by his descendants; and the rest were written by the celebrated Nial Mor who was with the army of the Isles at Harlaw in 1411. It contains some of the poems of Ossian, &c. &c. *Seventeenth*, an octavo manuscript, most of it poetry, written by one of the said MacVurichs in the Thirteenth Century—a transcript of a work much more ancient than itself. *Eighteenth*, another octavo manuscript by the MacVurichs; it is an abridgment of the Red Book of Clan Ronald, pilfered by Mac Pherson, and now hid in some thievish corner, (although sometimes quoted). This manuscript, however, contains a very exact genealogy of the family of the Isles and other branches of the Clan Donald; in the second part there is

likewise an exact genealogy of the Irish Kings, the progenitors of the MacDonalds. It begins at the root with Gathelus and Scota. What *alarming* tidings! *Nineteenth*, another manuscript also written by the MacVurichs, containing a genealogy of the Kings of Ireland. *Twentieth*, a formidable manuscript which was long in the possession of the MacVurichs. If you look back and see what the Rev. Dr. MacNicol said about the coffers in reference to that celebrated and learned race of poets and historians, you will find that he said less than he could. This noted document contains an exact chronicle of the Kings of Scotland down to Robert III.; also, a very interesting Tale on Ossian, and his contemporaries—Fingal, Goll MacMorna, Oscar and Conan. It also contains some modern pieces, particularly a poem by the laird of Benbecula, dated 1722; a poem by Donald MacKenzie, a native of the Island of Lewis; one by Donald MacVurich, a poet, and one of the succession of the Bards above-mentioned; another poem and several beautiful hymns by an Irish Poet named Taog Og; and many other poems by the MacVurichs and others. *Twenty-first*, a manuscript belonging to the MacVurichs, consisting of religious subjects and several genealogies. *Twenty-second*, another manuscript of the MacVurich catalogue, bearing the names of both Cathal and Nial before-mentioned, and containing that distinguished poem of Ossian's, entitled Conn Mac an Deirg. Now recollect that all the above mass of our ancient literature is written in the Celtic character, with one exception, which is a transcript, as we have already noticed, of the Dean of Lismore's volume. *Twenty-third*, there is a very singular collection which belonged to D. Kennedy, Teacher, Craignish, Argyleshire, containing 23 or 24 of Ossian's Poems, and other subjects, with an excellent preface by Kennedy himself. *Twenty-fourth*, a very fine manuscript formerly belonging to the Rev. William Campbell, minister of Kilchrenan, Argyleshire; it was written in the Twelfth Century, and consists of various interesting subjects, including Tales in prose, and some poems. *Twenty-fifth*, a manuscript belonging to Grant of Corymoni, containing the Wars of Cuchullin, in prose and verse, which, from various marks, appears to be very old.

We shall now present some of the catalogue belonging to the MacLachlans of Kilbride, to which Dr. MacNicol

referred Johnson, leaving the public to judge to what extent Englishmen are worthy of credit. We have already some of these, and will now add—1. A large folio manuscript treating on important subjects, chiefly on Medicine, bearing date 1311. 2. A large folio manuscript, consisting of Scottish and Irish history. It is so very old that the date can only be guessed from its contents. 3. A beautiful Medical manuscript, much older than the above. 4. A Medical folio manuscript of exquisite beauty. 5. A third folio manuscript on the same subject. 6. A folio manuscript, consisting of religious subjects, and partly on Medicine. 7. A very old folio manuscript of the histories of Scotland and Ireland. 8. A folio Medical manuscript. 9. A folio manuscript, consisting of Irish history and poetry. 10. Another manuscript, the contents of which I cannot at present describe. 11. A very ancient manuscript, undoubtedly of the Columbian age; it consists of religious subjects in poetry and prose. 12. Another relic in this collection, but so old that it is now illegible. 13. A duodecimo manuscript, also so very old that it is moth-eaten, and cannot easily be deciphered; it consists of various subjects in poetry and prose, all historical. 14. A manuscript of great beauty, and so ancient that it cannot be read, though in a high state of preservation. 15. A folio manuscript, containing an exact genealogy of the MacDonalds, MacNeils, MacLachlans, MacDougalls, and several other Clans.

Add to the above the many documents of the same kind horded up in libraries, all written in the Gaelic language and character, and ask yourself what kind of wretches our calumniators are. Our language was always written till the black Act was passed, under that infamous butcher George II., after the affair of '45. During the ensuing thirty years, so long as that Act was in force, it was criminal to teach it. The Celtic Schoolmasters were strictly prohibited from teaching in the native language; while, on the other hand, an alien tongue was rammed down the throats of the injured loyal people who adhered to that felon's person and government. The great majority of our ancestors were loyal, but they just shared the same fate with those who were disaffected to the government, and who would have dethroned George if they could—an act of felony on his part which deeply injured our language.

You can be at no loss to discover the thrust made at its vitals when you consider that the Act already referred to remained in force thirty years, which is equivalent to a generation; and that when the Celtic was thus murdered the English tongue was ardently taught, and the people compelled to read it, although they could not perhaps understand one word of it. They abhorred it for two reasons: one of which was that they knew it to be the tongue of their would-be murderers, as they and their fathers had experienced; the other was that though their enemies prohibited them from acquiring a knowledge of their own language and literature, still they were denounced by them as ignorant—consequently there was and is a deep-rooted abhorrence of George and his laws cherished by every genuine Scot; when it may end we cannot tell, but we are prepared to prove that the bloody savage had no right whatever to the loyalty or good-will of the Scots.

But to proceed. There are many other manuscripts too numerous to be mentioned here, including a Deed of Fosterage between Sir Norman MacLeod, of MacLeod, and John MacKenzie, dated 1640, which plainly shews that the Celtic was the language of Law in Caledonia at that period. There are in the same Catalogue two manuscript Gaelic Grammars, ably executed; two others so very old that they cannot be read; and one, dated 1688, consisting of Treatises on various subjects, by different individuals, Bishop Carswell not excepted. There is also a folio manuscript written by one of the Bethunes, Doctors above-mentioned, the subject of which is Botany, and two Treatises on Astronomy and Medicine; it was written at the close of the Thirteenth Century.

I shall now close this subject for the present, not for want of matter to follow it farther, by no means; we will take it up again at a future period. In the meantime, only ask yourself what kind of a man Johnson must have been. If it is alleged that he was ignorant of all this, what a pitiful view must be entertained both of him and the nation which adored him towards the close of the Eighteenth Century. If the contrary is admitted, which is truth, English malice could alone pension that villain for the numberless falsehoods which he propagated during his life. But leaving him also for the present, let us only make a fair estimate of the national character, and you will ultimately

see that the Scots, in the days of Montrose, were well aware of the high national distinction for which our ancestors were noted all over Europe. You cannot, however, see the difference between Scotchmen and their rivals unless we go back and present the English character, century by century, from the beginning. We have already proved that the Saxons were a wild, untameable, savage race, and that they became extinct between the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries—that some of them fled into Scotland about that time from the vengeance of William the Conqueror, but so savage were they that the Scotch could only use them as common slaves*—that not a vestige can now be traced of them or their language in these kingdoms—and that they were barbarous from their entrance into Britain till the period when their policy and power were overturned by the Danes and Normans. It only remains for us to prove that the people of England were always savages of no ordinary degree, and are so still. It is a truism that there is no living with them unless other people allow that they are Anglo-Saxons; it is therefore but just to give them their own way, surely that will please them: *Therefore, know all ye whom it may concern*, that in A.D. 955 Edwin, of Saxon race, and King of the said Saxons, forced a lady named Elgiva to become his wife, though she was so nearly related to himself that the case was highly incestuous. They afterwards took the beautiful woman and branded her on the face with a red-hot iron, cut the sinews of her legs, and mangled her body, till she expired in the greatest agony. Here their own scribblers pretend she was banished to Ireland, and that she was afterwards taken back and butchered; but how could they banish her there when they had not a foot of ground in that country for ages after the tragedy was perpetrated. It was already demonstrated to what degree of brutality they had fallen in the Tenth Century, under the Danish dynasty, when they were compelled to worship their merciless conquerors. Under the three successive reigns of the Danish Monarchs the English contracted the very habits now peculiar to the New Zealanders. *There is no doubt of it.* According to their own story-makers, the very night before the Battle of Hastings they were prancing round their

* See transactions of Scottish Antiquaries, Edinburgh Ed.—1792.

fires in the very manner of the South Sea Islanders, if running and halooing are equivalent to their modern imitators at the bay of New Zealand. The Battle of Hastings finished the line of Danish Monarchs, but increased the degradation of the English. William the Conqueror and his Norman followers punished them in the very way that the present English would the whole human race, if they had them in their power. The Normans reduced the poor remains of the Saxons into the lowest pitch of human misery, enslaved their bodies and enthralled their minds, just as they are now doing to the natives of every country over which they have the least power; so the Eleventh Century closed on the inhabitants of that country, and left both parties without the least advancement in the path of civilization. Towards the end of the Twelfth Century (I know you will be scarcely able to keep your gravity) the Palace of Henry II. was only a booth of wattles.* “It was not till 1209 that London began to be governed by a Mayor. In A.D. 1246 all the houses in that Capital were thatched with straw; the windows were without glass, and the fires stood to the walls without chimneys. In the year 1300, and after that period, almost all the houses in England were built of wood.”† The English were savages in the Thirteenth Century, if theft and robbery constitute part of that kind of life. Hollinshead assures us that “in the year 1232 the Pope attacked Henry III. for tolerating such abuses; and enjoined to have them accursed as being too offensive to God and man, for,” says he, “matters went so far that many persons armed, and disguised as Mummies, traversed the country everywhere, frequenting the Barns of the Clergy, and threshing out their grain; they also produced counterfeit Letters under the King’s Seal for their warrant. At the same time the Pope wrote letters to the Bishop of Winchester and the Abbot of Edmondsbury to make inquisition, and curse all those that should be found guilty. Hereupon, a general inquisition being made, many were found guilty, including Bishops and Chaplains to the king, Arch-Deacons and Knights, besides many more of the first quality, who were arrested by the king’s command, and put in prison; in like manner, Hu-

* Rapin.

† Rapin, the English historian; McGeoghogan’s Ireland; and Mac Nicol’s Remarks on Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides.

bert, Earl of Kent and Lord Chief Justice of England, was found guilty of giving out the king's Letter Patent to these disguised and masked Threshers, &c. &c." From the above horrible picture of human depravity the reader may easily judge in what condition the masses of that nation must have been when their highest men were of such a character—hence we may wonder less at their revolting atrocities in that and the following centuries. The innumerable murders committed by Edward I. in both Scotland and Wales is too well known. The scene of hanging and quartering perpetrated by that heathen can never be forgotten. It was in the century of which we are treating, and towards the close of the year 1298, that the great and righteous SIR WILLIAM WALLACE compelled them to a treaty—but see how long they kept it. Scarcely had a month elapsed when they (the English) intimated their desire of meeting the Scots in a friendly conference at Ayr, who complied, suspecting nothing, but truly dreadful was the result. Little did they suspect that the engine of destruction was already prepared for them. A block was fastened to the roof of the building, through which a strong rope ran; on the one end of which was a running loop, while two ruffians held the other. The doomed Scots were only admitted one by one; and the moment that the victim entered the fatal noose was fastened about his neck. He was instantly strangled, and thrown out at a hole prepared for the purpose at the back of the shambles: in this manner they murdered most of the principal men in the shires of Galloway and Ayr in one day. Need I remind you of what can never be forgotten, viz., that their king at that time was the monster who mangled that star of virtue, Sir William Wallace—that he was the inhuman ruffian who quartered that matchless patriot, placed his head on the Bridge of London, and exposed the other parts of his body to the elements of heaven and the gaze of men. There is one thing, however, connected with these tragedies which time cannot obliterate, and that is that the English of those days were cunning as the serpent, bloody as the tiger; and, as a people, in the Fourteenth Century, were principals in every art of wickedness—being equal to the wildest tribe within the province of geography. Edward only survived the Scottish hero one year and seven months. Edward II., with his host of one

hundred and fifty-five thousand, were defeated at Bannockburn with terrible carnage: so that the very soil on which they murdered our ancestors without mercy was covered with the carcasses of forty thousand of them in one day. Baker, one of their own historians, tells us that "so terrified were they for several years after it that hundreds of them would fly to the end of space at the sight of an armed Scotchman." They were again defeated at Northallerton by the celebrated Sir James Douglas, the Black Knight of Annandale, which completed their humiliation during the reign of Bruce—all which contributed to bring more of their brutal dispositions to light. Few are ignorant of the manner in which they tortured the second Edward. When they saw that Scotland was forever wrested from their grasp, they attacked their own king; nor was it enough for them to depose him, his keepers, the Lurdies Gournay and Montravers, used him like a beast—the particulars of which are too shocking to be published. It is enough to mention that they often compelled him to shave himself in the open air, at an adjacent ditch, the water of which was thick mud; and finally, that they murdered him by thrusting a red-hot iron up through his bowels, on the 22d of February, 1327. Never was there a more striking example of the righteous judgment of God. This was the son of the very man who murdered Wallace. He was succeeded by his son Edward III., a monster of no ordinary degree. When the war broke out between the two countries, particularly in the year 1332, this bloody Englishman proved that he was not behind the worst of them in savage cruelty. Berwick, which was always the bane of contention, was closely besieged by the English. Edward, in person, commanded the expedition. Alexander Seaton, Earl of Winton, was the Governor of Berwick at this time. Edward summoned the Earl to surrender; and told him, in case he refused, that he would hang his two sons, of whose persons he had 'got possession some time previous. The heroic Winton refused to capitulate on any condition: accordingly Edward took the young men, whose names were William and Thomas, and led them forth to a gallows erected under the wall, where they were presented for immediate execution. Tenderness for his children began to move the *lion-hearted Scot*; but on his lady telling him "they were young enough to have more children,

that if he surrendered his honour was forever lost, and moreover, that he might rest assured, if he should fall into the hands of the English, both he and his sons would be put to death"—he peremptorily refused to surrender, and saw his two sons hanged, "which gave such proof of his magnanimity as will forever render him dear to all true Scotchmen."* You will be ready to ask was Lady Seaton a Douglas? Though nothing can be more natural than to think so, this prodigy of virtue is not directly a Douglas; she was of the MacCheynes of Strath-Loch, formerly an ancient family in the North of Scotland.—The present Earl of Eglinton, the Duchess of Argyle, and many more, are descendants of this matchless pair. Edward, quite regardless of the lamentable fate of his father, practiced nothing but death and butchery wherever he went. Their own story-makers inform us that, at the Battle of Cressy, "he instructed his army to give no quarter, and that with their long knives they cut the throats of all whom they could seize."† He was a low beggar: so despicable that he pawned his crown three times‡—first to the Archbishop of Triers for fifty thousand florins, next to Sir John Wisenham; and lastly, Sir John had the Coul for eight years the king being unable to redeem it. From these facts it is plain that the English were not only savage and bloody in the last degree, but that they were also wretchedly poor; for how could they be otherwise, seeing they had no coin? In this very century, in the year 1340, the grant to the king was thirty thousand sacks of wool, for there was "no money coined in the reign of Edward III."§ "Again," says Hume, "the Barons, by their confederacies, with those of their own order, by supporting and defending their retainers in every iniquity, were the chief abettors of robbers, murderers, thieves, and ruffians of all kinds; and no law could be executed against them. The Nobility were brought to give their word in Parliament that they would not avow, retain or support, any felons or breakers of the law; yet this engagement, which we may wonder to see exacted from men of their rank, was never regarded by them. The Commons made continual complaints of the multitudes of robberies, murders, ravish-

* Nicholas. † Kent's Lives of Illustrious Seamen, p. 231.

‡ Intimation of this was given already. § Kent's "Lives."

ments of women, and other disorders, which, they said, were become so numberless in every part of the kingdom, and which they always ascribed to the protection the criminals received from the great." But amidst these enormities there is one instance of barbarity without a parallel in Europe, between the foundation of the Roman Empire and the reign of Edward III. The king of Cyprus came on a visit to England during this reign, but the *Heenglish* taught him what their civilization was before he departed. The poor Cyprian monarch thought he could scamper about as at home, but in that he was woefully mistaken, as he was attacked, together with his whole retinue, robbed and stripped, on the highway, in the vicinity of London.* Again, we are informed that Edward himself contributed to the barbarity of his countrymen by his facility in granting pardons to felons through the solicitations of his courtiers; and that remonstrances were presented against these abuses, but to no purpose: the gratifying of a powerful nobleman was of more importance than the protection of the people. The king also granted many franchises which interrupted the course of justice and the execution of law.† The English were savages in the Fifteenth Century. Prince James of Scotland, sailing along the English Coast, on his way to France, was so seasick that he landed, but no sooner had he set foot on the shore than the natives carried him off. Their king was no less barbarous than the Indians. The Prince, by his orders, was arrested and committed to the Tower of London; and finally, to his destruction, remained in England eighteen years. He taught the English the art of coining, but so savage were they that they could not regulate the use of money till the Sixteenth Century, for in 1505 the first Shilling was coined.‡ During James' stay in England he learned what rendered him afterwards not fit to live. Indeed, so ignorant were the English at that period, that they scarcely knew anything of the neighbouring nations; of this there is a notorious instance:—In the year 1425 the Princess Margaret, daughter of James I., was solicited in marriage for the Dauphin of France, son to Charles VII. The English took the alarm; but relying on that gypsy Joan, the Queen, daughter of John Beaufort of Som-

* Memoirs of Illustrious Seamen. † Walsingham. ‡ Cotton.

erset, and grand-daughter of Edward III., the Lurdie Scroop, and other emissaries, came to the Court of Scotland, in order to break the league between this realm and France. Scroop harangued at a considerable length in *pure* English style; but the French ambassador, by an able speech, completely swayed the Scottish monarch and his council, so that it was resolved at once that the Princess should be sent to France without delay. Scroop threatened invasion by sea and land, but James paid so little regard to him that he immediately sent his daughter to France. The English Fleet were on the look-out, watching with eagerness to give the Scots battle in the channel, but fortunately missed their expected prey. They however saw a Spanish Fleet bound for the Netherlands, which they took for the convoy of the Princess. They at once surrounded the few Spanish ships with fourscore canoes, numerouslly manned, and demanded that the ladies and all their valuables should be surrendered at discretion. The Spaniards, natural enough, took them for a formidable gang of pirates, and expecting no mercy, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They accordingly formed into line of battle, and fought with great valour for some hours. "At last," says MacUre, "*they griped in great chafe, and continued the fecht wi' hard hand blows till, by loss of men and some ships, the English understood their error.*" Meanwhile the Princess, with her retinue, landed in safety at Rochelle. If facts are of any avail to prove past events, what can the public think of the civilization of the English in the Fifteenth Century, when they could not distinguish between the Flags of Scotland and Spain. The marvelously-enlightened English, though they fought the Spaniards for several hours, could not distinguish between the Gaelic, and the Spanish tongue, amidst the stern clamour of the commanding voices of the heroes who gallantly resisted them at the sword point. This is indeed a very humbling view of their character; for none but absolute barbarians who had no commerce with the rest of the world could be ignorant of the flags of neighbouring nations on the open sea or anywhere else.

The English were savages in the Sixteenth Century. "Henry VIII. had neither chaff nor mattress in his bed, but only straw, which he caused every night to be turned up for fear that inverted daggers might be placed in it."

Queen Elisabeth wore the first pair of knitted Stockings that was in that country. In 1543 Pins were brought into use for the first time; before that the ladies used skewers, *i.e.* wooden pins. At this period England was as it is now—inundated with thieves, beggars and vagabonds, of every grade—hence the world can judge of the laws enacted by the *Occidental Star*. To crush the wretches, an Act was passed, which provided “That whosoever was found idly or loiteringly for the space of three days came under the description of a vagabond, and was liable to the following punishment:—two justices might order the letter *I* to be burnt on his breast, and adjudge him to the informers two years as a slave. His master was bound to provide him with bread and water, and refuse meat. He might fix an iron ring round his neck, arm, or leg; and was authorised to compel him to labour at any work, however vile, by beating, chaining, or otherwise. If the slave left his master for a fortnight the letter *S* was burnt on his cheek or forehead—he became a slave for life; and if he ran away a second time he was guilty of felony and suffered death without mercy.* Even Henry VIII. himself, whose constant practise was to marry to-day and murder to-morrow—notwithstanding his own wickedness, could say that “Charity was never so faint amongst you; and virtuous and godly living was never less practised, nor God himself less honoured or served.† Bishop Burnet says—in the reign of Edward VI.—“The sins of England at that time called down many judgments on the land.”‡ “Again,” says Heylen, “Lechery is used in England such as is used in no part of the world, and it is made a matter of sport—a trifle not to be reformed.”|| “The covetousness of the nobility and gentry—the oppression of the poor—no redress at law—the Judges ready to barter justice for money—impunity of murder—the clergy very bad, from the bishop to the curate—and, above all, the increase of adulteries and whoredoms;”§ and so fearful is this vice at the present day that in London alone there are at least 50,000 prostitutes, and nearly the same in proportion all over the

* Lingard's History of England, vol. iv., p. 381. † Stowe's Annals.

‡ Burnet's Hist. Ref., part ii. p. 226. || Heylen's Hist. Ref., 1550

§ Strype's Memo. Ecclesi., book ii., cap. 23.

country;* hence the fearful conduct of those English who murdered such multitudes of the Celtic inhabitants of hard-fated Ireland, through perjury the most palpable, is the less to be wondered at. Take the following for a beginning:—

It is recorded by the Four Masters, under the year 1577, as follows:—“A monstrous and abominable treachery was committed by the English of Leinster and Meath, upon all those of the people of Offaley and Leix who were in their alliance, and who had remained under their protection, which happened in the following manner: they were all invited to attend together, with as many as they could possibly bring with them, at the great Rath of Mullah Maistein; and after they had come to that place four ranks of cavalry and of foot soldiers completely surrounded them, who began to slaughter them indiscriminately, so that not one of them escaped to tell the tale.” The infinity of murders committed in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth would indeed appear incredible, were it not that their own writers are the witnesses against them—Morrison, Cox, Hollinshead, Leland, &c. &c. But in case the reader may not have access to these, he is referred to the Annotations of the Four Masters, who faithfully quoted those English authors as they recorded the following facts. Morrison was an officer in the English army, and therefore an eye-witness of what he wrote. “In the year 1563 Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, in the war with Shane O'Neill, entered Tyrone and took a prey of 600 cows; and, on another occasion, Sussex seized the immense prey of 3,300 cows and 1,500 horses, which he divided among his soldiers.”† In the year 1567, according to the same author, “the Deputy Fitzwilliam plundered O'Neill's country, and took a prey of 2000 cows and 600 horses. In 1580 the Lord-Deputy, Sir William Pelham, marched with his forces to attack the Earl of Desmond, and carried off from Clanawcliffe, in Cork, a prey of 2000 cows and 600 horses. The same year the Earl of Ormond marched with the Queen's forces against the Earl of Desmond, and, about Dingle Tralee and other parts of Kerry, they drove the whole country before them, and took the enormous prey of 8000 cows, besides many

* Reflections on Communities, p. 85. † Cox.

horses and sheep, and slew many people." At this time the Lord-Deputy, Lord Arthur Grey, plundered and laid waste various parts of the country; and Leland says that "all persons both of Irish and English race sent complaints to England of his barbarity—saying he would leave nothing for the Queen to reign over in Ireland but carcasses and ashes." "In 1586," continues the 'Annals,' "Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, in his contests with the Irish, took in Galway and Mayo a prey of 4000 cows and slew many people. In 1587, Aodh Ruadh, Hugh Roy, MacMahon, Lord of Monaghan, had to give the Lord-Deputy Fitzwilliam a bribe of 600 cows to get possession of his lands; but no sooner was he off his guard than Fitzwilliam seized his person, hanged him, and finally took possession of his lands. About the same time Mac Guire, Lord of Fermanagh, had to give Fitzwilliam 300 cows to have his country free from being plundered; but all this was but the beginning of sorrows. A.D. 1602 Sir Harry Dowcra, Governor of Derry-Columkill, often ravaged the county of Derry and the peninsula of Donegal; he murdered the inhabitants, destroyed the crops, and carried off between three and four thousand cows. That same year (1602) Carew, the President of Munster, plundered and laid waste part of that province; Sir Charles Wilmot ravaged Kerry, and, on one occasion, took a prey of 2000 cows, with horses and sheep, from Muskerry and Cork; and Sir Arthur Chichester, Governor of Carrick-Fergus, plundered the counties of Down and Antrim, destroyed the crops, and carried off the cattle. In 1602-3 Sir Francis Berekely took a prey of about 3000 cows in Longford, terribly ravaged Cavan and Fermanagh, and carried off 2000 cows, 200 horses, and many sheep. There are also accounts of the awful murders and ravages committed in that country by the bloody emissaries of England, from 1601 to 1604. The Deputy Mountjoy, in the year 1600, ravaged the counties of Wicklow, Kildare, and the King's and Queen's counties; and Morrison says that he destroyed more than *ten thousand pounds worth of corn that harvest*, and carried off a prey of near 5000 cows, 700 horses, with vast numbers of sheep, and murdered multitudes of the inhabitants; and, that at the same time, Sir Oliver Lambert committed terrible ravages there likewise, and carried off 1000 cows and 500 horses.

Morrison, who was an eye-witness of all the enormities committed by the Deputy, Mountjoy, says, "We marched into Ferney, the country of MacMahon, and there we burned the houses and spoiled the goods of the inhabitants, after which we resolved to draw towards Monaghan, and spoiled the corn of that country in vast quantities;* after that we ravaged O'Kane's country, where we burned a town with women and children in it, and also killed about 40 kerns and churls."† Again, Morrison says, "In Tyrone Mountjoy burned and laid waste the country, and our men cut down the corn with their swords, according to our fashion." The same year, according to the *Pacata*, Sir Francis Berekely ravaged MacAuliffe's country, in Cork, and took from thence a prey of 1000 cows and 200 horses, with a vast number of sheep and other spoils; and, in 1602, Sir Charles sent a troop to plunder Dunkerron and other parts of Kerry: they drove off the immense prey of 2000 cows, 4000 sheep and 1000 horses." In Hollinshead's *Chronicle*, vol. vi., from page 428 to 430, many plunders and massacres are related of the English during the war in Munster:‡ "On one occasion," he says, "they drove the whole country before them to Ventry, in Kerry, and took all the cattle to the number of 8000 cows, besides horses, sheep, goats, &c., and put all the people to the sword; by these means, the whole country having nothing left, the people were driven to such extremities that they perished by the sword and the famine." He relates many other enormities committed by the soldiers:—"On another occasion," he says, "they killed 400 people in the woods of Kerry and places adjacent, and spared neither man, woman, nor child. . . . And as for the great companies of soldiers who ravaged the country during this war, and the number of the slain, they are infinite—whose blood the earth drank up, and whose carcasses the fowls of the air devoured. . . . After this followed an extreme famine, so that those who escaped the sword were forced by the famine to eat horses, carrion, and also the carcasses of dead men. . . . The land itself,

* Recollect that the descendants of these savages were the tutors of Montrose.

† i.e. Able men, and likewise frail old men—they spared none.

‡ See also Annotations of the Four Masters under A.D. 1603-4.

which before those wars was well inhabited and rich in all the good blessings of God—being plenteous of corn, full of cattle and sundry other good commodities—is now become waste and barren, yielding no fruits, and the pastures no cattle. Finally, the curse of God was so great, and the land so desolate of both man and beast, that one might travel from one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Smerwick, which is about six score miles, without meeting with man, woman or child; nor yet see any beast unless wolves, foxes, and other ravening creatures. Many lay dead, being famished, and the residue gone elsewhere.” Spencer, in his *View of Ireland*, page 166, speaking of the effects of the War in Munster, says “For notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and beautiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they should have been able to stand long, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens the people came creeping on their feet and hands, for their legs would not carry them—they looked like anatomies of death—they spake like ghosts, crying out of their graves—they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast. Not being able to continue there, withal, in short space there were none left—and a most populous and fertile country suddenly left void of man and beast.” Fynes Morrison, who accompanied Mountjoy to Ulster in 1602, relates many horrible instances of famine in that province; amongst others he gives an account of some persons at Newry who made fires in the fields, and, driven by direful hunger, devoured some young children. He relates many other dreadful cases of famine, and says, “No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in the ravaged districts, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles and docks, and all things they could rend up above ground.” Mountjoy, in a letter to the Lords of the Council in England, says, “From O’Cathan’s (O’Kane’s) country, northward of Tir Eoghain

(Tyrone), we have left none to give us opposition, nor of late have seen any but dead carcasses, starved for want of food." And again, when in Tyrone, he says—"O'Hagan protested unto us that between Tulloghoge and Toome there lay unburied a thousand dead; and, since our first drawing this year to Blackwater, there were *above three thousand starved to death in Tyrone.*"* Cox, speaking of the year 1602, says—"The famine at the siege of Jerusalem, when taken by the Romans, was not greater than that in Ireland at this time." Leland says, while speaking on these wars in Munster,† "The Southern Province seemed to be totally depopulated, and, except within the cities, exhibited an hideous scene of famine and desolation." Sir John Davies, in his Tract, page 58, says—"The army under the command of Lord Mountjoy absolutely murdered all the Irish Lords and Chieftains, together with the rebellious English, whereupon the multitude was beat as it were in a mortar with the sword, famine and pestilence."‡

Thus we find that the opening of the Seventeenth Century found the bloody, savage English, where they were from the beginning. There is here, moreover, what may convince you that the original Celtic inhabitants of Munster and other districts were totally extirpated by the English at that time. Of this achievement the Southrons themselves are proud, hence let us examine some particulars relative to it, and see whether they may relish that of which they so loudly boast, viz., the entire Conquest of Ireland. When the Aborigines were murdered in these provinces and elsewhere, as we have already noticed, the question arises who inhabited the country in their stead? It will be answered the English most undoubtedly. The above fearful scenes of murder and ravage were committed under the benign influence of the *Occidental Star*, Queen Elizabeth; she parcelled out the country to several murderers of her nation, and ordered them to extirpate the inhabitants by every means. Each of these terrible beings took a train of ruffians with him from England, who possessed the country when it was cleared of the original Celtic inhabitants, while others from the same quarter fol-

* Morrison, vol. ii., pages 200, 283-4. † Book iv., cap. 3.

‡ For a further description see the Four Masters' Annotations.

lowed the actual murderers. Here observe that the first and last were equally bad, and that they at once formed a community of monsters. There was another cause which greatly contributed, from time to time, to render these wild beings the worst that was or is, the parent nest England excepted; and not only were the followers of these the wildest of the wild, but, moreover, those parts of Ireland which they possessed immediately became the refuge of all kinds of English criminals: hence it was that hosts of Southron thieves and robbers who were not fit to live transported themselves into Ireland, and introduced their practices there; those produced others equally abandoned, till at last the country was inundated with the most depraved brood that ever existed. Nor is it less remarkable that the Southrons have been annihilating them for ages past, and would still if they could; and the reason is that they are like themselves equally wicked, but not more so. There was a time when those colonists from England were very useful in murdering the Celtic inhabitants, but no sooner was that at an end than the wretches turned upon one another, and kept all Europe in a broil for many ages—they also handed down, to posterity to gaze at with horror, those unparalleled scenes of blood and treachery for which that country is noted. Here the Englishman is no doubt in a sad fix; he is aware that his son on the other side of the channel is as devilish as himself, and that he is like his other brother the tiger, who cannot look at his own image in a mirror without pouncing upon it,* therefore the English, for some ages past, have strenuously denied that the vast majority of the Irish are not the descendants of the murderers who perpetrated the awful deeds above related by their own writers; but all such attempts are utterly vain; men cannot shut their eyes.—The external appearance of both people will prove beyond doubt that they are one and the same. But again, the Southrons will advert to their last and low shift of claiming the residue of our Scottish countrymen who fled there to avoid being massacred at the time of the persecution, the whole of which was planned and executed by

* It is well known that if the Tiger gets a sight of himself in a mirror he will directly spring upon his own shadow in the most furious manner, though he is not known to devour those of his own species.

the English for the long and dismal period of twenty-eight years; nevertheless it is beyond them to make Englishmen of our brave and beloved brethren in the north of Ireland, of which there are many Campbells, Livingstons, Hendersons, Rankins, MacKays, MacFies, Andersons, MacGowans, Cooks, and other *callants*, good as they are brave. It must not be overlooked, however, that there are yet a considerable portion of the once powerful Milesians there, and that they are altogether different in mind and body from their invaders. The original Celts of Ireland are plainly distinguished from the inhabitants of South Britain by their tall stature, well-formed limbs and martial mien, which are characteristics always peculiar to them, while the other brood are just a *fac simile* of their English fathers in form and feature—spindle shanks, thick hides, thin bristly beards, sneaking, cowardly, untameable heathens, noted for treachery, robbery, lust and revenge. It is vain for the Duke of Argyle and others* to try to propagate that their connections south of the Tweed are not the ugliest in the world. It was already partly observed what this kingdom suffered by English intrigues during the Seventeenth Century—we shall proceed now to prove that they were savages in the Eighteenth Century. The glorious spirit of resistance always peculiar to our race in Scotland, and their boundless affection and adherence to the house of Stuart, prompted between three and four thousand of the inhabitants of Inverness-shire to join the standard of Prince Charles Stuart—we shall not call him the *Pretender*—his cousin reigned by law, but still Charles was the nearest heir. Be that as it may, in 1745, when these troubles commenced, the county of Argyle alone mustered three thousand men to oppose him.* In like manner Lord Reay and many others of the most powerful Chiefs of Caledonia manifested their loyalty to the reigning family by all the means in their power—they little knew, perhaps, that their friends and relatives would be afterwards taken, and their breasts cut open in Carlisle, and thrown in the fire before the faces of the heroes whose only fault was that they fought not for an alien but for their lawful prince—but, withal, a bloody Stuart—however, in all this the English had the desire of their

* See Letters and Remarks by Amicus.

hearts. They formerly turned the race of kings, of which Charles was one, on the bowels of their countrymen: much more were they able to make a butcher of him who was not their king but their slave; and whose life they would take if he would not fill to the letter their murderous wishes. Nor was he alone that way; none of his successors had anything like the privileges of a monarch. Witness how they were actually imprisoned in a manner that the meanest collier could not endure, for terror that they might harbour the most distant good-will towards *auld* Scotland. The tenor of our narrative will tend to illustrate this point.

SKETCH OF THE REBELLION IN 1745.

It is allowed by very judicious authors that the Gaels could muster 100,000 men at that time;* and that without any rigorous measures they could bring into the field 31,000 fighting men on the shortest notice. When Prince Charles Stuart made his attempt to wrest the crown of his fathers from his cousin, the first George, his first battle was fought on Tranent Muir, near Prestonpans. The Hanoverian army amounted to about 3000 men. Their order of battle was as follows:—the foot were drawn up; in the centre of which were eight companies of Lacelle's regiment and two of Guise's; on the right were five companies of Lee's regiment; and on the left the regiment of Murray, with a number of recruits. Two squadrons of Gardner's dragoons formed the right wing; and a similar number of Hamilton's composed the left. The remaining squadrons of each regiment were placed in the rear of its companions as a reserve. The artillery was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whiteford. Now recollect that the most of these were native Scots, both Highland and Lowland. On the other hand, the mountain Scots, under Prince Charles, formed in the following order:—the regiments of Clan Ronald, Keppoch, and Glencoe on the right, commanded by the Duke of Perth. This nobleman's retainers and the MacGregors composed the

* Vide Scottish Gael.

centre. The left consisted of the invincible Camerons, the Stewarts of Appin, the Atholians, the Robertsons, and the MacLachlans. Sir John Cope commanded the rebels. At day-break the insurgents observed the Gael within four or five hundred yards of them, moving slowly. But, says Colonel Whiteford, "When the mist cleared away, which gave them a clear view of the enemy, the Highlanders advanced with rapidity not to be conceived. Colonel Whiteford discharged five field pieces with his own hands, to check them, but without the least effect. A body of dragoons, commanded by Colonel Whitney, charged next with great resolution, which brought the Camerons and MacGregors into action: they first discharged their pieces, then attacked, sword in hand," Their mortal athletic cuts soon convinced their unfortunate foes that either death or flight was their fate. The MacGregors were commanded by James, son of the celebrated Rob Roy; he received five wounds in the beginning of the action; his clan were armed with scythes, sharpened and fixed to poles from seven to eight feet long. When they saw him prostrate their sorrow knew no bounds; they fell on the flank of the rebel infantry with irresistible fury, and in two or three minutes mowed down 1300 men; they next attacked Colonel Whitney's horse, of which they made terrible havoc; the men were cut across their bodies, and the feet shorn off the horses like stubble: the cavalry was routed with dreadful carnage. Colonel Wightman, an officer in the rebel army, says—"In about four minutes after the scuffle began all was in route." They lost their colours, artillery, tents, baggage, and military chest; besides, sixteen or seventeen hundred prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

The Battle of Falkirk was fought on the 17th of January, 1746. Poor crest-fallen English Cope fled with such haste that one would think the auld Scotch proverb—*he rins fast whom the deil drives*—had been made to commemorate his flight. As might be expected, the Battle of Prestonpans filled the Georgians with such terror that his councillors advised the Hanoverian to have his budgets prepared to cut—at least this is the English side of the question—but when Argyle mustered three thousand men in his county; and when it was ascertained, moreover, that the Earl of Sutherland, MacKay, Lord Reay,

MacDonald of the Isles, the Chieftains of the MacLeods, the Grants, the Munroes, the Earl of Loudin, and that noted traitor to his country, the President Forbes of Cul-loden, were ready to risk their lives and their all for the reigning branch of the Stuarts, Geordie's proposed flight was delayed. Accordingly, active preparations were made to crush the rebellion, as it was called. We cannot, however, omit to mention the *chafes* of the candidates. George brutalised himself in a beautiful manner at the time, and his memory forever, by offering £30,000 for the head of his cousin, dead or alive—though all the world knew that Prince Charles Stuart was the rightful heir. George was indeed the next of the blood, and king by law: this is all that will be said on the subject. There is another particular which must be briefly noticed, and that is that George would have undoubtedly murdered Charles if he had got him into his power, while the latter, papist as he was, detested the murderous declaration of head reward. This is absolutely certain. The Prince's Letter to his father is a clear and decisive proof of his abhorrence of that affair. That document being of an absolutely private nature it undoubtedly contains his real thoughts and intentions in the whole matter. He acknowledges his rival as his cousin, and laments his wildness in offering £30,000 for his head; and says farther that it was considered at that period, among christian princes, the utmost disgrace to do the like. And it is beyond doubt that even after that horrid declaration was issued by the Hanoverian it was with much ado that the Scottish Chiefs prevailed on Charles to retaliate in a similar manner. He indeed issued a proclamation, and offered £30,000 for the head of the Elector of Hanover; but the above were his true sentiments on the subject. Thus they really squabbled hard, while both parties were making active preparations to come to blows. The defeated Cope was succeeded by one Hawley, another English coward, as you will hear just now. This fellow derided poor Cope as a good-for-nothing, and boasted that he would soon quell the "rebels, His Majesty's enemies, &c.," as the rhyme goes. He reached Falkirk on the 16th of January, 1746. On the other hand, the Prince, who was in the neighbourhood, prepared to fight "the fellow." Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th, both armies met on the moor of

Falkirk. Hawley commenced the action at the head of his cavalry by attempting to gain the height of the moor, which movement was observed by the adverse leaders, who immediately ordered the Clans Donald and MacIntosh to advance and deprive the enemy of the advantage of the heights; at this juncture a desperate struggle took place between the Gael and the rebel cavalry to gain that advantage, and, as you would have it, the brave Scots on foot completely out-ran the enemy's horse, which they attacked, sword in hand, with such impetuosity that the other unfortunate mortals were compelled to give way with great slaughter. Here the defeated cavalry were supported by the Argyle Militia, 1200 strong, but these brave men were entirely deserted by the rebel infantry just at the very instant that Prince Charles advanced with his reserve. The Argyle men were terribly handled; nor are we without proof of their loyalty and bravery in that bloody fray, though the infamous creature for whom they forfeited their lives did not exempt that county from the fangs of the proscription afterwards—but perhaps another day may come when the Argyle men can shew that they remain under no obligation. In short, the Prince totally defeated the rebels at Falkirk; and, had his followers the wit to crown him at once, there is little doubt but his rival would have abandoned the chair. Many will say it was a mercy that Charles did not gain his object. We answer that is very doubtful; it was a mercy only for some; for others it was the greatest curse imaginable. You will say, the Pope and the Stuarts, God forbid that they should reign here! *Amen!* But have you forgot at the same time the fearful atrocities of George when he turned against the men who saved his kingdom for him—that was the reward that the many thousands of Highlanders who fought for him and his descendants received at that time, and since; therefore we owe them nothing.

We have next the Battle of Culloden, which let us briefly consider. William, Duke of Cumberland, was recalled from Germany as the last shift to save the English, and their hired prisoner, George. At this time both sides prepared for the decisive struggle. William took the command of the rebels, and set out for Scotland. Charles at that time unfortunately confided too much in that prince of traitors, George Murray, brother of the then Duke of

Athole. The Prince made him General of his army. Murray was beyond doubt a man of considerable abilities in military affairs; but, withal, a great traitor. He was obliged to fly the kingdom for treasonable practices some time before the year '45; but he came back and was pardoned, consequently he and his brother calculated on making the best of it at all hazards: so the Duke stuck to the Hanoverians, but George joined Charles. He did not betray any symptoms of treachery for some time till the Scots were on their way to the field of Culloden. Here they were marched for forty-eight hours without any food. In like manner, on the field of battle, when the work of death commenced, a French gunner opened a deadly fire. Murray instantly commanded him to style the canon higher. The brave Frenchman, conscious that he was doing his duty, hesitated. Murray, on perceiving that, drew his sword, and threatened to cut him down. The gunner obeyed; and truly sad was the consequence. All this work is extolled rather than condemned. It should have been mentioned that the Atholian traitor tried a stratagem with success, before the battle commenced, which rendered it impossible that the Gael should gain the victory. Bear in mind, however, once for all, that it is not the cause we are defending, but, as every rational creature should abhor treachery as the devil's own essence, we only bring forward these facts to shew Murray in his true colours. Ever since the Battle of Bannockburn the Mac Donalds had the distinguished honour of being on the right of the Scottish army, which distinction was conferred on them by King Robert the Bruce, for their valour at that battle; the Atholian, however, advised the Prince to transfer that distinction to the Camerons. When the Mac Donalds found themselves openly insulted; and had no doubt clearly understood Murray's treachery—they at once marched off the field in good order, displaying their banners, their pipes playing, &c. &c. The Duke of Perth, horror-struck, and foreseeing the consequence, stood before the brave insulted Clan uncovered, and no doubt expressed the true sentiments of his heart—"Gentlemen! return to your allegiance, fight for your Prince, and I will call myself Mac Donald to-morrow"—But all to no purpose: they, with their adherents, marched off the field, and, in doing so they did their duty, for it is most likely that they would

have been all sacrificed to no purpose, but only to gratify the London butcher, who was thirsting for their blood, as his father was when they tendered their purest affection to him, and received for their reward what was mentioned a little ago.* The Celts, now reduced to three thousand men, sustained the contest long against a force more than double their number. The Hanoverian army, eight thousand strong, well supplied with artillery, opened a fire from several pieces of canon. The lion-hearted Gael, starved and betrayed—whose natural propensity was and is that it is not worth while to live if once branded with the name of coward, in whatever circumstances they may be placed—never displayed their natural vigour more conspicuous than on the field of Culloden. Exposed to the fire of the enemy's canon through a movement directed by the Atholian traitor, which tended to their destruction more and more, they still maintained their ground. At last some of the MacIntoshes seeing it was vain to die for nothing, rushed forward, but they were mowed down like grass by two field pieces which was discharged in their faces—they perished to a man—the last of them came within a sword's length of the muzzles of those guns. The Clans were lastly charged by the rebel's cavalry, with orders to give no quarters. It were endless to relate the feats of personal prowess with which many individuals illumined the native heroism of Scotland on that memorable field, who could not escape the fury of their butchers—

GILLIES MACVEAN, a native of Strathglass, was wounded by a musket ball, and hotly pursued. Being weakened from the loss of blood, and overtaken by a number of horsemen, he stood with his back to a wall. The murderers attacked the bleeding hero, and he at last perished by the shot of a carabine, but not till twenty-one of his disgraceful assailants sunk beneath the edge of his *claimor*. He was 6 feet 4 inches in height.

Another of that devoted band of patriots, SIR JOHN STEWART of Kincardine, in Badenoch, was suspicious of the Atholian two or three days before the battle; but, when he found his worst opinion of him realized on the field, he raged like a lion, seeking Murray; and dreadful

* Mind the Address presented to that felon A.D. 1714. .

was the manner in which he hewed down the rebels: his feats were indeed so extraordinary that Cumberland himself noticed him, and asked who he was. "Ah!" replied his Aides-de-Camp, "that is Sir John Roy Stewart." The Duke replied with amazement "Has he dogged me here already? I left him in Flanders doing the work of ten heroes."

FARQUHAR MACGILLIVRAY, younger of Dalcromby, though severely wounded in the action, was not killed. On the retreat he fought two dragoons, killed one of them, unhorsed the other, and then made his escape. The Duke of Cumberland, being an eye-witness of the whole affair, exclaimed "That is a hero!"

ROBERT MACGILLIVRAY, Esq., also of the Dalcromby family, performed various acts of heroism; after having killed thirteen of the rebels, his sword broke in a dragoon's horse. An officer cried to spare the brave man, but English generosity was unequal to the act—the unarmed veteran was cut down on the green of Balvraid, about a mile to the west of the field of battle.

CAPTAIN DALLAS, of Cantra, was killed in the engagement, and stripped naked.

It is truly with reluctance that we follow this terrible tragedy. The enormities committed by Cumberland on the field of Culloden, and afterwards, is just what might be expected from an English mongrel. Not content with the agency of the Atholian, by which he scarcely gained the battle, he superintended the slaying of the dying and the wounded on the field; for which work he selected his English followers, who plunged their swords and bayonets into the breasts of the brave already in the grasp of death, and thus killed outright all who had the least signs of life. We next find him on his way to Inverness; here he found a wounded officer—another victim. Cumberland ordered General Wolfe to despatch him; but the latter replied like a christian—"My commission is at your disposal; but I will not be a murderer." Wolfe was an Englishman. There are exceptions everywhere out of hell. Cumberland's next performance was in the vicinity of Inverness. A barn was there discovered, containing about fifty wounded persons of the Clan Chisholm, whom he ordered to be murdered. The English proceeded to their work; but they did not know that the helpless inmates were

guarded by one who sent many of the devil's recruits to their master that day. This prodigy, WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Standard-bearer of that Clan—after the Gael were borne off the field by the pressure of their foes—rallied the remaining few of the Chisholms eleven times on the retreat, till at last all who could shifted for themselves; but our hero was otherwise disposed, he gleaned the wounded victims, of which we are speaking, and conveyed them to an empty barn, where he thought they might be safe; but few could be screened from the merciless fury of these monsters of cruelty. The homely hospital was attacked. The *guardant lion* stood alone in the barn door. An unequal but terrible combat was the consequence. Though confronted with a hedge of spears and bayonets, Chisholm hewed down the vermin; and, despite the many cuts and thrusts directed at his breast, he kept a clear space of eight feet in front of him. At last his inhuman murderers levelled a file of muskets at this *second Wallace*, by which he fell, after a shower of bullets had entered his body. The barn was immediately set on fire, and the helpless inmates perished in the flames. Multitudes of others were murdered in a manner equally inhuman; many were ranked to the faces of walls, and bayoneted through in that manner. There is another case equally shocking, which we shall relate:—a gentleman of the name of Forbes was seized and hanged, without the least proof of his loyalty to Stuart; his dead body was in the halter the next day, when an Englishman passing by—true to the savage character of his countrymen in all ages—he thrust his sword through the dead body of the victim, and added “Thou Scotch traitor,” which words caught the ear of a Scottish officer, who demanded immediate satisfaction. Both drew their swords, and engaged in mortal strife; as might be expected the Southrons, attacked the Scot all at once; but the other Scottish officers unsheathed their blades and attacked them, so that in two minutes about sixty were engaged, till at last Cumberland came. He made the English hang their heads as they should; but it is surprising that none of the Scots had the presence of mind to cut down the monster himself.

After the battle, the whole of the inhabitants, far and near, were left to the tender mercies of their ruthless assassins. All shared the same fate; neither sex nor age—

the prattling of the infant, the piteous wail of the orphan, or the silvery locks of the aged veteran—having any effect upon those hearts of adamant. “Neither man nor beast was spared. The cottages were burnt—the cattle driven off—the women and children who escaped the fire and the sword were driven out to perish on the barren mountains. So horrible was the work of murder, ravage, and extermination, that neither man nor beast could be seen in the compass of fifty miles.”*

All that the Gael endured from their enemies at that time did not in the least diminish their ardour and love of freedom, till they quelled the foes of the empire in all quarters of the globe. The following list will shew what they had done for their country, though they are now extirpated by amalgamated Thugs, still bearing their names. It will shew what a formidable bulwark they were for the British crown for more than a century past, and also the depravity of the men (if they are worthy of the name) by whom they are destroyed. The right column will shew the dates in which the Regiments were embodied.

Forty-Second Regiment,	...	...	...	1739.
Loudin Highlanders,	...	...	...	1745.
Montgomery Highlanders (LXXVII. Regiment),	...	...	...	1757.
Fraser Highlanders (LXXVIII. Regiment),	...	...	...	1759.
Keith (LXXXVII.) Regiment,	...	...	...	1759.
Campbell (LXXXVIII.) Regiment,	...	...	...	1759.
Eighty-Ninth Regiment,	...	...	...	1759.
Johnson Highlanders (CI. Regiment),	...	...	...	1760.
Seventy-First Regiment,	...	...	...	1775.
Seventy-Third Regiment,	...	...	...	1777.
Seventy-Fourth Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Seventy-Sixth Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Seventy-Seventh Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Seventy-Eighth Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Eighty-First Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Eighty-Fourth Regiment,	...	...	...	1778.
Forty-Second Regiment, (2nd Battalion,)	...	...	...	1780.
Seventy-Fifth Regiment,	...	...	...	1787.

Ross-shire Highlanders,	1793.
Seventy-Ninth Regiment,	1793.
Ninety-Seventh Regiment,	1794.
Ninety-Second Regiment,	1794.
Ninety-Third Regiment,	1800.
Seventy-Eighth Regiment, (2nd Battalion,) ...	1804.
Queen's Highlanders, (C. Regiment of the Line,) ...	1761.

FENCIBLE REGIMENTS—

Argyle Highlanders,	1759.
Sutherland Highlanders,	1759.
Argyle or Western Regiment,	1778.
Gordon Highlanders,	1778.
Grant Highlanders,	1793.
Breadalbane Highlanders,	1794.
Rothsay and Caithness Highlanders,	1794.
Dumbarton Highlanders,	1794.
MacKay Highlanders,	1794.
Inverness Highlanders,	1794.
Fraser Highlanders,	1794.
Lochaber Highlanders,	1794.
Clan-Alpine Highlanders,	1799.
Argyle, Glengarry, &c. &c.,	1793-94.

Here are forty Highland Regiments, embodied from time to time, according to the different emergencies of the country. From the above list you will observe that six of these Regiments were embodied in the year 1778, which shews the great population of the Highlands at that time; also, that four Regiments were embodied in the years 1793-4; and, that between 1794 and 1799, no less than eight Regiments of the brave Gael were raised to defend their malicious enemies—the beings who would, and did, and are still, destroying them, their language, and untarnished character, though time cannot obliterate either.

How they were revered in the city of Brussels, on the morning of the 16th of June, 1815,* when the news of terror reached the British that Napoleon Buonaparte was within a few miles of that key of the continent, is described by a spirited writer who was an eye-witness of the scene. He says—“At midnight, when the cry came that

* Battle of Waterloo.

the French were marching upon Brussels, nothing was heard but the noise of waggons, the beating of drums, and the terrific wailings of the inhabitants. Again, about sunrise, I can never forget the scene which took place when the Highland Regiments began to move. The soul-stirring notes of their proud *Piobaireachd* was heard pouring forth the prelude of deadly strife—‘*A chlanna nan con thigibh an so 's gheibh sibh feòil,*’ i.e. ‘You sons of dogs come here and we will give you flesh.’ At this time nothing was heard so far as human voices could be distinguished but the ejaculations of the inhabitants: ‘*May God cover the heads of the brave Scots.*’ Thus it is plain that neither proscription, the gallows, nor any other earthly means, could divorce the Scots from their hereditary bravery, their language, and their ancient garb.”

But there are still men bearing their names who have, of late years, degenerated almost imperceptibly, although with amazing rapidity, into a state of infatuation perhaps unparalleled in the history of ancient or modern Europe. Can we well conceive a more humbling view of fallen human nature than our countrymen exhibited for the last forty years? “They took unto them wives of all whom they chose;” but so besotted have they become in consequence of these connections that they cannot now reform, though they know themselves that these wild beings of England are taught from the beginning to hate and destroy everything but their own abominations.*

In nothing can their cowardice be seen so glaring as in the way they have polluted everything under the name of Scottish History since the Union. Dr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, wrote some scraps of Scottish History in 1759. No sooner was it known than the Southrons took the alarm. Probably the reader may feel curious to know the manner they adopted to try to insinuate themselves into an acquaintance with Robertson, in order to turn him against Scotland, instead of defending her: for this purpose, we find Horace Walpole, the notorious dupe of the boy Chatterton, impudently addressing Robertson, by letter, in the following strain:—“Before I read your ‘History’ I should probably have been glad to dictate to you; and I will venture to say it, I should have thought I did honour to an

* See Huddleston’s Preface to Toiland’s History of the Druids.

obscure Scottish Clergyman by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. But, could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who, I was told, had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world allows to be the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies.” Even granting that Robertson had no criminal intercourse with the enemies of Scotland previous to the publishing of his “Scraps of Scottish History” in 1759, no honest man could tamely submit to the unvarnished insolence here exhibited by Walpole—“I should have directed his studies by my superior lights and abilities.” It seems very likely that the notorious dupe of Chatterton could have directed Dr. Robertson by his “superior lights and abilities”(?) The Southrons had Robertson secure before he published his “Scraps” of English fabrication, however, under the name of “Scottish History,” in 1752. If there is any meaning in language, it is abundantly evident, from the above yoke laid on the neck of Robertson, that he first wrote his history, containing full justice to his country, but that he was either bribed or forced to alter his plan, to suit the temper of the English. You see him, therefore, fully in their power, when Walpole is brow-beating him with—“Could I suspect that a man much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, who CAME TO ME with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author.” That is, in genuine English cowardice, the eternal terror hanging over us, Englishmen, as the nuisance of the creation—the terror that you would reveal who are our ancestry, after all our shifts during the last few centuries to conceal it—that we are the offspring not of any known nation, but of the mysterious hordes of gypsies found in all climes: to be met with in the tropical regions as well as among the snows of Siberia—who of old committed such ravages in Media that the earth could not bear us—that some time afterwards, we, in whole murderous gangs, moved westward, and infested Germany about the period of the incarnation—that our mysterious jargon, called

Saxon, is now spoken by the king of the Faas and his followers, our very original brethren, numerous enough in precious England—and that we try every shift peculiar to our race to make ourselves appear something. This is the sum and substance of Walpole's address to Robertson, in this admirable sentence (?)—"I should have directed his studies, &c." Yes! he and his crest-fallen associates directed Robertson as sure as Englishmen now direct fellows who have the audacity to assume the title of Scottish Historians. They directed Robertson, by their "superior lights and abilities," to be chaplain to His Majesty for Scotland, and they afterwards directed him with a salary of £200 ~~per~~ annum, so as to make sure that he would reveal no secrets.

LETTER VIII.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 30th June, 1850.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

THE abuse poured on the brave Gael within the last few years produced various able productions, for the purpose of checking the same, though many of them are not yet published. We are at present in possession of various documents of that kind, which must appear in due course; though, from the nature of this work, it is impossible to admit them in the meantime. The following spirited Epistle—illustrative of the heartless ejections of the brave Highlanders from their native hills and homes, from the land of their forefathers, and from the scenes and associations which swells their patriotic bosoms with bygone recollections—was written in the Gaelic language, by Mr JOHN GILLIES, a native of the Isle of Skye, now residing in Glasgow. It is needless to tell the reader that the translation here attempted bears no comparison with the expressive pathos of the original. The mental vigour of the writer—storming the stronghold of English malice so basely developed in the daily actions of the creatures by which our countrymen are abused, can only be seen when some one of a kindred spirit with him.

self may translate his Epistle according to the original, which we think is hard to do.

In short, the chief reason for introducing it at this premature stage is to show fellows such as WEMYSS, the Scribe, of the Edinburgh Town Council, that they will be handed down to posterity, just as he now is. Yes! the *whalp* Wemyss, of the Edinburgh *Sanhedrim*, who was convicted by Mr Donald Ross of wilful calumny against the Highlanders, in the "Daily Mail" of 31st May, 1851, may rest assured that he and his coadjutors are, and will be chronicled. I wish I was at the fellow's lug to-day to twist the *Sancho snout** off his ugly visage.

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES, &c.

[Translated from the original by the author of this work.]

"SIR,—As you have been hitherto successful in exposing the oppression inflicted on the Highlanders by their Landlords, it is presumed that the following remarks relative to the present condition of our countrymen may contribute, less or more, to vindicate them from the many unjust accusations brought against them by their enemies. That the aspersions cast upon them are absolutely false I will endeavour to prove. Even their accusers are quite well aware that such is the case, otherwise they would not from time to time abuse them.

"I will therefore begin by putting and answering questions derived directly from facts of which the public are daily hearing—from facts known to many christians still alive—and also from facts which I have seen and heard myself in various places.

"*First*, What is the cause that the Highlanders are now so poor; and that they are extirpated, persecuted, and driven from their fatherland—the descendants of the men who possessed that soil for many ages, out of which they are now driven by the malice of their enemies; and who, till within the last few years, were a numerous and independent people, always the pride of the British name, the bulwark of the empire, and the terror of the foes of the reigning family, till they finished their noble career of loy-

alty, valour and honour, on the field of Waterloo? That, Sir, is a question which ought to be fully explained, and practically investigated, ere the remaining few of the brave Gael be cut off without mercy, as their enemies would now have it. We would repeat the question. What has brought our countrymen to their present sad condition? Some say, oh! it is owing to their adherence to their chiefs. Others, that the Sheep Farms ruined them. Others, that the failure of the Potatoe crop is the chief cause of their destruction. Others say, and I believe it is partly true, that the long reign of peace is directly the reason that the English are instigating the Highland Landlords to extirpate our countrymen; for certain it is that if there was another Buonaparte to keep these pampered Rabshakehs in terror the extirpation of the Celts, according to the present system, would have been unknown. But another set of philosophers would even blame the Clergy for their destruction; while many would fix the odium of that brutal process on the Factors employed by the pretended Proprietors. Lastly, the English, and their abandoned mouth-piece, the Newspaper Press, would brand the victims themselves with every species of abuse, and so make these false charges a cover for their own direct oppression, covetousness, and other evil deeds manifest to the world—though the spoliators are infatuated enough to think that the injured have neither courage nor knowledge to expose them.

“The accusers of the Gael would insinuate that they are lazy and careless, and therefore ought to be cast out. But even granting that that false charge is true, is not the treatment by which the Highlanders are destroyed more than sufficient to effect that, were it not that these injured christians are equal in morality to any people on the face of the earth?

“In the meantime, granting still for a moment that the charge is true, let us examine the cause. It proceeds directly from the fact that they are made sensible by the rod of oppression that, let them do what they will, their persecutors will first rob them of their earthly all, and then deprive them of all that is dear to them—their country and their good name. They plainly see that they are made the subjects of malice, fraud and extortion, by their hereditary foes; and, that it is hopeless, perfectly hopeless, to look for their own preservation, much less that the

fruits of their industry will be secure to them, as they are sure that the one who is not cast out this year will meet his doom the next. That is one cause, against which no man can prove invulnerable. Another is, the Highlanders are not only abused in that way, but they have been, for years byegone, driven out of the best of the land; and, if there is some of the soil given them, it is the very worst parts of it. at double its value, without leases, or the slightest guarantee that they can enjoy the fruits of their labour like other subjects; on the contrary, they are losing their labour, losing their substance, losing their hope, and losing their energy. Look now at this injured, distressed, robbed and oppressed brother—and you will feel righteous indignation kindling in your breast against his English-bred oppressor. Now you will be ready to ask, with the tear of sympathy flowing, what is he going to do? Are Scotchmen to be treated in this manner by those who pretend to be the Proprietors of Caledonia? In answer to the question, What is he going to do? just follow him for a little, and you will see that his efforts to disentangle himself from the grasp of his tyrants are both good and reasonable. Only bear in mind the degree of misery to which he is brought ere a single complaint is heard from him; for unless you do that you cannot appreciate his praiseworthy efforts to sustain the burdens of his persecutors. See the poor honest man, now reduced to despair by downright oppression, or rather villainy—an object of compassion, with a small family perhaps—after having laboured scores of years; there he is, old, frail, penniless, and in debt; he is now forced by his pursuers to complain to his minister, and solicit his advice in his extremity, because he is aware that he cannot be ignorant of his condition, nor yet of every step of the process which brought him to seek his guidance, in order to avert the blow. Here he must learn a lesson which he was ignorant of all his life, viz., that his minister will do nothing to assist him, as his Reverence is in some way or other under obligations to the Factor or the pretended Owner of the soil; indeed, to tell the truth, the minister will not ease his case for any such complaints, for he never experienced the hardships to which his suppliant is doomed; he is also aware that so long as his own servants may go to church with him his emoluments are secure; and, as for the rest,

when the Landlord and the Factor will pass sentence of extirpation that is the time for him to seal it with his cruel and unfeeling AMEN! The heartless treatment experienced by the poor man when he made his complaint to the minister against his oppressors, awakens him to a different conception of matters; formerly, he no doubt thought, in his simplicity, that his minister was a sincere christian, believing with heart and soul that oppressors and debauched, unjust wretches, such as the Landholder under whom he was ruined, should certainly go to everlasting woe; but that phantom is now exploded; he is taught to his cost, under the curse of extirpation, that the hardened deceiver believes nothing of the sort; and, were it not that God, who is his comforter, will not forsake him here nor hereafter, the humble christian now portrayed would, in all likelihood, be transformed into an infidel; for what other effect could such an example produce. Absolutely cured of his former notions on the sincerity of Parochial Incumbents, he again rallies to the starting point, and stoutly resolves to face the Factor, and tell him honestly all about his affairs, for there is yet some inward impulse convincing him that there is surely some sympathy for honesty; and, as the Factor is quite well aware that he is in embarrassed circumstances, he is in hopes that he will extend justice to him, and give him both time and fair play to keep his farm and pay his way honestly, as he had hitherto done. But, alas! he must soon be convinced of his folly. No sooner is the Factor in possession of his complaint than the clamour of a number of London concubines is put in opposition to the just complaints of the deeply injured brave Scot. The Factor is also well aware that the hire of the harlot and the coffers of the gamblers with whom his employer is associating must be replenished, though it should sap the heart's blood of thousands: therefore, according to his wishes, and in perfect accordance with his own evil heart and practices, instead of giving justice to the poor man who asks no more, the Agent will growl—"Fellow, how dare you speak at that rate; you are already deep in debt?" or, like his prototype of old—"Render the full account of bricks whether you have straw or not." The poor man, now driven to desperation, has no shift but one, which is to complain to the head tyrant himself; but there are three barriers between

him and the execution of that purpose; (1.) he is afraid, and verily not without cause, that the Factor would hear that he had made his complaint in that way, and consequently his next visitor would be the Beagle, as the plenipotentiary of both parties. He must attack him, not certainly with chariots armed with scythes, as the Factor would wish, but with full power to drive the brave Caledonian into the Atlantic; yes, and beyond it. (2.) Should he manage to force his way into the Laird's presence, it would be of no avail without an interpreter—the pitiful alien with whom he has to do, not being able to speak or understand the native language, nor anything but that mixture of ancient and modern tongues called “English,” spoken by his tutors and wild associates, of which the brave Gael scorns to participate, knowing that many thousands of his countrymen are ruined by its agency; or, if he should have any well-wishers among his neighbours who can speak it, none of them dare venture to represent the poor man or his case to the Proprietor, for they are aware that if they do the Factor's wrath is sure to fall on them sooner or later, as the case may come to his ears. (3.) The Factor is an expert casuist; and he knows, moreover, that his nominal master is only sure to come once a year, when he is inclined to cast his English hair, and to fleece the poor Highlanders by the steel *shears* of Beagle and Factor, or what is worse, whether he is here or there he is depraved enough to make himself the companion of Englishmen; though none of his injured countrymen can have access to him to make their complaint. But how vain to look for anything else from him when there is nothing more in him! It is equally vain to buffet him without tracing the true cause of his infatuation and ruin, which is anything but a hard problem: wherefore observe (4.) that in order to make a thorough fool of him he is cajoled to take an English wife; her father, to delude him, perhaps borrows several cart loads of stuff from his neighbours to make his house appear something awful, to terrify the simpleton, and, at the same to convince him that there is nothing in all Scotland like their place of abode. Stuffed to the throat with these phantoms, the dupe is puffed up to a state of effervescence to procure money, let it come from where it may. No mortal can conceive how his appetite is whetted to swallow thousands of Pounds; but

how vain is it for him to strut and swear, when none out of his own country will pay the slightest attention to his swaggering—that country being already bled to death by him and his London companions. But still the borrowed trumperies which he saw yonder must be imitated; besides, his English “poll” and her *sweeping* train must come soon. At this stage his pranks are indeed numerous and devilish. No sooner has he arrived here than the dwelling of his fathers is erased; the fame of his intended is proclaimed; Beagles and Factors are set to work to extort and poind; and the rents are augmented to pay his debt. Here, finding the first course of extortion far short of the mark, the rents are raised a second time to pay the interest of his now enormous debt, for he is sure that the capital can never be paid till the estate is sold, which must ultimately take place, because it is not entailed. He is now so far brought to his senses that he can plainly see his lands at the beck of the Beagles, and that he is ready to share the fate of the poor distressed man above depicted. In this plight the wretched profligate has no shift but to commit suicide, or to commence a new system of extortion; but, let it be observed that justice to his equals or pity to his inferiors has no weight upon his judgment, and he therefore adopts the latter system of fraud and extortion—but see how he goes on: The Factor is now goaded on to add a third more to the rents, not that he is expecting that any such things can be realized, but as he formerly robbed and oppressed the poor on his own lands he will now try to cheat and deceive the public, hence this last trick of augmenting the rents a third time is only preparatory to the grand attack on the credulity of foolish beings who are possessed of money, and of which the profligate must deprive them. The Estate is now advertised in the Newspapers, plainly advertised at the third and last rent, computed to swindle the public—advertised at a rent that the Estate will never pay. The number already caught in these snares are too numerous to particularize, but just for one example of the many witness Colonel Gordon, that silly man who bought Uist and Barra far above their value; and, as he had not the capacity, either natural or acquired, to value these lands ere he bought them, he was equally unable to manage them after he got them; the consequence was that when that poor dupe

found his dreams of gain exploded, he, to his everlasting disgrace, attacked the defenceless poor, and drove them out of their homes in the depth of winter; and thus, like a hardened murmurer, insulted Providence before he would consent to swallow his own pitiful ignorance, when he could not sentence the islands of Uist and Barra to the halberts, in order to satisfy his avaricious dreams, such as the tenets of his brutal occupation as a Colonel would teach him to use God's creatures in the army.

Is it not therefore demonstrated that such practices are a disgrace to mankind? Is it not likewise certain that the brave Gael are spoiled of their substance, oppressed and defamed, misrepresented and abused, and, what is still more strange, that so much apathy is reigning among our Lowland brethren on this question, while the proud, heroic Scot of the mountains can only be compared to one wrestling with wind and tide till he has snapped his oars, exhausted his strength, lost his hope, and lastly, broken his heart? The Landlord and the Factor, whose duty is to assist him to regain the shore, rather push him back into the stream without one ray of mercy, justice, or humanity—shewing that if they were not able, their actions at least proved that they wished to tie all his complaints about his neck, as a millstone to hasten his descent to the bottom. But as he was still floating, the Factor at last advised the Landlord to adopt another method to dispatch him. “Now,” quoth the Factor, “I’ll tell you what, in order to silence him anon and forever, push him out into the wide ocean, and that will make sure work that he can never return.” It happened, however, at the very instant that he put his hand to the poor honest man to do so, then it was that he fell in beside him. He now began to cry with all his might to the Factor and Grazier for immediate assistance to preserve himself and the other victim, not doubting in the least but that they would do so, for he was quite ignorant all his life till that mischief apprehended him that both knew quite well that it did not signify to them whether they would sink or swim, as long as it did not redound to their loss—so let the Landlord and the victim drown there. Beyond doubt the Factor is a wise man in his generation, but quite unlike the unjust steward, inasmuch as that instead of soliciting men to “receive him into their houses” he has his own house and

land at a long lease, if not absolutely free, at the time that the other two wretches are carried away with the stream.

And now my brave countrymen, are not these things so? Still your independent hearts will scorn to seek favour at the hands of your enemies. However that may be, answer for yourselves, for whether you will or not the malice of your foes is such that they would enslave you like the Africans or the draught beasts which drag their chariots; "For as a roaring lion, or a bear that runneth to and fro," these depraved Proprietors have been oppressing, spoiling, and devastating Caledonia for many long years. But here the question must be asked, Is there any way of ameliorating the condition of the brave Gael? To this query there are many answers too common to be concealed. Some say "It is impossible that the country can sustain the population since the Potatoe crop has failed." Others say—"Bring a man-of-war at once and send them off to America, where their relatives are." A third says, "Get a Loan from Parliament, and construct a Railway from Glasgow to Oban, and from thence to Inverness, and so procure employment for them." A fourth says—"Take contributions throughout the United Kingdom for them, till matters become more favourable." But the fifth hits the mark, and says—"Give them the land without reserve, at a rent adequate to the produce of the soil, and you will shortly see the Gael as numerous, independent, and comfortable, as ever they were." But, withal, the management must be given to discreet, honest men, who will have the interest both of the people and the proprietor at heart; otherwise, it is vain to expect any change for the better, for certain it is that the ruin of either will give little annoyance to those who are only careful to enrich themselves at the expense of both; and, till that system is adopted, it is of little consequence what sums may be expended to ameliorate the condition of the Highlanders.

"And now, my countrymen, are you satisfied with this solution of the query? "Yes, truly! satisfied, highly satisfied!" But what do you think of the first of the above propositions? "It is manifest to all that he is not the friend of the Gael, much less of justice or truth." In that case, therefore, it is necessary to bring forward witnesses who can condemn him, independent of my assertions: and here are two, but I know that only one of them can appear

at present; but there is a day coming when the other will speak, and condemn your false accusers before the tribunal of the eternal Judge. At present, however, let one witness speak, viz., the time when Caledonia supported more than double the number of its present inhabitants, when there was neither Potatoes nor Turnips there; and yet how numerous and mighty were the Gael of those days! and who is ignorant of what none can deny, that they were the gift of the Most High to both Scotland and England? And sure I am that if Buonaparte was now living, he would not deny that imperishable truth. Now, false accuser! Where wilt thou stand? What is thy next plea? The world knows that you have none but shame and confusion of face. Again, my brave countrymen! why do you not speak for yourselves, and silence these heartless calumniators? But there are many who are able and willing to defend you. The second witness is the time to come—when Caledonia must and will be restored to her primitive glory—when the Highlands will bear a population manifold more numerous than the present—when unity and good-will must join the Proprietors and the Tenants against the covetous Gehazi who made the present breach to procure his unrighteous gain; in that day his leprosy will be more detestable than the carrions of the wild beasts with which the forlorn country of the Gael is now occupied, where the voice of independence and plenty was heard only a few years ago, but now desolation and misery. It is unerring truth, however, that ‘the memory of the just is bless’d,’ while it is equally sure that ‘the name of the wicked shall rot.’

“As I told you before, when the poor Proprietor pulled down his father’s mansion, he builds a new castle, new garden, new roads, &c.; plants his fruitful parks with useless wood, adds another piece to his deer forests, preserves his game at the expense of his tenants; he likewise furnishes himself with a fine yacht, Arabian horses, Newfoundland dogs, English servants, &c. By these means he flatters himself that he will satisfy his English dame as well as proclaim his pretended fame; but all without effect. Oh! what a sad judgment on our ‘crooked and perverse generation,’ when our blind and senseless judges lay the penalty altogether on the one party while the guilt belongs to the other, which may be clearly seen

by those who are capable of judging in this matter.

“Again, with regard to the iniquitous process of transporting our Countrymen to America. What business have they there? Is it not a fact that many are coming back to all parts of the Three Kingdoms, worse than they went away? It is not to better the condition of the Highlanders that is the present design, very far from it: hence let it be observed that the venom of their persecutors is proceeding from a cause of which the public are not altogether aware. When the late movement in the Church shook the ecclesiastical constitution of this kingdom to the centre, the mountain Scots, in common with their low country brethren, were not behind in shewing their zeal for that cause. The dealers in simony durst not attack the mighty and numerous population of Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., by defamation and extirpating rage; but the pupils of England, the pretended Highland land-holders, as the proverb is, “*Louped the dyke where it is laighest.*” They saw that they could not any longer make merchandise of the people; and, that though they were imbued by the spirit of infidel Bollingbroke,* the conscientious motives by which the Scots were guided could not be bartered by a gang of graceless apostates, such as the English *hags* to which they are connected would have it. Thus it was that the rage of Beagles and Factors were let loose on the christian people, because they would not surrender what they believed to be essentially their duty, according to the bible.

“Nor should we here overlook what is now made a handle of to defame our countrymen, viz., those sums of money collected to relieve the destitute Highlanders in byegone years. It will be asked, Was not that money the means of doing much good? To that it may be justly answered that it has not done the twentieth part of what it should have done, had it been properly distributed, according to the intentions of the patriotic christians who bestowed it; those into whose hands it was lodged never gave a satisfactory account of their stewardship in that matter. Though the money is handed to the manager, the distressed community for whom it is intended will be just where they were and are.

* Bollingbroke, who was an outrageous infidel, was the inventor of Patronage, and instigated Queen Anne to pass that Act.

“ I crave the indulgence and sympathy of every sincere patriot whilst attempting to direct the attention of the public to the mismanagement and abuse of that now exhausted fund formerly left at the disposal of the Highland Relief Committee, though the title is not in keeping with its transactions; for this fund, to be consistent, should be named the Proprietors', Gentry and Old Officers' Relief Board. The system adopted by the “drouthy carvers” by whom it is conducted has now, at length, met with public disapprobation; and although they had not altogether the power, like the emissaries of the Egyptian despot of old, to drown the few remaining Highlanders, they succeeded in the discovery almost similar to it, in so far as they assisted those who compelled the natives to cross the Atlantic, which has proved as fatal to many as the former method did to the Israelites. At this stage of the subject I cannot help expressing my heart-felt gratitude to those who made the first sincere attempt to relieve the famished people of the Highlands; but they erred sadly in not keeping that money at their own disposal. It is certain, moreover, that the unworthy tale-venders of the “Board” must sink as low in the mire of falsehood as the hired scribblers who defame our country; some of these have been already held up to public view, whose names must “rot” while there are honest men to hold them in contempt.

“ Now, what is to be thought of all this? You may hear every now and then of meetings such as was lately held in Portree, consisting of shepherds of the Isle of Skye, the ushers of titled bankrupts, &c. Mercy to the poor, and justice to all, in their several relations, should be their standard, but little of it is to be found there. Some of them are poor deluded beggars, leaving their estates to the management of designed gluttons. The pennyless gangrel himself must pine out his life with an empty title, while the fabric from whence he derived it is in pieces about his ears; and, if he should have the least respect for himself, his duty would be to cement it, instead of leading the gang who are, with tooth and nail, pulling it down. Truly the words of Jeremiah, in his *“Lamentations,”* are realized in this case—“The eyes of the poor faileth, waiting in vain for comfort,” so long as the rule of that country is in the hands of its desolators. Go next

to Lewis, if the spoliators have left you as much as will pay the fare; you will find there a gentleman whose name is now deservedly revered throughout his generation: this he proved to the world, in bestowing a large sum of money to ameliorate the recent distress in that country. But was his great liberality properly distributed? No! and I am a living witness that it was not; recollect, moreover, that our enemies, by their agents for defamation, are taking advantage of all this, though the victims for whose extirpation they are thirsting never received any benefit from the said donations, so that it would have been better that the injured Highlanders had never heard of any such things. In short, the amount is that all the malicious gossiping with which the ears of the public have been grated for several years past, is the direct invention of designing men, vested with the management of these affairs, and whose craft it is to deceive, by circulating false and unjust accusations against the Highlanders, in order to lead others to form erring conclusions; and, above all, to impress the public with the idea that the attempt to better the condition of our countrymen is vain. But perhaps they can answer for themselves. Here it is but just to admit that the good proprietor of Lewis had a right to expect that his people would be much benefited by his liberality; and such would undoubtedly have been the case, were it not that he lodged the management in the hands of 'his own, and my enemy,' as the Lewisian said. The Proprietor of Lewis may be compared to a man who resolved to set up a monument, and, in consequence, assembled a number of artificers for that purpose; but unfortunately, that good man was not aware that covetousness was the ruling passion of his assistants; it was neither his good nor that of his people they had at heart, hence the next stage of the process may be illustrated by a very common occurrence—at the very crisis when the Proprietor was in high expectation of seeing the top-stone brought on, and the last stroke of the sculptor's chisel given (without which its classical embellishment would have been incomplete), an express arrived which called him away about some important business elsewhere; so, when he departed, day after day passed away, but the work remained just as he left it; and finally, the result was that the man which he employed to finish the fabric

maintained that the material was bad, and therefore that it was impossible to proceed: consequently there is just as little doubt that those false accusers told him plainly that the best plan was to cast it at once into the Atlantic; though it should go in pieces on the coast of America. That is the last of it; but it is such as may be expected from the pupils of England. I hope, however, that the Proprietor of the Lewis is aware that none of his contemporaries bowed their necks to these tutors who escaped beggary and disgrace; and that he will no longer be duped. There are indeed circumstances connected with this case which leads directly to the conclusion that he did not submit to the enemies of his people. This is evident from the fact that he bestowed a second sum to ameliorate their condition; but when he returned, he found matters in a worse condition than he left. Then it was that he brought the Factor to account for his stewardship, which was more than that man could do, and the result was that he was packed off with the curse of the injured people on his back.

“And now, my countrymen! why are you mute? Although you justly detest that foreign tongue used by your oppressors, you can express your sentiments by your own: therefore answer for yourselves; speak out without reserve! ‘It is indeed all true what you say; but we scarcely know how to proceed in the matter, seeing that we are surrounded with hardships on all hands—absolutely locked up, and the keys lodged in the hands of our implacable foes, who are taking the advantage of our present poverty, and of the ignorance of the unnatural Proprietors, so that now the country everywhere is just a monopoly in the hands of our enemies, who can give the land to whom they please; nor is it a secret how they manage it.’ Just contrast, for a moment, existing practices with what justice and fair-play would achieve had they been brought into operation before ruin and ejection assumed their ghastly sway.

“The feudal brutality of England, introduced into our country only a few years ago, empowered the agents of destruction to gift the soil to their own immediate relations and coadjutors, with long leases and low rents, while at the same time the former tenants were deprived of these, advantages, which, if they had, they could pay their rents

and live comfortable too—independent, as their fathers were, from time immemorial. But justice and truth constitute no part of the creed of Factors, nor yet of the scare-crows which they represent; besides, their design is not to derive any real benefit from these innovations—but the process is hatched in the malice of these hardened beings, and brought into operation, not altogether for the purpose of augmenting their incomes (as is erroneously supposed), for the most infatuated of them cannot but see that their lands are already overburdened by enormous rents—but their real design is to extirpate the Gael and their language, and scatter them east and west; and I am sure that it is not exaggerating to say that the lives of thousands of them were sacrificed during the last few years by the inhuman devices of the men who seized their gear and exiled them. Yes! the deep ocean will one day bear testimony to this truth, when ‘the sea shall give up the dead which are therein.’ It will be answered—‘It is truly shocking to think that these wicked men should have so much power.’ It is alas! too true that they do possess power equal to any crowned despot on the face of the earth, so that they can indeed say, each within the sphere of his jurisdiction, like the King of Assyria, ‘My hand hath found as a nest, the riches of the people; and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that opened the mouth, or peeped.’ The last clause, in particular, is highly applicable to our subject; for no sooner is the least murmur heard from the oppressed than the sentence of revenge and extirpation is pronounced. Neither are the victims ignorant that however often the Factor broke his promises in reference to giving them justice, he will take good care to fulfil his threatenings, in order to make himself the terror of the country. Moreover, while this is the common practice, the cowardly representatives of Caledonia—instead of faithfully advocating the cause of the Gael, who cannot speak the tongue of the nominal possessors of the soil—pretend that they cannot converse with their countrymen; but so far is that from gaining credit for them that they are detested by their Southron instructors on that very account; while on the other hand, though they will not confess it, they cannot but know that there is no comparison between the unprincipled creatures who are in the

habit of denying their language and their country, and those who are justly proud of both. What else can such expect? What else than contempt can be their portion, who are ruled by the spirit of Cain, and of Pharaoh's, Butler; or, in other words, revenge and vile ingratitude? How different is this from the example of Royal Esther, who defended her people at the imminent risk of her own life!

“*Lastly*, While the mongrels are obliged to swallow this much of truth, they will turn casuists in the whole business, and say—‘Have you forgot the real cause of your countrymen’s destruction: their own sins undoubtedly brought these calamities on them.’ I answer, the devil would preach to Christ at the very time that he was determined to murder him, and so do ye. It is indeed true that the sins of nations and individuals must bring wrath on the heads of the guilty, but it is vain to attempt to cover your personal guilt by the above stratagem. Just look back to Pharaoh, Jeroboam, Ahab, Manasseh and others, and you will find that it was for the sins of those leaders that God wrathfully chastised the people over whom they presided. Here some wordly-wise men may say—‘You and others may plead the cause of your countrymen, but you will only bring the displeasure of the great upon yourself; why will you not act like other respectable, sedate men, who have great zeal for the good of the souls of the people, but who never offend any gentleman in the country at large, because they know that providence will bring about these principles for which you plead in his own time.’ To this I answer—if it is the will of the Almighty to put a stop to the evil doings of men, why will you not come forward and lend your aid now; or will you still blaspheme, by alleging that God has no care for the bodies of men?’ I know that you, and others of the same sort, are like that fish mentioned by Aristotle, which, though pierced through with a spear, will not feel it, but yet it will die from the consequence. The application is easy; nor shall we shrink from bearing our humble testimony to the truth of God in this matter—he that will not relieve the body has no care for the soul; besides, it is not God’s mysterious times and decrees that you and these wicked men have for your rule—but his revealed will is the guide he has given men to regulate

their conduct thereby. And if you think that you are doing your duty in this matter, by attempting to excuse yourself and others, who are daily heaping distress and defamation on these sufferers, woe be to you!

"And now, in conclusion, I must tell you that the Land-holders and the Clergy heartily hate to hear of these things; still we hope that God, at no distant period, will bring forward instruments, and that the most unlikely to human perception, to execute his commission in punishing those. Were you with Moses on the day that the Lord of Hosts ordered him to go into Egypt to relieve his chosen out of the grasp of oppression there, sure I am that you would act as you now do, either the part of a scoffer or a persecutor, or both. Moses had the commandment of God; and recollect, whether you may hear or forbear, the oppression of the distressed Gael must rise up in judgment against you, 'when the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' My brave Celtic brother! my spirit is afflicted for thee; art thou not seeing the combat that must be sustained in thy behalf? Though thy ancestors were mighty in the day of battle, that is forgotten; and all that I can do to help thee is only to arraign thy enemies on the authority of God's Word (Prov. xxxi., 8-9), and invite all who love justice and truth—and leave thy case with them, that the remnant that is left may not perish. 'Ah! hear you that man,' says the Factor again, 'Is it not enough that Parliament may take the matter into consideration sooner or later?' But 'as a man is himself so will he suspect his neighbour:' it is likewise certain that the Gael are brave, peaceful, and loyal subjects, and that they always did, and are prepared still, to defend Her Majesty to the death; and where is there another on earth who can testify to this truth like their living leader, the Duke of Wellington—so that what you would make presumption is only a duty imperative on all who fear God and honor the Queen."

I am, &c.,

JOHN GILLIES. ;

[To the Author of the "Vindication of the Celtic Character:"]

It may not be improper now to take a retrospective glance at the destruction of the Highlanders by the "clearance" process, the character of the first victims, and also the party who began the work.

THE SUTHERLAND FAMILY—HALLIDONHILL, &c. &c.

The family of SUTHERLAND, after which the present Southron crew name themselves, were of great antiquity; and, as a race, were always distinguished for morality and bravery, till they became extinct in the person of a wicked woman a few years ago. According to our Annals, in the reign of Corbredus II., or Geal-Cheann, the hero of the Grampians, the founder of the noble family of Sutherland flourished about A.D. 76;* and from him the succession continued for about one thousand years, till Allan, of Sutherland, in the Eleventh Century, became more famous than his contemporaries for his loyalty and martyrdom. In A.D. 1040 the Danes invaded the north with a powerful force; they proceeded in their usual work of ravage, under their Generals, Olanus and Enetus, and took the Castle of Nairn, from whence they sent plundering parties, who ravaged and devastated Ross and Sutherland, and murdered the inhabitants. Allan, of that ilk, mustered the people with great energy, and arrested the marauders at a place called Creach—I presume somewhere in the march between Ross and Sutherland. The Danes, aware of their approach, formed in two bodies; in like manner Allan divided his small company, one party of which was led by Iain Garv MacReabairt, a gentleman of Ross, whose people were terribly handled by the ruthless invaders. When the combatants met, the Scots feigned great fear, and retired to a ridge of rising ground called Druimlia, immediately adjacent, where they turned on their pursuers: a desperate action was the consequence. The Danes maintained their ground long, but were finally defeated, and driven to their ships.† This

* See Nichol's *Scottish Peerage*.

† I am told by a native that there is an Obelisk about ten feet high still there, erected by the victors to commemorate the event.

valiant nobleman was afterwards murdered by the tyrant MacBeth for his loyalty to King Malcolm Ceanmor. Allan was succeeded by his son Walter, who was also Thane of Sutherland. The next was his son Robert, the second Thane of Sutherland, who built Dunrobin Castle. His successor was Aodh Angliced (Hugh), a valiant hero: in his time the Danes invaded the north again and again, but were as often repulsed, owing to his wisdom and bravery. He was succeeded by his son William, who was one of the Scottish noblemen summoned to Berwick to decide the competition between Bruce and the infamous Baliol for the crown of Scotland; he also signed the letter to the Pope already given, and shortly thereafter died. His successor was his son Kenneth, the fifth Thane of Sutherland, equally distinguished for loyalty and bravery in defence of his country; he was killed at the Battle of Hallidonhill in A.D. 1333, which was in reality the only decisive victory that ever England gained over our sires, if victory it can be called; but since it is connected with this sketch, we shall endeavour to give the facts, and let the reader judge for himself. The war occasioned by the usurpation of Edward Baliol cost Scotland almost as many of her sons as what fell by the butcheries of the First Edward. After the Battle of Duplin, Baliol so far gained his object as to be actually crowned at Scone, which event filled the adherents of King David with indignation, so that instead of submitting to the Usurper, they mustered a considerable force, and entered England in the face of Edward III., who was then besieging Berwick, where he murdered the two young Seatons, as formerly mentioned. The Baron Archibald Douglas commanded the Scots; his intention was to ravage the adjacent districts in order to put Edward under the necessity of abandoning the siege of the "good town" of Berwick; but hearing of the inhuman murder of the young innocents, Douglas, in the true spirit of his fathers, resolved to fight the monster; his army consisted, indeed, of raw recruits, and were but a handful, in comparison to the English: even Hollinshead admits this fact. The Scottish officers advised Douglas not to fight, alleging as a reason that the English were numerous, and many of them veterans; but he would not be diverted from his purpose. Hollinshead says—"Edward removed to Hal-

lidonhill. The Scots marched directly towards the enemy; the vanguard was given to Hugh de Ross, and Kenneth, Earl of Sutherland, of whom we are now speaking; with Simon and John Fraser, and John Murray; the second was commanded by Alexander Lindsay, Alexander Gordon, Reinold Graham and Robert MacKenneth; the third was led by the Governor himself, accompanied by James, John, and Allan Stewart, the sons of Walter, Great Stewart of Scotland. On the other hand, the English were not slow to come forward, but at the first took the advantage of the ground; they gave somewhat back, withdrawing to the side of the hill, which they having once got, boldlie turned to the Scots that pursued them over-rashlie, in hope that victorie had been already theirs; but being here fiercely received by the English, and beaten down, though they reinforced themselves with all their might to be revenged both for old and new injuries which they had received, and so slue no small numbers of the enemies, yet in the end was the Scottish army put to flight, and more slaughter made in the chase than was afore in the battle.”* It is vain to conceal the truth by such tales as our “enlightened” friends would entertain their readers. In short, when the Scots reached Hallidonhill, they found the enemy drawn up in four columns on the rising ground, and flanked with strong bodies of archers—a position in which they might defy any number. The Scots saw when too late that their cavalry was useless, ordered the men to dismount, and fight on foot: the enemy did the like. The Scots at once closed with them; but the English archers, placed on the highest ground, galled the advancing ranks; shower after shower of those barbed messengers of death fell on the heads of the brave who were struggling to bring their foes to the sword point, in which effort they at last succeeded, but

* The Rev. Raphael Hollinshead, an English minister of the Sixteenth Century, from some humour transcribed John Ballendean's Translation of the History of Scotland, originally written in Latin by Hector Boethius. Ballendean was Arch-Deacon of Murray, and a man of no ordinary endowments. Hollinshead took the humour of rendering the work according to the dialect spoken in his time; but his attempt has little connexion with the genuine History of Scotland, written by Boethius, nor yet with Ballendean's Translation. The rotten edition of Hollinshead's performance, printed at Arbroath in 1805 is, I believe, the last of that English Miscellany now extant.

not till they lost their General and the most of their principal leaders—at which juncture the English advanced from right to left, in solid masses, seconded by a discharge of arrows and stones which covered the steep ascent of Halidon. The Scots, being overwhelmed, were compelled to give way, but still fought to the utmost, inasmuch as they disputed every inch of ground as they retired. Our historians compute their loss at about 10,000, while the English would make it about 35,000; an assertion which none can believe, it being as ridiculous as it is false; but it is quite consistent with their manner of telling stories. Nor is this the only example of their bravado. You are aware of the swaggering description of the loss of our countrymen in the sanguinary battle of Falkirk between SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, the Scottish Regent, and Edward Longshanks, their king. They estimate the loss of the Scots in that battle at 50,000, whereas the truth is, that the Scottish army did not exceed 30,000, and that not above 12,000 engaged the enemy; 10,000 of which were the adherents of Wallace, the other twelve or fifteen hundred perished under Bute; so that it is utterly vain to determine what was the amount of their loss. English scribblers say that two monks took an accurate account of the slain. Wonderful monks, truly! Miraculous calculation! “Two English monks” were so beloved, that the Scottish Regent and the officers of the army would inform them of their loss, after ascertaining the amount by the general roll! The truth is, the very reverse of this fabrication was the fact. Neither Fordun, nor any other of our historians, determined any such things, nor yet that two English monks gave an account of the matter; but they have unanimously recorded that, the day after the battle, two Scottish ecclesiastics went to Dunipace, where they, in the face of the English butcher, surrounded by many of the nobles of both kingdoms, delivered (Edward) over to Satan, by excommunication; an act deserving of everlasting fame, when we duly weigh the danger to which they exposed their lives by so noble an act of patriotism. The tale of 35,000 slain at Halidon Hill is just a similar falsehood.

Kenneth left two sons, William and Nicol; the former succeeded his father, the latter was the ancestor of the Sutherlands of Duffus. Thane William was taken pri-

soner with his royal master at the battle of Durham, A.D. 1346; but afterwards being released, sent his son Alexander as a hostage for the King. He married the Lady Margaret Bruce, sister of King David, and by her had the two sons just mentioned, whereof Alexander, the eldest, was acknowledged successor to the throne, but he was poisoned while in England. His brother John became heir to the Earldom of Sutherland, and was a noted hero like his ancestors. He proved a fatal scourge to the Southrons, when, during the war under Robert II., he again and again invaded England to the very centre. He married the daughter of the Earl of March, whose name I do not know, and died in 1389. He left two sons; Nicol, the eighth Thane of Sutherland, and Robert Sutherland of Bernidale. The latter was a gentleman of great courage, and was one of the devoted few who broke the English ranks at Homeldon Hill, A.D. 1402, where Sir John Livingston and many more were overwhelmed. He married the daughter of Thomas Dunbar, Thane of Murray, and by her had John, the ninth Thane of Sutherland, whose wife was daughter to Sir William Bailey of Lammington, and by her had three sons and two daughters. Of the sons, John, the eldest, was tenth Thane of Sutherland. He married the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to Alexander Earl of Ross, and by her had John, his successor, and Alexander, and a daughter, named Elizabeth. John dying without issue, the earldom fell to his sister. She was married to Adam Gordon of Aboyne, second son to George Gordon of Huntly, who, in his wife's right, became heir, and was the twelfth Thane of Sutherland. Thus we find that the Sutherlands were distinguished for upwards of 1400 years; nor were many of their descendants of the other name without great and good qualities. The Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, had a son named John; he married Jane, daughter to John Stuart, Thane of Athole, and by her had a son of his name, who succeeded his grandmother, and was the thirteenth Thane. In the reign of Queen Mary, he was Governor of all the districts north of the Spey, and was one of those who attended the infant Mary to France, on which occasion he was made a Knight of the Order of St Michael. He married Helen, sister to Matthew Stuart of Lennox, and had Alexander, the fourteenth Thane. He died in 1567, and

was succeeded by the aforesaid Alexander, who married Jane Gordon, daughter to Alexander of Huntly, and by her had three sons and two daughters, whereof Jane was married to Hugh Mackay, Lord Reay, and of the sons, John, the eldest, succeeded, and was the fifteenth Thane of Sutherland. He married Anne, daughter to John, Baron Elphinston, and by her had John, his successor, and two daughters.

John, the sixteenth Thane, was a personage of great integrity. He boldly and openly opposed the Episcopal intrigues of Queen Elizabeth and James VI., and thereby defended the liberties of the Church of Scotland, in defiance of both. According to Nicholas, he married Jane, daughter to James Drummond of Perth, and by her had John, Lord Strathnaver, who died an infant, and George, his successor, born at Dornoch, November 2, 1633, and Robert, who was born in 1634. George, who succeeded his father, was the 17th Thane, was one of the few with which the world is but seldom blessed. This distinguished Christian patriot exhibited, during the whole course of his life, a uniform consistency of truthful integrity, and at last joined the redeemed above, in the year 1703. By his wife Jane, daughter to David of Weems, he had John, the eighteenth Thane of Sutherland, and a daughter named Anne, who was married to Robert, Viscount Arbuthnot. The aforesaid John was one of the privy council to William III., and had the command of a regiment of foot; and in the reign of Queen Anne was one of the commissioners for that filthy bargain, the Union, and was afterwards elected one of the Sixteen Peers for Scotland in the first British Parliament. He was a zealous advocate for the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover, and was again elected one of the peers in 1715, and was by the King made Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Inverness, Elgin, Nairn, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and of the isles of Orkney and Zetland. For his zealous opposition to the Chevalier in 1715, the King wrote him a letter with his own hand, of which the following is a copy:—

ST JAMES'S, January 13, 1716.

MY LORD EARL OF SUTHERLAND,

Having been informed from several parts of the good services you do me, and of the wise dispositions you have made to maintain the important port of Inverness, I would not overlook

this occasion to assure you, that I am very sensible of so useful services; and which you may depend I shall not forget. I hope you will continue them with attention, seeing that my army is on the point of marching against the Rebels. I do not doubt but that the ship, which carries you arms and money, has reached you by this time. So I pray God, my Lord Earl of Sutherland, to have you in his safe and holy keeping.

According to Nicholas, "on the 22d of June, 1716, he was made a Knight of the Order of the Thistle." He afterwards married Helen, daughter to Lord Cochran, and by her had a son named William, and two daughters, Jane and Helen; the former of which was married to Sir John Maitland, son of John, Earl of Lauderdale. William, his eldest son, died in 1720, and left two sons, John and William, the eldest of whom died in 1720. His brother William succeeded to the Earldom about the year 1727. After this the Gordons of Sutherland made no conspicuous figure, farther than that they had extensive church patronage, and were, on the whole, consistent Christians in the exercise of that prerogative. In 1748, when the Rev. Thomas Mackay was called by the parishioners of Lairg, the Earl only attached his name to the list among the rest of the communicants. At last the Thaness of Sutherland became extinct in the person of William, father of the late Countess. And truly woeful was the consequence! She not only ruined the people on her estate, but was the direct means of introducing that horrid practice of desolation by which the Gael are destroyed, of which her own brave and loyal countrymen of Sutherland were the first victims.

In 1793, when the revolutionary sword of France was unsheathed, our oligarchs found that nothing would arrest the fury of infidels but to stop their breath. Britain was compelled to act on the defensive. The county of Sutherland mustered the Fencibles known by that name; but in 1800 the said corps was transformed into the present 93d Regiment. Their character at that time, as soldiers and Christians, are above any encomium which may be here presented. We would refer the reader to the description given by General Stewart of Garth, and others, when they were first reviewed on the Inch of Perth. Their average height was five feet eleven inches. "They were," says the General Officer by whom they were reviewed, "*a perfect pattern of military discipline and moral rectitude.*"

“ When stationed at the Cape of Good of Hope, anxious to enjoy the advantages of religious instruction, agreeably to the tenets of the National Church; and there being no religious service in the garrison except the customary one of reading prayers to the soldiers on parade, the Sutherland men formed themselves into a congregation; appointed elders of their own number; engaged and paid a stipend, collected amongst themselves, to a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who had gone out with the intention of teaching and preaching to the Caffres, and had Divine service performed agreeably to the ritual of the Established Church. In addition to these expenses, the soldiers regularly remitted money to their relatives in Sutherland. When they disembarked at Plymouth, in August, 1814, the inhabitants were both surprised and gratified. On such occasions, it had been no uncommon thing for soldiers to spend in taverns and gin-shops the money they had saved. In the present case, the soldiers of Sutherland were seen in booksellers’ shops supplying themselves with Bibles, and such books and tracts as they required. Yet, as at the Cape, where their religious habits were so free of all fanatical gloom, they occasionally indulged in social meetings. So here, while expending their money on books, they did not neglect their personal appearance, and the haberdashers’ shops had also their share of trade from the purchase of additional feathers to their bonnets, and such decorations as the correctness of military regulations allow to be introduced into the uniform. Nor while thus mindful of themselves in improving their minds and their personal appearance, did such of them, as had relations in Sutherland, forget their condition, occasioned by the loss of their land. During the short time that the regiment was quartered at Plymouth, upwards of five hundred pounds were lodged in one banking house to be remitted to Sutherland, exclusive of many sums sent through the post office. Some of the sums exceeded twenty pounds from an individual soldier.” “ In the case of such men,” says the General, “ disgraceful punishment was as unnecessary as it would have been pernicious. Indeed, so remote was the idea of such a measure, in regard to them, that when punishments were to be inflicted on others, and the troops in camps, garrison, or quarters assembled to witness their execution, the presence of the Sutherland

Highlanders, either of the Fencibles or of the line, were dispensed with,—the effect of terror, as a check to crime, being in their case uncalled for; *as examples of that kind were not necessary for such honourable soldiers.*" How thoroughly they were guided by honour and loyalty in the field was shown at New Orleans. Although many of their countrymen who had emigrated to America were ready and anxious to receive them, there was not an instance of desertion; nor did one of those who were left behind wounded or prisoners forget their allegiance and remain in that country, at the same time that the desertions from the British were but too frequent.'

Again, the Rev. Mr Thom, their minister at Capetown, in the Christian Herald of October, 1814, published their character to the world, of which the following extract may suffice:—

"When the 93d Sutherland Highlanders left Capetown last month, there were among them 156 members of the church, including three elders and three deacons, all of whom, so far as man can know the heart from the life, were pious persons. The regiment was certainly a pattern for morality and good behaviour to every other corps. They read their Bibles; they observed the Sabbath; they saved their money in order to do good; 7000 rix dollars (L.1400 currency) the non-commissioned officers and privates gave for books, societies, and the support of the gospel; a sum, perhaps, unparalleled in any other corps in the world, given in the short space of seventeen or eighteen months. This example had a general good effect on both the colonists and heathen. How they may act as to religion in other parts, is only known to God; but if ever apostolic days were revived in modern times on earth, I certainly believe some of these had been granted to us in Africa. * * * The 93d Regiment arrived in England, but they immediately received orders to proceed to North America. Before they re-embarked, the collection for your Society was made up, and has been remitted to your Treasurer, amounting to seventy-eight pounds sterling."*

"Men like these do credit to the peasantry of the country. The removal of so many of the people from their

ancient seats, where they acquired those habits and principles, must be considered a public loss of no common magnitude. It must appear strange and inconsistent when the same persons who are loud in their profession of an eager desire to promote and preserve the religious and moral virtues of the people, should so frequently take the lead in approving of measures which, by removing them from where they imbibed principles which have attracted the notice of Europe, and placed them in situations where poverty, and the two frequent attendants, vice and crime, will lay the foundation for a character which will be a disgrace, as that already obtained has been an honour to this country. In the new stations, where so many Highlanders are now placed, and crowded in such numbers as to preserve the numerical population, while whole districts are left without inhabitants, how can they resume their former character and principles, which, according to the reports of those employed by the proprietors, have been so deplorably broken down; a change which was entirely unknown till the recent change in the condition of the people, and the introduction of placing families on patches of potato ground, as in Ireland; a system replete with degradation, poverty, and disaffection, and exhibiting daily a prominent and deplorable example, which might have forewarned Highland proprietors, and prevented them from reducing their people to a similar state. It is only when parents and heads of families in the Highlands are more happy and contented, that they can instil sound principles into their children, and who may once more become what the men of Sutherland have already been—an honourable example, worthy the imitation of all."

In this, as in every instance, the loyalty, bravery, and high moral character of the Scots only excited their malicious rivals to hate and defame them. William, the seventeenth Earl of Sutherland, died of a fever; the Countess likewise contracted the same disease, of which she died about the same time. They left the scourge and curse of Caledonia an infant. She was immediately carried off to that polluted land, whose inhabitants have now propagated their vices to the western extremity of our ruined country; so that it is vain to look for national reform till both perish together. The vigilance with which our nominal countrymen are snatched off whenever they are ushered into the

world, may illustrate, in part, the terror under which the English are labouring that their savage manner of living should be exposed, which must have taken place long ago, had the opulent of our nation been reared in their native country. But such not being the case, "evil communications corrupt good manners." When fellows of that sort are tutored like brutes, they will live and die that way. We challenge the seed of them to prove that they are not the universal enemies of mankind, and that treachery and extirpation are not the constant attendants of their English tutors wherever they may appear. This truth was sadly realized when the late Countess of Sutherland was carried off, while an infant, to be educated by "her maternal grandmother. An ambitious and intriguing woman had the chief share in her education. She was brought up in the south, of which her grandmother was a native. Thus she was far removed from those genial sympathies with the people of her clan, for which the old Barons of Sutherland had been so remarkable; and, what was a sorer evil still, from the influences of the vitalities of that religion which, for five generations together, her fathers protected and adorned."

The devastation of Sutherland first commenced by the persecuting spirit of the alien woman of which we are speaking. Her forefathers never exercised their patronages to the prejudice of the Gospel in those parishes; but it was quite otherwise when she had the power. "The presentation supplanted the call, and ministers were placed despite the remonstrances of the people." The result was, that the churches were deserted, while the people held meetings for mutual exhortations, but still none of those Christians turned their backs on the Established Church, though they almost, in every instance, defied the *Hag* in what was purely a matter of conscience. At length, as the devil would have it, she married a Southron, which his countrymen heard of under the name of the Marquis of Stafford, or something that way. Be that as it will, the houndish brood found their way into Sutherland; nor was it long till Europe heard of it. It was broad and wide at the time, and is far from forgotten yet, that the wild one of which we are now speaking and her Southron colleague fought daily! He at last found that the *ruggin' o' hair*, with sometimes the consoling addition

of a peeled face by Gordon claws, were matters not altogether to trifle with; but still he was loath to quit the hold; nor would he do so till finally she kicked him about his business. She next directed her fury against the innocent people, in a manner that should doom her to the halter, had it not been that the ways of the Holy One by which the wicked are permitted to fill up the measure of their iniquity, are not "like our ways."

In the month of March, 1814, the parishes of Farr and Kildonan were the first singled out for destruction. The people were warned to leave the country in the following May; but from terror that they would have anything to subsist on afterwards, the would-be murderers devised that their cattle should be destroyed. The provender at that season was nearly all or wholly exhausted. The subsistence of the cattle chiefly depended on pasture; consequently the destructionists, availing themselves of that circumstance, set fire to the heaths, at the time in these districts mostly covered with heather, so that, by these means, the most of the cattle died for want of pasture. Next the work of demolition commenced. A gang, with a factor at their head, invaded these districts. They pulled down the houses about the heads of the inhabitants, so that in an extensive district not one house was left standing; and, in order to prevent the re-erection, the plunderers burned the fallen materials! after which many died from fatigue and cold. Pregnant women were taken with premature labour in the open air, many of whom died of the consequences; others took to the woods and rocks, in a state of partial insanity. There was an old man, of the name of Macbeth, who was bedfast for many years, his house was pulled down about him, and he was left exposed to wind and rain, till death relieved him from the grasp of English fury. Another man, ill of a fever, shared the same fate, but he survived. There was an old woman, nearly a hundred years of age, had her house fired, and ere she could be extricated, the sheets in which she was caught the flames; she was frightfully burned, and died a few days thereafter. Ah, Duke of Argyle! thou art involved in a curse by which God will, at no distant period, cut off the name and substance of thy house for ever!

The horrors inflicted on the people of Sutherland at that time are described in vivid colours by one of the

sufferers, Donald M'Leod, who wrote the history of the "Clearances." He says, "The work of devastation was begun by setting fire to the houses of the tenants in the districts of Farr, Rogart, Golspie, and the whole parish of Kildonan. I was an eye-witness of the scene. The calamity came on the people quite unexpectedly. Strong parties for each district, furnished with faggots and other combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of the devoted people, and immediately commenced setting fire to them, proceeding in their work with great vigour, till about 300 hundred houses were in flames! No time was given for the removal of persons or property. The consternation was extreme; the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them, next struggling to save the most valuable of their effects; the cries of the women and children; the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted by the dogs of the shepherds, amid the smoke and the fire, altogether composed a scene that completely baffles description! A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the country by day, and even extended far on the sea. At midnight, an awfully grand, but terrific, scene presented itself—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once! I myself ascended a height about eleven o'clock at night, and counted two hundred and fifty blazing houses, many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew, but whose present condition I could not tell. The burning lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins. During one of these days, a boat lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore, but at night she was enabled to reach a landing place by the light of the flames!"

From this horrid picture of crime, the Anglicised savages now at work copied their model. Where can we find any action in the annals of crime more horrifying than the above? And it is but too true that the wicked woman who extirpated fifteen thousand of the population of Sutherland was never called in question for her criminal course of life! and others are now following her example, yet there is no provision made to punish them.

The immortal author of the Countess of Sutherland's gallows career informs us that he visited his native parish of Kildonan in 1828, and that on the Sabbath following

he went to the parish church, where once, for ages, a numerous congregation assembled, but, says he, it consists only of eight shepherds and their dogs! And that, in the adjacent district of Strathnaver, there was not an individual left; the church was pulled down, and its materials used for the erection of an inn. The minister's house was converted into the dwelling of a fox-hunter. In like manner, the churchyard, where the ashes of the heroes were mouldering, who were for upwards of 1600 years the terror of English brutes, was transformed into a sheep fank;—and yet not one attempt was made to execute the queen of criminals who perpetrated all that.

In the retreat of the Sutherland Highlanders from the smoking houses, a man of the name of Mackay, whose family were ill of a fever, had to carry two of his sick children on his back a distance of twenty-five miles. A full account of this is given by M'Leod, the historian of the horrors above referred to. And he farther adds, that afterwards the famished people were in multitudes on the shore, like the crew of some wrecked vessel, that they might sustain life by the shell-fish and sea-weed laid bare by the ebbing tide, unsheltered by bush or tree; exposed to the sweeping sea-winds and the blighting spray; besides, it was found a matter of extreme difficulty to keep the few cattle they had from wandering, especially in the night time, into the better sheltered interior. Many instances have happened of the poor beasts returning to their old quarters, but the shepherds were instructed to impound them, till a heavy fine should be extorted from their famished owners. Many who had no money to give, were often compelled to give their bed-clothes, or the watches, rings, or medals of the heroes whose bones were mouldering under the fatal ramparts of New Orleans, or the sands of Egypt, on that spot of proud recollection, where the invincibles of France sunk under the prowess of the *Scottish Gael*.

M'Leod says, following out his details of these atrocities. "Previous to this, in the year 1829, I and my family had been forced away, like others, being particularly obnoxious to those in authority for sometimes showing an inclination to oppose their tyranny, and therefore we had to be made examples of to frighten the rest. But in 1833 I made a tour of the district, when the order was issued

by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland that all the small tenants on both side the public road, where it stretches on the northern coast from the confines of Reay to the Kyles of Tongue, a distance of about thirty miles, should straightway build themselves new houses of stone and mortar, according to a prescribed plan. Pharaoh's famous orders could not have bred greater consternation; but the only alternative was summed up in the magic word *removal*; while the poor Highlanders, broken in spirit and in means, knew from experience what the magic word meant. And like their prototypes, to gather stubble for their bricks, so it fared with them. "In one locality," says M'Leod, "I saw fourteen different squads of masons at work, with the natives attending them. Old grey-headed men, worn down by previous hardship and present want, were to be seen carrying stones, and wheeling them and other materials on barrows, or conveying them on their backs to the buildings, and with their tottering limbs and trembling hands straining to raise them on the walls. The young men, also, after toiling all night at sea, endeavouring to procure subsistence, were obliged to yield their exhausted frames to the labours of the day. Even female labour could not be dispensed with; the strong as well as the weak, the delicate and sickly; and, shame to their oppressors, even the pregnant, barefooted, and scantily clothed, were obliged to join in these rugged labours. In one instance I saw the husband quarrying stones, and the wife and the children dragging them along in an old cart to the building." Such were the building scenes of that period. The poor people had often to give the last morsel of food they possessed to feed the masons, and subsist on shell-fish themselves. This went on for several years, in the course of which many hundreds of these houses were erected on spots unfit for human residence. "It might be thought," adds M'Leod, "that the design of forcing the people to build such houses was to provide for their comfort and accommodation; but there seems to have been quite a different object, which I believe was the true motive, and that was—to hide the misery that prevailed. There had been a great sensation created in the public mind by the cruelties exercised in these quarters; and it was thought that a number of little white houses, ranged on each side of the road, would take the eye of strangers, and give a *practical contradiction* to the *rumours*.

Hence the poor creatures were forced to resort to such means, and to endure such hardships, as I have described, to carry the scheme into effect. And after they had spent their remaining all on the erection of these houses, and involved themselves in debt, for which they have been harassed and pursued ever since—what are these erections but whitened tombs?—many of them now ten years in existence the unhappy lairs of a broken, heartless, fast-degenerating race. Respectable tenants, who have passed the greater part of life in the enjoyment of abundance, and in the exercise of hospitality and charity, possessing stock, are now pining on one or two acres of bad land, with one or two starved cows, and for this accommodation a calculation is made that they must support their families and pay the rent of their lots, not from the produce, but from the sea; thus drawing a rent that the land cannot afford. When the herring fishing succeeds, they generally satisfy the landlord, whatever privations they may suffer, but when that fails they fall into arrears. The herring fishing, always precarious, has, for a series of years, been very deficient, and this class of people are reduced to extreme misery. At first some of them possessed capital, from converting their farm-stock into cash, but this has been long exhausted; and it is certainly distressing to see their miseries aggravated by their having once enjoyed abundance and independence.”

Such is the testimony of an eye-witness of the atrocities committed in Sutherland, when the *Dam of Hare* extirpated the population of three parishes, while the remaining portion of them were forced to take shelter on the seacoast, under the hardships above detailed. We, therefore, tell the present brutes to their faces, that their extraction render them unfit for being the associates of Christians here, instead of which, they should be *to the back of the ears in the sow's trough*. It is equally vain for others to attempt to conceal the like atrocities in other parts of the country. The late Williamson, *Burden of Lawyers*, who desolated that estate already noticed, and committed many enormities of a similar nature, directed his fury particularly against the inhabitants of Glenlead-naig, which could boast of as a original branch of the Scottish Gael as any spot in Caledonia,* not one of which he

* A district in the Parish of Comrie, Perthshire.

left in the whole tract of country, of which he made himself master, not by right, but by fraud. So eager was he on the work of destruction, that he seized even the small piece of ground dedicated by the former proprietors for the support of the teacher stationed there, as the children belonging to the district could not attend the parish school, which was situated some miles distant, but even that had not the slightest influence on the implacable desolator. At last the minister of Comrie, in whose parish the outrage was committed, went to the oppressor, and remonstrated with him to restore the emoluments, with which he had nothing to do; but, instead of any signs of repentance, the savage flew to his pistols to murder the minister, who was obliged to fly for his life; and, indeed, it was his last visit. Not long after, death arrested that wild man; nor was *Clooty* idle on the occasion; for the very night the desolator departed, the devil manifested his presence there in the dead hour of night. Without any apparent cause, the very horses became outrageously mad, and broke their stalls in the stable. Neither could the men who wrought them daily command them for several hours; nor could they discover the cause. So much for No. 2.*

Besides, there others living, who are convinced that they may devastate, burn houses, and exile her Majesty's most loyal and brave people in the Highlands, just at pleasure. It is a fact that, only a few years bygone, the vast estate of Braedaldin was full of brave, honest people living in comfort and independence, under one of the most fatherly landlords that ever adorned humanity, here or anywhere else. So long as he was able to make his people happy, their condition was truly enviable; but the misfortune was, that his partner was of the Southron brood. No sooner, therefore, did he approach old age, than all access to him was forbidden, though he wished nothing of the kind. The *ghostly bride* at once commenced to harass the people to the utmost of her power; and left a stink behind her, that our Chronicle of Events now about to be published will fully develope. At last the grim messenger came, and she was obliged to pack off to feed the worms!—but *Jock Finlarig* is still to the fore, and is no doubt pleased with the phantom that, because he can pocket L.70,000

* This happened at the House of Lawers, 1837.

per annum, none dare say to him, What dost thou? We would remonstrate with him in the bonds of brotherly kindness, if that was of any avail, but we are quite certain that he is incapable of receiving instructions, so long as he is criminally indulged in the notion that the rich may commit deeds with impunity which must doom the poor to banishment and the gallows. And now *Iain Duibh nan Sac*, thou must hear that these Gothic days are past; for, recollect, that if it is lawful for one man to come to his neighbour's dwelling, and pull it down, or set it on fire, it must be lawful for all to do so, just when their inclination may lead them. You will answer—"Treason, by h——n! Fellow! dost thou not know that the low-born vulgar cattle are only made to serve us, who are begotten somewhere at masquerades, or anywhere else, as the thing may be, which are the Christian practices of glorious *Heengland*. Although we fire houses, and drive off thousands of people yearly, or take our neighbours' wives and lives, we have only to go to the "House," and say to one another, '*Not guilty*, upon my honour.'" Or advert to the shifts discovered by the march of intellect of the nineteenth century, viz., should a gentleman take the humour of shooting a low fellow at any time, or otherwise take his life, the instant that the deed is committed, the culprit has only to hire some of the gang, of which he is a member, and proclaim that *he is mad*; or, if he is hard pressed, say at once that it is an accident; or, if driven from that refuge, cry "Treason!" or, should the relatives of the slain one still prove obstinate, and apply to the Lord Advocate, he may, or may not, pay the least attention to vulgar *yelpin'*; and should the injured persist in applying to the Home Secretary, this last official will hand the case back to the Advocate again, so that the matter just ends where it began; lastly, the amount is, that the incendiaries who are usurping the possession of the soil here may burn houses, and take away lives and property, just at pleasure. What wonderful civilisation! Some may be apt to say, Have we not a Sovereign, why will she not protect all men alike? **ANS.** It is true we have something under that name; but so far is she from being able to protect others, that she cannot protect herself; and, on the contrary, her very existence is in danger every day. **QUEST.** Are there not some prerogatives belonging the Crown,

whereby she may restrain the wickedness of these men?

Ans. Nothing of the kind. QUES. Could she not appear in the Parliament House, or by proxy, give her two votes, as it is said that she has that much power, and so oppose evil as far as she can?

Ans. It is a downright lie; she has neither votes nor other power whatever; nor yet dare she do the least action to restrain the wicked, who are daily burning the houses, and destroying the lives and property of her faithful friends in the Highlands, much less can she restrain these pagans from abusing herself.

Just think on how she is handled. We daily hear the unrestrained blasphemy, "Her most gracious Majesty the Queen;"

"Her Majesty was or is most graciously pleased" to do or say this or that; of course, higher than this profanity cannot go: yet still they will not scruple to make other uses of her, which the meanest sober person in the kingdom would not bear.

For example, every year, at a certain period, we see placards in all directions, pretended to be "by the Queen's authority," for crushing any poor creatures who may carry small parcels of goods on their backs through the country, in order to make a livelihood thereby.

Now observe the admirable development of the march here exhibited;—the very party who will blaspheme by bestowing God's titles on her to-day, will to-morrow make a *buff the beggars* of her, by making use of her name and the arms of Great Britain at the top of the said labels, to hunt down *gangrel sows of packmen*.

Here you see that she is both a slave and a Queen, just as their humours may lead them. QUEST. Is it not unaccountable the pleasure that the wicked have in tormenting God's creatures.

Ans. Yes, truly, but more especially the calamity under review, now raging unrestrained in Caledonian, is perhaps the most unnatural on record.

You may ask, with grief and surprise, What can be the reason that the present Marquis of Braedaldin should desolate his estate, which, only a few years ago, was full of people in comfortable circumstances, happy old men, and gallant youths,

of whom the greatest potentate might be proud, reared in contentment and virtue, under the fostering affection of his predecessors, especially *his father*; but now the besom of extirpation is applied without mercy; the country is desolated; while the *Busk of Maol Ruanidh O Dornan*,*

* An Irish piper who wandered through the Highlands a few years ago. See Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, page 149.

The Knight of Clayhole * himself is deaf to every remonstrance?

Only about seven years after the late good Marquis went to his rest, to satisfy my curiosity, or call it folly, if you like, I wandered for upwards of one month through the mountainous districts of Braedalbin, commencing at Kiliu, and so explored the principality in the adjacent districts, where there was nothing to be seen but despair painted on every face; nothing heard but lamentations for their hard fate, for their sad disappointment, when they were taught that *Jock* was not like his father, but like his mother; when they found that Christian Celtic Campbell was gone, and a Southron alien in his place. I have had both the pleasure and the pain of travelling on foot from Campbelton to Dundee, or, in other words, through Scotland from west to east, and can assert, from personal knowledge, that more consistent Christians are not to be found in any part of Caledonia; besides, their natural shrewdness in observing the general movements in church and state is truly surprising. They are also inflexible in defence of the national honour, and have a deep hatred at any encroachments on their language in particular. And I believe, so far as personal vigour may be admitted to illustrate the human character, there were, only a few years ago, many families in sight of Loch Tay who might be an honour to any country on earth. But it is on that very account that they must be extirpated. This is palpable in the work of destruction all along. Had it not been that the natives of Sutherland were remarkable for their morality and bravery, as fully proved in the preceding pages, it is very likely that their destruction might have been delayed for some time. They were so quite different from the vermin of England, that their savage persecutors could not look at them.

Since these few lines were penned, more than two years ago, many presumptuous and disgusting declarations were made in quarters where they might least be expected,—“but folk must do something for their bread.” Some harangues pretended to have been delivered by the Prince Consort and the Lurdie John Russell, at a meeting said to have been held at London, have been published throughout the season. The said meeting was proclaimed “The Society for the Propagation of the
* A Common in Stranraer.

Gospel in Foreign Parts." The Prince is represented to have said in his speech—"The blessings of which are now carried by this Society to the vast territories of India and Australasia, which last are again to be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race," &c. Whether the Northman himself, or some other emissary of the same kidney, gave rise to that *fama*, is, we believe, at present, a matter of little consequence; but this much is certain, that if some honest one had been on his duty, the father of that palpable calumny, highly derogatory of the Prince's hitherto unimpeachable veracity, should be punished by the decisive argument of a carter's whip. Just mark the unreserved manner in which his Royal Highness is slandered—"The blessings which are now carried by this Society to the vast territories of India and Australasia, which last are again to be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race." The brazen deceiver who invented the above libel on the Prince Consort, would ape the thorough Englishman in word and deed, and would, with all his heart, make the poor benighted heathens at home believe that there is really a society in London which has for its object the introduction of some blessings into India and Australasia; but, in reality, there is no such society in London, no more than there is an Anglo-Saxon race there. It is certainly a duty worthy of truth to expose the utter fallacy of that gross imposition, so unreservedly propagated, and withal to rescue the Prince from so foul a slander. Can any rational being for a moment believe that there is in London at the present time a society having for its object the conversion of the heathen in the Indies and elsewhere, and yet, in that very city, where it is pretended that the said society has existed for one hundred and fifty years, are multitudes of beings many degrees worse than the natives of either of the above countries—that fearful sty, where scarcely a ray of civilisation ever penetrated? Alas! for poor pagan England! that God forsaken reservoir of immorality and *brutal, prostrate intellect!* But take nothing for granted. See, what do you think of the following state of the glorious Anglo-Saxon race here and elsewhere? After it, it is hoped you will be able to judge whether the so-called London Society can carry great blessings to India and Australia:—

In No. 22 of the periodical entitled the *Truth*, edited

by John Bowes, 1 Bold Street, Upper Moss Lane, Manchester, we have these declarations:—"In Wardlaw's Lectures, we have the following truly awful facts. In three of the largest hospitals in London, within the last eight years, there have not been fewer than 2700 cases of diseased children, from eleven to sixteen years of age, destroyed by prostitution. Dr Ryan records, as physician to different charities in London, how much he himself has been shocked, and how grey-headed members of his profession, who came to see his practice, have been amazed at the prococious depravity in beardless boys, or rather children, presenting themselves for advice for venereal diseases. Mr Tait's adds his testimony to similar facts."—"In 1850, only last year, a woman, named Emma Stone, was prosecuted in London for decoying a child, eleven years of age, from her parents, into a brothel. The crime was clearly proved against her, and she was sentenced to twelvemonths' imprisonment, with hard labour. The keepers of brothels at the West-end of London supply their houses with a constant succession of females, through the agency of what is called 'procurers.' They do not retain them (the victims) more than one or two months, keeping them confined to the house during that time, and then allow them to depart out, if necessary; that is generally understood to be the term of initiating them into the horrid practices of the profession. Those who have the moral courage, and are enabled to return to their parents, endeavour to hide the defilement which they have contracted and for which they could obtain no redress; but being generally of that age when the judgment is weak, and the sense of shame strong, and finding their characters gone, their means of subsistence taken from them, and being polluted in mind as well as in body by the criminal intercourse to which they have been daily compelled to submit, they give themselves up for lost, and continue the course into which they have been entrapped. The final result of which is, that they are out of the pale not only of the sympathies of their own sex, but from those of mankind, and treated with the greatest brutality, especially in the latter part of their career; they eventually perish by suicide, or disease, the effects of misery and destitution. By such means, many of the houses kept by brothel-keepers are supplied, and who are at considerable expense in ob-

taining respectable young women, by engaging them as nursery governesses, and other employments. After their ruin is completed, they are dismissed, and other victims are procured to supply their places."

The kind of information contained in the following extracts should be known all over the world, to put girls and their parents on their guard. Mr Tait states of procuresses—"Having spent a great portion of their days in scenes of the utmost wickedness, and seen all the vicissitudes of their criminal profession, they are consequently versant in all the particulars relating to it, and prove useful assistants and monitors of those who have newly opened establishments on their own account. Most of the genteel brothels have one of these debased characters attached to them, and by her instructions the keeper is in a great measure guided. Besides acting as housekeepers, part of their business is to seek out nice-looking girls as lodgers; and in order to do this successfully, they have generally a number of agents in different parts of the town employed to ferret out such servants, sewers, or unprotected females as they imagine will answer their purpose. Those thus engaged are small shopkeepers, green-wives, washing and mangle women, and some of those who keep lodgings, who have many opportunities of meeting with strangers who come to their houses for a night's protection, and advising them to brothels as servants," &c. But as nothing is so much calculated to convey an idea of the extent and enormity of this evil, and the characters of those employed in it, as the following statement of Mr Talbot, from the work of Dr Ryan, the author will take the liberty of quoting them. He represents them as "the most abominable wretches in existence, alike reckless of themselves and of those who may become their prey. Some procurers are men moving in the *most respectable classes of society*. These are attached, for the most part, to brothels, and are often sent to different towns and villages on the continent to engage young girls from their parents as tambour-workers, dressmakers, &c., and a quarters wages are advanced to their parents to lull their suspicions. When these inhuman monsters have obtained a sufficient number, they bring them to London, where their modesty and virtue are sold to profligate wretches for from L.20 to L.100. After a short period, these creatures are said to

become stale, and are turned into the street (contaminated or not) to starve. Procuresses are employed in this metropolis and elsewhere to watch stage coach offices, and to offer advice, aid, and lodgings to girls who come to London to obtain situations. Others frequent bazaars, or rather sinks of iniquity, workhouses, prisons, penitentiaries, for the purpose of hiring servants and decoying innocent and inexperienced girls, by every art and cunning which infamy can suggest. I have known procuresses who were seventy miles from London, and no expense spared on their horrible traffic. They watch young children going to Sunday-schools, and entice them into their haunts." See *Truth*, No. 23, pp. 177, 8.

In addition, we may observe, that the English have at last despaired, thoroughly despaired, of making the world believe that anything good can come out of such an infernal nest as London, when any rascal of the brood would implicate the Prince Consort as being partaker of their endless lies. That the above stab is directed at his reputation as a man and a gentleman, is evident. Think for a moment on the words here falsely put into his mouth—"That the vast territories of India and Australasia are blessed by a London Society, and that the last of these countries is again to be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race." Here you see an entirely new discovery, that Australia, at some former period, was inhabited by the Anglo-Saxons, and that some other race succeeded them, but that now, the blessings of a London Society, will transplant the Anglo-Saxons there again; and that her Majesty's consort expressed these words in the face of what is emphatically termed a Bible Society, in London.

From these words, many questions of deep interest may be propounded. QUESTION I. Did ever England carry a blessing anywhere? It is pretended, though indeed it is as great a falsehood as ever was hatched in that country, that the precious Anglo-Saxon race are the sole proprietors of North America. We formerly allowed them their hearts' desire in extirpating the Irish; so, in like manner, we shall gift them America too, so far as their customs prevail; but to join with them in maintaining they carried a blessing there, or anywhere else, is what we will not concede; for truly that would be acting in direct opposition to all mankind, who are sick of their low swaggering

from the rising to the setting of the sun. But to come at once to the point. It is, alas! too true that the same gibbet crimes which are encouraged, practised, and protected in England, are rampant in that terrible heathen country America. In England, every grade of murderous brutality is not only hoodwinked at, but encouraged. Whatever method any two savages in the latter country may adopt to take away one another's lives, are all attributed to their marvellous civilization and the light of the nineteenth century. The most common way, as is well known, is to box one another to death—a species of murder encouraged and protected by the highest men in that country. Besides, the brood in general have many other plans of destruction. Sometimes they prepare their boots or shoes with iron spikes, projected through the uppers, and thereby engage in combat with their feet, till their bodies are lacerated; and it is but very seldom, if at all, we hear of cognizance taken of these atrocities in precious, civilised England, nor yet of removing such by law or persuasion, though the Anglo-Saxon race have carried blessings to the vast territories of India and Australasia.

2. What is the present condition of America, not to speak of the hopeless state of that country, polluted to the last degree that fallen human nature is capable of? The world knows that the common practices there, the every day occurrences, are murderous inventions, unknown every where else excepting within the bounds of the English tongue. Only last year, in the vicinity of New York, a new invention of murder was brought to practical operation. Two fellows, who challenged one another, were ushered into a large room, at some late hour of night, stripped naked, and then armed with pistols and long knives. There seconds left each of them in an opposite corner of the hall, then extinguished the light, and retired. The enlightened descendants of the Anglo-Saxons were left in utter darkness to find one another as they best could. The New York paper, whence this horrible story is extracted, says that the one discovered the other by the glare of his eyes shining in the dark like that of a cat. Immediately the crack of a pistol indicated the discovery. The ball took effect, but did not kill the monster whose body received it. Shortly thereafter the wounded wretch fired; after which a dead silence ensued;

at last the door was opened, and light brought, the murderers were found standing to the wall; the one who received the bullet had hold of the other by the hair, and his knife through him, in that position. There is, in the same journal, another case equally shocking. Two fellows quarrelled; the one challenged the other to mortal combat, with sword or gun; but his fellow-savage objected to weapons, and alleged that he had no knowledge of handling anything to purpose except his axe, but that he would try him with that. The other agreed. They at once engaged, parrying the death strokes of their long, heavy wood axes; at last one of them received a cut which opened his abdomen, in so shocking a manner that he instantly died. There is at present, in New Orleans, a fellow who keeps a boarding-house for seamen. Within the last five years he murdered no less than eleven persons in his own house, shooting them openly. When the murder is committed, he has only to go away a few miles for some days, and come back to his own house again to repeat the operation. Nor are things any better in other parts of the country. Go where you will, the knife is at your throat at a word; not to speak of that foulest of all crimes, the all-brutal enactments recently made to perpetuate slavery there. These are facts, we presume, which should be sufficient to shut the mouths of pagans in England, who claim the imaginary Anglo-Saxons for their ancestors and offspring in America and elsewhere.

3d. As to the pretended blessings by the phantom London Society to India and Australasia, let facts speak for themselves. What blessings were bestowed on the East Indians by their butchering invaders is no secret. Tipoo Saib resisted them in a manner absolutely worthy of a hero defending his country from the morbid grasp of foreign tyranny; but his virtuous valour cost him both his life and his kingdom. Since which time his murderers have possessed it, and a vast tract of country besides, out of which they drained its riches, and enslaved the innocent inhabitants. These are the blessings carried there. Besides, the English introduced the curse of drunkenness to a degree that compelled the chief Brahmin to form a temperance league, to save the people from utter destruction. Lastly. We defy the hardest impostor in all England to show, wholly or in part, where any society formed in

London carried blessings to any part of the habitable earth, though multitudes here are woefully deceived by these contrivances. Let them, if they can, point out any spot on the wide globe where their missionaries introduced Christianity without seizing the countries where they came, and, finally, extirpated, or are deluging the soil with the blood of the inhabitants. We repeat the challenge, and dare them to the discussion. A sneaking, buttery-mouthed Cobden may talk of peace, while "there are seven abominations in his heart;" but, despite his sophistry, he cannot conceal the bloody invasions of his countrymen. Where was his hypocrisy, or, rather, where is his *whinging* tongue now, at this very instant, properly so speaking, while his countrymen are butchering the Caffres with bloody armies, extirpating and seizing their all with a high hand. When they defied them to deceive them, the English must have both their lives and their country; which is indeed their aim all along. So much for the blessings conveyed to places by London Societies, and English Christianity at home!

Another specimen of Southron insolence is now propagated to make the poor ignorant multitude believe that Scotland derived great benefits and improvements from England, in consequence of the Union—while it is true that men in the Highlands of Scotland, many centuries back, had more wealth than whole communities in the most populous towns in the kingdom at the present day. Lindsay, the historian, following his predecessors, informs us that in the year 1547 the Earl of Athole entertained King James V., the Queen Mother, and the Pope's Legate, with their Retinue, in the following manner:—"Syne then the next summer the king passed to the Highlands, to hunt in Athole, and took with him his mother, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and an Ambassador of the Pope who was in Scotland at the time. The Earl of Athole, hearing of the king's coming, made great provision in all things pertaining to a prince, that he was as well served with all things necessary to his estate as if he had been in his own Palace of Edinburgh. A Palace of timber was built in a fair meadow, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every quarter and *nuik* thereof was a great round, as it had been a block-house, which was *lofted* and *gested* the space of three house height, the

floors laid with green *scarets* and *spreats*, *medwarts* and flowers—that no man knew whereon he *zeid*, but as he had been in a garden: Further, there were two great rounds in ilka side of the gate, and a great Portculléis falling down with the manner of a *barrace*, with a draw-bridge and a great stank of water, sixteen feet deep and thirty feet of breadth; and also, this Palace within was hung with fine tapestry and anasses of silk, and lighted with fine glass in all *airths*: Further, this Earl gart make such provision for the king and his mother, and the ambassador, that they had all manner of meats, drinks and delicacies, that were to be gotten at that time in Scotland, (that is to say, all kinds of drink, as ale, beer, and wine, both red and claret, malvery, muskadel, hippocras, and aqua vitæ); Further, there was of meats white-bread, main-bread and ginge-bread, with *fleshes*, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brisse-cock and pawnies, black cock, muir-fowl and capercaillies; and also the stanks that were round about the palace were full of all delicate fishes, salmond, trout, pearches, pikes, &c. &c., that could be gotten in fresh waters, and all ready for the banquet. Syne were there proper stewarts, cunning *baxters*, excellent cooks, and potengars with confections for their deserts; and the halls and chambers were prepared with costly bedding and napery according for a king—so that he wanted none of his orders more than he had been at home in his own palace.” The king remained in the wilderness at the hunting the space of three days and three nights, and his company. It cost the Earl of Athole every day in expenses, one thousand pounds.

The Ambassador of the Pope, seeing this great banquet and triumph which was made in the wilderness, where there was no town near by twenty miles, thought it a great marvel that such a thing could be, especially in the Highlands, where there was so much wood and wilderness. But most of all this Ambassador marvelled to see, when the king departed, and all his men took their leave, the Highlanders set all this fair place on fire, that the King and the Ambassador might see it.

It was intimated a little ago, how impossible it was for the Scots to be reconciled to the Southrons, who were so barbarous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that they could

not manufacture pins, instead of which they used wooden *brogs*, when at that very period the Scottish Court vied with the most gorgeous of oriental grandeur. We do not say that this is matter of great boasting, after all. Alas! for human vanity. Nevertheless, it shews the difference betwixt civilized life in Scotland and the South-rons, with their *skewers*, *mats* and *clubs*. Compare the following with Henry VIII.'s couch of straw A.D. 1594: Anne, the Queen of James VI., was delivered of her first son, in the Castle of Stirling, upon the 19th of February, that year, when "Ambassadors were immediately dispatched to the Courts of France, Denmark, the Low Countries, Brunswick, Madgeburgh, and England, with the news of this event, and to request that each of these Courts would send a representative to the young Prince's baptism, which his father intended to accompany with great magnificence; at the same time, a convention of the nobility assembled, who voted one hundred thousand pounds to defray the expense. The mansion where the Prince had been born was pitched upon for the baptism. The despatches to Foreign Courts had been so well received that Ambassadors arrived. On the 16th of July landed at Leith Christianus Bernokow and Stenio Bille, Ambassadors from the King of Denmark, the Queen's father; next arrived Adamus Crusius from the Duke of Brunswick, together with Joachimus Bessewitijs, from the Duke of Madgeburgh; on the 3d of August came the Baron of Braderford from the States of Holland, accompanied by Jacobus Falkin, Treasurer of Zealand; the Earl of Sussex arrived from England on the 28th day of August. The preparations were meanwhile going forward, and the ambassadors entertained in the most splendid and sumptuous manner. Hunting and other exercises of the field, or various amusements in the palace, were the pastimes of the day; and the evening was spent in balls and banquets. Tournaments and running at the ring were practised in a valley which was surrounded with guards to prevent the crowd from breaking in, and finely appparelled. A platform was erected on one side the valley for the Queen, her Ladies, and the Foreign Ambassadors. The performers at their entrance uniformly made obeisance to this illustrious groupe. The baptism was performed on the 30th of August.

The new Chapel-Royal was hung with the richest tapestry, and every embellishment added tending to heighten the splendour of the occasion. The eastern part was enclosed with a rail, which none was allowed to pass except the king and the performers of the service. At the north-east corner was placed a chair of state for His Majesty; and on the right, at a small distance, another chair, finely ornamented—being designed for the French Ambassador. Next was a seat covered with crimson taffety, for the English Ambassador; on a desk before him lay a red velvet cushion, and on either side stood a gentleman usher.* Next sat Robert Bowes, the ordinary Ambassador of England, on whose desk lay a purple velvet cushion and cloth; next to him sat the Ambassador of Brunswick, with a green velvet cloth and cushion before him; next was placed the Ambassadors of the Low Countries, with a blue velvet cloth and cushion; on the left, the two Danish Ambassadors, with a velvet cloth of purple on their desk; next sat the Ambassador of Madgeburgh. Over head of each were the armorial bearings of his respective constituent. In the midst of the rail stood a pulpit hung with cloth of gold. All the pavement inside the ballustrade was overlaid with fine tapestry. In a desk under the pulpit sat David Cunningham, Bishop of Aberdeen, with David Lindsay, minister of Leith, on one hand, and John Duncan, one of His Majesty's ordinary chaplains on the other. Before them stood a table covered with yellow velvet. The passage from the Prince's chamber, which was in the palace, to the door of the chapel, was lined with musqueteers, fifty on either side, finely appparelled, and mostly young men of Edinburgh. When all the necessary preparations were completed, His Majesty, King of Scots, attended by the nobility and privy counsellors, entered the chapel, and sat down in the chair of state. The Foreign Ambassadors now repaired to the Prince's chamber, where they found the Royal Infant laid upon a bed of state embroidered with the Labours of Hercules. The ascent to a platform on which the bed was was by three steps, covered with tapestry, wrought with gold; a large cloth of lawn covered both bed and steps, and reached a good way over the floor.

* James had the Southron Court in view that day.

As soon as the ambassadors and other officers had assembled, the Dowager Countess of Mar approached the bed and took up the Prince, and delivered him to the Duke of Lennox, who carried him into the chapel. Upon a table in the room stood the implements of the sacred service: these the Master of the Ceremonies delivered to certain noblemen to be carried before the Prince. The Prince's Robe-Royal of purple velvet, richly set with pearls, was delivered to Lennox, who put it upon the Royal Infant, whilst the train was borne by the Lords Sinclair and Urquhart. They adjourned to an outer chamber, when a canopy was supported with four poles, and covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold. At length, when every thing had been regularly adjusted, the procession, at sound of trumpet, set out in the following order:—Lion King at Arms, with the other Heralds, in their robes; the Thanes bearing the utensils; Livingston, a towel; Home, a ducal crown, richly set with diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds; then followed the canopy, borne by four barons, viz. Walter Scott of Buccleugh, the Constable of Dundee, Sir Robert Ker of Cesford, and the Laird of Traquair; around the canopy were the ambassadors of Denmark, Madgeburgh, &c.; last of all followed the Countess of Mar, the ladies of honour, and the nurse. At their entrance into the chapel, the utensils were received by the Master of Ceremonies, who placed them upon the table before the pulpit, and the noble bearers retired to their seats. The canopy was set down before the pulpit, and the French Ambassador delivered the Prince to Lennox, who immediately gave him to the Lady Mar, who committed him into the hands of the nurse. All the ambassadors retired to their seats. Outside the rail were placed long seats, covered with green, on which were seated the gentry of Scotland, Denmark, Germany, Flanders, and a few of the Faas of England. As soon as all the company was seated, Mr Patrick Galloway, one of His Majesty's ordinary chaplains, preached from Genesis xxi., 1—2. When sermon was ended, the Bishop of Aberdeen stood up in his seat and discoursed on the Sacrament of Baptism in Latin, as a proper compliment to the continental part of his audience. The provost and prebends of the chapel sang the twenty-first Psalm. The king, leaving his seat, advanced towards the pulpit. The

ambassadors followed in order. The barons who bore the canopy moved towards the pulpit; and the Duke of Lennox, receiving the Prince from the Lady Mar, held him in his arms during the performance of the sacred act. The royal child was baptized under the names of Frederick Henry, no sooner pronounced than repeated aloud by the Lyon King of Arms, and as often confirmed with sound of trumpet by the inferior heralds. When the action was over, the king, ambassadors and great officers, returned to their seats. When all was composed the Bishop of Aberdeen, mounting the pulpit, addressed each of the ambassadors in Latin; he gave a history of each potentate there diplomatically represented, and shewed the relation which each crowned head bore to the Royal Family of Scotland, and concluded by giving God thanks on the joyous occasion. It now only remained to pronounce the concluding benediction. This had no sooner been done than the Lyon King at Arms enunciated aloud—‘God save Frederick Henry, by the grace of God Prince of Scotland;’ and the inferior heralds, at an open window, re-echoed the benison with trumpet’s clang—the king, ambassadors, noblemen, gentlemen and ladies, retiring in the same order in which they had entered into the Parliament House. The guns of the Castle were meanwhile fired and answered by volleys of small arms. When the Procession had arrived the Duke of Lennox presented the Prince to the king, who dubbed him a knight—the Earl of Mar touching him with the spur. The king also placed upon the infant’s head a ducal crown; and Lyon proclaimed the right excellent high and magnanimie Frederick Henry, Knight and Baron of Renfrew, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothsay, Prince and Great Stewart of Scotland; these titles were also repeated by the heralds at a window in the hall; then the Prince was carried to his own chamber in the palace. At this instant His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on the following gentlemen:—William Stewart of Houston, Robert Bruce of Clackmannan, William Livingston of Darnchester, James Shaw of Sauchie, John Murray of Ethilstown, Alexander Fraser of Ferburgh, John Lindsay of Dunrod, George Livingston of Ogilface, James Forrester of Torwoodhead, Alexander Balfour of Strathour, George Elphinston of Blythwood, and David Meldrum of

Newhall. These names, with their honours, were proclaimed upon the terrace of the castle; and large quantities of gold and silver at the same instant thrown among the people. During these transactions the tables were covered in the great hall; and at eight o'clock in the evening their majesties, with the ambassadors, sat down to a sumptuous banquet. First, Lyon and his brethren entered the hall with sound of trumpet; next followed the noblemen who were officers of the king and queen's household, the Earl of Mar, Lord Fleming, Great Master Usher, the Earl of Montrose, carver; the Earl of Glencairn, cupbearer; the Earl of Orkney, Lord Seton and Lord Hume. Their majesties and the ambassadors were placed at one table, with a space between each chair; next to them were placed the ambassadors from Brunswick and Madgeburgh; upon the king's left hand, in a chair of state, sat the queen, and next to her sat the ambassadors from Denmark, and then those from the states of Holland and Zealand; upon the east side of the hall were placed two long tables, at which sat the noblemen, ladies of honour, and counsellors of Scotland, with noblemen and gentlemen of Denmark, Germany and Flanders, as were present. When the first course was ended the company were on a sudden surprised with the sight a Moor drawing a chariot in the form of a triumphal car into the hall, with the sound of trumpets and hautboys. This machine was so artfully constructed that it appeared to be drawn by the strength of the Moor alone, who was richly attired, and wore about his neck massy chains of gold. It was designed at first that the chariot should be drawn into the hall by a lion; but, lest the unexpected appearance of so fierce a creature might have too much alarmed the ladies—or he might have started at the sight of the lamps and torches, to which that animal has a natural aversion, it was judged, upon second thought, more proper to have the piece of service performed by a Moor. Upon the chariot was a table, richly covered with fruits and confectionary wares; around the table stood six damsels, three of whom were clothed in argentine satin, and three in crimson satin, and all richly embellished with gold and silver: each of them wore a crown or garland upon their heads, and their hair was decked with pearls and jewels; in the front stood one who represented Ceres,

holding a sickle in one hand and a bunch of corn in the other, with this sentence written upon her side—‘*An talamh bunait gach màoin,*’ *i.e.* Earth the source of all riches; over against Ceres stood Fruitfulness (Fœcundita) holding some bunches of chesbols, with this device upon one side—‘*Sliochd sona beartach,*’ *i.e.* Happy and wealthy progeny, and upon the other—‘*Ginibh mìltibh,*’ *i.e.* Produce thousands; next, on the other side, was placed Fides holding a bason, in which were two hands joined together, with this sentence—‘*Curidh maitheas snas air aònachd,*’ *i.e.* Virtue will illustrate union; over against Fides stood Concord, in whose left hand was a golden tassle, and in her right the horn of plenty, with this device—‘*Gu ma ’hè pailteas do chranchur,*’ *i.e.* May plenty be thy lot; the next place was occupied by Liberality, who held in her right hand two crowns, and in her left as many sceptres, with this device—‘*Me comite plura dabis quam accipies;*’ the last was Perseverance, having in her hand a staff, and upon her left shoulder an anchor, with this sentence—‘*Nec dubies res mutabunt nec secundæ.*’ The dessert with which the chariot was loaded was delivered in silence by the damsels to the Earls and Barons. Upon the departure of the chariot another spectacle equally uncommon at feasts entered the hall; this was a boat placed upon wheels, and so artfully constructed as to move by secret springs, insomuch that none of the spectators could discern what moved her; the length of her keel was eighteen feet, and her breadth eight from the bottom to highest flag, which was lowered upon her passing through; the gate of the hall was forty feet, her masts were painted red, the tackling and cordage were silk of the same colour, and the pullies were of gold; her ordnance consisted of thirty-six pieces of brass, elegantly mounted; the sails were of white taffety, and the anchors tipped with silver; in the foresail was a compass with this device—‘*Quascunque per undas;*’ upon the mainsail were painted the Arms of Scotland in conjunction with those of Denmark, and this sentence—‘*En quæ divisa beatos efficiunt collecta tenes;*’ all the sails, flags and streamers, were embroidered with gold and jewels; the marines were in number six, all clad in variegated Spanish taffety; the pilot, who was arrayed in cloth of gold, stood alone at the helm, moving and directing the whole

machine; there were also on board fourteen musicians, apparelled in taffety, and Arion with his harp; upon the forecastle stood Neptune, clad in Indian silk embroidered with silver, and holding in his hand a trident, and upon his head a crown, with this device—‘*Junxi atque reduxi;*’ next stood Thetis, with her mace, and this device—‘*Nunquam abero et tutum semper te littore sistam;*’ at the right hand of Thetis stood Triton, with his sea-shell, and this device—‘*Velis votis ventis;*’ around the vessel were three Sirens, who, accommodating their gestures to the music, repeated these verses—‘*Unus eris nobis cantandus semper in orbe;*’ the outside of the boat was decked with pearls, coral shells, and other productions of the sea. At the sound of a trumpet she entered the hall, and amid the blast of Triton’s shell, together with the pilot’s whistle, she made sail till she came to the table, discharging her ordnance by the way. When she arrived near the table those in waiting received the wares, which were sweetmeats in chrystal glasses, curiously painted with gold and azure, and made-up by the art of the confectioner in the shapes of almost all sorts of fishes. While the vessel was unloading, Arion was sitting upon the galley-noose, which, in the form of a dolphin, played upon his harp; then followed the hautboys’ violins and flutes, and last of all a general concert. In the end, the banquet being finished, thanks were given, and the cxxviii Psalm sung in seven parts, by fourteen voices; then, at the sound of Triton’s shell and the pilot’s whistle, the boat weighed anchor, and made sail till she was without the hall: and so ended this magnificent ceremony.”*

Such were the state of affairs in Scotland long before English hunger and vice found their way here; the people were the owners of the soil—the chiefs lived on the handsome incomes procured to them by the people, (though the obligation was voluntarily): so that in this way Scotland subsisted in independent happiness for a series of ages, while her rival wallowed in slavery. But alas! like all other earthly things, our liberty and independence are now consumed by the vice and slavery of England. The manner in which our alien representatives are taught there is the direct cause of our ruin. Nothing can be

* Archbishop Spottiswood; see also Nimmo’s History of Stirlingshire.

more agreeable to fallen human nature than the heathen practices of that country—nothing can be more agreeable to fallen man than to be instructed to abuse God's creatures by oppression. The English caught our countrymen, and ruined this kingdom by the agency of their vices, though, in spite of their hearts' blood, they could not gain their object by any other means for several ages. Nothing can be more agreeable to man than to live without restraint, such as they do there. The Southrons are well aware that if our representatives were educated according to the tenets of christianity taught in this kingdom there would have been an end of the connexion long ago: hence their thirst for palming their *hags* on our apostate countrymen as wives, in order to secure the rearing of our principal men in England, and so to prevent any good from entering his head or heart whilst he is young and tender; and once that season is over, farewell, hope! farewell! Is not this the reason? What other cause but that just mentioned could tempt men to associate with beings void of proper qualifications to recommend them! and what other cause could make our nominal countrymen prefer the basest of countries to their own! What else but the English corruption imbibed in youth could tempt them to forget their national fame in the days of yore, and the honour and magnificence which their fathers exhibited, as we have instanced in the preceding pages; and although they know all that to be true, yet such is the power of the corruption in which they are instructed that they not only wallow in it themselves, but are also dragging this nation along with them into the pit of ignorance and immorality; and while such is the fruit of their "educational course" nothing is heard but the incessant cry of improvements, with the pretension that all is derived from their associates and tutors south of the Tweed; gluttony, deceit, sabbath-breaking, defamation of their fellow-men, and lewdness are their principal characteristics; and such qualities as these spreading their corrupting influence upon our countrymen gives the proper key to the causes by which Caledonia is desolated. By such satanic agencies the brave Gael are driven out—their houses set on fire, or, with inhuman rage, pulled down about their ears; and these practices are now perpetrated everywhere. But, alas! there is infinitely worse—English vice has now

pervaded every corner of the land, and the wrath of God must follow. Wherever the seed of them appear they carry their vices along with them. Our watering places are notorious instances of this; in these places, only a few years ago, innocence reigned, but say is there not a great difference now?

Englishmen are now the same as they were when the Gael attempted to christianize them in the Seventh Century. Every day's newspaper gives accounts of people shooting, hanging and drowning themselves. "In the city of Westminster and places adjacent, for the last ten years, say Lichfield, "there have been no less two hundred and twenty-six suicides." On the 3d April, 1819, Mr J. Smith said in the House of Commons, "that at Guildhall perjury was reduced to such a system that no honest man could think of it without shuddering." The list of commitments for trial between 1805 and 1817 are as follows:

DATES.	CRIMINALS.	DATES.	CRIMINALS.
1805, ...	4005.	1812, ...	6576.
1806, ...	4706.	1813, ...	7164.
1807, ...	4406.	1814, ...	7300.
1808, ...	4735.	1815, ...	7818.
1809, ...	5330.	1816, ...	9001.
1810, ...	5146.	1817, ...	13932.
1811, ...	5337.		
		TOTAL,	85916.

In the Glasgow Examiner of April 20th, 1850, we have the following account:—In London there are 12,000 children under regular training for crime; 30,000 thieves; 6000 receivers of stolen goods; 3000 picked up in a state of drunkenness weekly; 50,000 habitual gin drinkers; and 150,000 of both sexes leading an abandoned life." The Free Church Magazine of March, 1850, says, in reference to Stewart Wortley's Bill of Incest—"Returns are procured from 280 clergymen, in various parts of the country; from their returns it appeared that there are within the knowledge of these clergymen 178 cases of marriage with wife's sister; 269 marriages within the prohibited degrees—remaining 91; wife's daughter, 6; own half-sister, 11; son's wife, 2; uncle's wife, 3; wife's niece, 11. These were cases which had occurred for the most part in the upper and middle classes of life." Such are the men of which England can boast, yet our country-

men have no other connections. In the meantime, however, to congratulate them upon winding up this character of their friends and tutors of England, let us take a quotation from Fraser's Magazine for January, 1850, and the Free Church Magazine, following the former statements. "We are told of the whole mass of the agricultural labourers in the south-western counties, and midland at all events, living not like men but like beasts—stinted in their wages, starved without decent house-room, stinted in all their faculties of affection and of knowledge, uncared for, vicious, degraded, sullen and hateful; the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire labourers pigging their life long by dozens in one room—children and adults, blood relations and strangers—their senses stupified to incest itself." Such is the character of the people whom our countrymen prefer to their own—the brave, hospitable, and peaceful Gael. You are already partly aware that every now and again the English are hiring fellows to come down here and defame whatever is brilliant in the national character: by such means they have hitherto, in a great measure, diverted the public by these emissaries; their design is, which has been carried into effect, for a number of years, that, by keeping that wound open, they may effectually divert the Scottish mind from exploring the fearful state of Englishmen; and oh! how terrified are they that their fraud and abominable manner of living should be exposed! But now, at length, we defy them to take refuge under their rotten coverts. They hired Johnson, MacCulloch, Scott the Fabulist, and the two Chambers, for the above purpose; but they forget all the time that Scotchmen can pay them visits; and when they do so what will they find? The first object that will confront you after crossing the Border is the Newcastle *pagans*. No sooner are you on that soil than you are convinced that some fate cast you among the Aborigines of Terra del Feugo; there you will see brutality to which everybody else are strangers, their "enlightened" countrymen always excepted; there you will find multitudes of heathens never baptized, and, as may be expected, equal, nay inferior to the beasts of the field, if mental cultivation or a development of the finer sensibilities be taken into consideration; there the fathers are in the habit of stripping themselves without the least emotion before their real or

reputed families; and there you will find, as is common through England, husbands not only sending their wives to the streets purposely as common prostitutes, but also in the habit of following them, and pelting them if they don't pay attention to their work, i.e. they are sure of a sound beating for neglect of duty. Go to Liverpool, and there you will find them such thieves that at the time your victuals are cooking, should you take a turn to the street in the interim, the contents of your teapot, pot or pan, is sure to be glutted by the individuals with whom you are lodged; and, should you demand satisfaction, they will deny that they saw or heard anything of the matter. In Constantinople, and other cities of Turkey, when anything is stolen, the natives say there was a christian here; in like manner, when a pot on the fire is emptied, none but the English could perform the action. In England, should you happen to be vexed with any law case, you have only to go to any street or town in the district, where you will find thousands that will swear to anything you desire them; and, indeed, occurrences of this kind are so frequent that the "civilized" Southrons ask no other evidence; but they just give a groat to one or more of these hired wretches, as they need them, who, of course, will swear at once—still they are the *most* civilized christians in the world (?) How then are we to proceed? Duty requires an unreserved exposure of these malignants; but we proceed, truly not without the utmost compassion for them. Without exception, those of them who are conspicuous under the name of "learned" and "enlightened" have more need of pity than of censure, though, on the other hand, it is a christian duty to expose them to view as a warning to others. We shall therefore take current facts for our standard.

From the numerous sub-divisions into which the Criminal department is divided, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the annual cost of crime in the various parts of the country. The Morning Chronicle of 19th October, 1849, published the government estimates for the year: The cost of criminal and convict establishments amounts to £948,000. To this item should be added the cost of county prisons, local and rural police, with a variety of other charges, amounting in all to between four and five millions sterling. But where will we see the end

of this catalogue? Since these remarks were penned early in October, 1850, the following frightful picture of English depravity was published by Charles Dickens, in his "Household Narrative of Current Events." In the number of that periodical embracing a narration of events from the 29th September to the 29th October, 1850. He says—"It became at this period perfectly evident that the restraints of order and law, as well as the obligations of conscience, had lost their power. With irrepressible and insolent defiance robbery and murder stalked through the land, houses were entered in the metropolis at mid day, their inmates left half strangled, and property of singular value carried off without hindrance. Men were waylaid in the public thoroughfares, struck into insensibility, and plundered of all they possessed. Jewellers' shops were stripped in the Strand, in Broadway, in Adam Street. Adelphi, a government messenger, was stopped and rifled. Highway robbery was committed in St. Paul's churchyard. Madines were delivered by hand in Bermondsey. Houses were entered in the Regent's Park, and only saved from plunder by the timely and gallant resistance of the men and women servants. The counties in closest vicinity with the metropolis were over-run with the most daring kind of thieves. County Magistrates went to bed with six-barrelled revolving pistols under their pillows. Bagshot was once more a solitude, and grass grew again on the old Bath road, as in the days when it made smooth trotting for the hooves of highwaymen's horses. In the parsonage house of Frimley, a small village within half-an-hour's ride of London, a venerable clergyman was murdered in his bed by burglars detected at their midnight practices. In the same county, eighteen houses had been similarly entered and robbed, and their inmates treated with violence in the brief space of three weeks; and in the neighbouring county of West Kent ten parsonages had been plundered in less than the same number of preceding months. But the fate of the Rector of Frimley seemed suddenly to let loose simultaneously over the counties of England a spirit of outrage without parallel for concentration and intensity. The "Times" devoted column after column to burglaries in the provinces. Durham and Devonshire, Lancashire and Bedford, Bucks and Staffordshire, figured in a single list served up at a morn-

ing's breakfast table. The objects of ruffianly-embraced prizes were as various as the government mail carts and the meanest huckster's shops, and so flushed were the rogues with their daring success that they even broke into the governor's house, in the gaol at Worcester, and carried off the plate under the noses of warders and turn-keys. Nothing was too high, and nothing too low, for the designs of this desperate banditti; nor could their cruelty, when unresisted, be equalled but by their cowardice. A girl of fourteen years of age, armed with a brace of pistols, put some half-dozen thieves to flight at Abbotskerswell, in Devon; 'O don't, for God's sake—don't shoot me!' was the supplication of a cringing thief to the butler in the Regent's Park, to which that domestic responded by firing at his head; a youth at Northampton sprang from the bed in his shirt upon a burglar armed to the teeth, and pinned him to the earth till assistance came; and one spirited old maid proved too much for a couple of tall ruffians at Swindon, in Gloucestershire. But these cases were unhappily rare; for the destruction of life at this lamentable period seemed to have been sought quite as eagerly as the abstraction of property. In Birmingham a gold and silver beater was struck and maimed with murderous weapons until supposed to be dead. At Bath the landlord of a tavern and his wife were barbarously mutilated with a razor. At another hotel in Kendal an aged dissenting minister was horribly wounded and half suffocated in his bed. A labouring man in Oxfordshire savagely murdered his wife. At a farmer's house in Laugharne two murders were committed within a few days of each other. In another part an elderly lady was poisoned for the chance of an inheritance. At a small town in Lincolnshire a ferocious old drunkard of seventy-three stabbed to death a youth who would have prevented his murdering his aged partner. At Haverfordwest an old woman was found murdered in a ditch. A murdered infant was picked up in one of the most populous squares in London; and at Essex a poor seduced girl and her unborn infant were mercilessly murdered."

"He has fair hair," said the reporter of the leading journal of England, describing the seducer and murderer in the last mentioned case, "a brilliant florid complexion, delicate features, countenance very expressive of mildness

and rustic innocence." Such was the fashion at this deplorable juncture of speaking of persons charged with the most detestable crimes. Here was no doubt one of the Angelic-looking Saxons.

The "Narrative" goes on to say—"It cannot of course be thought surprising that the whereabouts of the Police should have become a matter of anxious question, while unchecked and uninhibited violence thus raged throughout the kingdom—the cost of guardianship being not less than £17,000 a-year in the county of all others the most effectually guarded. Such a question became extremely natural; but alas! the discovery was soon made that the paid conservatives of order and decency, at this distressing period, had not been able to escape its general demoralization. Concurrently with the acts just recorded a series of acts of criminal outrage upon the public peace were proved against its very custodians themselves. While the unhappy gold-beater of Birmingham was under the furious bludgeons of his assailants, two experienced officers, a sub-inspector and a sergeant, were proved to have stood within sight and hearing of the outrage, and in reply to several entreaties from the daughter of the victim to have refused interference in what might be merely, for what they knew, an act of highly-proper chastisement. In the same week, in the centre of English civilization, three very gross and wicked offences were proved against members of the London Police; and one of its superior officers was charged with manslaughter by a coroner's jury for having maltreated to death an industrious and inoffensive artizan. But the general disorganization of Society exhibited appearances even more alarming. It was not simply to the lowest servants of the law but to its highest administrators, even to its makers and judges that the scandal of this unhappy time extended: an Ex-Lord-High-Chancellor of England was fined for unlawful practices with fishing nets; and a nobleman in the most exalted rank of the peerage assaulted two wayfaring men. Nay, not even here did the mark of universal degradation cease. What had been heretofore considered the most stubborn bulwark of English independence was now discovered to have been equally undermined. A hope prevailed that the daring spirit of burglary would have found some check in the difficulty of disposing of the property and plate

which were its spoils; but a man of the highest respectability in the city, a bullion broker of forty years' standing, a man who had amassed enormous wealth without forfeiting the respect of his fellow-citizens, was suddenly discovered in close correspondence with gangs of provincial burglars, who had thus found safe and unsuspected market for their villanous trade. Nor were encouragements to mis-doing in any degree less wanting either from those who administered what was called justice or from those in whose behalf it was administered. While magistrates failed properly to discriminate the grades of guilt in criminals, society as little perceived the danger of misplaced sympathy with crime itself. Charitable people, with money to bestow, lavished it on those who had yielded to temptation, and made poverty the excuse for theft, while the patient and long-suffering class whom temptation had found firm were left to perish on all sides around them. In Staffordshire, a labouring man was heavily punished for setting and beating with a dog, as one of the highway tramps, for an act of thieving as well as beating of a very different order; and, by a bench of Squire Westerns in Westmoreland, the value of a dissenting minister's life seemed to be judged pretty nearly on a par with the worth of a brass pan. In short, but for the unquestionable authenticity of the records preserved of this extraordinary crisis in the British history, the relation of it would be quite incredible. Whether the scene be the heart of London or elsewhere, the inquirer is shocked and disgusted alike by the same absence of all the signs or fruits of civilization. Children and grown men were dying of absolute starvation in the public roads of the County of Clare at the very time that the Art of Mutuality, or the means of trading without capital, was regularly taught in both countries, by Societies invented for the express purpose of plunder; while, at the same time, four firms of the city of London, with very sounding titles, appear to have carried the invention with success in a single apartment in a sort of public in St. Martin's Court. All over the counties of England, concurrently with these events, arose the flames of incendiary fires; and even claims the most monstrous were set up to a sort of vested interest in the profits of calamity. A band of fishermen on the Norfolk coast asserted their right to a beneficial tithe of every wreck upon

their shore by going off in their boats, like so many savages of the Pacific, and committing desperate assaults on a steamer hired by the owners of the wreck for its rescue. Others, as drunken wretches, drank themselves to death from the spoils of a shipwreck washed on the coast of Liverpool; and at the same wreck the gallantest and best paid abandoned the service of humanity, while the hapless creatures, clinging to the sinking vessel's shrouds, saw their last hopes perish within sight of its fulfillment, by the cowardly retreat of the Liverpool life-boat in an ordinary tempestuous sea. Even to seamen of the higher rank the panic of the time extended; and the captain of a steamer in the English Channel, after running his ship on a formidable reef of rocks, with a sacrifice of eleven lives, in a calm sunny day, was the first to desert the ship he had imperiled for the supposed shelter of a boat which he swamped by suddenly leaping into it in search of despicable safety.

“Do these read like the records of a civilized land? yet not even here are we permitted to close our reiteration of barbarous events in the same single month of the EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH YEAR of the christian dispensation. In this so-called christian period a man in a fair way of trade had to answer the indictment of his parish for refusing to support his aged mother; a lodging-house keeper in Kent-street did not hesitate to dispossess himself of a dying tenant, in arrear of rent by dragging him naked out of his sick bed, beating him down the stairs with a heavy bludgeon—and thrusting him, without covering, into the public street, bleeding and insensible. ‘What next?’ asked the wife of a tailor in White Chapel, who was working and starving his apprentice to death, when the lad dropped at length under his labour of near eighteen hours a day: then, of course, death came, and the poor creature welcomed it with the affecting cry of—‘oh! God has heard my prayer.’ Even children, from six to ten years, had caught the infection of hardness and guilt, and were as resolute and insolent in the docks of the police courts as the most veteran offenders. Nor is this alone with children bred to neglect; no! thirty-three boys, well-bred and carefully nurtured, had to be suddenly removed from one of the most important schools of discipline in the kingdom with their characters indelibly blackened. The

most appalling stories were also told in the police courts of public lodging-houses crammed with both sexes, in streets behind one of the greatest London thoroughfares, where ninety creatures were wont to pass the night in a house without proper room for nine, and where the rooms overflowed with night-soil. Nor should it be forgotten that the Councillors of the city of London, only two or three days ago, voted five hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds for the continued support of the abominations of a cattle-market in the heart of their crowded streets. What, meanwhile, is the spiritual condition of the country thus overburdened with vice and crime? We may perhaps obtain some approximative notion of it by taking the prison commitments of an important county for the twelve months preceding. They exhibit eight hundred and thirty souls made amenable during that time to such laws as prevailed. Nearly one-half had never learned to read. Seven hundred and fifty forlorn wretches among the number were found able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but nearly four hundred of them possessed not the slightest notion of its meaning. Six hundred and twenty-two could repeat the Creed; but of these more than one-sixth had no knowledge of the nature of it or even of the name of Christ. No one at the same time could feel the least surprise at this who knew how the so-called spiritual teachers of the day passed their time, and the subjects in which alone they took interest. They had long abandoned every effort to enlighten the people or inculcate the practical duties of religion; no other questions are of more importance with them than such as whether sermons should be delivered in a surplice, or candles lighted at the communion table; and at what period of the rite of baptism the child was saved from sin's eternal penalties; and whether the church could act independently of state, and if state had power to sit in judgment on church? And while the garrison thus quarrelled and disputed, lo! the enemy were thundering at the gates. The state of England in the Nineteenth Century had retrograded, in a word, to that of its state at the close of the Sixth Century. After a lapse of twelve centuries exactly the same thing now occurred; but unhappily for this offending and miserable people, what in its origin was an effort of retrieval in its renewal was but the penalty of sin; the intervening

centuries counted back to depth after depth of degradation; and in more than equal proportion to the blessings of christianity are the scandals of Popery which Pius the Little inflicted by means of Cardinal Nicolas Wiseman. So might the history of our times be written with not one word of falsehood in the facts."

In the same periodical, under the article—"Narrative of Law and Crime," we have the following shocking case, along with some more:—

"Mr Cureton, of the British Museum, was robbed and nearly murdered, in an extraordinary manner, on the 20th ult. Mr Cureton lodges on the second floor of a house in Aldersgate-street. In the afternoon, three men, fashionably dressed, inquired for him in the lower part of the house, and were directed to go up stairs; they did so, and about a quarter of an hour after descended and left the place. A few minutes later, a Mrs Wilson took some milk for Mr Cureton's tea; and, on entering the room, she found him extended on the floor, insensible—his face black, and blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. Seven hours elapsed before Mr Cureton was restored to consciousness. He then intimated that he had been robbed; that the three men pretended that they wished to purchase a crown piece of William and Mary. Mr Cureton shewed them one; while two of the gang were inspecting it, the third stood by the door, watching if any one ascended the stairs. Mr Cureton turned to ask him to be seated; at that instant an instrument was pressed round his throat, depriving him of all power; and he was struck a violent blow on the right eye, which made him fall senseless. Then the villains ransacked the place, carrying off a watch, a diamond pin, a box of cigars, and coins worth from £300 to £400. It is supposed that the vice in which Mr Cureton's neck was grasped was formed of two 'life preservers' tied together at one end. Fortunately the villains missed the most valuable article, having overlooked a number of gold coins while sweeping away the silver ones. The Rev. Mr Hollest, perpetual curate of Frimley Grove, was murdered on the 27th September, by robbers who broke into his house in the dead of night. On the night in question there were in the house Mr and Mrs Hollest; youths of fourteen and fifteen, who were at home from school; a man servant and two maid servants. About

three o'clock in the morning they were awakened by a noise at the foot of his bed. Mr Hollest thought it a trick of his sons, and good-naturedly chided them for the unseasonable hour they had chosen. Mrs Hollest was not deceived; and screamed in terror. The men instantly seized them both, and, with pistols pointed at their heads, declared that if they made the slightest noise they would blow their brains out. Mrs Hollest struggled hard, and at length succeeded in getting out of bed, and seizing a bell rope, upon which her assailant rushed to the side of the bed, and threw himself upon her with such force as to snap the bell rope asunder, and continued to stand over her with his pistol pointed to her face. Mr Hollest, who was a strong and active man, struggled with the villain that stood over him; and, getting out of bed, was in the act of stooping down to reach the poker from the fireplace, when his assailant fired, and wounded him in the abdomen. Mr Hollest was not aware at first that he had been struck, and continued to grapple with the robber, endeavouring to prevent his escape. The report of the pistol alarmed the miscreant who was standing over Mrs Hollest, and he left her for a moment and joined his companion. Finding herself released, she rushed to the fireplace, and, seizing a large hand bell, swung it too and fro several times. The villains almost immediately left the apartment; and, descending the staircase, hastened out of the house by the front door. Mr Hollest seized a loaded gun, ran down stairs, and fired at three men who were running across a lawn, but without effect. On returning up stairs, Mr Hollest first discovered that he was wounded. He got into bed, and sent the man servant for constables. When Mr Davies, the family surgeon, examined Mr Hollest, he at once foresaw a fatal issue. The patient's sufferings were intense; and at noon, on Saturday, the 29th, it was announced to him that death was approaching. He expired between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday evening.'

The Rev. John Clay, chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, says—"The head and front of the direct causes of moral disorder is now, as it has been long—drunkenness. Men and women are led into further crime by intoxication, and children are exposed to every demoralizing influence by the neglect of their drunken

parents. I have examined the official returns by the gentlemen respectively superintending Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Preston, and Wigan Police, and I find that in the year 1846 more than 150,200 persons appeared before the magistrates, charged with drunkenness; and upwards of 10,000 more, accused of breach of the peace and assaults: offences implying drunkenness in almost every case."

In the Fourteenth Report of Inspectors of English Prisons (1849), the chaplain of Salford Prison refers to the case of a female committed 78 times for drunkenness, having cost £64 16s. thus:—

183½ weeks' subsistence, at 6s. per week,	£55	1	0
78 commitments, at 2s 6d., ...	9	15	0
	—————	£64	16 0

And, he adds, she has now (22d January, 1849,) been 85 times in prison, generally for three days, once three times in one week, and several times twice in one week.

Besides all this, is it not fresh in the memory of all who have access to the current news of our times, that only two or three years bygone the *London Indians* stripped all the hedges thereabout of their foliage, and made up several chests full of the leaves of the thorn, which was sold off for very fine tea, that being of course a genuine specimen of English civilization and of the wonderful "march of intellect of the Nineteenth Century." It may not perhaps be amiss to rehearse another addition of some of the improvements of Anglo-Saxonism in contra-distinction to Celtic barbarity. The "Greenock Advertiser" of April 12th, 1850, recorded—"A correspondent in the 'London Examiner' says—'It behoves those who are in the habit of buying Ground Coffee to be on the look-out, or they may perchance run the risk of breakfasting on the remains of their nearest and dearest relatives. By a trust-worthy friend I am informed that of the old coffin-wood dug out of the crowded churchyards of London, that a large quantity of it is ground, and coffee adulterated therewith. It communicates to coffee a good colour, and puts an excellent body into it. There can be no doubt of it.'"

Of the entire number, 124,452 criminals committed to the prisons of England during the year 1846, 15,726 were under seventeen years of age, of which 13,444 were males, and 2282 females—hence the Rev. Henry Wolsey,

in his "Prize Essay on Juvenile Depravity," states "that the sum of offenders under twenty years of age has been considerably more than one-fourth of the whole number, and that in 1846 it reached the centesimal proportion of 31 per cent."

"In 1847, there were taken into custody by the London Police 62,181 offenders, or disorderly characters, of which 15,689 were under twenty years of age."* "There are 100,000 children in London without education of any kind."† "Satan has a glorious reign here! his great agent, drunkenness, is spreading a curse around."‡

Notwithstanding the above lamentable state of that country, the eternal cry is "Heengland! Heengland!! Heengland!!!" "The Nineteenth Century!" "The march of intellect of the Nineteenth Century!" "The Anglo-Saxons!" "The people are now Saxonized!" Well they are. It is alas! too true that the wretched people of these lands are indeed drowned in English vice to that degree that reform is out of the question. Nor is this infernal process of murdering the souls and bodies of men without its agents. While the heathen multitude have no faculties to perceive that their condition is as brutal as brutal can be, neither have they will nor power to arrest the death scourge of their destroyers. How truly awful to contemplate the depth of misery and crime with which the present inhabitants of this land are stupified! It were surely sufficient to arouse any rational being to resist the delusion of the *march* falsehood, while all can see that at a certain hour of each day nothing is heard along our streets everywhere but the clanking of iron and wood implements, to render every house a fortress for what will be certainly realized, if that is neglected, viz., that before morning their earthly all is stolen, and their throats cut to the bargain—that is the first item of the *march*. Secondly, dissect the political mania with which the head and tail of the present crew are driven headlong into destruction. Few can be ignorant that there is a principle in human nature, fallen and erring as it is, which must at all times develope itself, and that it is as universal as the human family. No tribe—no people—can be found on the face of the earth without a leader of some kind, which clearly

* Temperance League Register, under Article 'Juvenile Delinquency.'

† Ragged School Union—First Annual Report. ‡ Lord Ashley, M.P.

demonstrates that mankind cannot live otherwise than in a social state, whether roving in the forest or hatching the devil's delight in crowded cities such as the pandemonium of London. Humanity, of itself, will unite on a perfectly natural principle, commonly known by the name of society or union. This is indeed a true reflection of nature, and the grand foundation of social order. No section of mankind can live without order; men could as soon overturn the decree of death as prevent themselves from finding that path: hence observe that the beginning of each society is in itself pure and simple, in comparison to the future growth of one, and every state or kingdom, whether ancient or modern. In like manner, at first the good of the whole is generally aimed at, although that can never be accomplished by any number of our fellow-creatures, let them be as anxious and willing as they please. It is part of man's misery, as a fallen being, to seek refuge from his wants and woes in this present world—and to blame his fellow-men when he cannot find it. Nor is it less palpable that there are three degrees to which the human intellect will naturally aspire, in the course of every society; but at present we shall observe their development in states or kingdoms: hence observe, that when any state is formed there is generally a wonderful unanimity among its members so long as the impression is strong that the good of the whole is aimed at by the whole. *Secondly*, by and by the majority will discover that the benefits which they expected are not realized. Here they will examine the whole fabric vigorously for the cause of their disappointment; but now the minority, who are taught by experience that the endless grievances of the whole can never be removed, are in a sad fix. They are also aware that if they attempt to convince their fellows of their folly that the ruin of the whole as a community, and death itself, is their reward. So that, as a natural consequence, the flood-gates of misery are opened, and alas! where is the end of the devilry that must enter. You will say, "I see plainly that there are many woes there in grim array, entering as fast as they may; but though the heathen world, who have no revelation from God to guide them, could not mend the matter, surely Christians can. *Ans.* I see quite clear what you would be at. You want a sight of the pranks of the minority, or those in power, repelling the many who

are enraged when they find themselves disappointed of the expected happiness. *Tyro*—"That is just it."

As the substance of your enquiry implies the necessity of commenting for a little on the third degree above-noted, we shall at present call it the stage of separation, and follow the intrigues of the few diverting the many, when the latter would rebel because they cannot banish their wants.

Man is a fallen being, unspeakably miserable by nature and practice. Ever since the unhappy division of the human family on the plains of Shinar, (Gen. x.) the vast majority of mankind, in all climes and countries, wallowed in ignorance and wickedness, so fearful that you are better without the knowledge of it. But God, in rich mercy and love for his own, did not forsake the earth utterly, but selected some from the beginning, to whom he communicated his will as his wisdom saw meet—from Adam to Noah—from Noah to Abraham, among whose descendants the knowledge of the true God was deposited in the Commonwealth of Israel from the Exodus till, in the fulness of time, the Messiah appeared; since which time all men are alike warned to fly from the wrath to come. After his Ascension, men elected by his free grace were endowed by the Holy Spirit with the gift of prophecy, so that they foretold in the plainest language that notwithstanding Christ himself appeared and brought grace and immortality to light, that in some future period mankind, in the face of that grace and truth, would relapse into the grossest error, fully worse than their former heathenism, inasmuch as that the impending delusion would be a similé of the sin of devils—a direct and strongly constituted rebellion against God himself; and that the component parts of the then existing Roman Empire was to be the part of the earth on which the said hellish poison was to expend itself, and render its operations effectual for twelve hundred and sixty years (Rev. xi. 2, 3.); and withal that a few, guided by God's revealed will—the books of the Old and New Testaments—would bear faithful witnessing against the said delusion all along, and that the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures to which these few adhered is an infallible mark by which it can be clearly discovered that they are under the immediate guidance of God, and that the fate of their opponents is marked by a natural figure, the most terrible that can be conceived, as

if the Heavens were shut, and the rain prevented by God's direct interference from falling on the earth; that these predictions had been sadly realized in all those countries which pertained to the Roman Empire is known to every common reader; that from the Eleventh till the Sixteenth Century, gross darkness, superstition and vice, covered them. That on the contrary, the countries which Rome could not conquer were never wholly subject to the Papacy, and were, and are still the asylum of the witnesses, and are otherwise distinguished from the rest of Europe for the mental and bodily vigour of their inhabitants; and even low as the cause of Christ is at the present day, these countries are not wholly forsaken, though deeply polluted by their abandoned neighbours. It is true indeed that their inhabitants are fewer, their soil more barren, their climates cold, and their coffers scant of gold, compared with the devotees of the *Scarlet Whore*; but their privileges are great and distinguished. And, as a proof that the Most High will not permit them to be wholly deprived of the true light, after the manner of the rest, he has hitherto marked them with a pledge of his loving-kindness. God's ancient people, the Jews, since their last dispersion, are scattered over the whole of the habitable earth, and, is presumed, were murdered to the amount of ten or eleven millions, all within the compass of Imperial Rome, both Pagan and Papal. Is it not therefore remarkable that in neither Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Scotland nor Ireland, has there ever been a massacre of the Jews, nor any murderous crusade against their civil or religious privileges at any time in these countries? It is hence conclusive that in them in particular the seed of the witnesses is preserved, who will finally "consume and hate the *Whore*, and burn her with fire." Rev. xvii. 16.

I am here under the necessity to deviate for a little, and introduce, for the satisfaction of my readers, what was least expected only a few days ago.

You are anxious to be informed upon what authority DR C. R. MACGILLIVRAY, 438 Argyle Street, Glasgow, published a Letter in the *Glasgow Herald* of 28th July, 1851, said to have been a reply from the Duke of Welling-

ton to the said individual, who, it seems, solicited that Nobleman's patronage for this work. I have only to intimate, in consequence, that the Letter in question bears every mark of being the production of some wicked *wag* whose aim was to fix a pair of wings on it to accelerate its flight far and near. It is enclosed in a coarse envelope, without a seal, nor yet a London Post mark, consequently may not be the Duke's production, but only posted in Glasgow, and sent to its present owner with a view to its publication. Yes! on the brilliant pages of the *Glasgow Herald* it is published, and my name coupled with it, as also the additional title of a poor Argyleshire tailor—to which advertisement I have only to add that I am a native of Islay, and a journeyman tailor for upwards of twenty years; but would hereby warn all and sundry connected with that affair that I will do my endeavours to punish aggressors of whatever kind they may be; and, for the satisfaction of my friends, the supporters of the "VINDICATION" may know that this attempt to defend my maligned countrymen was, such as it is, produced in Kerr's Land, Hamilton Street, Greenock, and that its Prospectus was printed by Mr William Campbell, Mansionhouse Lane, there, early in the year 1850. That the patriotic inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood, among whom I was for eight years bygone, generously supported the undertaking, when the prospectus appeared. That now I find many friends in Glasgow, so that it was quite unnecessary to apply to the noble Duke or anybody else out of braid Scotland.

When the said Epistle appeared I saw no alternative but to appeal to the Duke, of which the following is a copy:—

303, ARGYLE STREET,
Glasgow, 30th July, 1851.

To Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington,

May it please your Grace,

In the "Glasgow Herald" of 28th inst. a Letter appeared said to have been a reply from the Duke of Wellington to Dr C. R. MacGillivray, 438 Argyle Street, Glasgow, the purport of which seems to be that the said individual solicited your Grace's patronage for my humble attempt, entitled the "VINDICATION OF THE CELTIC CHARACTER," now in course of publication.

If he received any communication from your Grace relative to the said subject I never desired him, directly or indirectly, to apply for it.

I am, &c.,

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

THE DUKE'S REPLY.

London, 1st August, 1851.

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr William Livingston. He has received his letter. The Duke heard nothing about the "*Glasgow Herald*," or its publication. He has no recollection of a Letter from Mr MacGillivray; but he receives hundreds every day. It is impossible for him to recollect who writes them, or upon what subject."

Mr William Livingston.]

The above is the Duke's Autograph verbatim. It bears the London Post mark August 1st, 1851. The seal exhibits the Red Rampant Lion of Caledonia holding in his paws the invincible standard of our country. I hope therefore that all into whose hands this notice may find its way will be satisfied that I had no connection whatever with the letter published by the *Herald*, and, that in conclusion, I have only to intimate that none dare interfere with this attempt, wholly or in part. Self-defence is always lawful.

LETTER IX.

GARTMAIN, ISLAY, 15th August, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Without any further preface we shall now proceed to shew the origin of the Buchanans, Livingstons, MacLeans, MacNaughtans, Camerons, MacGregors, &c., which, however, must terminate with the Union, as it is not worth while to mention them after that period—we mean their cowardly representatives only.

It should not be forgotten that the Douglasses were formerly introduced to shew their degree of antiquity,

hence in this place at the head of the Clans—a proposition, we believe, to which few will object.

Wae worth thee MacDonald, the great and illustrious Sir James, the Black Knight of Anandale, was succeeded by his brother Aodh, Angliced Hugh; in the year 1343 he resigned the estate of Douglas to his nephew, Sir William, son of Gillespie, Thane of Galloway, who was slain at the Battle of Hallidonhill. The said Sir William was sent to King David II., who was then in France, to bring him over to take possession of his kingdom, which he did in A.D. 1338. Sir William, having the command of an army, he therewith took the city and castle of Edinburgh from Edward Baliol, and recovered all the lands of Teviotdale. In 1339 he fought against Laurence Abernethy, the General of Edward Baliol's forces. Douglas was defeated in three successive battles; but in the fourth he totally subdued his rival. After a desperate struggle of Baliol troops, Sir William took Abernethy and all the surviving leaders of his army prisoners, and carried them to Dumbarton Castle to Robert Stewart, then Regent, who ordered great solemnity and rejoicings for the victory, to the honour of Sir William, who was much esteemed by the king's party. In 1346 Douglas was Warden of the Marches towards England; and, on the 17th October, that same year, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Durham, but was soon released; and, in 1357, was, among other nobles, bound to pay the ransom of the king. He married his first wife, Margaret, sister to Thomas, Earl of Mar, by whom he had James, his successor, and a daughter, named Isabel, who, after the death of her brother, became Countess of Mar, and was married to Alastir Stewart, knight. For his second wife the said William Douglas married Margaret, daughter to Patrick, Earl of March, and by her had Gillespie, Thane of Galloway, afterwards that of Douglas; and, by his third wife, Margaret, daughter to Thomas Stewart, Thane of Angus, son of Sir Alastir Stewart of Bonckle, son of Sir John Stewart, brother to James, High Stewart of Scotland, father of Walter, High Stewart, father of King Robert II.—he had George Douglas, first Earl of Angus of that name. To this William, Earl of Douglas, succeeded James, by his first wife before-mentioned, who, on the 5th of August, 1388, after he performed prodigies of

valour, was killed at the Battle of Otterburn, otherwise called Cheviot Chase, which was the occasion of the old poem of that name. "Victoriously fighting for his king and country, both the standard and the mace of iron with which he fought are now in the possession of the family of Douglas of Cavers."* This Earl, in right of his mother, succeeded to the estate of Mar, to which his sister Isabel succeeded on his demise; but in the honours and estate of Douglas, he was succeeded by Gillespie of Galloway, his half-brother. The said nobleman, Gillespie Douglas, was sent Ambassador to France; and, afterwards marrying Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir to Thomas Murray of Bothwell, with her had that estate, and consequently an augmentation to his arms, viz., three stars within a double Treasurer; and, dying in the year 1400, left Gillespie his successor, and a daughter named Margaret, which was married to David, Prince of Scotland, brother to King James I. Gillespie, who succeeded, was a personage of great valour, and, on that account, was made General of the Scottish army, and was sent to France at the head of 10,000 against the English, where he performed such feats that Charles VII. invested him Duke of Turenne, and also made him Marshal of France. This happened A.D. 1421. He had also for some time the command of the French forces, but, on the 20th of August, 1425, he was killed at the Battle of Verneuil, together with his son, the Earl of Wigton, and his son-in-law, the Earl of Buchan. Their bodies were buried with great solemnity in St Gracian's church in Tournay. He married Margaret, daughter to King Robert II., and by her had Gillespie, Earl of Douglas, and James, Lord of Abercorn. Gillespie was a personage of great learning and equally brave. He, together with William Hay, Constable of Scotland, and Henry Wardlaw, the Archbishop of St Andrews, was sent to England to ransom James, Prince of Scotland, although he was taken in the barbarous manner already described. He married Euphemia, daughter to Patrick Graham, Earl of Strathearn, and by her had two sons, William and David, and a daughter, Margaret, who became Countess of Athole. He died A.D. 1438, and was Duke of Turenne, Earl of Douglas, Count de Longueville, and Thane of Galloway. He was succeeded by his son William, whose

* Nicholas,

character is variously represented. Some would have him great and virtuous; others, an arrogant blackguard—both which are extremes: while, indeed, to make every fair allowance, his insolence was rather above his virtues. Nevertheless he fell a victim to the envious malice of his contemporaries, and was murdered in the Castle of Edinburgh by the intrigues of the Chancellor Crichton and others, in the year 1441. To him succeeded James, Lord Abercorn, his uncle, who, in the reign of King James II. was Warden of the Marches. According to Nicholas, he married Beatrix Sinclair, daughter to the Earl of Orkney, and by her had five sons and four daughters, whereof Margaret was married to James, Earl of Morton, and Jane to Robert, Lord Fleming, ancestor to the Earls of Wigton; and of the sons, which were William, James, Hugh, John and Harry. The eldest succeeded his father in the earldom of Douglas; James was Earl of Murray; Hugh, Earl of Ormond; and John was Lord Balveny. In 1441 William, who succeeded, was an extravagant mortal, so that King James II. became alarmed at his haughty behaviour, and, instigated by envious wretches, conceived a murderous grudge against him. Finally, the King decoyed him to Stirling, where he very insolently put questions to that Peer that would provoke a ragman to light on his lug. Douglas returned answers equally haughty, which so enraged the suspicious monarch that he instantly sheathed his dagger in him. He was succeeded by his brother, James, Earl of Murray. The said James died without heirs.

The peerage of Douglas fell to the line of Angus, the first whereof was George Douglas, son of William, the first Earl of Douglas, by Margaret, his third wife, daughter to Thomas Stewart, Earl of Angus, as has been before observed. This George, in the year 1397, married the Lady Mary Stewart, eldest daughter to King Robert III., and by her had William, his successor, Sir George Douglas, knight, and a daughter named Elizabeth, who was married to William Hay of Lockhart, ancestor to the Marquis of Tweeddale. In the year 1423 William, the second Earl of Angus, was sent to England for the ransom of James I. His uncle, at whose coronation he had been knighted, in that reign had a grant of all the castles and lands descended to him from his ancestors, and was War-

den of the Marches. He married Elizabeth, daughter to Sir William Hay of Lockhart, and died A.D. 1437. James, his son and heir, who married the Lady Jane Stewart, daughter to King James I., died without heirs, consequently Sir George Douglas, his uncle, succeeded, a man remarkable for his wisdom, loyalty, and valour. In the reign of King James II. he had a grant of the lordship and barony of Douglas for the many defeats he gave the Southrons, especially in the Battle of Sark—the cause of which was that the English, as usual, taking advantage of the discord which too much prevailed in the minority of James II. violated the truce solemnly ratified sometime before, and invaded Scotland with a powerful force, committed great ravages, burned and spoiled the country for many miles beyond the border, which provoked the Scots to retaliate with equal vengeance. They, in their turn, entered England, devastated Cumberland, and scarcely left man or beast in that province—so that they were both excited in the last degree. When the news reached London, the English mustered a great army, fully resolved to make a conquest of Scotland.

Here, as was usual, their dreams of dividing the land ran so high that one Main, a knight, who, it seems, saw some service on the continent, was so sure of the Scottish soil that he made a bargain with the king that what he could seize of it should be inherited by him and his heirs forever. You will recollect that the mania of dividing the land was always the bait wherewith the devil, their master, goaded the Southrons to their destruction—that was their everlasting theme in all ages.

It was already stated that the Baron de Woodstock had a list of many estates north of the Forth in his pocket when he was found among the slain on the Sheriff Muir; but he was divided himself—his body was cut in two, very likely by the gigantic athleta of the immortal WALLACE himself.

The prodigious army which attended Edward at Bannockburn was deluded by a similar mania of land divisions. The Scots, aware that their foes would realize their arrangements if they could, mustered a strong army, and appointed George Douglas above-mentioned their General. They immediately entered Annandale, where they designed to arrest the invaders; nor were they long

till their expectations proved true. The English, by rapid marches, crossed the Solway, and encamped on the banks of the Sark. Their plundering parties committed great depredations on the adjacent districts, till news of the approach of the Scots compelled the invaders to prepare for the pitched battle now unavoidable. The Scots advanced with great alacrity to meet their foes. Wallace, Laird of Craigie, commanded the right, Douglas the centre, Sir William Maxwell and Sir James Johnston the left. The leaders of the English were the Earl of Northumberland, Main, the land divisor, and one Pennington, of whose degree or extraction I know nothing. Douglas delivered an animated speech to his army, assuring them of victory, seeing that the enemy had perfidiously broken the truce, and that now was the time to punish them, as there was no alternative but to crush their insolence by valour, &c. The English commenced the battle by their archers, a numerous body of which discharged a deadly shower on the heads of the Scots, ere the latter closed with them.

“ Adol nan coinneamh san là shoilleir,
 'S sibh gun choimeas cheud.”

The division under Wallace, animated by the example of their heroic leader, charged the enemy with their “long spears, wherewith the Scots, both horse and foot, were armed,” drove the English back with great slaughter. As these were engaged with the wing under Main, whose bravado to the King of England rendered him desperate, seeing his followers falling in heaps beneath the Scottish pikes, rushed upon Wallace at the very instant that his followers were overpowered. The few that fought around his person were cut down, and he likewise perished—the due reward of foolhardihood. Wallace followed up the advantages with such vigour, that the enemy, totally defeated, fled, of which there was a miserable havoc made in the retreat. On reaching the banks of the Solway, they were arrested by the swollen tide, and overtaken by the Scots. Multitudes of them perished. About three thousand were slain there, besides what fell in the action and the pursuit. The Scots seized the greatest booty on this occasion that was ever taken from the English, Bannockburn excepted. The Laird of Craigie, to whose valour that decisive victory is chiefly attributed, was covered

with wounds, of which he died in about three months thereafter. Sir John Pennington, Sir Robert Huntington, and the son of the Earl of Northumberland, were taken prisoners. Douglas died A.D. 1462, and left by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter to Sir Andrew Sibbald of Balgony, Gillespie, his heir, and three daughters, whereof Jane was married to William, Lord Graham, and Margaret to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy. Gillespie, who succeeded, lived in the reign of James III. and IV., and was warden of the marches, one of the privy council, and lord high chancellor of Scotland, and married to his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter to Robert Boyd, lord high chamberlain, and by her had three sons; George, who died in his father's lifetime; Sir William Douglas, and Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld.* The said Gillespie married to his second wife Catherine, daughter to Sir Robert Stirling of Keir, and by her had three daughters; Margaret, married to Cuthbert Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn; Elizabeth, to Robert, Lord Lyle, Justice-General of Scotland; and Janet, to Robert, Lord Herries, ancestor to the Earl of Nithsdale.† George, his eldest son and heir, lost his life on the field of Flodden, with other *two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas*. He married Margaret, daughter to John, Lord Drummond, and by her had three sons and six daughters; of which Elizabeth was married to John Hay, Marquis of Tweeddale, and Jane to John Lyon, Lord Glamis; and of the sons, of which were Gillespie, George, and William, the eldest succeeded, and the second was knighted, and married to Elizabeth, daughter to David Douglas of Pittendreich, and by her had two sons, David and James; whereof the youngest was Earl of Morton, and the eldest became Earl of Angus. Gillespie, who succeeded his grandfather, was a person of great accomplishments, for which he was, by Henry II. of France, made a knight of the order of St Michael, and was afterwards one of the counsellors to James V. In 1522, he was made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, which office he held for six years; and dying without male heirs, he was succeeded by Sir David Douglas his nephew. He married Margaret, daughter to Sir John Hamilton of Clydesdale, and dying in 1558, by her

* That singular and learned wag, Gawin Douglas. † Nicholas.

left Gillespie, his heir, and two daughters; Margaret was married to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and Elizabeth to John, Lord Maxwell. Gillespie, who succeeded, for his virtuous manner of living, was called "The good Earl." As none of his children survived, he was succeeded by Sir William Douglas of Braidwood; which Sir William marrying Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Sir James Auchinleck, Knight, with her had the barony of Glenbervie, in the county of Kincardine, and by her had Gillespie, who succeeded him; which Gillespie marrying Agnes, daughter to William Keith, Earl of Marischal, by her had Sir William, afterwards Earl of Angus, being the nearest male heir. Sir William, who thus became Earl of Angus, married Giles, daughter to Sir Robert Graham of Morton, and died in 1591, leaving four sons and as many daughters, whereof William, the eldest succeeded, and Robert, the second was made a baronet. William married Elizabeth, daughter to Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, by Margaret, his wife, daughter to George, Earl of Errol, and by her had three sons and two daughters; Mary, married to Alexander Livingston, Earl of Linlithgow, and Margaret to Sir Alexander Campbell of Calder; and of the sons, Francis was knighted, and James was Baron of Mordington, &c.

In the reign of King Charles I., William of Douglas was made lord-lieutenant of the Borders, and Marquis of Douglas, and married to his first wife Margaret, sister to James Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn, and by her had two sons and three daughters. Gillespie, the eldest of the sons, was lord high chamberlain at the coronation of Charles II., and James was killed at the siege of Dowy. Of the daughters, which were Jane, Margaret, and Gris-sel, the eldest was married to William Alexander, son and heir to William, Earl of Stirling, and Margaret to Sir John Hamilton of Balgony. To his second wife, the Marquis married Mary, daughter to George Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, by Henrietta his wife, daughter to Esme, Duke of Lennox, and by her had three sons and five daughters; of which Henrietta was married to James Johnston, Earl of Annandale; Isabel, to James Drummond, Earl of Perth, lord high chancellor of Scotland; and Lucy to Robert Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale. Of the sons, William was Earl of Selkirk and Duke of Hamilton;

George was Earl of Dunbarton; and James, the youngest, who was a colonel, died unmarried. Gillespie, who was lord chamberlain, married to his first wife Anne, daughter to Esme Stewart, Earl of Lennox, and died in his father's lifetime, and by her left James, who succeeded his grandfather as Marquis of Douglas. The said Gillespie married to his second wife Jane, daughter to David, Earl of Weems, and had by her Archibald, Earl of Forfar, and a daughter, named Margaret, who was married to Alexander, Viscount Kingston. James, who was the second Marquis of Douglas, was one of the privy council for thirty years, in the reign of King Charles II., James VII., and William III. He married to his first wife Barbara, daughter to John Erskine, Earl of Marr, and by her had an only son, "who, in 1692, and in the twenty-first year of his age, was unfortunately slain in the battle of Stenkirke. His lordship married to his second wife Mary, daughter to Robert Ker, Marquis of Lothian, and by her had Gillespie, a nobleman of distinguished talents, who was made by Queen Anne Duke of Douglas, Marquis of Angus and Abernethy, Viscount Jedburgh, Lord Douglas of Bonkle."

THE HOUSE OF MORTON.

Sir James Douglas of Loudon, Knight, was made Earl of Morton by King James II., on the 14th of March, 1475. "He obtained from that king a grant of the lands of Kincavel and Calderclear,"* and was succeeded by Sir William, his son, who, for his bravery, was called "The Flower of Chivalry;" he died without heirs. His brother, Sir John Douglas, became heir, and was captain of the castle of Lochleven, the property of which was in the family 300 years. The said Sir John had two sons, but who their mother was is unknown; it is certain, however, that the sons were Sir James, his heir, and Sir Henry Douglas of Lugton and Lochleven. Sir James married Agnes Dunbar, daughter to the Earl of March, and by her had James, his heir, who married Mary Stuart, daughter to King Robert III., and by her had James, the father of another James, of whose mother I know nothing. He married the lady Jane Stuart, daughter to James I., and

* Nicholas.

by her had John, his successor; who, by Janet his wife, of the family of Crichton, had two sons and two daughters, of which Elizabeth married Robert, Lord Keith, and Agnes Alexander, Lord Livingston, and of the sons, which were James and Richard, the eldest succeeded his father. This nobleman, who was the fourth Earl of Morton, "married the lady Catherine, natural daughter to King James IV., and by her had three daughters. Elizabeth was married to her kinsman, Sir James Douglas, brother to the Earl of Angus, to which her father transferred the estate and honour. In like manner the said Sir James died without heirs, made an entail of the estate in favour of his nephew, Gillespie Douglas, Earl of Angus, and in case of the failure of his male descendants, to William Douglas of Lochleven, which settlement afterwards took place upon the death of the Earl of Angus.*"

In the reign of Queen Mary, the said James Earl of Morton was one of the privy council, and by her Majesty was sent ambassador into England, and made lord high chancellor of Scotland; but in the same reign the Earl of Bothwell having a design to murder Lord Darnley, craved the assistance of Morton therein; the latter detesting that miscreant and his enterprise, left the court, and retired to his country seat. During his absence the tragedy was perpetrated. When the Earl of Bothwell married, or rather seized, the Queen, by her own consent, the nation became alarmed for the safety of the young prince, James. The Earl of Morton was one of the nobility who entered into an association to preserve the Prince; and, on the 29th of July, A.D., 1567, which was the day of his coronation, took the oath for the infant king. At this juncture the Earl of Morton was much esteemed, and was soon afterwards made lord high chancellor and lord high admiral, and lieutenant for the shire of Edinburgh; and, on the 1st of November, 1572, Regent of the kingdom during the King's minority, which terribly enraged the party who had the person of the young prince in their possession. Failing in every project to effect his ruin, they at length falsely accused him of being accessary to the death of the unfortunate Darnley; whereas, in truth, he detested the whole affair, as he afterwards proved, by fitting out a fleet at his own expense, by which he obliged the miscreant

* Nicholas.

Bothwell to abandon the Orkneys, where he thought he might take shelter for that winter; but all that did not save Douglas from a cruel and unjust end; for, in 1581, he was executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, without a shadow of justice, for alleged crimes, and was succeeded in his estates and honours by his nephew, Gillespie, Earl of Angus; but as he also died without heirs, the estate fell to William Douglas of Lochleven. He married Agnes, daughter to George Leslie, Earl of Rothes, and by her had four sons and five daughters. Of these, Christian married Laurence, Master of Oliphant, and afterwards to Alexander, Earl of Home; Mary, to Walter Ogilvie, Lord Deskford, "ancestor to the Earl of Findlater;"* Euphemia, to Thomas Lyon of Aldbar, lord high treasurer of Scotland; Elizabeth, to Francis Hay, Earl of Errol; and Agnes to Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle. Of the sons, Robert, the eldest, died before his father, but left a son named William, "who, in 1606, succeeded his grandfather. He was a nobleman of bright talents, and was, by Charles I. made lord treasurer of Scotland; one of his privy council; and captain of his Majesty's Guards. He married Agnes, daughter to George Keith, Earl of Marischal, and by her had several sons and daughters, the history of some of which is hard to trace; only this much is known, that one of his daughters, Anne, was married to John Hay of Kinnoul; another one to the Earl of Dunfermline; and, if I mistake not, another to Gillespie, Earl of Argyle. Robert, the eldest of the sons, succeeded his father. He married, Elizabeth, daughter to Sir Edward Villiers, Knight, sister to Viscount Grandison, in Ireland, and by her had a son, William, and two daughters; Anne, married to William Keith, Earl of Marischal, and Mary to Sir Donald M'Donald of Sleit. It should be observed, also, that the Southron Duke of Buckingham was the paternal grandfather of these; and that since they mixed with the M'Donalds, that once heroic race completely lost their natural energy; but the house of Douglas was singularly preserved from a similar corruption at that time, inasmuch as that William Douglas, the grandson of Buckingham, died without heirs, and consequently the estate fell to his paternal uncle, Sir James, who became Earl, and married Jane, daughter to Sir James Hay of Smith-

* Nicholas.

field, and dying in 1686, by her left three sons—James, Robert, and George, who were all three successively Earls. The youngest, George, was one of the 16 Peers for Scotland, and died in 1737, leaving two sons, James, the Earl, and Robert Douglas, who was for some time in the Russian service, and returned in 1738; since which time they are unworthy of any farther notice, as they are now as useless as the rest; either downright enemies to their native land, or passive spectators of their country's calamities.*

THE BUCHANANS.

If it should appear tedious, it is nevertheless necessary, to trace, though somewhat remote, the cause which forced the ancestors of the family of Buchanan to take refuge in Scotland. That name, so much but justly revered, that produced so many patriots and scholars, which contributed to render our country what it once was—the land of light and liberty; hence I would solicit the indulgence of briefly presenting an authentic sketch of the state of affairs in Ireland during two or three centuries, previous to the settlement of the Buchanans in their respective seats in this country. It is, therefore, my intention, in this and what is to follow relating to the other clans, to show that the names of which we are to treat were peculiar to Ireland and Scotland, and cannot, properly speaking, be claimed by neither the one nor the other; farther than that, they were numerous and distinguished in both countries, and were, therefore, one and the same people. It will also, in part, refute the many false aspersions cast on the Celtic character in the other unfortunate country, wallowing in blood and treachery, as was already demonstrated, which degradations should be left wholly on the shoulders of the English, who are indeed the very brethren of all the evil-doers in that miserable land. This truth, we know, they heartily abhor; nevertheless, swallow it they must. The Celtic character is easily distinguished there as well as here. If the reader will exercise patience for a short time, he will soon discover that the Celts of Ireland were as different from the present Southron brood

* Several of the Gael in the Western Isles were lately hand-cuffed and forced on board the transports brought to carry them off to America.

there as any branch of the human race can be. Nor should it be forgotten that these few preliminary sentences are not here noted to introduce the Buchanans exclusively, but in order that every Gael, into whose hands this tract may fall, should be able to clearly point out to the hired calumniators of our race that their practices now and for ages past in Ireland are wholly of their own creation; that, moreover, they were, and are, the fathers of all the crimes, cowardice, and bloodshed which took place in that country for upwards of seven centuries; and that the original Celts of Ireland were equal to any nation in Europe, ancient or modern.

As the subjects of this sketch are connected with the Danish invasions of that country, we have only to state that, in the year 794, the Danes made their first attack on the northern coast of Ireland; they burned and devastated the Island of Rachlin, which they wholly cleared of man and beast. In A.D. 797, they destroyed the seminary of Holm Patrick, of St Patrick's Island, off the coast of Dublin. They also took preys of cattle from the country, and the shrine of Doohana was broken by them; and also carried off great spoils along the sea-coast of Ireland and Albania. The Danes and Norwegians in these notices are called "Geint," that is, gentiles or pagans; and the same attacks are mentioned, A.D. 703,* by the Four Masters. In A.D. 801, according to the Annals of Ulster, Iona, in the Hebrides, was burned by the Gentiles or Northmen. In 807, they invaded West Munster, but were defeated near Loch Lene, in Kerry, by Airt Mac Cathal, king of Munster. About the same time they also landed in Connacht, and laid waste Innis, Murray, and Roscommon. In these incursions they laid waste and destroyed the churches. In A.D. 813, they again invaded Munster, but were defeated with great slaughter, and pursued to their ships by Felim Mac Crinham, king of Munster. In A.D. 811, according to the Annals of Ulster, they made several attempts, but were slaughtered in various parts of Ireland; and in 812 they invaded that country with a great fleet.† In A.D. 815, Thorgis, king of Norway, invaded Ireland with a great army, and ravaged

* See Annotations of the Four Masters, at page 466 of said *Annals*, quoting the Annals of Ulster.

† Vide Ibid.

many parts of the country; as also, in A.D. 819, the Gaill, or foreigners, ravaged Howth, and carried away many captives. They also, on this occasion, devastated Wexford. In A.D. 823, they burned the monastery of Bangor, and massacred 900 of the ecclesiastics; but Muredach, king of Ulster, gave them battle, in which the Danes were defeated with great slaughter, and the remnant of them fled to their ships. In A.D. 827, they again landed at Newry, but were arrested by Lethobar MacLoingseach, prince of Dalriada; the invaders were totally defeated with immense loss. In 828 they repeated the invasion, and were joined by many of the natives. Conor, monarch of Ireland, and Muirheartach MacEoghain, king of Ulster, gave them battle at a place called Tailtein, in Meath, where the Danes and their allies were terribly slaughtered; but only two years thereafter, A.D. 830, they again invaded Leinster, and were defeated at Drom Conla in that province. But, in the year following, A.D. 830, they landed a mighty army at Waterford, and terribly ravaged many parts of Munster. They besieged and took Cork and Limerick, and burned the city of Lismore, the college, and the churches. Either in that, or the year before, they frightfully ravaged Armagh. A.D. 832, Niall Caille, the monarch, and Muirheartach, prince of Ulster, gave them battle at Derry, where thousands perished on both sides; but in the end the Milesians gained a complete victory; but so far was that from checking the furies, that, in the year following, A.D. 833, they repeated the work of ravage in Munster, killed the inhabitants without mercy, and burned the churches.

According to the *learned Annotators* of the Four Masters, quoting the contemporary annalists of hard-fated Ireland, "Turgesius having gone to Norway and Denmark, returned with powerful forces, and a fleet of 120 ships—sixty of which entered the Boyne—landed their troops near Drogheda, and laid waste many parts of Meath; the other sixty ships sailed up the Liffey, and landed their troops at Dublin. With these combined Danes and Norwegians, Turgesius traversed many parts of Ireland, ravaged and laid waste the country, and plundered the churches. In this year is recorded a terrific battle with the Northmen at *Inbheir nam barc*, or the Harbour of Ships, in which the Danes were victorious." In A.D. 836,

Maolseachlain, Prince of Meath, defeated the Danes at Glasghleann, in that province; 17,000 of them were slain. About the same time the Milesians defeated them at Easroe, now Ballishannon; and another sanguinary engagement took place at Magh Igh, in Donegal, where the Danes were again defeated. They received a similar defeat at Cianachta, many thousands of them, with their general, being slain; this last happened A.D. 837. But in the year 838, the Danes defeated the Connacht forces with great slaughter, and burned Nenagh with its colleges and churches. According to the Four Masters, the Northmen first took possession of Dublin in A.D. 836. Turgesius was then their commander; and in A.D. 840 he and his Norwegians erected a fortress at Dublin, on the hill where Dublin Castle now stands. They sent out their forces from thence, and plundered various parts of Ireland, and burned Clonmacnois, Clonard, Ardracan, Duleek, Clonfert, Kildare, Glendaloch, Ferns, Lismore, Emly, as also the churches of Ulster, Armagh, Downpatrick, Lowth, Clones, Devenish, and all the churches of Loch Erne and Brefney. In A.D. 844, Turgesius plundered Armagh, Forannan, the principal of that university was taken prisoner, many of the professors murdered, and the students, which amounted to upwards of two thousand, were slain and dispersed. Niall Caille, the monarch of Ireland, hastened to give the furies battle. The Milesian forces overtook them at a place called Casan Linne, near Loch Neagh; a bloody battle was there fought; the Danes were overthrown with the loss of seven hundred on the field of battle, besides what fell in the retreat. To retaliate for that slaughter, the next year, A.D. 845, the Danes commenced the work of murder. According to the Four Masters, Carrol MacDunghall, Prince of Ossory, gave them battle at Carn-Bra-Mith; near two thousand of them were slain, with many of their leaders. Much about the same time, the monarch Maolseachlain defeated them with great slaughter, but with little effect; for in A.D. 846 they dreadfully ravaged Tipperary and Waterford. Nor was it long till they were as hotly punished. Olchobhair, Prince of Cashel, Lorcan, Provincial King of Leinster, and the Bishop of Emly, at the head of a strong force, gave them battle at Scianeachtain, where they were again defeated with severe loss. 1200 of them were slain.

also Tomar, their General. In the same year, the Prince of Cashel defeated them at Dunmaeltuile, and slew 500 of them. At the same time that Prince attacked the fortress of Cork, but with what success is not sufficiently clear. At that time the Danes were also defeated with great slaughter at Hy Figinte, on the borders of Limerick and Kerry.* In A.D. 843 they were again overthrown by Tighearnach, Prince of Meath, at Doire Disirt, in that country, where 1200 of them were slain. In A.D. 848 they received powerful armies from Denmark, after which the following battles were fought between them and the Milesians. In A.D. 853, "Aulaf, a Norwegian Prince, together with his brothers Sitric and Iver, landed in Ireland with a great force. Aulaf took Dublin, Iver Limerick and Sitrick Waterford." In 854 the war raged in a terrible manner over the whole of Ireland. Maolseachlain, the Monarch, together with Aodh MacNiall, gave them battle at Glean-Fochla. Multitudes of the Danes were slain on that occasion, which did not check in the least their thirst for murder; they still continued their aggressions with unabated fury. According to the Annals of Ulster, as quoted by the Annotators of the Four Masters, the Danes defeated the Munster forces under Cathal, Prince of that Province; but were shortly thereafter cut off in vast numbers, in another battle fought by the Mon-Maolseachlain, at a place called Druin-da-Mhagh, somewhere near Dublin. The same year Maolguala, Prince of Desmond, was taken prisoner, and stoned to death by the Danes of Cork. In A.D. 861 Muiregan, Prince of Naas and of the Easton Liffey, was treacherously murdered by the Danes; and, the same year, Aulaff, Iver, and Huailsi, the three Danish chiefs, aided by Lorcan, Prince of Meath, ravaged the country far and near; but was, in their turn, terribly slaughtered at Feart-nan-Caorach, by the Milesians, under Carrol, their General, after which victory forty of the heads of the Danish leaders were carried in triumph. Sometime afterwards, Aulaf, the Danish chief, murdered his colleague, Lorcan, Prince of Meath, and another of his accomplices called Conchobair, was drowned in the Ban at Clonard by his orders. In A.D.

* See Annotations of the Four Masters—all taken from the Annals of that country—page 467.

864 the Danes concentrated their whole force at Loch Foyle, near Derry. Nor were the Milesians slow in their arrangements. The brave monarch, Fionn Liath, mustered a strong army, and pursued them. Both nations, excited to revenge the death of their countrymen and relations, fought long and fierce; at last the Danes fled, but not till 11,000 of them perished. Their loss was immense. 240 of their principal leaders were recognized among the slain. In A.D. 865 they again took the field, and commenced the work of death under Odolb, their General. The Milesians, commanded by MacGathan, gave them battle somewhere near Dublin. About 3000 of them were slain, but without checking them, for the next year, 866, in the spring they issued from their fortress of Dublin, and commenced their work of ravage and murder. Aulaf, the Danish Prince, erected a fort at Cluain Dolcain, near Dublin. No sooner was it finished than the Milesians besieged it, took it by storm, and put the whole garrison to the sword; but they were immediately attacked by the Danish forces. A cruel battle was fought, which terminated in the defeat of the Danes. About 1800 of them were slain in that fray. Nor was it long till they made the Irish pay dear for their triumph. Aulaf marched a strong force to the usual work of devastation in the adjacent districts. The Milesians, under their valiant Generals MacGathan and MacCiarnan, followed them at the heels. Aulaf, by a formidable ambuscade, the particulars of which I cannot relate, entrapped the Milesians between two chosen bodies of his troops, by which they were slaughtered in vast numbers. 2000 at least fell; besides, many prisoners were taken. That same year, Flann, Prince of Bregia, joined the Danes, and invaded Meath. Alarmed at that formidable confederacy, Aodh, the monarch, mustered a powerful army, with which he encountered the Allies at Cill-ua-Daighre. The Danes were defeated with the loss of 3000 men, together with Carlus, son of the king of Denmark. To retaliate, Aulaf, at the head of his forces, ravaged and burned Armagh, and slew upwards of one thousand persons. In A.D. 870 Aulaf, died at Dublin. In A.D. 878 the Danes cruelly ravaged Duleek, and places adjacent. In that and the two succeeding years they made terrible work in both Britain and Ireland. Many of the Irish assisted them in their invasions of Scotland. Our

king, Gregory, landed a strong army in the north of Ireland. The Danes, with their Irish allies, gave him battle on the banks of the Bann. Gregory gained a complete victory, marched through Meath, and took Dublin; but, by the intercession of Cormac, the bishop, peace was concluded between the Irish and the Scots.* In 883 Kildare was laid waste by the Danes of Dublin, and they carried off 90 men captives to their ships, together with Suibhne, the Abbot. In A.D. 885 the Danes of Dublin, under Godfrey, son of Ivar, defeated the Milesian forces under Flann Sionna, monarch of Ireland, in a great battle fought in Meath, in which immense numbers were slain on both sides; among the Irish, Aodh (Hugh) MacConchobhair, king of Connacht, Lergus, bishop of Kildare, and many other persons of note, perished. In A.D. 885 Heremon, the son of Aodh, King of Ulster, was slain by Eloir, Chief of the Danes, which so enraged his people that they attacked the invaders, totally defeated them, and killed Eloir, the murderer. The Danes, in retaliation, attacked Armagh and places adjacent, burned the Cathedral and College, and carried off 700 captives, and the year following defeated the Irish, and killed Flann, Prince of Bregia; nor was that long unrevenged, a few days thereafter the Milesians gave them battle in Tirchonil (Tirconnel). 900 of the Danes, and Aulaf, their king, were slain. A.D. 897 the Danes of Dublin were expelled from their fortress in that city, by Carrol MacMuirgean, Prince of East Liffey, and the men of Leinster, aided by Maolfionn, Prince of Bregia. These chastisements checked the Danes considerably for three years; but in A.D. 900 they entered Loch Swilly with a numerous fleet, and landed a formidable army. They besieged the ancient and beautiful fortress of Aileach, in Donegal, the palace of the kings of Ulster for many ages† Nor were the Milesians negligent in punishing them. A terrible battle was fought on the shores of Loch Swilly, in which the Danes lost the best of their troops.

“In A.D. 903,” continues the *Annotators*, “according to the *Saga Snoro*, as given in Johnston’s ‘Celtic Scandinavian Antiquities,’ Thorkill and Frotho, sons of Harold.

* See Four Masters’ Annotations, at page 469 of the Annals.

† See “Annotations.”

Harfager or Harold, the fair-headed, the famous King of Norway, came to Dulin or Dublin, took that city, where Frotho was put to death by poison, and Thorkill became King of the Northmen of Dublin, over whom he ruled for some years, but was at length slain by the Irish. In the year 905 the Danes came to Ireland with great forces. They ravaged many parts of the country, and killed Cormac and Ciarval, two Provincial Kings of Ireland."

In the year 910 they came with a great fleet, and landed in the bay of Waterford; proceeding from thence they ravaged Leinster and Munster, on which occasion several sanguinary battles were fought between them and the Milesians. In the year 915, reinforced with new levies, they burned and plundered the Monastery of Kildare, and murdered multitudes of the unarmed inhabitants in the places adjacent. The next year (916) Sitric, the grandson of Ivar, landed some forces on the coast of Wicklow, while he came with his fleet, and attempted to land his principal army in the bay of Waterford. Here the Milesians met them on the shore. Both armies fought with next to unearthly fury. At last the Danes were forced back to their ships with immense loss; but the other section of the Danish army commenced the work of ravage in other parts of the country, so that the Irish forces were obliged to follow them; they were unable to dispute Sitric's landing, as he effected it with little trouble. Shortly thereafter, the two sections of the Danish army formed a junction, and planned no less an enterprise than the conquest of Ireland. King Niall Glun Dubh, the monarch, by vigorous exertions, levied a strong army from the four provinces, and, on the 22d August, 916, attacked the invaders at a place called Tobar Gletrach, near Clonmel. The battle commenced in the afternoon. The Danes were completely overthrown, with the loss of 11,000 men, and the most of their officers. After the first battle was ended, a fresh army issued from a neighbouring fortress. King Niall, at the head of his remaining veterans, met them with great resolution, and finally chased them off the field, with the loss of 1000 men.

Much about the same time, Sitric, the Danish King, defeated a section of the Irish army at a place called Ceann-Fuaith. Ugaire, King of Leinster, Maol Moire Mac-Muirgein, Prince of the East Liffey, and Mugron, Lord of

the three Comans, and many more were slain. Following up that advantage, the Danes mustered their whole force into one body, resolved to give Irish independence the fatal blow. They marched upon Dublin. The Irish army, under the monarch Niall Glun Dubh, gave them battle on the banks of the Liffey. The Milesians were overthrown with terrible carnage. About 6000 men perished of both armies. King Niall himself fell, with the flower of the nobility of Meath, Ulster, and Connacht. The *learned Annotators* of the Four Masters fix the field of battle on the northern side of Dublin, near the sea-shore.

Sad as the loss of the Irish was, the Danes were severely punished for their triumph. The next season and the year 918, Donocha, Monarch of Ireland, collected his forces, and fought the Danes at a place called Thigh Mhic Neachtain. In Meath, thousands of the furies fell; the loss of the Irish was also very great, though they gained a complete victory.

Either before or shortly after, the Danes demolished the magnificent Church of Kells, in Meath, and murdered many of the Christians who were assembled in it.

Again, the *learned Annotators* inform us that the Danes of Dublin, under Godfrey, the grandson of Ivar, settled there, and Armagh was laid waste by his forces; he ravaged the country as far as the river Bann, and, to the north as far as Magh-Uillsean; but the Irish, under Muireach, Prince of Ulster, son of King Niall Glun Dubh, arrested the invaders, and multitudes of them were slain. The remnant escaped through the darkness of the night. In the same year, Olbho, Chief of the Danes, with a fleet of forty ships, entered Loch Foyle, and ravaged Innis-Eoghain (the Peninsula of Donegal). Fergal, Prince of Fochla, attacked them, killed the crew of one vessel, and carried off its spoil. The Danes, with another fleet of 20 ships, landed at Ceann-Machair, in Tyrconnell, and committed great depredations in the adjacent districts; they afterwards ravaged Ferns, over-ran the country, burned the churches, and killed all they could find. In the year 920 the Danes of Dublin entered the Shannon with their fleet; they landed at Athlone, and committed inhuman outrages on the islands of Loch Ree; they burned the College of Clonmacnois, and carried off a vast spoil. Nevertheless, they did not escape long unpunished. On

Thursday, the 28th December, Muircheartach MacNeill, Prince of Ailleach, overtook them at Cluan Cruimtheir. Both armies fought with all the rage that murderous hatred could inspire; but finally, the Danes were worsted, with the loss of their three Princes, Halfdam, Aufer and Roilt. The brave Muircheartach, made the best of the victory. He again attacked them at the bay of Belfast, where he completely defeated them; after which, the Danes of Dublin abandoned Ireland for some time.

In A.D. 926, they returned with a numerous fleet and a strong army. They first ravaged Galloway, next seized Limerick, and frightfully devastated Kildare. In A.D. 928, they again ravaged Kildare, and murdered one thousand of the unarmed people. In A.D. 929, they were terribly slaughtered by the Milesians of Connacht, in a sanguinary battle at Lochree; but that same year they overthrew the Irish troops with equal carnage, and took Faolan, King of Leinster, and his son, Lorcan, prisoners, whose fate are unknown. In A.D. 930, they continued their fiendish invasions. The brave Muircheartach MacNeill gave them battle somewhere near Colerain. Few of them escaped; but shortly thereafter Conan Mac Niall Glun Dubh, from envy at Muircheartach's fame, formed an alliance with the Danes of Ulster; a fierce battle was fought at Loch Neagh, where the Milesians left one thousand men dead on the field. After this calamity, the furies ravaged Armagh, and murdered multitudes of the people. They also frightfully ravaged the province of Ulster on this occasion. The brave Muircheartach MacNeil mustered the remains of his scattered army, and pursued them to Monaghan, where a bloody battle was fought, the Danes being defeated with the loss of twelve hundred men, and almost the whole of their officers. But this triumph was of short duration. Aulaf Ceann Carrach (scabbed head), a name of reproach bestowed on him by the Irish, entered Galloway, where his troops made terrible work. The Milesian forces pursued him thither, were defeated with great loss; after which the Danes overran Connacht the length of Magh-Aoi, in Roscommon. A.D. 934, Aulaf Ceann Carrach again ravaged the country from Loch Erne across Brefney, and as far as Loch Ree, on the Shannon. He remained for seven months plundering Magh-Aoi, and other parts of Connacht; at the same

time Clonmacnois was ravaged by the Danes of Dublin. For these enormities, Donocha, monarch of Ireland; exhausted as his kingdom was, chased the furies from one quarter to another: he at last besieged Dublin, and cleared the country of them, A.D. 934. In A.D. 936, Aulaf returned, and terribly ravaged Killcullen, in Kildare, and took one thousand captives by that *raid*. Donocha, the monarch, aided by Muirheartach MacNeill, an *immortal patriot*, pursued them at the heels, and cleared the seed of them with immense slaughter, from all the districts which they partially possessed the length of Dublin. The Danes, in their turn, laid siege to the Palace of Ailleach, in Donegal; that magnificent fortress was taken, and Muirheartach MacNeill made prisoner, but he soon afterwards made his escape. After which Dublin was besieged, and the Danes compelled to abandon it. In A.D. 938 they returned and took Limerick, and overran part of Connaught, but they were slaughtered in a bloody battle, and driven back. Being reinforced early in the year 939, they invaded Offaley. Amergin, Prince of West Meath, fought them at Magh Cisi, in which battle the Danes lost one thousand men. In A.D. 940 they ravaged Downpatrick, Clonmacnois, and Kildare. The Milesian force, under Muirheartach MacNeill attached them. A sanguinary battle was fought. The Irish were overthrown with terrible carnage; and, what was worse, their valiant general fell while rallying his troops. He was a lion-hearted prince, the son of King Niall Glun Dubh, and lawful heir to the throne of Ireland. This terrible battle was fought on the 4th of March, being Sunday, A.D. 940. "The place mentioned as the scene of battle, according to the Annals of Ulster, was Glasliathain, a few miles north of Ardree, in the county of Lowth, towards Carrickmacross, on the borders of Monaghan."* The day after the death of that immortal soldier, Armagh was burned and plundered by the Danes in the most shocking manner. Rori O'Cananan, Prince of Tyrconnell, gave them battle, and gained a complete victory; but they in their turn invaded Leinster, and slew Faolan, the provincial king of that country; at the same time his son Lorcan took Dublin, and drove them out of it with great carnage, which cost him his life; for, in another battle soon after, his

* See Annotations of the Four Masters, at page 485 of the Annals.

troops were defeated and himself slain. In A.D. 943, the Danes of Limerick and Waterford commenced the work of ravage in Munster. The Milesian forces, under Ceallachan, the provincial king of that country, gave them battle at Saineangal, near Limerick. This was one of the most sanguinary actions fought between them. Aulaf, the Danish general, and Ceallachan, Prince of Cashel, met hand to hand in the thickest of the *melee*; both their horses were killed; they then encountered on foot. The brave Milesian cleaved the Dane to the shoulders, through his helmet, at a single blow of his battle-axe, at the sight of which his army began to waver, and at last gave way, but not till 2000 of them perished on the field. One O'Sullivan, another Irish nobleman, killed, in single combat, Moran, son of the King of Denmark. O'Keefe ran his sword through the body of the Danish standard-bearer. O'Riordan killed another Danish champion in single combat.

It were, indeed, almost needless to relate the terrible struggle between these two nations for nearly three centuries, but in particular the noted hero Ceallachan, Prince of Cashel, of whom we are speaking. He defeated the Danes in fifteen different battles; at last the Northmen of Dublin proposed a peace with him. Sitric, their king, with his brothers Thor and Magnus, came and proposed to give their sister in marriage; he accepted the offer, and went to Dublin; but on his arrival there, his guards were attacked by a powerful force of Danes, and himself made prisoner, together with Dunchuan, Prince of Thomond. The chiefs of Munster immediately mustered a large army, in order to rescue their prince; and also fitted out a formidable fleet of one hundred and twenty sail. The Milesian land army marched through Connacht and Ulster to Armagh, which city was then in the possession of the Danes. Hither they had brought Ceallachan prisoner. The Irish attacked the city, and battered the walls with their engines. That same night the Danes evacuated it, and embarked their forces in the adjacent harbour, they also took Ceallachan and Dunchuan on board their fleet. O'Falvey, the Milesian admiral, entered the bay, and with admirable skill formed his fleet in battle order. Both sides fought with the utmost fury. O'Falvey's ship and that of Sitric, the Danish king,

grappled. One Fingal, second in command under the Irish admiral, fought with Sitric hand to hand. Fingal's sword snapping in two, he at once seized the Dane in his giant grasp, and leaped overboard with him; at the sight of which prodigy the Irish renewed the battle in a terrible manner. Connal and Sioda, Milesian chiefs, seized Thor and Magnus, brothers of the Danish king, in like manner, and pitched them into the deep. At last the Danes on board the king's ship were entirely cut off, and Ceallachan rescued. O'Falvey, the Irish admiral, fell covered with wounds; in which state he handed his sword to the rescued prince, bade him take the command, and instantly expired. The Danish fleet was totally destroyed; few of them escaped:—nor were the Irish much better; vast numbers of them fell, though the victory was complete. This event happened A.D. 944.

We must now, for brevity's sake, stop short for a little; but the curious, who may be willing to see more of those terrible contests, can consult the Annotations of the Four Masters, all extracted from the ancient Irish Annals, forming at once "a vast mast mine of information relative to that doomed country."

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.—Following the above matchless guides for a little, we shall now describe the noted battle of Clontarf, with the circumstances connected with it. The famed King Brian Boromhe, in A.D. 976, ascended the throne of Munster. The war with the Danes raged with unabated fury for several years during his reign. Maol Moire MacMuireach, King of Leinster, formed a marriage alliance with Sitric III., King of the Danes; they brought their joint forces to the field; and several cruel battles were fought. At last King Brian humbled them both to that degree, that he dethroned MacMuireach, and finally became monarch of Ireland; "at which the confederates were greatly enraged. Sitric sent for forces among the Norwegians of Northumberland and of the Orkney Islands; the Normans of France, and some Belgians; also the natives of Denmark, with those of the Isle of Mann, at that time under the Danish sway. A numerous fleet, with these forces on board, arrived at the Bay of Dublin, on Sunday, the 18th of April, A.D. 1014. The Danish forces amounted to 12,000; the Leinster

troops, under the felon Maol Murrogh, 9000—total, 21,000. When the confederates reviewed their forces, they challenged Brian to battle on the plains of Clontarf, which the brave monarch accepted. The Milesians mustered from all quarters of Ireland. The following are a few of the chiefs of clans mentioned by the learned Annotators, who extracted their brilliant account of that battle from the authentic Gaelic records of their country:—Eogan, Prince of Desmond; Mothla O'Faolan, Prince of Desies; Mac Beotach, Prince of Kerry; Luachrach Scanlan, Prince of Loch Lein; Aodh MacLoughlin, Prince of Connach; Donal, Prince of Coircabascain; Aodh, *the Wounder*, Prince of Ely; Loinseach, Prince of Conall Gabhra; Murtoch, Prince of Hy Siathain, in Cork; Mac Donacha, Prince of Ara; Cathal Mac Donnabhain, Prince of Carberry; *Geibionach* O'Dubhagan, Prince of Ferney, &c. &c. In short, Brian found himself at the head of 20,000 men. He encamped at Kilmainham, near Dublin. The Danish forces, in three divisions, formed in battle array on the plains of Clontarf. Of these were 1000 Norwegians cased in mail. Sitric their king, and three *Earls*, Dolat, Anrud, and Carolus, commanded the right. The centre, composed of the Leinster men and some Danes, were led by Maol Mora, king of that province. The left was under Brodar, the Danish admiral, and Sigurd, Earl of Orkney. In like manner the Milesians formed in three divisions: the right was commanded by Brian himself, and his son Muireach; the centre by Teige O'Connar, provincial king of Connacht; the left by the *High Stewart* of Scotland, and other nobles from this country.

On the 23d of April, the *Gaeil* unfurled their banners. The national standard, designated *Gal Greine*, or Sunbeam, took the lead. King Brian delivered an animated speech; which, being ended, the Milesians entered the plain of Clontarf. Both armies rushed forward to the strife of death, says the learned Annotators. "The brazen-tongued trumpets were blown with terrific blasts; the warriors rushed to the encounter; the conflict on all sides raged with surpassing fury. Showers of arrows and darts darkened the air, and volleys of stones from the slings whizzed through the ranks; the swords and battle-axes rang on the helmets and coats of mail; the spears were shivered in the shock; shields and bucklers rent asunder;

the combatants were cloven down, hacked, and hewed to pieces." Here they quote, in illustration, M'Pherson's translation of a passage in Fingall: "As autumn's dark storms, pouring from two echoing hills, towards each other approach the hosts, as two deep streams from high rocks meet, mix, and roar on the plains. Loud, rough, and dark in battle met Lochlin and INNISFAIL. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging on steel; helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around. Strings murmur on the polished yew; darts rush along the sky; spears fall like the circles of heaven, which brighten the face of night as the last peal of the thunder in heaven. Such is the din of battle. As rushes a stream of foam from the dark shady steep of Cromla, when the thunder is travelling above, and dark brown night sits on half the hills, so fierce, so vast, so terrible rushed on the sons of Erin. As roll a thousand waves against the rocks, so Lochlin's host came on as meets a rock a thousand waves. INNISFAIL met Lochlin's spears."

Maolseachlain, Prince of Meath, being requested by his relatives to give an account of the battle, described it as follows:—"It is impossible for human language to describe that battle. We were separated from them as spectators at no greater distance than the breadth of a ditch and a fallow field. When they engaged and grappled in close fight, it was dreadful to behold how their weapons glittered over their heads in the sun, giving them the appearance of a numerous flock of sea-gulls flying in the air. When the two fronts closed, a father nor a brother could not recognise each other, except by their voices. Our bodies and clothes were all covered over with the showers of blood borne from the fighting ranks on the wings of the wind. The swords, spears, and battle-axes of the combatants were so entangled with clotted blood and locks of hair, that they could with difficulty use them. To those who beheld the slaughter as spectators, the sight was more terrific than to those who engaged in the battle,—which continued from sunrise until the shades of evening."

Prince Murrough (or Muirach), the son of Brian, led the van. The 1000 Northmen (Danes), in coats of mail, did great execution in the early part of the battle, but being attacked by Prince Murrough, at the head of his heavy

armed *galloglaich*, a dreadful carnage ensued, for the Danes were hewed down through their helmets and armour by the battle-axes of the immortal GAEIL OF ERIN, who scarcely allowed one of those steel-clad "invincibles" to escape. Of the Danish commanders, three of them fell by *Prince Murrogh*. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, encountered him, but the prince clove his skull through his helmet with his battle-axe. In like manner he was attacked by two Danish generals, Carolus and Conmaol, both were cut down by the powerful Milesian. Anrud, Prince of Norway, seeing his brother Carolus slain, furiously encountered the Irish prince, whose right hand was swollen, and unable to wield the battle-axe from incessant exertion during the day, grasped his sword in the left, and closed with the Norwegian in deadly strife. Their men, on both sides, rushed to the rescue of their leaders. Both lost their footing in the *melee*; they then grappled with their hands. The Milesian tore off part of the Dane's coat of mail, and ran his sword through him. The other, as he fell, grasped Murrogh's dagger, and sheathed it in his breast. He died of the wound next day. The combat of Murrogh with Anrud happened in the evening, and at the time that the Danes turned their backs in despair. They fled from the field routed in all directions. The Milesians pursued them like a sweeping torrent. The raven standard of Denmark was prostrate in the dust, amidst the shouts of the victors and the wild shrieks of the vanquished. Thus ended "CATH CORADH CLUANA TAIRBH."* 16,000 of the Danes fell.

And now, to close the scene. When the Danes gave way, Brian was taken to his tent, with only a few attendants. Brodar, the Danish commander, having fled with some followers into an adjacent wood, perceived that the king was only guarded by a few individuals, rushed into the royal tent. The aged hero, though taken by surprise, seized his battle-axe, and cut down several of his assailants; at last Brodar gave the death stroke. His guards engaged in the pursuit having heard of his death, returned and attacked Brodar and his followers. The assassin was taken prisoner, and put to death with excruciating torments. His Majesty BRIAN BOROMHE was in the 88th year of his age.

* Original of the Four Masters.

These grievous calamities caused by the Danes in Ireland, numberless as they were, terribly moved M'Auslan, or M'Anselan, Prince of Dunseverin, an extensive principality in the south parts of Tyrone, to accompany the Lord High Stewart into Scotland, at the noted battle of Clontarf, at which both commanded and fought. He was a valiant personage, and highly connected in Scotland both with the family of the Isles, Lamont, and others: indeed, he only volunteered his services at that time to Malcolm II. against the Danes, during whose reign they invaded this kingdom again and again. From the foregoing notice the most thoughtless may see how utterly groundless the calumny so strenuously propagated by English hirelings, that the Irish were conquered, or at least tamely submitted to the Danes, such as the extinct Saxons had done. It will be asked with surprise, How are we to account for the fact that the Irish submitted to the English afterwards, though they performed such prodigies of valour against the Danish furies? There is nothing easier than to satisfy you on this point. Our limits will not permit of entering into a subject that would require volumes. We proceed therefore with brevity. The first footing that the English gained in that doomed country was through the agency of Diarmid MacMurrough, provincial king of Leinster. That wicked man seduced Dearvorgail, the wife of Tiarnan O'Ruaire, prince of Brefney, for which action Roderick O'Connor, monarch of Ireland, invaded his territory, and obliged him to fly the kingdom in 1178. The culprit fled to England, and craved the assistance of Henry II., promising to gift to the English the port of Waterford, with some lands, if they would put him in possession of his principality. In short, he promised to become Henry's liegeman should he assist in his restoration. An English force was prepared and transported thither, and several hard battles were fought. At last the Irish, aroused to a true sense of their danger, compelled the English to abandon the country. The invaders next attacked the Danes of Dublin, and seized their stronghold. The monarch of Ireland made vigorous preparations to meet future emergencies. The English, in the interim, applied to the Pope, who was, as is known to all, a born Southron.* On the return of the English,

* Adrian IV.

the Milesians mustered a formidable army to oppose them; but the clergy—instigated by their master of Rome—mustered too. They presented themselves in their official robes before the king and the army, and with apparent great earnestness besought the monarch not to fight the English, for sometime at least; by which artifice they paralysed the energy of that once great nation, so that the enemies of universal mankind were allowed to escape unpunished, till they got a firm footing in the country unmolested.

The satanic agency of those priests at that time, and for seven centuries bygone, is perhaps the most surprising phenomenon that ever was applied to enslave the human mind. All along the priests are teaching the natives to hate the English, as oppressive devils and hell-deserving heretics;—which charge, God and men know, is quite true; for the half of that kingdom, and two parishes to boot, is devoured by the Southron priestly locusts, which of itself is more than sufficient to brand them as the *very disciples of Clooty*. Nor is it less amazing to see how both are leagued against the people. The English Anti-Christians are devouring its substance by the agency of their priests; while the emissaries of Rome are eternally instigating the people to hate them, and filling the earth with the groans of the oppressed, so loud, that several brave men have been allured and sacrificed by the hellish machinations of both. All the patriots who attempted to rescue Ireland, from the day that the monarch and his army were deceived, fell victims by the craft of Irish and English priests. It is needless to give an account of these, but perhaps the fate of O'Neill, prince of Tyrone, is the most appalling of them all. That hero baffled the power of England for twelve years during the reign of Elizabeth, but at last his confessor betrayed him in the following manner:—He was invited to a feast by some who fought under himself for many years; on which occasion, a wicked woman, married to one of the Plunkets of Lowth, presented him with a pair of fine slippers for the dance, which he accepted. The said shoes were poisoned. He performed with them till the heat of his body extracted the venom. It took effect in his feet as intended; after which he lingered for sometime and died. And so it fared with all others, down to Smith O'Brien. The in-

stant the people are brought to fighting pitch, the English will open their coffers, and bribe the priests to shake hell over their heads, in order to make them forsake their leaders. That point gained, the old dose of inspiring hatred against their oppressors is repeated, from terror that the victims may peradventure come to their senses, and defy them—both which grant, O Lord, in thine own time and way. By these agencies Ireland was and is enslaved by the English; and who can help them—they are beyond human help long ago.

But now to return to the Prince of Dunseverine. On his arrival in Scotland with the High Stewart, he was presented to the valiant King Malcolm II. Nor was it long till he gave ample proof that he was not a whit behind any in his kingdom for wisdom and bravery. At the terrible battles of Mortlach and Balbride, he distinguished himself by his valour and conduct, that he obtained grants of extensive possessions in the Lennox. He shortly thereafter married the heiress of Buchanan, the only surviving representative of that distinguished family at the period in question. Now observe that the surname of Buchanan was not derived in any way from this circumstance, nor yet from the one nor the other of the illustrious pair here presented. The name of Buchanan is involved in the deep unfathomable antiquities of the Caledonians. The ancestors of that lady derived it from the district of country still known by that name, or the present parish of Buchanan, in Stirlingshire: therefore, the design of this article is to shew that the line of the family was preserved from the aforesaid persons, and that their descendants were of European notoriety for learning and patriotism.

In the year 1120 was born John Buchanan, son of the heiress of that ilk, and of MacAuslan, Prince of Dunseverin, who received a new grant of the lands of Buchanan from King Malcolm III. He was succeeded by his son Anselan or Auselan, the third Laird of Buchanan of this race. His successor was his son Walter, who was succeeded by his son Gerald. His son was named MacBeth—which accounts for their origin. MacBeth was succeeded by his son, another Anselan, who made a conspicuous figure for his uncommon wit and personal prowess. His successor was his son Gilbert, for whose brilliant talents and loyalty he was a special favourite of Alexander II.; in the seven-

teenth year of his reign he confirmed the lands of Buchanan to the said Gilbert by a new Charter. In 1231, to Gilbert succeeded his son, Sir Maurice, the ninth Laird of Buchanan, who was, like his ancestors, noted for his bravery and extraordinary acquirements. He had three sons, of which Maurice, the eldest, succeeded him, and Allan, who married the heiress of Lenny, from whence sprung the Buchanans of that ilk; and John, the youngest, was the founder of the house of Auchneiven. Sir Maurice, the tenth Laird of Buchanan, was a noted patriot. During the distressful invasions of Edward, this *leal* Scot defended his country by following the Earl of Lennox, under whose banner, at the head of his clan; he fought at the battles of Sheriff Muir and Stirling Bridge. Some would assert that he was killed at the Battle of Falkirk, which is ridiculous nonsense, as his name is appended to an inquest relative to the heirs of Cremennan, which investigation took place at Killearn, in 1320, the fourteenth of the reign of King Robert Bruce, Sir Maurice endured great hardships. When Edward's forces ravaged Scotland the third time, all who escaped either fled or concealed themselves, except that matchless hero and miracle of human nature, Sir William Wallace; Sir James Lindsay and his cousin, Roger de Lindsay, the one the son and heir of Lord Lindsay of Crawford, the other his nephew; together with Sir Maurice Buchanan, and the patriotic Earl of Lennox—these, with about 200 veteran soldiers, formed a company of cavalry; for fourteen days they hung on the rear of the English army, sometimes dashing in among the rearguard, and cutting them off ere they could recover from the panic; at other times, by blowing their bugles, in various directions, at night, they kept the *Butcher* in continual alarm. Maurice was afterwards a staunch adherent of the cause of Bruce, who was glad to shelter himself in Buchanan for some time; he lived to a great age, and died, admired by all his contemporaries as a man worthy of being imitated above many.

His son, Sir Walter, succeeded him, and was not a whit behind his father, however much he excelled him; he lived to a great age, and died, much lamented in 1358. His successor was his son John, the twelfth Laird of Buchanan. He had three sons, of which Alexander was an officer in the Scottish army sent to the assistance of France

against the English in the year 1420. His son, Sir Alexander Buchanan, made a noted figure at the sanguinary Battle of Bauge, where he, at one cut of his battle axe, killed the Southron Duke of Clarence; but he was afterwards killed at the Battle of Vernoile, along with many Scots of note. Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Walter, a truly bright ornament in the annals of our country. He married the Lady Isabel Stewart, daughter to the Duke of Albany, and Isabel, heiress of Lennox. He was succeeded by his son Sir Patrick, the fourteenth of that ilk; he married Galbraith, the heiress of Killearn, whose christian name I do not know, and had by her two sons, Walter and Thomas—the former his successor—the latter was the founder of the house of Druinikill. His successor was Walter, the fifteenth Laird of Buchanan. He married the daughter of Graham of Montrose, and by her had Patrick, his son, who, with three hundred of the name of Buchanan, perished on the field of Flodden. That doleful affair, and afterwards, the upwards of four hundred of them which were slaughtered at the Battle of Inverkeithing, offered fair to exterminate the clan. Patrick, his successor, was married to Argyle's daughter, whose name I do not know; by her he had George, his successor, and Walter, the founder of the house of Spittel, and two daughters. George, who succeeded the said Patrick, had two sons, John and William, ancestor of the Buchanans of Auchmar. George was succeeded by John, the eighteenth Laird of Buchanan; he married Lord Livingston's daughter, whose mother was the Earl of Morton's daughter. To him succeeded his son Sir George, the nineteenth Laird of Buchanan; he married Mary Graham, daughter to the Earl of Menteith—by her had his son Sir John, and two daughters, Helen and Susanna; the eldest of which daughters was married to Colquhoun of Luss, and Susanna to MacFarlan of Arrochar. Sir John, his successor, was the twentieth Laird of Buchanan; this gentleman was a great patron of learning among the many of his predecessors and of his name whose learning and integrity afterwards illustrated the Scottish character. Scarcely were any of them more conspicuous than he. He was succeeded by his son Sir George, who fought at the head of his immortal clan at Inverkeithing, where he was taken prisoner, and afterwards murdered, by Cromwell's

orders in 1651. He left Sir John, his successor, Helen, Agnes and Jean; Helen was married to Rollo of Bannockburn; Agnes, to Stewart of Rosyth; and Jean, to a gentleman of the name of Leckie. His son and successor died in 1682, and was the last of that illustrious race.

Of the other branches of the house of Buchanan, which are the families of Auchmar, Spittel, Arnprior, Drumikill, Auchneiven, Lenny, &c, with the collateral branches of the MacMillans, MacIndeors, MacIldonichs, MacRobbs, MacWatties, MacChruiteirs, MacMaurices, with the original names of the family MacAuslan, and many more—our limits will not permit us to follow, only it is necessary to mention a few of the race as distinguished as any name in Scotland. Besides the patriot Maurice, already mentioned, Sir Alastir, who fought in France, not only supported a righteous cause, but immortalized his memory for his personal bravery. When the Civil War broke out in that kingdom in the year 1419 the contending parties were the Dauphin of France and his adherents on the one side, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy on the other. In that emergency the Queen and her party sent an invitation to Henry V. of England to seize the Crown of France on the remote pretences of his great-grandfather, Edward III. The Southron at once transported an army thither, before the Dauphin, the rightful heir, had time to oppose him. The stroke was so sudden that Henry at once took possession of the kingdom, and left his brother, the Duke of Clarence, there as his Viceroy. In this extremity the Dauphin sent ambassadors to Scotland, craving their assistance against the Usurper. The Scots beheld with indignation their ally devoured by their hereditary foe, in the year 1420 transported seven thousand men into France, under the command of the Earl of Buchan, son of the Regent Robert, Duke of Albany; and Gillespie Douglas, Earl of Wigton. The Scottish army landed short before Easter, upon which account a cessation of arms was agreed on for some days between the Scots and the English. The former absolutely off their guard, unapprehensive of attack, remained in passive inactivity; but the English were not so: Clarence, fully aware of the security of the Scots, proved that the treachery of his countrymen in all ages was his favourite policy. Upon Easter Sunday he, at the head of his cavalry, marched directly to the town of

Bauge, where the Scots were quartered, with the full intention of murdering them by surprise; but matters proved otherwise than he expected, for the bridge leading to the town was guarded by a small body of French troops, who fled in dismay when they descried the enemy. The Scots, at once alarmed, flew to their weapons; but, first of all, one Ewen Kennedy, with about fifty archers, gained the bridge before the English. The fifty Scottish bowmen poured an incessant shower on the advancing assailants. The extreme narrowness of the bridge contracted the shafts of death to so narrow a compass that none could advance without meeting instant death, so that the English were completely arrested. At last Clarence ordered two hundred steel-clad cuirassiers, arrow proof, to charge with their spears. Kennedy was compelled to retire at the very instant that the Earl of Buchan arrived. With two hundred chosen cavalry at the disputed bridge Clarence was compelled to fly to the main body. The English formed in battle order. The Scots instantly attacked them. The Southrons, far more numerous, maintained their ground till Sir Alexander Buchanan descried the Duke of Clarence. Like his countrymen to this day, his vanity was so great that he wore some ornaments on his helmet, which marked him as his brother's representative. Buchanan, at the head of his spearmen, charged the enemy, where he saw Clarence resolute enough rallying his wavering battalions. The Scots assailed them so fiercely that Buchanan cut his way to the Duke's person. The Englishman met his antagonist—both were well mounted—the Duke's lance struck obliquely on Sir Alastir's breastplate—the Scot's battle axe descended through the helmet and head of the *Image of Vanity*. Buchanan seized the gaudy coronet, put it on the point of his spear, and cried to his men to complete the victory—that the English General was gone. The Southrons fled in all directions, leaving Clarence, and other twenty-six of their principal officers, and 3000 soldiers, dead on the field. The loss of the Scots was quite trifling.

Besides Sir Patrick, who fell on the field of Flodden, Sir George Buchanan of that ilk fought with great bravery at the Battle of Pinkie, which he survived; his clan suffered severely; the Laird of Arnpryor, and upwards of three hundred of the name of Buchanan fell there.

Again, Sir John, of that ilk, fought at the battle of Dunbar against Cromwell, and afterwards at Inverkeithing, where the Buchanans, surrounded by their numerous foes, fought to the last man; so that it is a matter of surprise to find any of them in our day. It is true, likewise, few though they be, they are remarkable for intelligence, sincere attachment to their country, and *pawkie wit*. There were many learned personages of this name, particularly the celebrated George, of European notoriety. In his history of Scotland, he truthfully lashed the English, the guilty of the house of *Stuart*, and the factious Scottish nobles, some of which, from age to age, were gallows deserving vagabonds. The English hated him while living, and would now blot his memory from the earth. He laid bare, and handed down to posterity, the vices introduced into this country at the restoration of James I. That king's English tail is depicted by Buchanan in terms the most graphic. While speaking of the conduct of James relative to some improvements which he seems to have introduced, the historian says, "Yet while he was thus strengthening all the weak parts of his kingdom by proper remedies, he got the dislike of his subjects to a great degree, especially for two reasons. The one seemed light in appearance, yet it was that which is the beginning of almost all calamity to a people. For while peace was settled, idleness, luxury, and the wanton lust of ruining first the peace itself, and other blessings, were its immediate consequences. Hence arose sumptuous feastings, masquerades, balls, corruption of manners, falsely called politeness, and in all things contempt of the country's customs; so that nothing, forsooth, was accounted handsome enough but that which was perfectly novel and out of the way. The commonality were willing to show that the fault of these innovations lay not at their door; they justly put the blame on the English who followed the king, and yet these did not inveigh against such wanton courses more bitterly than those who introduced them studiously practised them," &c. &c. Again, while describing the rage of the Southrons in consequence of the marriage of the Princess Margaret with the Dauphin of France, as formerly mentioned, the Sassenachs were so mad after being despised by the Scots and threshed by the Spaniards, that one of their scribblers attacked James by scurrilous,

pitiful talk, as they always produce, which gave our matchless countryman ample reason to punish them. He proceeds: "Upon this occasion, the English writers, and especially Edward Hall, and he that pilfers from him, Grafton, inveigh mightily against James, 'as ungrateful, perfidious, and forgetful of courtesies; who being nobly entertained by the English for so many years, honoured with a royal match, and large dowery, and besides restored to liberty from a long imprisonment, suffered all these obligations to be postponed, and preferred the alliance with France before that with England.'"

"But the matter itself," says Buchanan, "easily refutes their slanders; for first, their detaining of him when he landed on their coast was a violation of their treaty, and also of the law of nations. Was a wrong not courtesy? Next, as to their not killing him, but putting him under a ransom rather than embrue their hands in the blood not of an enemy but of a guest, that was to be attributed not to their meacy towards him but to their avarice. But even granting there was any courtesy in it, was it but like that of thieves who seem to give the life they take not away? And, if he was engaged to the English on that account, it was a private not a public debt. As for their bestowing education upon him, who was innocent by reason of his age, and a king by descent, though most unrighteously detained, it bears some shew of humanity, and would have been a commendable piece of kindness if the injury going before and the covetousness following after, had not marred it—unless you would say that if you purposely wound a man you may require him to give you thanks for his cure; and so you imagine a light compensation for a great loss is to be esteemed as a courtesy; or because you have done a man half of a good turn you should be paid for a whole one: for he that takes care that his captive should be educated either for his own pleasure, or that he may yield him a better price; though some advantage accrue hereby to the party educated, yet the master doth not aim at the good of the slave but at his own advantage. 'But,' say he, 'the king honoured him with the marriage of his kinswoman, and thus the royal young man was royally bestowed. But what if that affinity was as honoura-

* Grafton and Hall.

ble to the father as the son-in-law? He would else have married her to a private man; but now he made her a queen, and ingrafted her by marriage into that family from whom so many kings descended. But he gave a very large dowry with her.'

"To whom, I pray, was it given but to the English themselves, who took it away before it was paid, and made a shew of it in words to the husband, but in deed kept it for their own use? so that the dowry was only spoken of, not given. All calculated that they would have the young man whom they had basely abused much indebted to them, but still had to carry his wife away with him without a dowry. 'But they sent him home a free man,' say they: Yes, as a pirate doth discharge his captive when his ransom is paid. But how free, I pray? Even if we believe the English writers themselves, under the forced obligation of an oath always to obey the English king as his lord: and so to bring a kingdom which he did not yet enjoy into perpetual servitude, which if he had actually had it he could not alienate, and yet he must betray it before he received it. This is not to set one free, but to turn him loose with a longer chain, and that not as a king but as a steward only, or vicegerent; and I must add that they compelled him in his captivity to make a promise, yes, a promise of that which he could not perform; neither could he compel those who had the power of it to perform it. This is that high piece of liberality which they say James was unmindful of. These unskilful writers, forgetful of all moderation and modesty, in their stories to account profits received as courtesies given, how great must we think that liberty of falsifying, or desire of evil-speaking, to be which they use against the daughter of the aforesaid king? For, whereas such men, otherwise impudent enough, had nothing to allege against her manners, they write that she was unacceptable to her husband because of her stinking breath, whereas Monstelet, a contemporary writer of those days, doth affirm that she was virtuous and beautiful; and he who wrote the Phiscardine Book, who accompanied her to France, hath left it on record that as long as she lived she was very dear to her father and mother-in-law, and to her husband, as appeared by the inscription and epitaph, in French verses, at Chaillons, by the river Matrona, where she died, which sounds much to

her praise; it was then published, and afterwards turned into the Scottish language, which many of them have to this day. But leaving these men who do so calumniate other peoples credit and neglect their own that they care little what they say of others or what others think of them."

Such is the manner in which Buchanan handled the English, wherein their dastardly spirit is truly represented. They seized on the person of the prince, and detained him for eighteen years, during which period he cost his country 40,000 Merks Sterling for his maintenance; nor would they give him his liberty without an enormous ransom after all. At last, when their designs were ripe, to make sure of securing Scotland by English agency, they compelled him, while in custody, to marry one of their choice, in order that by her they might know every secret of the Scottish government: these were the conditions on which they consented to his release, so that their disappointments were afterwards far from forgotten in the days of Buchanan.

The reader can peruse for himself the manner in which that worthy punished them in the course of his "History," as the *braid Lalland* proverb hath it—"He teuk skin and el wi' him." He was hated by the Stuarts for the unreserved manner in which he chastised James while he was his pupil, and recorded his mother's criminal actions just as they took place, neither more nor less. There was not one in Scotland, Knox excepted, equal to Buchanan at the time or since. Who but a man endowed with that love of truth peculiar to God's chosen few could record before the face of Queen Mary's son, the king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, what Buchanan truthfully handed down to posterity relative to her and her accomplices in crime?

After a faithful detail of the murder of Darnley, the circumstances of which were planned and executed by the Queen and Bothwell, he says—depicting the facts with which that tragedy was concluded—"Such a load of guilt lay upon his mind that he could not trust his own friends. The Queen, when she thought he was out of danger, articulated with Kirkaldy that the rest of her army should pass quietly home; and she came with him to the nobles, clothed only with a *tunicle*, and that only a thread-bare

one, reaching a little below her knees. She was received by the van of the army not without demonstrations of their former reverence; but when she requested they would allow her to meet the Hamiltons, who were said to be coming on—promising to return again—and commanded Morton to undertake that she would be as good as her word, for she hoped, by fair promises, to do whatever she would: when she could not obtain it she burst out into all the bitterness of language, and upbraided the commanders with what she had done for them. They too heard her with silence; but when she came to the second body, there was a unanimous cry from all—‘Burn the whore! burn the parricide!’ King Henry was painted on one of the banners, and his little son crying for vengeance from God upon the murderers; that banner two soldiers stretched out before her eyes wherever she went, at the sight of which she swooned, and could scarce be kept upon her horse; but recovering herself she remitted nothing of her former fierceness, uttering threats and reproaches, shedding tears, and shewing all the signs that accompany a woman’s grief. In her march she made what delay she could, expecting aid might come from elsewhere; but one of the company cried out that there was no reason she should expect the Hamiltons, for there was not an armed man within many miles of the place. At last, a little before night, she entered Edinburgh, her face being covered with dust and tears, as if mud had been thrown upon it—all the people running to see the spectacle—she passed through the city in great silence, the multitude leaving her so narrow a passage that scarce two could go abreast. When she was going up to her lodging, one woman prayed for her; but she, turning to the people, told them, besides other threatenings, that she would burn the city, and quench the fire in the blood of the perfidious inhabitants. When she shewed herself weeping at the window, and a great concourse of people being collected, some of whom commiserated her sudden change of fortune, the former banner was held out to her, upon which she shut the window, and withdrew.”

For recording these historical truths, the Stuarts abhorred Buchanan; but that gave him little annoyance. While on his death-bed, King James, her son, sent emissaries to the dying saint, requesting him to recant what

he wrote of the criminals of his time. He asked the messengers—"Are ye convinced that I wrote the truth?" They answered in the affirmative. "Now," said he, "*gang back and tell him that I shall bide his fead (feud), and that o' a' his kin.*"

There were several others of this name highly distinguished for learning and integrity. Mr Thomas Buchanan, nephew of the celebrated George, who was advanced to the office of Lord Privy Seal, was a learned divine, and a strenuous promoter of the Reformation, was consulted in every emergency in those troublesome times, and is conspicuous in the history of the Church during that period. There was also the Rev. Thomas Buchanan, minister of Syres, in Fyfe, contemporary with James VI.; he had few equals in learning, and was much esteemed by his contemporaries. Much about the same time, there flourished Thomas Buchanan, Professor of Philosophy in St. Andrews. Nearly contemporary with him we find David Buchanan of Arnpryor, a gentleman of extensive learning; he wrote several works, particularly a copious *Natural History* and a *Gazatteer of Scotland*, &c. &c. Some of his works were published, others not. But to come nearer our own times, that bright ornament, the Rev. John Lane Buchanan, A.M., the triumphant antagonist of Pinkerton—he ably confuted that malicious calumniator, and left a monument for this distinguished name in his *Dejence*, justly so called; he also wrote another volume, entitled *Travels in the Hebrides from 1782 to 1790*, wherein he ably exposed the consummate iniquity of the landlords, the profane clergy, and other oppressors of that period. Neither should we overlook the Rev. and learned Dr Buchanan of Glasgow, *hale and weel* in our own day—one of the boldest hearts in Europe.

THE CAMERONS.

This gallant and once numerous clan were from very high antiquity named Claun-Mhartin or MacMartins, and possessed that district in Lochaber now belonging to the Laird of Lochiel. It is not very easy to determine at what period the name was changed into Cameron, or for what reason; only this much is known, that Cameron of that Ilk signed the letter sent to the Pope asserting the

independence of Scotland A.D. 1320, and therefore must have been one of those persons of note at that period. They were generally named Donald and Ewen, and very often shared the prosperity and adversity of the Clan Donald. It was formerly given very briefly, the resistance of the celebrated Sir Ewen to the Cromwellian troops, which he finally humbled to treat with him on his own terms. Sir Ewen was twice married, first to Campbell of Lochnell's daughter, and secondly to Barclay of Urie's daughter; he had Donald, his son and heir, and eleven daughters; they were all married to gentlemen of rank, and on that account the descendants of Sir Ewen spread so wide that there is scarcely a family of note between Lochy and Tweed but what is connected with the family of Lochiel. Sir Ewen was connected with the family of Argyle; his mother was Campbell of Glenorchy's daughter, consequently in his minority was entirely under the tuition of Argyle, who took care that Sir Ewen was educated according to the tenets of the Church of Scotland; however much he afterwards differed from his contemporaries in political matters he was always a zealot for the house of Stuart, and continued in opposition to every encroachment on their prerogative during his life. Sir Ewen commanded at the Battle of Raon-Ruairi or Killecrankie, and was indeed chiefly instrumental in gaining the victory—a few particulars of which we may now relate.

On the 26th of July, 1689, General MacKay marched from Perth with a force of nearly 5000 men; he took his route by Dunkeld, from thence he proceeded towards the pass of Killecrankie, which he passed without molestation, but was soon surprised when he discovered that Claverhouse's troops, aware of his approach, was marching directly towards him. Both sides prepared for battle. Claverhouse's army did not surpass 2300; that of MacKay was almost double that number. General MacKay was a brave man and an experienced soldier. Graham of Claverhouse was a bloody hunter of the persecuted witnesses for many years. The latter, on being apprized that MacKay cleared the pass, was well pleased with the event; but one is rather suspicious that this is mere bombast on the part of his biographers, rather than solid truth. York* unhes-

itatingly gave him the title of Viscount Dundee, to wipe off the true one of *Bloody Claverhouse* at the time; nor are other flatterers of the Episcopal school less active in keeping the latter title still alive, in order to soothe his descendants, who are not much better than himself, if they durst.* General MacKay arrived at the Tilt unmolested and halted on the adjacent high grounds, well covered with brushwood; but there is another eminence still higher, of which he took possession immediately thereafter. In the interim, the enemy, who was more particularly informed by the native Highlanders of every available advantage of that kind, took possession of another terrace before MacKay reached his, so that he still had the advantage. According to the most common accounts, MacKay made his dispositions like an experienced General. While arranging his order of battle, the enemy's riflemen made various attempts to mark him; though conspicuous on horseback, and within an ordinary distance, he escaped their murderous aims unhurt. After making his arrangements with great coolness, he delivered an excellent speech, which implied that not only was the liberty of their country at stake, but that their own personal safety was wholly depending on their valour, &c. &c.

In like manner, the other *Bloody Hunter of Saints* was busy forming his order of battle, which, having done, he spoke as follows—"Soldiers! you are come hither to fight, and that in the best of causes, for it is the battle of your king, your religion, and your country, against the foulest usurpation and rebellion; and having therefore so good a cause in your hands, I doubt not but it will inspire you with an equal courage to maintain it—for there is no proportion between felony and bravery: let us oppose the enemy therefore like true Scotsmen, and let us redeem the credit of this nation that is laid low by the treacheries and cowardice of some of our countrymen, in making which request I ask nothing of you that I am not now ready to do myself; and, if any of us shall fall this day, we shall have the honour of dying on our duty, and as becomes true men of valour and conscience; and such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious king, and the praise of all good men. In God's name,

* Sir James Graham of Lethendy is a descendant of his.

therefore, let us go on, and let this be your word—*King James and the Church of Scotland*—which God long preserve.”

It was now far advanced in the evening. Claverhouse ordered his men to attack. The Highlanders stript themselves to their shirts and belts, which being done, they shouted as they began to move. MacKay's men responded. Sir Ewen Cameron, as if moved by a sudden impulse, said —“ The battle is ours: I am the oldest officer here, and I will pledge my life that these men will not keep their ground five minutes—that is a faint cheer ”

At first the Gael advanced slowly, and in a stooping posture; they covered their heads and breasts with their shields, to evade the fire of the enemy.

“ Ach nuair a fhuair na laoiach gun tioma,
Adhol a 'n aite buille a bhualadh.”

MacKay, observing these movements on the part of the enemy, ordered his musqueteers to reserve their fire till within one hundred yards of them, in order to render it more effectual; but instead of which, two of MacKay's regiments, forsaken of God, did not fire a single shot. Some of his battalions punctually obeyed, and poured a shower on the advancing foe, which told with deadly effect. The MacDonalds lost sixteen officers ere they closed with the enemy. The instant that that was effected the fire ceased. The shock was so irresistible that MacKay's men began to reel. Their gallant General displayed great abilities, but all of no avail; so utterly dismayed were they at the prowess of the Highlanders, that for sometime they could neither fly nor fight till they were in an instant driven into the valley below, and slaughtered as they fled. It is a fact that in about twenty minutes after the Gael got within sword's length of that ill-fated army, about two thousand men were cut to pieces.

Contemporary authors have left us appalling portraits. “ Here might be seen skulls cut off above the ears, there heads lying near the trunks from which they had been severed, there corpses laid open from the head to the brisket.”

Another says—“ Then the Highlanders fired, threw down their fusils, rushed in upon the enemy with sword, target and pistol, who did not maintain their ground two

minutes after they were amongst them; and I dare be bold to say that there were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General MacKay's men and officers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breast, others had skulls cut off above their ears, like night-caps. Some soldiers had both their bodies and cross belts cut through at one blow; pikes and small swords were cut like willows; and whoever doubts of this may consult the witnesses of the tragedy."*

Sir Ewen Cameron lived to a great age, and at last lost his faculties, vigorous as he once was, from the effects of that frailty to which all men are liable by reason of old age. He was feckless as a child for some time.

It were endless to follow the history of the many heroic officers of this name which distinguished themselves during the late struggle with France, and whose memories no doubt must perish through the malice of English foes, once this generation is past, should the devil not come for the seed of the Southrons in our own day, Allan Cameron,† Colonel of the 79th Regiment, was equal to any in the British service as a soldier, and noted for his fatherly care of those under his command. Besides that other prodigy, Colonel Cameron, of the 92d Regiment, who fell at Waterloo; he was eldest son of Cameron of Fasach-Fearn, in Lochaber, and was, without exception, the first soldier in the British army.

The supposed Lowland surname, *Chalmers*, is undoubtedly identical with Cameron—one of whom became opulent in France, whose descendants were Peers of that kingdom, and changed the name by the slight variation of Chalmers. No wonder though London *bodies* exclaimed, when the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers preached there, on a certain occasion—"The *tartan* has done us! we have no preaching like this in England."

THE MACLEANS.

Some have of late years, contrary to evidences established many ages past, gave currency to a report that the Clan MacGillein or MacLean descended from the family of the

* Memoirs of Dundee, &c.

† Alein Mor an Earrachd.

Fitzgeralds of Kildare. It is enough to mention once that such nonsense is unworthy of any farther notice.

According to Beaton, and also Dr. Kennedy, the genealogy of the MacLeans previous to GILLEIN, who signalised himself at the Battle of Largs, under the banner of Scotland, against the Danes, A.D. 1263, were as follows:—

GILLEIN MACRATH.
 Mhic Mhill Suinn,
 Mhic Neill,
 Mhic Craine,
 Mhic Connduille,
 Mhic Ceallie,
 Mhic Shanduil,
 Mhic Ierie Duibh,
 Mhic Fhearghais,
 Mhic Neachduin,
 Mhic Colla Muin,
 Mhic Beoghain,
 Mhic Eochie,
 Mhic Mhurchaidh,
 Mhic Laoghire Mhoir,
 Mhic Fhearhais Albanich,
 Mhic Erc,
 Mhic Eochie Muinraimher
 Mhic Aonghais Uabhrich,
 Mhic Aonghais Fiar,
 Mhic Fhearghais,
 Mhic Eochie Tuadhall,
 Mhic Felim Larchdoide,
 Mhic Cine,
 Mhic Guaire,

Mhic Fiunduin,
 Mhic Cairbre Uaghach,
 Mhic Conir
 Mhic Mogalma,
 Mhic Chairbre Chromchin,
 Mhic Dorn Morn,
 Mhic Chairbre Fiummhoir,
 Mhic Conair Mhoir,
 Mhic Erc,
 Mhic Deadhi,
 Mhic Tren,
 Mhic Earrail,
 Mhic Fheghie,
 Mhic Olliol,
 Mhic Fiachra Firarg,
 Mhic Leamhrach,
 Mhic Eadar Sgeoil,
 Mhic Eoghain,
 Mhic Oillol,
 Mhic Shin
 Mhic Rotren,
 Mhic Main-mhoir,
 Mhic Fherghis,
 Mhic Erin,
 Mhic Aonghais Tuirinhidh,

(*A Caledonian Prince*)

Gillein was a name peculiar to both kingdoms many ages before the founder of the family of Duart had a being. If you look back at page 282 you will find that one of this name succeeded to the principal chair of Iona A.D. 720, and was succeeded by another Gillein A.D. 725, so that it is vain to suppose that either the name or the clan so-called sprung from the Gillein who founded the house of Duart—much less the pitiful attempt that it was derived from the Norman Fitzgeralds of Kildare. To Gillein succeeded his son Giliosa MacGillein, who, in the 70th year of his age, was Marshal, under MacDonald, at Bannockburn. He was succeeded by his son Eachan, Angliced Hector, whose successor was Gillecollum. His son was Ian Dubh, or Black John, the father of Lachlan Lubanach, MacDonald's Marshal at the Battle of Harlaw,

A.D. 1411. His son was Eachan or Hector, who perished on the field of Flodden; he sold his life dear; he was found with a deep circle of the numerous enemies dead around him. He was succeeded by his son Lachlan, who was equally unfortunate; he was left a minor at the death of his father, for whose bravery and loyalty he was educated at the Scottish Court, and finally installed in his domains of Duairt. The sister of the said Sir Lachlan was married to Angus MacDonald of Islay, who died before his wife, and left his son Sir James a minor, which served MacLean for a pretence to demand the half of the Island for the support of the Lady MacDonald; but there is every reason to suppose that his own private avarice was his chief aim. Several attempts were made by influential persons to divert Duairt from his imperious procedure; but all of no avail. At last he invaded Islay with some forces and a numerous fleet of gallies. He landed at Loch Gruinart, in the north west extremity of the country; from thence he proceeded to Mullindrai. His nephew, Sir James MacDonald, mustered his retainers; the two clans met on the *Bloody Field*, so called from that circumstance. After an obstinate resistance, the MacDonalds were overpowered; they retreated towards the Bein Mor, thinking that that mountain might screen them from the vengeance of their pursuers; but it proved otherwise, the enemy followed them hard over that barrier; nor was the conflict ended till night separated them, at Ardbeg, on the south coast of the Island, after both parties maintained a running fight for about eight miles.

MacLean returned to his camp at the bay of Gruinart, fully confirmed that his object was secure. In the interim, MacDonald made vigorous preparations to expel him. The friends of the latter in Kintyre mustered their retainers ere Duairt had time to follow up his advantage. Sir James, thus reinforced, sent a challenge to his uncle either to quit all pretences to his property or abide the consequences of a battle. The unfortunate chief, doomed to destruction, would accept of no conditions but a total surrender of the half of the Island, or the decision of the sword.

A few of the particulars which proved his ruin must not be omitted. There was a dwarfish man of the name of Shaw, a native of Jura, who came to MacLean, and so-

licited leave to fight. Sir Lachlan, astounded at the presumption of the little man, bade him fly, for that the cook would drown him in the caldron, little dreaming that the homely jest would, in reality, cost him his life, took no farther notice of the *manikin*. The creature, highly provoked, went to Sir James, and offered his service. What! replied MacDonald, in a jocular manner, you will certainly challenge MacLean to single combat—a highly waggish stroke. Sir Lachlan was of gigantic stature. On Lammas day A.D. 1598, the two clans met on Gruinart Bay. There were three gentlemen of the Clan Donald, natives of Arrau, who were detained by the inclemency of the weather; the night before the battle, they arrived at Ardmore, after escaping imminent danger from the perils of the deep; eager to assist their kinsmen of Islay, they immediately ascended the adjacent mountain, without taking any rest. The morning was calm, and the sun shining bright, when the bold strangers reached the summit. They had a view of the country north west, including the field of battle, where they saw the hostile ranks formed on the shore of Lochgruinart. The three Ronalds* cast off their upper garments, and directed their course towards the scene of action; but ere they reached it, the MacLeans forced their antagonists a considerable distance from the shore. One of the Ronalds was in the act of drawing on his hose when the voice of despair from the ranks of the overpowered MacDonalds taught him that there was not a moment to be lost.

"Toisich! tha bratach 'n fhraoich an airc," i.e.

Engage! the heather banner is in danger.

And so he did engage, barefooted as he was.

There was another individual that contributed much to the defeat of the doomed MacLeans. Colin Campbell, a young gentleman who was a special favourite of Sir James, insisted that he might accompany the chief, and try his fate in the battle, which request MacDonald obstinately refused to grant. He left the bold aspirant under the charge of some trusty individuals near the field, where he might see the combatants, while his keepers were prohibited, upon pain of death, to part with him; all which proved vain. When the young mighty saw the

* Two of the three Ronalds were brothers; the other, their cousin.

MacDonalds losing ground, and heard that Sir James was wounded, he drew his blade, defied his guards, and in a few minutes joined his benefactor. As the work of death was performed by the sword, the strongest man had the advantage. Our young hero attacked with herculean prowess; it is said that he cut his way several times through the ranks of the hostile clan—marking his track with the slain, and that chiefly by his feats* and that of three Ronalds already noticed. The MacDonalds gained the victory. As the scale was now turned, the MacLeans, though not as yet defeated, began to give ground. Nor had the *manikin* Shaw lost sight of his intended victim; having full view of Sir Lachlan, the devilish creature climbed an adjacent tree. In a short time Duairt was within a few yards of him; he set his bow on one of the branches, took a deliberate aim, and the deadly shaft penetrated the breast of the chief. Those who were nearest his person stood petrified. For a few moments longer he wielded his sword as if there was nothing the matter; but when he felt the pangs of death he said to his attendants—“Hold me up, for so long as *yon brat* will see me on my feet he will be afraid”—meaning Sir James, who was also wounded, consequently no spectator. After the chief fell the MacLeans were driven off the field with heavy loss. To complete their destruction, MacDonald stationed a select body of his men in a hollow between them and their gallies. This spot is still called *Lag-nan-ceann*, i.e. The Hollow of the Heads, where the defeated were assailed by those in ambush, which fatal misfortune prevented them from gaining their boats till their pursuers overtook them. An indiscriminate slaughter was their fate. Few of them escaped. Sir Lachlan was buried in the church-yard of Kilchoman, where his grave is still to be seen.

He was succeeded by his son Lachlan, of whom nothing remarkable is recorded. In short, the family of Duairt continued in a flourishing condition for a long time after the above period, till the troubles of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and the intrigues of their neighbours gradually consumed them; at last the estate of Duairt fell into the hands of the Argyle family, but the devil and London took the most of it from the late despicable pro-

* This was the progenitor of the family of Sunderland; he received that estate from MacDonald for his services that day.

fligate George, Duke of Argyle; his filthy career proclaimed the dying knell of that race whose princely estates he wasted on his insatiable lusts.

Since the family of Duairt became extinct, the Laird of Lochbuie is the lawful chief and representative of the clan. It is more than likely that that line is near their downfall too. There were many remarkable characters of this name; but perhaps their greatest honour in modern times is the late Mr Lachlan MacLean, who finished his career in Glasgow in A.D. 1848. This extraordinary man was a native of the Island of Coll. For ought we know he only received the elements of education, as taught generally in the Parochial Schools; but he finally proved that no earthly obstacle can fetter the energies of a mind naturally framed to excel. He wrote several pieces, none of which are very extensive; but, taking his productions as a whole, they amount to much, duly considering the singular genius exhibited in his "History of the Celtic Language," and his other production of a similar nature, entitled "Adam and Eve;" the latter was written in Gaelic; nor am I aware if there is an English version of it. He also wrote another small volume, entitled "Steamboat's Guide for Iona, Staffa, &c.," as also an "Historical Account of Iona." There is another Tract of his, "Sketches of St. Kilda," "The Book of Manners," &c. &c. But his singular work—his "History of the Celtic" is unequalled—unanswerable. Such as can thoroughly understand it readily confess that our author has gone indeed to the root of the matter. It was published in 1840; nor was its merits ever more generously acknowledged than by an English nobleman who made a tour to the Hebrides the year following, 1841. After his return to London, he published a brilliant sketch of his high satisfaction in visiting Dunstaffnage, Berengonium, Iona, Staffa, &c., wherein he acknowledged the pristine glory of Caledonia, and concluded by remarking—"That Mr Lachlan MacLean proved the *Gaelic Language* to have been the *primitive speech of mankind* as clear as though Paradise was situated in the middle of Morven." That is one honourable Englishman; though we do not mark him by name at present, his eloquent effusions in behalf of the Gael must not be forgotten, but will be undoubtedly recorded, to the lasting honour of generous justice. May heaven long pre-

serve him. Mr MacLean was a man of no ordinary endowments; by arduous application, he acquired thorough knowledge of several languages, particularly Hebrew. Had his "History of the Celtic" appeared a century ago, ere that root of speech was strangled, it would have undoubtedly contributed much to its preservation; but there is little use of making appeals now: the present *generation of vipers* are so absolutely wicked that the more the magnificence of our matchless language appears, the more they hate it; and the reason is that the English tongue is but the dregs of that barbarous confusion which prevailed in that country as formerly observed, so that it can never enlighten the victims whose souls and bodies are withering under its baneful influence. All are aware that the Latin is a monstrous fabric of art; in like manner, the French is a bastard of several dialects, whose orthography can never be reduced into a standard; but how much more the English is and must continue the Babel of darkness, and its votaries the wildest animals of human kind, when an honest estimate is made of its savage consequences.

We have lately heard a preacher giving utterance to sentiments highly illustrative of this fact; after haranguing his audience on the "March of intellect of the age!" He concluded by remarking that—"The English was a fine language for the working-classes." It is certainly with an ill grace that a minister could talk at that rate, only that he must be forgiven, because he knows no better. Such as would honestly warn their fellow-men of their danger, whether they be of the working-class or not, can tell a different tale of the English tongue and its effects; or, should we begin with Professors and Students, there is little good to be expected from the seminaries where they are bred, so long as the *Heenglish* is taught there. These men therefore cannot but know that the supporters of the credit of that barbarous speech are selling their souls by lies and fraud the most enormous. To take this gentleman at his word—"That the English is a fine language for the working-classes:" he and others could tell the very reverse, were it not that they *dare* not do so.

The barbarians whose hereditary speech it is we have got nothing to do with; "They are without." Only Scotsmen are deeply interested in banishing its professors from this kingdom. "It is a fine language for the work-

ing-classes." It is in truth a great curse for this country, inasmuch as that its adherents are ignorant, misled beings, deceiving and deceived.

Englishman.—How will you make that appear?

Scotsman.—What point would have first discussed?—name it.

Englishman.—I can name several, but as I know that you have reserved that subject for a future number I will reserve my arguments for the proper place.

Scotsman.—I think I am prepared to meet you.

THE MACFARLANS.

This ancient and brave race are of royal descent. Their original representatives, the Thanes of Lennox, descended from a Prince of the blood-royal of Scotland, whose name was Alcuin, son of King Kenneth III., the hero of Lun-carty. Alcuin was a name peculiar to the MacDonalds, and there can be little doubt but its introduction into the Royal Family must have been owing to the consanguinity of that illustrious race with the MacAlpines. One of them contemporary with Alexander I. was called Arcuill* a term we think that is hard to define; nor is it probable that the genuine orthography is preserved, so that we must leave it just where we found it; only this much is certain, that the Thanes of Lennox were known by the name of Clann Alcuin for several descents. One of them, named Alcuin, made a distinguished figure in the reign of Malcolm IV., as also his son, another Alcuin, who died about A.D. 1163, and was succeeded by his son Malduin—who was succeeded by another Malduin—whose son was Donald, the last Thane of Lennox of that line. There can be little doubt had not this kingdom been robbed of the "Annals of Dumbarton," as formerly stated, in the year 1750,† we would have a magnificent account of this princely race; but it is to be hoped that such acts of violence may now, at length, stir up the energy of our countrymen to search after such records, and make the children of the thieves

* Modern civilians, so ignorant that they could not decipher the Celtic characters, transformed ALCUIN into ARKILL, or ARCELL. There is little to be trusted to either the knowledge or honesty of such guides.

† See page 37 of this work.

restore them. The Lady Margaret, daughter of the above Donald, Thane of Lennox, married Walter Stewart of Faslane, son to Allan of that ilk, second son to Stewart Lord Darnley; he became the Thane of Lennox, in right of his wife, the said Lady Margaret. This noble pair had two sons; the eldest, Malduin, succeeded his father; and his brother Gilchrist, the ancestor of the Mac Farlans of Lochsloy, received a Charter from his elder brother in A.D. 1228, which confirmed to him the lauds of Arrochar, and some of the Islands of Lochlomond.

From that event we must now follow our sketch of the family of MacFarlan. Gilchrist was the first Laird of Arrochar; his son and successor was Parlan, from whom is the origin of that name, as also from his father, the Mac Gilchrists or Gilchrists. Parlan was succeeded by his son Malcolm MacFarlan, who was confirmed in his rights to the lands of Arrochar by Donald, Thane of Lennox. To Malcolm succeeded Duncan, the sixth Laird of Arrochar, who was again confirmed in his rights to that estate by the Thane of Lennox A.D. 1395; the said Duncan of Arrochar married Christian Campbell, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Argyle. He was succeeded by his son John—his son was Duncan, who was succeeded by another John, the father of Robert—whose son was Walter, the father of Sir John—who was succeeded by his son Robert, the father of another Sir John MacFarlan, who married the daughter of Lord Hamilton, whose name I do not know; by her he had two sons, Andrew, his successor, and Robert, the founder of the House of INVERSNAIT; he married, for his second wife, the daughter of the Lord Herries, by whom he had Walter MacFarlan of Ardleish. To Sir John succeeded his son Andrew, who married Margaret, daughter to William Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, and by her had Duncan, his successor. This noted hero was among the first who embraced christianity at the Reformation; he joined its leaders, and was a zealous supporter of it. He fought at the Battle of Glasgow Moor, A.D. 1544, and there distinguished himself. He was afterwards at the Battle of Pinkie, and was slain at the head of his clan on the 10th of September, 1547. He married Anne, daughter to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, and by her had Andrew, his son and successor.

Andrew was a man of great bravery. When Queen

Mary made her escape out of the Castle of Lochleven, her adherents flocked to her standard with such avidity that in a few days she found herself at the head of near seven thousand men. The Queen's brother, James, Earl of Moray, the good Regent, hastened to fight them with about four thousand veterans; after he waited several hours for the enemy, he found that they had eluded him. When he at last observed them on the opposite side Clyde, the Regent ordered his troops to cross the river. The foot took the bridge, while the cavalry plunged into the stream of an adjacent ford--by which gallant effort the Protestants gained the village of Langside, where they took up their position ere the enemy reached that place. When the Queen's army found that they were too late, they formed in two divisions, on an adjacent eminence. The king's force also divided into two bodies. The Earl of Morton commanded the right; the left was under the Earls of Glencairn, Mar, and Menteith. The Regent's musqueteers occupied the village, with the adjacent gardens and enclosures. The Queen's party, trusting to their numbers, made a simultaneous attack on the right of the Royalists; but was received with great bravery. Meanwhile the Regent's cavalry forced Mary's cannoneers from their posts; but that seeming advantage was of short duration, for when the Queen's horse recovered a little from their first panic, and being more than double the number of the enemy, they charged a second time, and overpowered the Royal cavalry; they next attacked the infantry on the brow of the hill, but was repulsed. In like manner, the Queen's left charged, but was hotly received by the musqueteers in the valley; still the Marians fought desperately. The spearmen on both sides struggled long: "Then it was that the two battalions held out a thick stand of pikes, as a breast work, and fought for half-an-hour without giving ground on either side, inasmuch as they who had pikes broken, threw daggers, stones, pieces of broken lances, and whatsoever they could find, into the enemies' faces."* At last the King's ranks began to waver, and would have been defeated, had not the valour of the MacFarlans decided the contest, despite the deadly shower of bullets and arrows poured on their heads by the enemy.

* Buchanan.

So complete was the overthrow that the Regent sent a party of horse to save the defeated, otherwise few would have been left to tell the tale.

The Battle of Langside was fought on the 13th of May, 1568. The Laird of Arrochar brought 500 of his name to that field, the clan have since for their crest the most rational symbol perhaps in the world:—The infant King James VI. suspended aloft in his cradle; two MacFarlans in their full costume, one at each end, with drawn swords, looking towards the object of their affection.

MOTTO: "*This I'll defend, Loch Sloy!*"*

This chief, Andrew MacFarlan, married Agnes Maxwell, daughter to Sir Patrick of Newark, by her he had three sons, John, who succeeded him, and George Laird, of Mains, Parish of Kilmaronock; and his youngest son Humphrey had the estate of Braichaorin, Parish of Buchanan. John, his successor, married Susanna, daughter to Sir George Buchanan of that Ilk, whose mother was the Lady Mary Graham, daughter to the Earl of Menteith; he married, secondly, Helen, daughter to Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, and by her had Walter, his successor; he thirdly married Elizabeth Campbell, daughter to the Earl of Argyle, and by her had three sons, Andrew, John and George. Walter, his successor, married Margaret, daughter to Sir James Semple of Beltrees, by whom he had two sons, John and Andrew. John, the eldest, died without heirs, and was succeeded by his brother Andrew, who married Elizabeth, daughter to John Buchanan of Ross, by whom he had two sons, John and Walter; he married, secondly, Helen, daughter to the Viscount Arbuthnot, by whom he had three sons, Walter, William, and Alexander. In short, the family of Arrochar became extinct in the person of Walter of that Ilk, about A.D. 1770. There were many collateral branches of the family of Arrochar, viz, MacFarlan of Clachbuie, MacFarlan of Kenmore, MacFarlan of Ach-Velmor, Glenfruin MacFarlan of Mucroi, MacFarlan of Tullachantaul, MacFarlan of Finnart, MacFarlan of Gortan, MacFarlan of Gartartan,

* Loch Sloy, a small lake in the Moor, about two miles from Loch-long-head, was the *slogan*, or war-cry, of the clan.

MacFarlan of Ballagan, MacFarlan of Kirkton, MacFarlan of Merkinch, MacFarlan of Achinvenal, MacFarlan of Achorrochan, MacFarlan of Balengoin, MacFarlan of Drummin, with a host of others; perhaps there is not another name in Scotland more numerous than that of MacFarlan. There are sixteen branches at least from this stock: MacNairs, MacEoins, MacErrachers (a term which is equivalent to the seat of the Chief, Arrochar), Mac Williams, MacAndras, MacNifers, Stalkers, MacNuyers, MacKinlays, MacRobs, Smiths, Millers, &c. &c. &c. Their general character is cool and cautious, but, withal, more generous in their actions than may be judged from their external bearing; like all others, there are some exceptions. There were several ministers and other learned gentlemen of this clan. There are at present some distinguished scholars of them; perhaps many are not aware that the obscure village of Comrie, Perthshire, can boast of two classical scholars of this name—men of profound learning literally buried alive; nor is it any exaggeration to say that Messrs Peter and John MacFarlan have few equals; the latter especially might fill the Hebrew chair, or that of many other branches in any University of the United Kingdom. The late Rev. Dr MacFarlan of Greenock was esteemed for his learning and ability; but the most noted of them at present are the Rev. and aged Principal MacFarlan of Glasgow and the Rev. Dr MacFarlan of Renfrew.

THE MACGREGORS.

Motto—" *Casgair 's na Caomhain,*" i.e. *Undo and spare not.*

As to their descent, the name is derived from Gregory the Great, King of Scots, who began to reign A.D. 886. The MacGregors once had extensive possessions, and many opulent families were of them—such as MacGregor of Glenurchy, the chief; MacGregor of Glenlyon; MacGregor of Glenstre; MacGregor of Kilmanan; and MacGregor of Glengyle, &c. &c. The family of Glenurchy made a potent figure during the reigns of Malcolm II., Duncan I., Macbeth, and Malcolm Canmor. Sir John MacGregor, of that ilk, who was contemporary with Malcolm III., in the eleventh century, built the Castle of

Balloch, now Taymouth. By what means they lost Glenurchy is not sufficiently clear; this much, however, is certain, that Sir Colin Campbell, second son of Colin of Argyle, by some means possessed MacGregor's lands in the reign of James II., since which time the history of that branch of the clan is very difficult to trace. But if our countrymen could be prevailed on to publish the Register of Scoone, there is little doubt but all these events, with many others now in total darkness, would appear. The next distinguished family of this name was that of Glenlyon, one of which bequeathed his estate to Campbell of Glenurchy, as the *story goes*. But the truth is, that these Campbells of Braedalbin, with very few exceptions, were fraudulent villains—a crew that none can vindicate. And as to the way that the *King of the Thieves*, Black Duncan Campbell of Braedalbin, had so many estates bequeathed to him, few are ignorant; for, in truth, he bequeathed them to himself!—and were it not for the cause in hand, not for them, stories could be related which, so far as they are exclusively concerned, would transform the VINDICATION into a *condemnatio*; but we shall leave that part of the subject. The honourable MacLachlans of Creagantairbh know how the Braedalbins got the Castle of Ardmaddy, and the adjacent lands, the hereditary property of that family.

Perhaps there is not on the page of history a chain of events more singular than those connected with the Clan MacGregor. Their miseries commenced from a comparatively trifling incident. About A.D. 1553-4, some of the MacGregors went on a hunting excursion to the King's Forest, in Glenartain, parish of Comrie, Perthshire, now the property of the Countess of Perth. Drummond of Drumonernoch, a small proprietor in the vicinity of Crieff, was forester to his King Majesty James VI. He, unfortunately, with a few attendants, dogged the intruders into the forest, where he madly attempted to make them, six in number, his prisoners. Naturally enough they resisted the insolent minion. Finally, nothing would satisfy Drummond but to force them to surrender, which ended in a conflict, wherein the petty laird and his attendants were slaughtered. The bold hunters directed their course for Balquhiddy; but the news of the fray reached Stewart of Ardvorlich, whose wife was Drummondernoch's sister;

so that, before the MacGregors reached their native braes, they were personally recognised. Ardvorlich, who was a descendant of James II. of Scotland, though otherwise the proprietor of a small estate, had great influence at court, seconded by many of his potent neighbours, resolved to excite the king's wrath against the offenders, repaired to Stirling, and there laid the case before the Sovereign. Whether those representations were true or exaggerated, is unknown, but the result was terrible. The MacGregors were proscribed. A warrant of fire and sword, under the king's seal, was granted against them. To what extent their foes were able to execute their commission, is very doubtful; only it is certain that, shortly thereafter, they were glad to live on good terms with Gregory's descendants, till a new calamity apprehended the unfortunate clan. Colquhoun, of Luss, resolved to fulfil the king's orders, harassed several individuals of the proscribed, who, in their turn, complained to Alastir MacGregor, their chief, so that the seeds of discord were disseminated to an alarming extent in the beginning of 1602. It would appear that two young men of the MacGregors were slaughtered by the Laird of Luss's orders, in the winter of that year, under pretence of the king's warrant, for which MacGregor demanded satisfaction, pleading that he never refused to deliver up the murderers of Drumonernoch into the hands of justice; but to slaughter others who were innocent loyal subjects, was what neither he nor his clan would submit to. Colquhoun stifled his resentment for sometime to save his dependents from the vengeance of the injured, but finally contrived a scheme to cut off the principal men of the MacGregors in Balquhiddel and places adjacent. In order to fix the bonds of amity on a solid basis, Colquhoun proposed that, by the influence of the two chiefs, marriage alliances should be immediately established between several of both parties; and, first of all, that a noted individual named *Gregor Ban*, or Fair Gregor, a native of Balquhiddel, *the terror of the Colquhouns*, should be married to the daughter of a near relation of his in Glenmacorin of Luss, so that by these means much mischief might be prevented. To this seemingly reasonable request, MacGregor consented; nor was it difficult to sway GREGOR BAN to accept the offer. Matters being thus arranged, a place was agreed on where

both parties were to meet, to the amount of twenty of each clan, neither more nor less. In the interim, Colquhoun advised that each of his party should take a man well armed, under the name of a servant, as well as the principals, who were understood to have been all gentlemen, by which diabolical artifice, being two to one, they would cut off the MacGregors, but especially *Gregor Ban*, the proposed bridegroom. When the betrayed arrived at the place appointed, and saw the formidable appearance of their rivals, they demanded to be informed of the cause. They received for an answer, *In the king's name* to surrender prisoners. Nor were there foes reluctant to reduce their words into practice. The MacGregors at once, full of indignation, attacked the cowardly villains. Both sides fought with great obstinacy. Eighteen of the MacGregors and thirty-six of the Colquhouns perished in that fray. This happened at Tarbet of Lochlomoud, about the end of February, 1602. The news of the slaughter soon reached Colquhoun; who, with apparent sorrow at what had happened, eagerly sought an interview with Alastir MacGregor. His sagacity proved an overmatch for the intriguing courtier, who proposed that another meeting should take place in GLENFREOIN, Anglicised, *Glenfruin*, and that each of them should be attended with only ten men. His design was to decoy MacGregor into the very heart of his country, to render escape impossible. He next, by great energy, collected about one thousand chosen men (500 of which were cavalry), including his own clan, the burgesses of Dumbarton, with the civic body of that burgh, and other gentlemen. MacGregor, aware of the coming storm, mustered his clan, amounting to about six hundred men. His case was, indeed, very hard. Had he refused to fight, Colquhoun, instigated by the King, was determined to invade his country, and would have murdered himself and his people without mercy, so that there was no alternative left him but to oppose force by force.

On the 3d of April, 1602, MacGregor, under the shades of night, according to appointment, entered Glenfruin; ordered his men to conceal themselves among the heather on the adjacent heights; and that, if Colquhoun would come, as was agreed, they would retire without bloodshed; but if not, that they must fight at all hazards. When the morning light appeared, instead of the Laird of Luss,

with a few attendants, the glen was covered with horse and foot, well armed. Nor was it long ere the PINE BANNER of the persecuted clan appeared on the adjacent brae, attended by a number of pipers. The alarming sound of the GREGARACH* arrested the ears of the traitors, who, taken in their own snare, must now decide the quarrel by the sword. The assassins formed in two divisions. The burgesses of Dunbarton, with the men of Lennox on the right; two hundred and fifty gentlemen of the Colquhouns, with two troops of horse, chiefly composed the left. The MacGregors, only armed with broadswords and dirks, commanded by their chief and his brother John, with other twelve chosen gentlemen, boldly met their foes. Though the disparity of numbers was near two to one in favour of the enemy, they were overthrown with great loss. Thrice did Colquhoun rally his slaughtered followers, but were as often mowed down by the invincible assailants; till at last three hundred of the best men of the Lennox and Dunbartonshire lay dead on the field. Colquhoun narrowly escaped with his life, and that altogether by the swiftness of his horse. Only two of the MacGregors fell—the chief's brother, and one common soldier; but as that gentleman was never seen afterwards, dead or alive, it was strongly suspected that he was taken prisoner, and murdered in some unknown way.

Thus ended the *Battle of Glenfruin*, which brought on the MacGregors endless miseries. It were shocking to detail the murderous persecutions by which that brave race were pursued for nearly two centuries after that battle. The surviving relatives of the Dunbarton rascals, after they gleaned the carcasses off the field, instigated by the crest-fallen Colquhoun, devised the ruin of the brave MacGregors, who all along acted on the principle of self-defence, the hereditary right of every rational being. Their enemies were taught, when too late, that the united power of two populous counties could not execute the king's warrant, had recourse to stratagem, more than sufficient to excite the monarch's wrath against the already outlawed innocents. About two hundred bloody shirts, taken off the slain, were collected and carried by so many matrons, all on horseback, to the gates of Stirling, and ushered into the king's presenee, betokening that they

* The Muster Piobaireachd of the MacGregors.

were the shirts of leal subjects, murdered by the MacGregors, for whose slaughter their widows, now before his majesty, humbly craved redress. It is needless to expatiate on what kind of idiots kings in general are. The madman at once issued peremptory orders under his seal to extirpate the name of MacGregor, by every means possible. There were other circumstances which greatly contributed to the procuring of that horrid commission. It is even yet vulgarly related that about one hundred students were slaughtered by one of the MacGregors, as the story goes, in whose charge the chief left them, to prevent their coming to the field of battle; and that when the action commenced, the youths, impatient to see the bloody game, defied their keeper, who preferred to kill them himself rather than incur the displeasure of the chief for breach of trust. I merely mention this because I see no reason that any henceforth should believe that fable. How impossible that the chief of the MacGregors could have any sway over the burgh of Dunbarton, or its inhabitants, who were his mortal foes; much less had he leisure on the eve of the battle, on which his own safety and that of all his clan was at stake, to arrange the safety or the destruction of the young men in question, who volunteered their services to Colquhoun, not as spectators, as is falsely asserted, but as part of the corps of Dunbarton gentlemen, most of whom were slain in the action, the heaviest part of the loss fell on them; consequently the survivors found that a host of enemies were created, with Colquhoun at their head, contrived the above story, in order to excite a murderous crusade against the MacGregors, ignorant as they were innocent of the whole affair. May God preserve us from lying agents! The parents and relatives of the slain youths madly believed the accusers of the brave, who only defended themselves against their numerous and crafty foes. In short, the whole kingdom, with very few exceptions, were united to extirpate the name of MacGregor from the earth.

An Act of Parliament was passed, by the unanimous voice of the estates, which provided that no document should prove valid signed by any of that name; that none of them could inherit property, whether hereditary or otherwise bequeathed; that marriage contracts with them were not to be regarded; that all those who might give

them food or shelter should be henceforth accounted as enemies to the state; and, finally, that they were to be cut off by fire and sword.

Nor was all that an empty sound. Many of the clan were sacrificed; but scarcely any of them perished without leaving sad memorials that it would have been better for their enemies to have let them alone. The tenets of the proscription were enforced with the utmost rigour everywhere, but more especially in Perthshire.

About the close of the year 1603, four of the MacGregors of Balquhiddar took a hunting excursion in the Forest of Glenartin, where their doom originated. While returning, they rested for sometime at Lochearnhead, quite off their guard. Campbell, of Edinampil discovered them. He at once armed twenty men, with instructions to stop in a barn near the inn till further orders. Edinampil disguised himself like a shepherd, and joined the MacGregors. Notwithstanding his plain deportment, the intended victims recognised him. One of them went out, and saw the armed gang in the barn; assisted by the the servant man, he barricaded the door, and returned to his friends. He then charged Edinampil for his treachery; and, what was more serious still, forced him out of the house as their prisoner. They next ordered him to carry a large stag, killed by them that day in the King's Forest, over the adjacent wilds, to the clachan of Balquhiddar. He mightily insisted that he was a "gentleman;" nevertheless, the sight of a naked CLAIMOR made him glad to accept the office. The deer was placed on his back, with the additional burden of a guilty conscience, foreboding instant death when his task should be ended. On reaching their destiny, the MacGregors stripped him naked, and ordered him to shift for himself. It being a frosty night in the month of January, it is not very likely that he was long on his journey back to Edinampil. He never, during his life afterwards, joined their enemies.

About the same time, Malcolm MacGregor, a gentleman of the family of Glengyle, was chased over mountain and dale. It was known that he lurked in the Alpine regions of Loch Katrine. A Spanish bloodhound was set on his track. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, he lay in the heather at the back of Binnein—that all-beautiful volcanic spire on the north side of the lake. At the dead

hour of night, he heard the bay of the approaching fury. MacGregor directed his course across the mountains, for Loch Earn. Early in the morning, he reached that place, after he ran about fourteen miles. The hound was near him and in sight, when a man, named MacNab, observing him, seized his gun, and ran to the rescue of the exhausted hero. MacNab shot the hound a little above the present house of Edinampil. The gun was preserved in the armoury of MacNab of MacNab, till that family was ruined, only a few years ago; nor are the descendants of the good man who saved MacGregor few. There are many of them dispersed through the parishes of Comrie, Balquhiddy, and Callander of Menteith. I have myself seen forty-five persons of his offspring in those places, all sober respectable individuals.

Under these calamities, many of the MacGregors were compelled to assume other names—especially that of Drummond. As the Earl of Perth was a potent nobleman, not a few of them sought refuge under his wings, while others endured every hardship, rather than surrender their independence. Of that number, Malcolm, above mentioned, was a noted example. MacNab of that ilk protected him for some time, till his neighbours threatened him with severe punishment; but he, in his turn, applied to the Earl of Moray either to protect MacGregor himself or procure the King's warrant for his safety. The Earl at once complied, but demanded a sight of the person of whose prowess he heard so much, and added that he could not legally recognize the gallant gentleman under the name of MacGregor till His Majesty's pleasure should be known. A day was set apart for the meeting. MacNab repaired to the Castle of Doune. The festive tables were spread; the jovial company sat in the great hall; mirth and music cheered the guests. But who is he, yon stalwart Scot of bold bearing, seated at the right hand of his benefactor, whose name none mentioned, only significant looks indicated that ere he will depart a milder fate must bless him. Next morning the Earl signified to MacNab his entire approbation of his patriotic efforts to save one of the most gallant looking men that he ever saw. MacGregor was called. The Earl conversed freely. He at last introduced a brief story as if it had concerned himself personally, stated that some of his retainers lately became tur-

bulent—that discords assumed so alarming an aspect in some parts of his domains that even the desperate Mac Gregors could not live there. Scarcely had the last sentence escaped from his lordship when MacGregor started to his feet, and exclaimed "*We dare!*" Moray at once embraced him as a friend, and assured him of His Majesty's protection; and, as a guarantee for the safety of the family of Glengyle in future, the Earl granted MacGregor a portion of ground, feued in perpetuity, still in the possession of that family, it is situated above the highway at the bridge of Turk, about three miles east of Loch Katrine, in the shire of Perth. The family of Glengyle was protected, while others were harassed with unrelenting cruelty.

Sir James Campbell, of Aberuchill, together with his neighbours, the Murrays, the Grahams, &c., were active agents against the proscribed clan. The latter especially rendered himself obnoxious. On one occasion, he, at the head of a band of armed men, scoured Balquhider, hunting after MacGregors, but found none. While returning, twelve of the persecuted lurked in the crags of Dundurn, almost in the march of his own estate, attacked his party, killed seven of them, and chased himself to his castle. Enraged for that humiliation, he prepared his followers, and loudly threatened to clear the country of them. The MacGregors attacked him in his nest, burned his castle, and carried off many of his retainers prisoners. Sir James still persecuted the injured. The MacGregors a second time over-ran his estate, burned his house, and compelled him to desist. Despite the severity with which that invincible race was pursued for upwards of a century, in 1715 they could muster above 700 effective men. In truth the hardest of their enemies were glad to let them alone. Nor was the disgraceful act of proscription blotted from the page of the Staute Book till the profligate George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822.

THE CELEBRATED ROY, of which there are so many stories told—some of them utterly groundless, others not—was a gentleman of rare qualities. His biographers were as rotten as the villain who robbed him of his earthly all. How disgusting for those who have any regard for departed worth to hear the robber and swindler, Graham, of Montrose, by whose treasonable machinations the hero

was deprived of his estate, well spoken of, because his descendants are in affluent circumstances! How vain to palliate Graham's fraud in this matter! Though the cattle speculation in which they engaged as partners proved a failure, was that a sufficient reason for Montrose to seize MacGregor's property before the latter returned from England? Yes! in his absence he ejected his tenants, and turned out his wife and family, so that when Rob Roy returned, violence, poverty and despair, in ghastly array met him, where all his earthly enjoyments formerly were, while the brutal spoliator had only to whisper in the ear of the reigning tool—"A lawless MacGregor." Rob Roy was the third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald MacGregor of Glengyle. He married the daughter of MacGregor of Comar, consequently in his wife's right had the lands of Creagrostain, including Benlomond and the adjacent districts. Thus both Rob Roy and the family of Comar suffered innocently, merely because they were MacGregors, consequently could not pursue the *caterane* of Montrose legally. The present Mrs MacGregor of Glengyle is of the house of Comar; nor can the Grahams prevent men from knowing that the sons of Glengyle, in a two-fold degree, are the heirs of Creagrostain; despite the efforts of flatterers and hired fabulists, such is the fact. In 1746, the MacGregors made no mean figure under Prince Charles: they fought with great bravery at Prestonpans. What number of them appeared at Culloden is not well ascertained. They are yet very numerous in Perthshire. Such of them as still retain the name of Drummond very generally write Drummond MacGregor or MacGregor Drummond. I have seen there some of the same families retaining the name of Drummond, while their brothers and sisters would spurn at the seeming dishonour offered to the other by such concessions. They are now dispersed every where in both the Highlands and Lowlands. Very many of them are men of the highest respectability. Generally, their natural temperament is generous, brave and open, but not talkative; they are also proud to enthusiasm of their Highland extraction, whether they have the language of their fathers or not. The MacGregors are noted for their fine features, fair hair and white skin. The latter quality is peculiar to them perhaps above any other in this kingdom.

Their present chief, Mr MacGregor of Glengyle, was, only a few years ago, one of the finest looking men in Great Britain; whether it was owing to his being a military gentleman we cannot say, but we have often seen him on horseback in the year 1840, he then seemed to have been between forty and fifty years of age, and had the most graceful commanding deportment that we ever saw. There were all along many ministers and other accomplished gentlemen of them. The noted Dr James MacGregor of Nova Scotia—the effects of whose labours in that colony must remain for ages to come—was a man of extensive learning, fervent zeal, and a prodigy for personal power, ere he could accomplish what he had done in that region; he was born at the village of Portmor, now St Fillans, Parish of Comrie, Perthshire, A.D. 1762. The Annotators of that singular volume, *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, say—“His parents were not affluent; but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded to their son. Young MacGregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced anything worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his life. While yet a young man, he studied the Gaelic language with assiduity and success. Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and, after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning, he was licenced to preach the gospel when about twenty years of age. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr MacGregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country, he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace. In Nova Scotia, he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties; the inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and, when we say that the sphere of

operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent Islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's, the reader may form some idea of the herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place he encountered difficulties, perils and hardships, which few men would have undergone undaunted. The site of Pictou contained only one or two houses. It was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods, and unbridged rivulets; marked trees, a pocket compass, or an unintelligible Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness. Sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights; a plank was his bed; a potatoe his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel, and that to MacGregor was enough. Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the most fascinating melodies. His productions are smooth in versification, pleasant in their garb, and evangelical in their doctrine; they are almost after the model of MacIntyre's Poems. When MacGregor's character and claims were notified to the members of the University of Glasgow, the Senate unanimously conferred upon him the title of D.D. In the spring of the year 1828 Dr MacGregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and again, at Pictou, on the 1st of March, 1830, he finished his career at the age of 68. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned regret.

I would next introduce the name of MacNaughtan, but find it necessary to delay for some time, owing to obstacles not formerly discovered.

THE MACPHERSONS.

Motto—"Touch not the cat but a glove."

The MacPhersons are descendants of the MacDuffs, Thanes of Fife. As the title Thane is not a Celtic term, every Gael is aware that the proper word is *Toisach*, hence the leading circumstances whence the surname MacIntosh

is derived were that Sheagh MacDuff, second son to Constantine, third Earl of Fyfe, and grandson to Duncan of that Ilk, was held high in the estimation of King Malcolm IV. and accompanied him to Moray A.D. 1163, when the rebellion raged in that province—that for his services on that occasion *Macintoisich*, or the Thane's son, was made Governor of the Castle of Inverness, Forester of the Royal Forest of Stratherin, with other honours. From the said Macintoisich are descended the Shaws of Rothiemurchis in Badenoch, the Farquharsons of Invercauld, otherwise the Finlaysons, always denominated in Gaelic *Clanfhiunlaidh*, from their mighty ancestor, Finlay Mor, who bore the Royal Standard of Scotland on the field of Flodden, and was there killed.

It is a pity that our puny limits will not permit of anything like a proper detail of their actions in this article; No! we are compelled to abridge from causes that the generous reader may judge. It is not within the meagre range of a few 12mo Numbers that justice can be done to departed worth; we therefore fondly cherish the hope that the history of the Scottish Clans will be published by parties who have their honour at heart, able and willing, by means out of our reach.

Angus, the fifth in descent from MacIntoisich, married the heiress of Gille-Patrick (*MacGille Chattan*), chief of that clan, sometime towards the close of the Thirteenth Century, about the year 1290. That is the way that MacIntosh became chief of the Clan Chattan. The surname Cattan or Cathan was numerous in Scotland and Ireland, therefore thoroughly Celtic, and peculiar to both countries. There are many traces of this name in Scotland from time immemorial. We have St Cathan, an eminent ecclesiastic of the Fifth Century; to him was dedicated the priory of Ardchatan, in Argyleshire. It may be said without ostentation that the leading men of this clan in general made a distinguished figure during the distressful period of the English invasions in the Thirteenth Century. After the Battle of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace resigned the Regency; the English troops wasted the country as far as Perth, still the butcher's rage was limited by Providence. It was noticed before in the sketch of the Buchanans that the invaders had no rest, but were continually harassed by day and by night, so that Edward was com-

pelled to withdraw his army, no longer able to continue the work of ravage. John Cumin, Thane of Badenoch, succeeded Sir William Wallace as Regent; by the mediation of France, a truce was concluded for six months. The Scots sent ambassadors to Pope Boniface VIII. The English watched them, and, quite unexpected, made them prisoners. Here you will observe another feature in the character of that savage people absolutely peculiar to themselves. It was never their bravery that availed them. Eternally the aggressors, and always worsted in the end, they from age to age acted on a principle to which every other people are utter strangers. So long as the English have any hopes of success, they will menace endless vengeance in order that their enemies may not look for one ray of mercy should they prove victorious; but, on the other hand, when worsted, they were always the lowest brutes on the face of the earth. At the period under review, Edward seeing that his plot of prejudicing the Scottish Nobles against Wallace was exploded, his power curtailed at the head of an army only the living images of men, consequently forced to accept a short calm—consented to the truce till he would recruit fresh strength for the work of murder. There was another motive more serious still by which he was compelled to desist. Cumin was at that time the most powerful name in Scotland. Their chief, constituted Regent by the common concurrence of the National Council, menaced the bloody invader with a general explosion of the whole nation that made him glad to fall back on the last resource to which the Southrons continually advert, viz., the procuring of peace when they cannot make war. If you take a close survey of their character in all ages you will clearly see that while apparently in the most humiliating condition it is then that they are most dangerous. You will indeed find that other nations, whether ancient or modern, had, and still have, so much humanity that they cannot act altogether as wicked as they are able; but such is not the case with our neighbours of the south; under an advantage, they will follow it out to the last dregs, without the least mercy; if in a humiliating condition, their artifices of pleading for themselves are so doleful that the most hardened cannot touch them, so that whether at the sword point, or *creeping on their four*, craving for pardon, there are 10

means yet known sufficient to defend the life and liberty of mankind from their destructive cunning, but just to give them the full measure of their own wickedness, *i.e.* cut them down in whatever condition you may find them—that is the only cure. Our fathers, who knew them, sometimes took them on their own principle, for which virtuous deeds the English scribblers would brand them with cruelty, &c. &c., while all Europe would laugh at our simplicity were we to forget that neither our sires nor none else received a ray of mercy who fell under their yoke. Had it not been that by the mercy of the Most High, Sir William Wallace, and his compatriots, partly punished them, just as they would have done to them, Scotsmen of the present day would be as low as the Irish or the Hindoos. In illustration of their activity in hiring agents now to blot their brutal character as a nation from the memory of Scotsmen, we have only to transcribe the fiery exposure of their late agent, P. F. TYTLER, for his misrepresentations of the Life and Character of Sir William Wallace, by an Edinburgh Gentleman, in a Letter to the Editor of the *Scottish Herald* of November 13th, 1846. Withal, the reader must not think that we are deviating from our introduced sketch of the clan. Such is not the case. You will shortly see that it is all necessary. In reference to the character of our Great National Hero, the spirited author whose name is appended says—addressing the Editor of the *Herald*—Sir, I believe there is not a single Scottish worthy of eminence whose fair fame P. F. Tytler has not in his history polluted with his touch, and though that able periodical, the *North British Review*, has done good service in vindicating Knox from the aspersions of Mr Tytler, yet I think, notwithstanding the warm and generous tribute it has paid to the memory of William Wallace, it has left unnoticed some points illustrative of the uncandid manner in which Mr Tytler has handled the life of Wallace, and the unjust and depreciating, I had almost said sacrilegious, tone, in which he has, on several occasions, spoken of that great man's character and achievements. Two or three years ago, I brought this matter partially before the public: but as I see that Mr Tytler's short coming as an author have formed the basis of an article in your last Paper, it may not be out of season my again (with your kind permission) resuming the topic.

Truth and impartiality are qualities indispensable in the composition of history; but when a man of genius undertakes to record the contentings of a free people against an unscrupulous adversary, we are shocked when we find all sympathies ranged on the side of the oppressor, and all his resentments against the oppressed. This is precisely the position of Mr Tytler in treating of the wars of Wallace. Let the Scots avenge their wrongs on their tyrants, and give the English a hearty drubbing, and Tytler is sure, in the most pathetic strains, to bewail the method of doing it—just as if he was ashamed to have to notice any of the triumphs of his countrymen, or as if it was, in his estimation, the bounden duty of a Scotsman to submit resignedly to whatever outrage an Englishman may be pleased to inflict upon him. But let the English, on the other hand, spoil and ravage Scotland; let them massacre her sons and daughters, right and left; and such deeds are apologized for, by Mr Tytler, with cold-blooded indifference. Witness the style in which he relates the sack of Berwick. Will your readers believe me when I tell them that this mean-spirited man has the baseness to talk of that atrocious action as an example of the offended justice of Edward? Such is a specimen of the general tendency of Mr Tytler's *History of Scotland*; but when he comes to recount the personal retaliations of Wallace on the enemy, the same spirit breaks out in a still more offensive form. Every drop of English blood spilt fills Mr Tytler with agony; every successful exploit of Wallace is narrated by him with something disparaging attached to it. In particular, I would ask Mr Tytler by what warrant he says that the English Government had a right to call Wallace "an audacious murderer" because he put to death Hyslop, the Sheriff of Lanark, for having slain his beloved wife? Had the English any legislative title to utter one word of condemnation or complaint at all? Was not the power then paramount in Scotland which Mr Tytler so complacently designates the Government a usurpation of the most revolting kind? and was not that power thereby disqualified for deciding on the merits of the question in one shape or another? Besides, all true Scotsmen, much more Wallace, who had suffered so much in his dearest connections, were called upon at the time, as lovers of their country, as haters of murder, rapine, and oppression, to destroy the Southrons

wherever to be found. How childish then is it in Mr Tytler to re-echo the cry of the ruffians who in those days domineered over Scotland, and to speak in the harsh terms he does of Wallace because of his having rid the world of a monster who deliberately shed the blood of a virtuous young woman whose only crime was aiding the escape of the husband of her bosom from those who were seeking his life! Mr Tytler affirms too that Wallace was deficient as contrasted with Robert Bruce in humanity and all knightly accomplishments. Was the slaying of Cumyn the act of a humane man? was Bruce's frequent desertion of, and taking up arms against, his country, before he came to the throne, the behaviour of a gallant and accomplished knight? *Proh pudor!* Be this as it may, however, the whole tenor of Wallace's life and conduct proves that nothing could have been farther from his thought, desperate as his condition was, than to relinquish his freedom, or to make concessions to the English of one kind or another; and in this he not merely presents a contrast to the rest of the aristocracy of Scotland, who, with a treachery and pusillanimity unequalled in history, had deserted their bleeding country in her utmost need, and were assisting to subdue her; but he bequeathed to posterity an example of virtue and of uncompromising attachment to the public weal which brings tears into our eyes when we think of it. Indeed, to Wallace's having ever maintained an erect and unsubdued spirit throughout the whole course of his unparalleled career of suffering and trial is mainly, in my mind, to be ascribed the greatness of his character; and when Mr Tytler endeavours to undervalue him on this, he might as well, to use his own impartial and truth-telling contemporary, Lingard's, own phrase, while sneering at the deliverer of Scotland, devote his time to "demolish the Idol" at once. But truly Mr Tytler seems to be actuated by no small degree of the impotent malignity towards the illustrious Wallace that Lingard himself is so notorious for, because he talks of his "crimes evolving themselves on a great scale," just as if Wallace had been as hardened as English murderers, in place of a champion sent by the Almighty to rescue his country from the most inhuman bondage ever inflicted on a free people, and gives it as his opinion that much of his reputation in Scotland is to poetic association, though the facts that he himself relates nullify

that allegation, and convince any reflecting being that it was the wonderful service Wallace performed single-handed to his country both as a warrior and a statesman, the entire absence of all selfish feelings he manifested while in power and out of power, and the heroic sacrifice which he had made of himself on the altar of liberty—a sacrifice that secured for him the undying love of his countrymen. That Wallace's life and exploits were of the most extraordinary description there can be no doubt, but his own mind was composed of materials very different from that of a knight-errant; and when he drew his sword in Scotland's cause the world does not require to be told that he had a far more ennobling object in view than to astonish mankind with a physical display of his physical prowess or to give employment to romancers and poets reciting his adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

In proof of Wallace's great genius as a legislator, and the inflexibility with which he discharged his duty when he was by the suffrages of the people appointed guardian of Scotland. Let me call the attention of your readers to the scheme he contrived for assembling the military array of the nation, the anxiety with which he promoted the commercial interests of the realm, and the stern manner in which he put in execution those wise plans he had devised for breaking the power of the barons who influenced their retainers from taking the field against the common enemy—he felt them to be far more injurious to the well-being of the state than the reiterated attempts of England with her armed host. All those things are graphically pourtrayed by Mr Tytler; and I am disposed to think that our rulers of the present day would do well to study Wallace's administration, and, in particular, take a lesson from him while he was exercising his authority over aristocratic wrong doers. And how did he do this? Why when any of the nobles refused to conform to the laws which had been for that purpose, for the protection and benefit of the community, he instantly drove them out of the kingdom. Witness the treatment he gave that haughty baron, the Earl of Dunbar. But it is impossible not to give way to a transport of enthusiasm while reading Mr Tytler's narrative of such acts as these in the patriot's life. Very different feeling immediately seize us when we hear him, as I have already hinted, stigmatizing as criminal other meas-

ures not less efficacious, devised by Wallace to clear Scotland of the English, and to restore peace and prosperity to his distracted country. As an example of one of the measures thus characterised by Mr Tytler, and which he over and above calls a "severe persecution," an "excess of cruelty," and a piece of "ferocity," let me give you the following:—'It seems that a short time previous to John Baliol's reign most of the livings of the Church had been taken possession of by a horde of English ecclesiastics; but John, when he ascended the throne of Scotland, had wisely issued an edict by which they were banished the kingdom. Upon the subsequent reduction of the country they returned like locusts to their old quarters, and not only did they do all that they could to corrupt and enslave the people among whom they had intruded themselves, by enjoining on them absolute submission to the English dominion; but in order the better to prop up Edward's pretended title over Scotland (a pretension by the which was the true cause of all the butcheries that ensued) the English prelates and monks falsified the national charters which they found in the abbeys, and forged others so as to make their master's title to the Lordship of Scotland appear the more certain and complete. For these and similar perfidious attempts to annihilate the independence of Scotland, Wallace did not fail to visit them with the most summary and decisive measures of just vengeance; and one is at a loss whether more to admire the man who could thus rise superior to the dark age of superstition in which he lived, and punish like other criminals a set of *canker worms* whom the rest of mankind had been taught to look up to with holy awe and reverence, or to scorn the historian who could pity the fate of such miscreants, and pour out the vials of his wrath on the glorious hero who brought them to justice. Had Mr Tytler's object in writing the life of Wallace been as the *North British Review* charitably avers, to place the champion of Scotland among the great men "of whom the world was not worthy," he would not have called Wallace a persecutor for banishing out of the country, and putting to death a parcel of wolves in sheep's clothing who had come from a foreign state to devour up the fat of the land they had no right to live into, and who thought that the sacredness of their profession would protect them in the commission of

all those complicated acts of fraud, robbery and corruption, of which, even by Mr Tytler's own account, they were guilty. No, no! such I assert again was not Mr Tytler's object; his design was rather to displace Wallace from the affections of his countrymen, and from the honoured position to which the reviewer refers, and to draw conclusions from his actions that could enter into the brain of no other mortal save *that hireling* who had been engaged by the enemies of freedom to run Wallace down, and dissipate all those thrilling impulses that rush into the soul at the very mention of his name.

But Sir, it is curious to observe how truth will vindicate herself, and virtue, in the end, triumph over detraction. The daring task of dethroning Wallace from the affections of his countrymen could not have been committed to feebler hands than Mr Tytler's, and I pray you just to look for a moment at the way he goes about it. Though it was of the utmost importance before he put pen to paper at all that he should have his mind made up which of the ancient authorities he studied were deserving of credit, and which we find this diligent and would-be severely impartial investigator, while referring to Wallace's well-known biographer, Henry the Minstrel, telling us at one time that the book 'of Wallace' is not to be followed except on certain conditions 'as historical evidence,' he has scrupulously avoided it; while, in a brief notice of the minstrel, Mr Tytler gravely assures us that he has changed his ideas on this subject, and come to the conclusion that a valuable vein of historic truth runs through the performance of the Bard. Now, Sir, what more humiliating exhibition of himself could a historian make than this? an historian who writes for posterity nevertheless, and assumes the prerogative of deciding on the merits of the illustrious individuals who figure in the great theatre he is describing. Such being then the curious state of contradiction and obliquity into which Mr Tytler's judgment, on his own showing, has been involved, while consulting the most ancient, interesting and substantial, of all the authorities from whence valuable materials for a life of Wallace could be gathered, what are we to think of continuing to apply to the Liberator of his country without one note of retractation or apology the calumnies of the English historians from whom he draws all his informa-

tion—historians who hated Wallace with a perfect hatred, while at the same time admitting virtually that an antidote is to be found to the invectives of these authors in Blind Harry's Poem? If Mr Tytler really believes that such an antidote is to be found, why does he not as an honourable man avail himself of it? Why does he not re-cast his life of Wallace, purge it of all its vile representations, aye and on his bended knee beg pardon of the people of Scotland for having written a line unjustly derogatory of the integrity of a benefactor to whom they owe their all? A straight-forward line of proceeding of this kind, however, has not as yet entered into Mr Tytler's calculations, and never may, but I hope some Scottish Plutarch, not another Tytler, will ere long arise, who will examine candidly the Minstrel's Poem, carefully compare its statements with the discoveries which modern research has brought to light, and thus raise a tribute to Wallace that will do honour to the literature of our country, and to which posterity may refer with gratitude, confidence and satisfaction.

Turning from the detractors of Wallace, however, and fixing our eyes on the contendings of that hero for the well-being of Scotland, how poor and paltry do the former appear. And oh! when we try to estimate the practical benefits resulting to us from what Wallace did and what he suffered, with what deep emotions of disgust and humiliation must we contrast the bearing of that *mawkish brood* who are to be found in high places and elsewhere! So utterly prostrate is the patriotic principle in the minds of these men that the idea of Scotland's position as a separate independent state imparts no animating glow of generous passion to their sordid souls. Provided their pockets can be kept full, and sensual appetite gratified, the degradation of their natal clime gives them no pain, though they well know that their high-minded ancestry would have led armies into the field rather than brooked such indignities. These and similar speculations, I believe, will be regarded by my countrymen as prejudices unworthy of consideration but they have ever been indissolubly entwined round my heart, and in the language of the poet, I would reply to those who despise such sentiments:

“ While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,

Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat."

But I must have done, and shall conclude by observing that in compliance with the anti-national, selfish, cringing and accommodating, temper of the "age," it is no wonder that it so much the fashion now among Scottish writers when treating of the affairs of Scotland to pander to the pride of the English, and meanly seek profit and applause from that quarter by doing what they can to sully the well-earned fame of the martyred patriot of their own native land. But it is to be deplored that a writer of Mr Tytler's reputation, from whom better things might be expected, should have manifested any in his *Life of Sir William Wallace*, a name which, in spite of all the insults that can be cast on it by historians, will command the admiration and overflowing gratitude of all men, so long as one spark of genuine patriotism, disinterestedness, magnanimity, and public spirit, remain not only in Scotland alone but throughout the world at large. Sensible as I am, nevertheless, that such will be the devoted homage that will universally be paid to the name of Wallace, I agree with your eloquent correspondent "Scotus," in thinking that the people of Scotland ought not be silent under the assaults of such libellers as Tytler; and the best plan they can take to vindicate Wallace from such assaults is to put up a colossal statue of the Patriot at the public expense. This is a duty which has been already so often pressed on my countrymen that I almost blush to refer to it again; but if what "Scotus" conjectures be true, viz., that some influential party, meaning the aristocracy, takes the business under their patronage, it must fail. I, for one, would not solicit or accept one farthing from the Nobility of Scotland, as a body, for any such purpose, much less wait for their taking the initiative step. And why? The ancestors of these men were the bitterest foes Wallace had to contend against. With a few exceptions, they thwarted all his schemes, meanly envied of his popularity joined the common enemy, and at last betrayed and brought him to the scaffold. Such deeds as these, Sir, ought never to be forgotten or forgiven. The remembrance of them ought to be cherished as our dearest hearts' blood; and no opportunity should be suffered to pass of marking them with the most emphatic tokens of

public abhorrence. No doubt it may be said that in thus expressing myself I display the worst species of bigotry and revenge in desiring to punish the children for the atrocities of their fathers; but I care not for this. A more contemptible order of beings than the present race of Scottish Nobles crawls not on the face of the globe; it is my decided opinion that if they had a country to desert or a country to sell, as they had at the time of the Union, in 1706, they would sell it as ready as their predecessors did. In short, the sympathy of the Patricians of Scotland was purely a breeches pocket sympathy, and their representatives of the Nineteenth Century have inherited a similar passion, and improved on it to the utmost. Yes! the aristocracy of Scotland may adorn their halls with costly furniture and pictures, and rear columns and statues to *tyrants, debauchees and cheats*, as the thoroughfares of Edinburgh, to its immortal honour, sufficiently testify; but such a man as Wallace need expect to receive no share of their favour, and, thank God, we desire it not. No! it is the peasantry, mechanics, and middle-classes of Scotland, who ought to take the matter into their own hands. They alone fought under Wallace's banner. It was for them he laid down his life. Will they cast away the apathy which has hitherto disgraced them, and with one accord erect a national testimonial to Wallace's memory commensurate to the magnitude of the services he performed and the sacrifices he made? Oh what a glorious day it would be for Scotland if her sons and her daughters could point to a monument to Wallace that would far transcend in magnitude and magnificence every other work of the kind that has heretofore been attempted, and have it in their power to say that this was not the doing of a handful of the minions of unjust riches, but the spontaneous burst of a whole people!

With regard to Daniel O'Connell's late onslaught on John Knox, it was not to be expected that a man of his description, loaded, as he is said to be, with the spoils of the poorest peasantry in Europe, could appreciate unbending integrity, extensive influence and dignified poverty, of such a patriarch as the Scotch Reformer; still less was it to be expected that the 'first blast of the trumpet' would be a pleasing sound in the ears of so nauseous a loyalist as O'Connell; but it ill becomes him to make Knox's honest

republicanism a handle for reproach, for had he that sense of his country's wrongs that he ought to have, he would be the last man on earth to *slaver* Queen Victoria with the fulsome flattery he does. As an Irishman, he cannot but feel that the Queen of England is the living representative of that line of plunderers who have, from the days of Henry II., impoverished, enslaved and insulted, Ireland, and that she holds the sovereignty of Ireland not by virtue of her being a native Princess of the Island, but by right of CONQUEST; with these facts then staring him in the face there cannot be a doubt that O'Connell's loyalty is *abominably hypocritical*, and I am decidedly of that opinion. At all events it is plain that it would be much more honourable in him, instead of reviling, to imitate Knox's example in putting 'the trumpet to his mouth,' not to make a mere abstract into the right of females to govern nations, but to denounce and cry down the right of any King or Queen of England having dominion over Ireland at all. This is a duty, however, which O'Connell is too much of a wily politician to incur the responsibilities of performing; and, in shrinking from those responsibilities, he strikingly exhibits his own littleness of soul when put in a juxtaposition with Knox, who, with all his faults, never suffered any truth to sleep, however hazardous might be its announcement, that affected the destinies of his country, and who uniformly gave forth his views of governments and institutions, let the consequences be what they might. I am, &c.,

JOHN STEILL.

Edinburgh, 11th Nov., 1846.]

I had the pleasure of transcribing the foregoing spirited communication, in order to impress your mind with the facts formerly presented to you, viz., that all the Scottish historians since the Union are hirelings of England—that their grovelling employers of that country would give any reward rather than hear their own true character—that Tytler, with all his faults, recorded many truths humiliating enough for the Southrons, but for which Scotland is none indebted to him, because he would tarnish the brightest of her ornaments, like the rest of her paid betrayers. Tytler saw that if he would not state some sparks of honour here and there, relative to his country, he could not assume the title of a Scottish writer at all, therefore as necessity compelled him to do so there is no other title due to him but that of *By Ends—Scoundrel*. Perhaps there is not in the history of any kingdom on earth a more distressful, more hopeless, aspect, than that under which the great Wallace appeared. At first his daring exploits attracted only a few individuals; by degrees some of the more affluent joined him; but the majority of those hated and envied him. Finally, when they saw that neither their malice nor intrigues could prevent the Council of Estates from electing him Regent of the kingdom, they cast their influence in the scale of the enemy, so that the Hero was compelled, in his turn, to enact laws adequate to the desperate exigencies of the state of which he was constituted lawful guardian. On the one hand, a merciless English invader, who never granted a ray of mercy to any—devouring this victim kingdom; on the other, a treacherous gang of betrayers within herself, assisting the butcher. Nothing short of the measures taken by Wallace could preserve the glorious spirit of national resistance once more rescussitated. Of this Tytler was aware; he knew quite well that Sir William was forced to constitute an army, and that in spite of his potent enemies, numerous enough everywhere. To counteract these wicked men, Wallace's proclamations called on every man capable of bearing arms to join the standard of freedom. Very many of the brave people, without hesitation, obeyed the laws; others, influenced by the great, did not. The next question was pressed home, either liberty or slavery. None of the said malignants would obey, consequently the last rigour of the law was brought to bear on the traitors:

"If Edward is your master, go to him; you shall no longer remain here." It is the truth that a gallows was erected in all the principal towns of the kingdom, with the stern motto—"Either fight for your country or hang." Those who formerly stood aloof, from fear of the usurper, had full scope to defy him; those who were his treacherous tools had no refuge: they accepted lands from him, under the yoke of slavery, but they were no longer able to sit as passive spectators, and enjoy them. In short, Wallace realized what he continually asserted, that as he could bestow no higher boon on his country than to sacrifice his life for her freedom, he would do it, and did so, to the everlasting disgrace of his murderers of England, or, what is nearer home, his heartless calumniators, who unsparingly attempt, but in vain, to divorce the present generation from their affection to the memory of the hero.

When Cumyn seized the reins of government, he soon found that Edward's treaties only served him for a stage to draw his breath to prepare for a new onset. The praiseworthy proceedings of the Scots during the short respite procured by the truce, contributed much to rouse the national spirit of resistance, and gave a fresh impulse to our veterans to hurl back the English dogs whose vengeance they were daily expecting; nor were they disappointed—"Edward sent Sir Ralph Confray with great forces to subdue the robbers, as he called them, and to make an end of the war."* An English army, 30,000 strong, crossed the border. In like manner, Cumyn summoned the clans to assemble with all haste. It should not be forgotten that the armies of Edward never penetrated beyond the Grampian range, and that however much exhausted the kingdom was, still the greater part of the land was untrodden by the enemy. Cumyn, by the assistance of Sir Simon Fraser, ancestor of the family of Lovat, mustered fully more than 8000 men in a few days; of that number Lachlan Carrach, the chief of the clan Chattan, or MacIntosh, contributed about 1000 effective men. No sooner had the invaders entered Scotland than they commenced the work of murder and ravage. The Scots, by rapid marches, hastened to arrest them. You are not to suppose that there is any comparison between the state of

* Buchanan.

the country now, with its fine turnpike roads, and what it was in those days: an army raised in the far northern shires would take some time ere they could be brought to face the cruel enemy in the Border counties. By the time that the Scots entered the Low Country, the ravagers, literally glutted with blood and plunder, divided into three straggling divisions in the vicinity of Edinburgh. The Scottish patriots, aware of that, encountered one division of the English, about 10,000 strong, at Roslin, not far from the capital. Both sides fought with great courage; but in the end a complete victory was gained by the Scots. Those of the enemy that survived the battle fled to the second division of their countrymen, not far distant, carrying the news of their defeat. Highly enraged, the English advanced. Another action, long and bloody, was fought; in the end the Southrons were forced to abandon the field to the former victors; utterly discomfited, they fled to the third camp. Apparently not daunted, the third division of the English army, augmented by the wrecks of the other two, as they well might, advanced with great fury to fight the remaining handful of Scots, inferior in number to any of the English divisions, each of which was 10,000 regular troops, while the Scots were scarcely 9000 in all. On sight of the enemy, the Scots were forced to an alternative dreadful as it was unavoidable, which was to kill the prisoners—fully more numerous than themselves. After that lamentable tragedy, each of the Scottish Leaders seized the Standard of his Clan, and told their respective followers to stand by them, or otherwise that they would die under them. MacIntosh's address to his soldiers was short, but indeed peculiar. An officer made a moan for the past slaughter, and their own desperate condition. The chief flourished his sword three times round his head, and exclaimed—“*Am fear nach lean mise cha'n fhaic e Stratheirin*, i.e. He that will not follow me shall never see Strathearn.

It would appear that neither had any cavalry. The Scots formed into a deep square phalanx. The spearmen, 30 or 40 deep, were placed in the front to receive the first shock. The contest lasted long, but finally the English were overthrown. Though the victory was complete the Scots were unable to pursue them.

To enter into a full detail of the succession of these

chiefs is more than our space at present will permit, only that they all along made a conspicuous figure. The chief of clan Chattan, in the reign of David I, had no male heirs; his brother Muirach succeeded him; after him, his son Gillecattan was chief, who was succeeded by his son Ewen; he had three sons, Kenneth, John and Gilchrist. John, the second son, was ancestor of the family of Cluani, or as it is now Anglicised Cluny, a district in Badenoch. Without the slightest intention of casting the least stain on any, high or low, of this valiant, ancient and illustrious clan, justice to our country demands that some farther explanation be offered relative to the conduct of James Mac Pherson and the Poems of Ossian, which presented the world with so large a view of English villany and of the prominent part that man acted, to give facility to the propagation of their malice in that affair. Were it not that the subject was thoroughly investigated at the time that these falsehoods were set afloat, and the fraud detected while MacPherson was living, there can be little doubt but even men of sound sense and learning might be deceived, such as the vulgar now are, whose present condition, in these lands is miserable beyond recovery—the common prey of hardened political vultures, news-venders, and other emissaries of England. We have already, under this head, said that the Poems of Ossian were not collected by MacPherson, as was and is believed by many. As positive proof is requisite, we shall shew from the Report of the Highland Society, printed at the University Press, Edinburgh, A.D. 1805, what is sufficient to settle the point for ever.

The following proof from the pen of the Rev. Andrew Gallie, minister of Kincardine, in Ross-shire, constituting his reply to the Committee of the Highland Society, in the year 1799, is quite decisive. We have no space for the letter in full, but only the introduction, and some few particulars to Charles M'Intosh, Esq., W. S. Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—“I know you will not be displeased to hear that the cause of my long continued silence is so far removed that I am enabled to perform what I promised you. My esteem for you prompts me to it; yet I am more forcibly constrained by what I owe to a favourite truth which I consider as grossly injured. What I told you at Newhall I now authenticate, so far as my testimony can do.

Mr James M'Pherson, translator of Ossian's poems, was, for some years before he entered on that work, my intimate acquaintance and friend. When he returned from his tour through the Western Isles and Highlands, he came to my house in Brae Badenoch: I inquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small octavo or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and character, being the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards.

I remember perfectly that many of those volumes were, at the close, said to have been collected by Paul Mac Vuirich, bard of Clanronald, about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Mr M'Pherson and I were of opinion that though the bard collected them, yet that they must have been written by an ecclesiastic, for the characters and spelling were most beautiful and correct. Every poem had its first letter most elegantly flourished and gilded—some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green; the material writ on was vellum; the volumes were bound in strong parchment; Mr M'Pherson had them from Clanronald.

At that time I could read the Gaelic characters, though with difficulty, and did often amuse myself with reading, here and there, in those poems, while Mr MacPherson was employed on his translation. At times we differed as to the meaning of certain words in the original. With much labour I have recovered some scattered fragments of the translation made at my fireside, as also some of the originals. I communicate to few a few stanzas taken from the manuscript:—

Bha fer ri fer is cruai gh ri cruai gh,
 'S giath fuaimneach daoine air lar
 Mar uird nan ceud air mac nan cill,
 Dheirigh agus theirin gach lann,
 Ghluais Goll mar throm osaig bho 'n aird,
 Gun ghlan e saoi ghin as,
 Bha Sauran mar chaoir fasaich thall,
 Am fraoch fuaimar Gorm-mheall bras,
 Ach cia mar chuirin sios le fonn,
 Bas trom nan sleagh bha an,
 Bu scrathoil 'n stri abha sa bhlar,
 Bu lassach ard mo lann,
 Bu scrathoil osgar mo mhac fein,

Thar chach bu treubhach maith,
 Bha solas balbh am bhroilleach shuas,
 Bha ghruaigh mar chaoir sachath.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

Man was opposed to man, and steel to steel—
 Shields sounding—men falling.
 Like hammers of hundreds on the sons of the embers
 Swords rose and fell.
 Gaul went on like a blast descending from the height
 As he destroyed heroes.
 Sauran was like a flame of the desert
 That consumes the sounding heath of Gormal ;
 But how shall I relate in song
 The heavy death of spears that was there.
 Terrible was the strife of battle ;
 High flamed my sword.
 Above the rest great was his valour
 My bosom swelled with pleasure ;
 Majestic was his countenance.

“I recollect it was often matter of conversation that by worm-eating and other injuries of time there were here and there whole words, yea lines, so obscured as not to be read; and I, to whom this was then better known than to any one else, one excepted, gave credit to Mr MacPherson that if he did not recover the words of Ossian, in these few destroyed exceptions the substitution did no discredit to the celebrated bard. Some years after the publication of Fingal I happened to pass several days with Mr Mac Donald of Clanronald, in the house of Mr Butler of Pitlochry, who then resided in the neighbourhood of Fort-William. Clanronald told me that Mr MacPherson had the Gaelic Manuscripts from him, and that he did not know them to exist till, to gratify Mr MacPherson, a search was made among the family papers. Clanronald added that since Mr MacPherson's visit more volumes were recovered, and that he would send them to me, did he know by what channel. I heard nothing farther about them, nor indeed did I enquire.

“Mr MacPherson's tour through the Highlands and

Islands was not so early as 1756. His first appearance to the public was by a poem called the "Highlander," published in 1757, or the very beginning of the year following. In 1758 he entered on his translation called "Gaelic Fragments," and to this work he owed his being called to London, and to public esteem. In 1760 or 1761 he made his Highland tour. It was in the former that I set up a house, and married; and it was to my house that Mr MacPherson came on his return to Badenoch. This and some other circumstances being well remembered by Mrs Gallie, as it may serve your cause, she proposes to add a postscript to this letter.

Dear Sir,—“What I now send you, as my health is far from being confirmed, is a great exertion. I hope you and the most respectable Society of which you are a member will make the proper allowances for the disadvantages under which I write. If this effort merits your and their approbation, I shall be happy to be told so. Could I contribute to the success of the Highland Society, but even in one line, I would be proud of it. Believe me to be, with great esteem and regard,” &c. &c.,

Charles MacIntosh, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh.

ANDREW GALLIE.

- Sir,—I hope my intention in writing you will apologize for the freedom I use. Not any one thing is more in my remembrance than seeing, with Mr MacPherson, when he returned from his tour, the Gaelic Manuscripts as described by my husband. I remember Mr MacPherson most busy at the translations, and he and Mr Gallie differing as to the meaning of some Gaelic words, and that I was much delighted with the translation, for I was not then well acquainted with the Gaelic. I have the honor to be,” &c. &c.,

C. MacIntosh, Esq.

CHRISTIAN GALLIE.

EVIDENCES AGAINST MACPHERSON.—It was already noticed the base means by which the English cajoled Mac Pherson to London, when his name was first announced as a collector of Gaelic Poetry—an event sufficiently alarming for them. In the report of the Highland Society here quoted from page 82, “One of Mr MacPherson’s executors in the country, the Rev. Mr Anderson, Minister of Kingusie, was extremely attentive to the enquiries of the Com-

mittee. He sent to them various testimonies from old Highlanders in his neighbourhood relating to the subject of those enquiries; and after informing the Committee that all Mr MacPherson's manuscripts, papers, and collections relative to the poetry of Ossian were in London, he transmitted, as the only thing he had in his possession which had any relation to that subject, an exact copy of certain notes or memorandums written by Mr MacPherson upon the margin of a copy of the first edition of his translation of Ossian which had been left at Mr MacPherson's Highland residence, where Mr Anderson found them. These are as follows, in Mr MacPherson's hand-writing:—

“Delivered the *Three Duans* of Cath Loda to Mr John Mac Kenzie, as complete as the translation.

JAMES MACPHERSON.”

“Delivered the whole of Carrickthura to Mr Jno. MacKenzie.

J. M'P.”

“Delivered all that could be found of Carthon to Mr Jno. Mac Kenzie.

J. M'P.”

“Delivered the whole of Oina to Mr Jno. MacKenzie.”

“Delivered the whole of Colna Dona to Mr Jno. MacKenzie.

J. M'P.”

“Delivered the whole of Croma to Mr Jno. MacKenzie.

J. M'P.”

“The original of Calthon and Colmal given to Mr Jno. Mac Kenzie.

J. M'P.”

“The original of the poem of Fingal given to Mr Jno. Mac Kenzie.

J. M'P.”

From this memorandum found among MacPherson's papers, honestly transmitted by Mr Anderson, Minister of Kingusie, to the Committee of the Society, clearly proves that though MacPherson resisted every attack made upon him during his life by those who lent him the manuscripts of the poems of Ossian, he at last adverted to the only method of informing his countrymen in whose possession they were after he departed; and that was John Mac Kenzie, of the Temple, London, one of the greatest villains that ever breathed. MacPherson left him sole trustee for the purpose of publishing the originals of Ossian. Whether that choice was owing to MacPherson's knowledge of Mac Kenzie's treachery cannot now be ascertained; one thing is certain, he was qualified to pursue the same course in

which the English instructed MacPherson. When the proprietors of the manuscripts could neither recover these documents, nor yet a printed edition of them in the original, as Mr M'Pherson always promised; Clanronald resolved to punish the swindler by legal means, consequently that chief applied to Mr William MacDonald, Secretary of the Highland Society, to prosecute MacPherson, and so would have compelled him to restore them. "This however Mr MacDonald wished extremely to avoid, and did not therefore obey the instructions of his employer for that purpose, understanding that Mr MacPherson would return the manuscripts without such compulsory measures, when the purpose for which he kept them was fully accomplished."*

You will ask what could be the reason that MacDonald refused to prosecute MacPherson at the instance of Clanronald. On the one side you will find an honorable gentleman indignant at the reproach of being swindled of his family relics of antiquity; on the other, a country schoolmaster, so tender an object of regard that William MacDonald, the Secretary of the Society, "Wished extremely to avoid a legal process against him." To solve that anomalous enigma, you have only to recollect what was formerly mentioned at page 287, that the Southrons would give a bond on England ere they would let MacPherson out of their hands without securing his carcase as well as the manuscripts. Here is now proof positive that such was the case, and that it was beyond MacPherson's power to restore them, even if he was willing, when Clanronald attacked him. There was much involved in that affair. It was no trifling course of instructions he underwent in the English school of malicious rage against the Gael ere he was made a Member of Parliament, and ere those who would see him to the devil for bearing the name of MacPherson, whatever his talents might have been, would admit him into their legislative assembly. What alarm Clanronald's prosecuting threatenings created may be judged from these facts. By what means they managed to silence that gentleman may remain forever a secret; but the Report of the Highland Society plainly informs us that after MacPherson's death the only one of the manuscripts that

* See Report of the Highland Society, 1805, page 31.

was returned to Clanronald was a thin duodecimo volume—see p. 80—at least so far as the Committee of the Society could trace the matter. It were almost superfluous to say any more on this head if we had not MacPherson's own private correspondence at the beginning of his career, to prove that he received the most noted of these poems in manuscripts. His own letter to the Rev. James M'Lagan, minister of Amulree, is given at page 153 of the Report. The said letter is dated at Ruthven, 27th October, 1760. Here it is:—

“REV. SIR,—You perhaps have heard that I am employed to make a collection of the ancient poetry in the Gaelic. I have already traversed most of the Isles, and gathered all worth notice in that quarter. I intend a journey to Mull, and the coast of Argyle, to enlarge my collection.

“By letters from Edinburgh, as well as gentlemen of your acquaintance, I am informed that you have a good collection of poems of that kind I want; it would be, therefore, very obliging if you should transmit me them as soon as convenient, that my books may be rendered more complete, and more for the honour of our old poetry. Traditions are uncertain; poetry, delivered down from memory. It is a matter of surprise to me how we have now any of the beauties of our ancient Gaelic poetry remaining.

“*I have met with a number of old manuscripts in my travels; the poetical part of them I have endeavoured to secure.*

“Your collection, I am informed, is pure. I shall not make any apology for this trouble, as it will be for the honour of our ancestors. How many of their pieces of genius will be brought to light!

“If any of that kind fall within your hearing, I beg of you to have them in sight.

“I shall probably do myself the pleasure of waiting on you before I return to Ediuburgh. Your correspondence, in the meantime, will be very agreeable. You will excuse this trouble from an entire stranger, and believe me,

Rev. Sir, your most humble servant,

“JAMES MACPHERSON.”

In a second epistle to the same gentleman, dated at Edinburgh, January 16, 1761, he says—"I was favoured with your letter, inclosing the Gaelic poems, for which I hold myself extremely obliged to you. *Duan a Ghairbh* is less poetical than *Teanntach mor na Feine*, though the last is far from being a bad poem, were it complete, and is particularly valuable for the ancient manners it contains. I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem, and truly epic. The antiquity of it is easily ascertained; and it is not only superior to anything in that language, but reckoned not inferior to the more polite performances of other nations in that way. I have some thoughts of publishing the original, if it will not clog the work too much." This is the very manuscript mentioned by Lord Kaimes, in his "Sketches of Man." His lordship says, "that MacPherson got four books of Fingal from a person in the Isle of Skye; consequently, you are anxious to hear who that person was; the full certainty of that we have in No. 6 of the Appendix to the Report of the Highland Society, we may transcribe the following affidavit in full:—

" AT SCALPA, *September 5, 1800.*

"MALCOLM MACPHERSON, residenter in the parish of Portree, Isle of Skye, and county of Inverness, a married man, aged sixty years, and son of Dougald MacPherson, late tenant in Beenfuter, Troternish, who was in his time an eminent bard, being called upon, appeared before us, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for this County, and made the following declaration *upon oath*:—

"That he had a brother named Alexander, by profession a smith, who died in February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty, and who could read and write both Gaelic and English; that he was noted in the country for his knowledge of the poems of Ossian, of which he, the declarant heard him repeat many; that the declarant was informed by his brother, and he heard also from others, that when the late James MacPherson, from Badenoch, was in this country, collecting the poems of Ossian, he was for four days at Portree, in taking down a variety of them from the recitation of the declarant's brother; that the said declarant farther declares that his said brother

had a Gaelic manuscript, in quarto, which wholly regarded the FIANS or FINGALIANS; that the said volume was about an inch and a quarter thick; that Mr James MacDonald then landlord at Portree, having informed Mr MacPherson that the declarant's brother had such a manuscript in his possession, Mr MacPherson requested to see it;—farther, declares, that before Mr MacPherson parted with declarant's brother, the said Mr MacPherson observed, that as the declarant's brothers would repeat the whole of the poems, contained in the manuscript, he would oblige him, if he would give it to him; for which he might expect his friendship and future reward; that his said brother informed the declarant he had accordingly given the said manuscript to Mr MacPherson, who carried it with him since; which time the declarant never heard of it. Farther declares, that he heard his father often reprimand his brother for answering the frequent calls upon him to the house of Portree to repeat the Poems of Ossian to gentlemen who had a taste for that poetry; and that he recollects giving him a severe reprimand for spending so much of his time with Mr MacPherson; that his brother pled his excuse; that he found Mr MacPherson so very kind, and being a name-sake, that he could not resist his solicitations; farther declares, that his brother procured the said manuscript while an apprentice at Loch Carron; and the late Rev. Mr Donald M'Queen, minister of Kilmuir, was the person who pointed out his brother to Mr MacPherson.

(Signed)

“NOMAND M'LEOD, J.P.

“A. M'DONALD, J.P.

“DAVID CARMENT, Clerk.”

See a similar declaration made by Ewen MacPherson, at Knock, in Sleit, Isle of Skye, September 11, 1800. See page 95 of the Report, we have the following decisive proofs, besides MacPherson's own declaration, given a little ago, “That in the year 1760, having come to this country (Skye) from the opposite coast of Knoydart, to pay a visit to the late Dr John MacPherson, then minister of this parish; he happened there to meet his old acquaintance Mr James MacPherson, who was then employed in collecting the Poems of Ossian, the son of Fingal. That as MacPherson did not know the Gaelic or-

thography so well as the declarant, who could read the Gaelic character which was anciently used by the Scotch and Irish Gael, the Doctor and Mr Macpherson urged the declarant very much to accompany them to the Long Island. That on that excursion they were one or two nights at the house of the elder Clanronald, at Ormiglade; and about a week at the house of the younger, at Benbecula; and at Mr M'Neil's, minister, in South Uist, where he became acquainted with MacMhurich, the representative of the celebrated bards of that name; but who was not himself a man of any note in that way. From this man, the declarant got for MacPherson a book, of the size of a New Testament, and of the nature of a common-place book, which contained some accounts of the families of the MacDonalds, and the exploits of the "Great Montrose," together with some of the poems of Ossian; and that Mr MacPherson obtained, at the same time, an order from Clanronald, sen., on a Lieutenant Donald M'Donald for a Gaelic manuscript belonging to the family, which was called the *Leabhar Dearg*; and contained, as the declarant heard Clanronald say, and himself believed, some of the poems of Ossian. That the said book was not the *Leabhar Dearg*, and that he never saw it, and is uncertain whether MacPherson got it. Farther declares that he took down some of the poems of Ossian from the recitation of several individuals, which he gave to Mr MacPherson, who was seldom present when they were taken, &c. &c. That the declarant understood from Mr MacPherson that he had collected the bulk of his materials in the shires of Inverness, Perth, and Argyle; but that he was still anxious to collect additional matter, and various editions of these poems. That the declarant recollects to have very often heard poems of Ossian, relative to the Fin-galians, repeated in his youth; and that in general the people of any taste, with whom he was acquainted in his younger days, and had advanced in years, made their entertainment in the winter nights to repeat the poems of Ossian, or hear them repeated to them; and his profession made him reside in different parts of the Highlands. He found the same taste prevail for Ossian's poems among all classes of the people. That the persons whose recitations he took down were generally advanced in life; is uncertain whether any of them is alive at this distance of forty

years; and the relish for poetry has decayed greatly with the discouragement of the bards; but that he never heard the authenticity of the poems of Ossian called in question by any Highlander; and has no doubt of their being the production of Ossian, as firmly as he believes in the authenticity of any other poems, or in the originality of any other work, ancient or modern; and he does not believe it would be possible for men who understood Gaelic well to have any doubt on this subject. That the declarant has no doubt that the Fingalians were Scottish Gael; but looks upon all disputes regarding the era, and the particular scenes of actions, to be completely independent of the authenticity of the poems, which he believes to have come down from remote antiquity as firmly as he believes in his own existence. That he recollects to have read the translation of Fingal, in a copy presented to him at Edinburgh, by Mr James MacPherson, subsequent to these transactions, and, as far as he could recollect the substance of the original, that the translation was well executed; that the ablest that ever existed, in his opinion, could not equal the original Gaelic, by any translation. He was farther asked whether he thought MacPherson was capable of composing such poems as those of Ossian? Declares, most explicitly and positively, that he is certain Mr MacPherson was as unequal to such composition as the declarant himself, who could no more make them than take wings and fly; that he firmly believes no man, excepting Ossian himself, was ever capable of making such Gaelic poetry as Ossian's, which has a sublimity and nervousness that cannot be equalled, nor successfully imitated; nor can the Gaelic of Ossian be rendered by the ablest translator into any other language with an elegance suitable to the grandeur of the original.

(Signed)

“EWAN MACPHERSON.

“NORMAN M'LEOD, J.P.

“A. M'DONALD, J.P.

“ALEXANDER NEILSON, Clk.”

You would now wish to be informed whether MacPherson got the “Red Book;” though it is certain that the volume mentioned by Mr Ewan M'Pherson, who made the above declaration, was not it. That point is easily settled.

*Declaration of LAUCHLAN MACMHURICH, made at Torlum,
in Barra, 9th August, 1800.*

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, at Torlum, near Castle Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the 9th day of August, compeared, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lauchlan, son of Niel, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Niel *Mor*, son of Donald, of the surname of MacMhuirich, before Roderick MacNeil, Esquire, of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald, and they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoilgary, and four pennies of *Drimisdale*, during fifteen generations; that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoilgary for nineteen years of his life; that there was a right given them over these lands, as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and the history of the MacDonalds, on condition that the bard failing of male issue was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the said lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his father Neil had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother. He remembers well that the Works of Ossian, written in parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some parchments were made up in the form of books, and that they were bound and separate which contained the works of Ossian and other bards. He remembers that his father had a work called the "Red Book," which he had from his predecessors, and which contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because, when his family were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he remembered well that Clanronald made his father give the Red Book to James MacPherson, from Badenoch; that it was nearly as thick as a Bible; but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover; that the other parchments, and the Red Book, were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old

both in Scotland and Ireland, before people began to use the English characters; that his father could read the Gaelic characters well; and that he himself had some of the manuscripts after his father's death. Farther declared, that the Red Book was not written by one man, but that it was compiled from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving the records and continuing the history of the MacDonalds, and of other heads of the Highland clans. That he is not certain what become of the other parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander MacDonald,* son of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, and others by Ronald, his son, &c. After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald MacDonald, of Balronald; James MacDonald, of Garyhelich; Ewan MacDonald, of Griminish; Alexander MacLean, of Hoster; Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula; and Mr Allan M'Queen, minister of North Uist, who wrote this declaration.

The reader will find the MacMhuirich declaration, in both languages, at pages 278 and 279 of the "Report of the Highland Society." The above gentlemen were witnesses. It is signed by the declarant, Lachlan MacMhuirich, and by Roderick MacNeil, Esq. of Barra, J.P.

In addition, it is enough to remark that MacPherson, after he went to London, was sent by our implacable foes there on his pilfering tour to the Highlands, and that he, according to his instructions, collected all that he could lay his hands on of the manuscripts of these poems, and other documents of antiquity; that as long as he lived he feloniously deceived the proprietors of those manuscripts by his continual promise of restoring them; that, finally, when he departed, MacKenzie—a pupil of the same school—did not nor would not tell where they were deposited. But in case that the above may not satisfy some who are determined to repeat the English spleen because we have already proved our point, I shall now add the testimony of Lachlan MacPherson, Esq., of Strathmashie, who assisted the other MacPherson in accomplishing his translation of those poems. The following letter from that learned gentleman and poet to Dr Blair, of Edinburgh,

* The Learned Poet.

preserved in the said Report, is quite sufficient of itself to explode for ever the villany perpetrated in that English tragedy for murdering our literature:—

STRATHMASHIE, 22d October, 1763.

SIR,—As I hear you have made application in this country for testimonies concerning the authenticity of Ossian's poems, I make bold to send you this, of which you may make what use you please:—In the year 1760, I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend, Mr MacPpherson, during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian, through the Highlands. I assisted him in collecting them from oral traditions; and transcribed from OLD MANUSCRIPTS by far the greatest number of those parts he has published. Since the publication I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal. I need not aver, Sir, that these poems are taken in this country to be of the utmost antiquity. This is notorious to almost all those who speak Gaelic in Scotland. In the Highlands the scene of every action is pointed out to this day, and the historical poems of Ossian have been for ages the winter evening amusement of the Clans. Some of the hereditary bards retained by the chiefs committed very early to writing some of the works of Ossian. One manuscript in particular was written as far back as the year 1110, which I saw in MacPherson's possession. Permit me, Sir, as a Highlander, to make use of this opportunity to thank you for the pains you have taken to illustrate the beauties and establish the reputation of the poems of Ossian, which do so much honour to the ancient genius of our country."

I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
LACHLAN MACPHERSON.

I need not remind you of what objections the ignorant may start because there is mention made by this gentleman of some of these poems having been written from oral recitations: the reason is given in the above affidavit of Ewan MacPherson; that after the Collector, James MacPherson amassed all the manuscripts he could find in the Shires of Inverness, Perth, and Argyll. His next object was, according to that gentleman's opinion, to

gather as much as he possibly could, in order to procure different versions, which was a poor lame subterfuge on the part of the spoliator; at least it will appear so now;—but his real object was, that if he should not succeed in pilfering the manuscripts, as he had done under English instructions, that he could, on his own account, from the oral version of these poems, either give his intended translation, and render the whole affair exposed to the brutal objections, at the time pre-arranged by his bribers and our enemies, or make it appear probable that he was himself the author, at least in part; and indeed had it not been that the Highland Society so honourably published the particulars here related, there is no doubt but that sacrilegious *fama* might have been established, even among men from whom better things might be expected, as it is now current amongst the working cattle of which your humble servant is one, though, at the same time, no Highlander could give the slightest credit to any such nonsense. Besides, MacPherson's own declaration, in his letter to the Rev. James M'Laggan, minister of Amalree, is decisive. You mind what he says—"I have met with a number of old manuscripts in my travels, the poetical part of them I have endeavoured to secure." And again, "I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem, and truly epic, concerning Fingal," &c. This happened in the year 1760, when he was in the heat of collecting his ill-gotten gear. "The truly epic poem, pretty complete," was no other than the manuscript of that truly beautiful poem, good-naturedly given to him by Alexander MacPherson, at Portree, as declared by the said Alexander's brother upon oath, as above stated, in his affidavit. Add to that the positive declaration of his assistant in the translation of these poems, Mr MacPherson, of Strathmashie, who tells you positively that he "took down from oral recitation, as well as transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greatest part of those pieces published by the other MacPherson." This will show at once that James MacPherson was in reality but a secondary party in the undertaking, in comparison to the other learned gentleman and poet. Bear in mind, moreover, that the fact of some of these poems being taken from the tongues of those who could repeat them, is an immortal proof, if I may use the expression, that they were universally known in the

country; and to such as can peruse the manuscript versions of some of them published in the Report, and in various other printed copies now in the hands of the Gael, it is truly astonishing how trifling the difference between the recited poems and those which were written many ages bygone. Lastly, none but the wilfully malicious can think it objectionable, or, to give it in the language of the destroyers of our fame. "How impossible, say they, that these poems could be preserved for many ages by oral recitation." As little they were; and I hope that you are now prepared to buffet any scoundrel in England who says so. But, say you, our argument on this point, or rather the truth of these assertions, is established by that very circumstance, when it is duly considered that manuscript copies of the poems, and other valuable historical and genealogical writings, were preserved in abundance throughout the Highlands, as already demonstrated. Nevertheless, the disadvantage was, that although from the resources of our literature the light of Europe was kept burning for many ages, yet it is a lamentable fact that it was among the last languages in Europe that was printed;* and that when the rest of Britain, for the last two centuries and upwards, had their language printed, the Gaelic was neglected in that particular; so that when the Lowlandman could read his on the page of the book, the common people in the Highlands had their poetry, and other productions of that kind, recited by the few who had access to the preserved manuscripts, so that the one learned the other in that way. In short, the original Scots, in particular, remained, we may say, till within the last century, just as all mankind were before the invention of printing—that is, the learned few had recourse to the written works, while the many wholly depended on oral teaching in everything.

You will now ask, Is it not surprising that the neighbouring nation, who first dragged MacPherson into their capital, when he appeared under the name of a collector of the remaining fragments of a warlike and ancient people's history, should afterwards persecute the cause which they ardently stimulated him to undertake, for it is a fact that not only the savages of them, who had the

* We may thank our connection with England for that.

name of learned, and made letters their profession, did so, but the British parliament acted in like manner. The letters of the Rev. Dr Carlyle, to William MacDonald, Esq., Secretary to the Highland Society, dated Musselburgh, 9th January, 1802: it is to be found at pp. 66-7 of the report. We shall give the particulars of it immediately to the point:—"On the 2d of October, 1759, I happened to know the date exactly, I came from Dumfries to Moffat in the morning, and finding John Home, the author of Douglas, there, I resolved to stay all night with him. In the course of conversation he told me that he had at last found what he had been long wishing for—a person who could make him acquainted with ancient Highland poetry, of which he had heard so much. This was Mr James MacPherson, who was then tutor to Mr Graham, of Balgowan, whom he had, with much solicitation and difficulty, prevailed on to translate some specimens of that poetry which he had by heart, to which he said he could not do justice in an English translation. Mr Home had been highly delighted with them, and when he showed them to me *I was perfectly astonished at the poetical genius displayed in them.* We agreed that it was a precious discovery, and that as soon as possible it should be published to the world. Mr Home carried the manuscript with him to Edinburgh, and having shown it to Dr Blair, and other judges, they were so much pleased, that they encouraged Mr MacPherson to publish them without delay, which he did early in the year 1760, with the title of *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands.* In a preface prefixed to this publication Mr MacPherson announced that there was a great deal of poetry of the same kind still to be found in the Highlands, and islands in particular; that there was a work of considerable length, styled *An Heroic Poem*, which might be recovered and translated, if encouragement was given to such an undertaking. A subscription was immediately set about in the *Parliament House*, and a sum sufficient to make such an important search was soon collected. Mr MacPherson made two journies through the Highlands, on one of which Mr Home accompanied him, and the result was the publication, at London, first of *Fingal*, and then of *Temora*. I have only to add, that during my intimacy with Mr MacPherson, for two winters, in London,

in 1769 and 1770, where I saw him daily, and lived in intimacy with him for four months in each of those seasons, I never was able to discover, in his most unguarded moments, that he was any other than the collector and translator of the works of Ossian, or assumed any other than might be derived from thence: but I have heard him express the greatest contempt for those who thought him the fabricator of them. If there was any person who asserted that MacPherson had owned it to himself, even that would not shake my faith; for I knew him to be of a temper, when he was teased and fretted, to carry his indignation that far. This is all I have to say on the subject. If you think it of importance to establish your proof, you will communicate it to the society; if not, be so good as commit it to the flames.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with respect, yours, &c.

ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

You are now beginning to see the true bearing of the subject. In the above you have the beginning of MacPherson's undertaking; mark now the progress of the enemies of our race and character in the matter, as was formerly observed the instant that MacPherson appeared in the first "Fragments" he published:—"A subscription was taken in the parliament house to enable him to collect more, for he no doubt thoughtlessly, and I believe from innocent but yet sincere attachment to his country at that stage of his career, advertised that there were many ancient relics of our literature still extant in Caledonia; consequently, our nationality was not altogether extinct so long as their contents were repeated by the descendants of those who produced them; no, even the proscriptions of the language; nor yet the butcheries of the forty-five, did not extinguish that. Likewise the peaceful loyal characters of the Scots defied their enemies to continue their former abuses, till the very subject under review served them with a new pretence to attack them. There was seemingly a fair show of generosity in the action of the subscription taken in the parliament house to enable MacPherson to proceed on his mission, had the matter ended there; the sequel, however, proved that their motives proceeded not from any good-will to Scotland, but the very reverse. They were moved from two or three considera-

tions to pay MacPherson to finish his undertaking. The first was *curiosity* to see the remaining relics of the Gaeil's literature still left. If they should prove equal to their former falsehoods, propagated by the English against our race and language, the country was sure to be attacked with a deluge of abuse; if not, they were prepared to sacrifice both the collector and the collections for that purpose, either by bribery, as they did, or overpower him by slander. When MacPherson, by the aid of others, as you have seen above, completed his task, the Southern brutes found that the poems exceeded any thing that they had any knowledge of, and that they were admired over all Europe; and, as a matter of course, that MacPherson could not be transformed into an Englishman, whatever they might say or do. In that case there was only one remedy left, and that was to secure both him and the manuscripts. Had the poor snool as much of God's fear in him, when he found that they were resolved to strangle him, as to have returned to his own country, without putting one *iota* of his collection to press in London, his own character and that of his country would have been secure. He no doubt dreamed that the English would not attack neither himself nor his country, after he surrendered the manuscripts, and that he would have the honour of the translation, though he was in reality but a secondary party in that. Mr MacPherson, of Strathmashie, was the chief man in the whole affair. It is easy to conjecture what torture it must have cost James MacPherson, when he felt the unreserved lash of Southern malice in both these extremes. Just think on his miserable condition. They first flattered, cajoled, and bribed him to surrender his own protection the parchments, under the fawning irresistible craft of parliament miscreants. No sooner were the documents out of his hands than he was made to understand either to refund the money, or surrender all right in future to the pilfered property of which Clanronald and others were swindled. Had MacPherson any other body of men to contend with, we charitably suppose that he might resist, but he had none other than the British parliament to combat, consequently, he knew that had he dared them when he, too late, discovered the strength of their claim, that, in the first place, his life would have been sacrificed; or had he turned his back on

the whole affair, where could he take shelter? He durst not show face in Scotland, without restoring his benefactors their property; he could not appear any where in this kingdom without being punished either as a swindler or a bribed traitor, had he abandoned the enterprise altogether. He could not resist the most formidable gang of desperadoes that ever God permitted to exist, who paid him for robbing Scotland of her antiquities. He there and then submitted to sell the honour of his country—and no thanks to him for its recovery. You will ask, In that desperate plight, what could he do? The answer is, he could have done a great deal more than he did—for that was nothing at all. He could have come back to his native land, and proclaimed, by public exposure, all and sundry concerned in that iniquity, and so punish them, or perish in the attempt. We grant his situation was one of the most horrible that can be imagined, but still, had he resisted, a phalanx would have appeared at his back that would have obliged the Sabeans to restore the pilfered manuscripts, though they had all the villany of England in their bellies; this is plain, from the testimony of many ministers, and that of other gentlemen, recorded in the Report of the Highland Society. How impossible it was for MacPherson to have been devoured, had he the courage to defy the swindlers, is abundantly evident from the indignation manifested by many. The Rev. and learned Angus MacNeil, minister of Hovermore, South Uist, in his letters to Dr Blair, of Edinburgh, relative of the poems of Ossian, says—"Neil MacMhuirich, a native of this country, who, with his predecessors for seventeen generations back, have been bards and historians to the Clanronald family, it being customary with every Highland family of note to have bards and historians, repeated before me the whole of the poem of *Darthula*, or *Clan-usnoch*, with few variations from the translation, which he declared he saw and read, with many more, in a manuscript which underwent the same fate with the manuscript already made mention of. Declared also that the collection *Berrathon* is contained in a manuscript which I myself saw him deliver, with three or four more, to Mr MacPherson, when he was in this country, and for which Mr MacPherson gave him a *missive* obliging himself to restore it, which shows that in the estimation of both the

manuscript contained something of great importance," &c. In No. XIII of the Appendix to the Report of the Highland Society we have the following proofs in answer to queries transmitted by the Committee of the Society to Captain Alexander Morrison, of Greenock, respecting Ossian's poems, and MacPherson—Captain Morrison replies:

1st. "That before leaving Skye he heard repeated and learned many poems and songs respecting Ossian and other ancient heroes, many of which were afterwards collected, arranged, and translated by Mr James Mac Pherson."

2d. "That he gave the Rev. Mr MacKinnon, of Glendarnal, before he went to America, in the year 1780, Ossian's Address to the Sun, in the original, which being transmitted by Lord Bannatyne, and presented, he identifies."

3d. "That he got the Address among Mr James Mac Pherson's papers when he was transcribing for him from those originals, either collected by himself or transmitted by his Highland friends, as it stood in the poem of *Carthon*, and afterwards translated and published."

4th. "That he can repeat the whole of the poem given to Mr M'Kinnon, and give a copy of it in writing."

5th. "He remembers some more fragments of Gaelic poetry respecting Ossian, Fingal, &c., and gives a few of these as he now recollects them."

6th. "That Mr James MacPherson, on his tour through the Highlands and Isles, was a night in his house in Skye; was then collecting the poems that he gave him (Captain Morrison), some of which he afterwards translated, and published one of them—DARGO. That afterwards, in London, he had access to Mr MacPherson's papers; saw the several manuscripts which he translated, in different handwritings, some of them in his own hand, some not, as they were gathered by himself and others, or sent him from his friends in the Highlands; some of them taken from oral recitations & from MANUSCRIPTS. That he does not remember all the persons who recited or sent them, because he could not regard the poems he was accustomed to hear from his infancy is certain. That Mr MacPherson got some of them from the MacMhuirich's, in Uist, and some from Mull—likely from the Fletchers of *Glenforsa*,

famous for a long time for the recitation and history of such poems."

7th. "That he saw many *Manuscripts in the old Gaelic* characters with M MracPherson, containing some of the poems translated, which manuscripts they found difficulty to read. Is of opinion that Mr Donald MacQueen, Minister of Troterish, Skye, a good Gaelic Scholar, gave some of them. How old the manuscripts were cannot say, but, from the character and orthography, seemed very ancient."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS BY CAPTAIN MORRISON, ON
THE FOREGOING SUBJECT.

Was intimately acquainted with Mr James MacPherson's abilities and knowledge of the Gaelic language. Admits that he had much merit in collecting, arranging, and translating, but that he was no poet, nor thoroughly conversant in Gaelic literature. So far from composing such poems as were translated, that he (Captain Morrison) often assisted him in understanding some words and suggested some improvements. That MacPherson could as well compose the PROPHECIES OF ISAIAH, or create the *Isle of Skye*, as compose a poem like one of Ossain's. That there are many other such poems which MacPherson did not collect, and collected some which he did not translate, but made his choice with proper taste. That the Address to the Sun, in the poem of Carthon, wanted two lines, which neither Mr MacPherson nor anybody else could supply; nay, supply any thing like them. Captain Morrison adds farther—That amidst all the poetry he saw or heard he could as easily distinguish Ossain's poems from that of others, by specific marks, as he could Virgils from Ovid or Horace. That the poetry of the Highlands can be traced back hundreds of years, and every species, as well as every period, distinguished from one another; so that no difficulty can remain in assigning his own station and era to Ossain.

GREENOCK, 7th January, 1801.

In the above Replies to the Questions of the Honourable the Highland Society of Scotland respecting the Poems of Ossian and other ancient Poems relative to

Fingal and others, in these general observations, I declare what I know to be true, and now aver the same before these gentlemen, Mr Donald Martin, Merchant, and Mr Donald Shaw, Ship-Chandler, Greenock; as also that I have given the Rev. Mr Irvine a true and faithful copy of Ossian's "Address to the Sun" in the original, and some other fragments of Ossians.

Witness whereof, ALEXANDER MORRISON.

D. Martin, Witness. }
Donald Shaw, Witness. }

I shall just add one witness more, and though the document is of considerable length I am loathe indeed to omit it. It is the original testimony of Hugh MacDonald of Kilphedir, North Uist, on the 12th of August, 1800; it was written at Tigheary, in that Island, by Mr Edmund MacQueen, Minister of the Gospel at Barra, spoken in Gaelic by the said Hugh MacDonald—was translated and read to the said declarant in the house of Mr MacLean of Boreray, in the presence of that gentleman and of Major Alexander MacDonald, of Valay, of Captain Ewen MacDonald of Griminish, of Mr James MacQueen, Minister in Harris, and Mr Roderick MacNeil, younger of St Kilda, "All of whom declared that what was spoken by Hugh MacDonald in Gaelic, and thus written by Mr MacQueen, is perfectly exact with regard to the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian; yet infinitely more might be adduced to prove that Ossian lived in times far beyond our modern period, and that his works secure to him exclusively the rank of the chief Caledonian bard."*

DECLARATION.

"There is infinitely more to be found among us than what MacPherson is said to have translated of the works of Ossian, and that too among persons who never saw that man, who never saw that man, who never heard of his name, and who are totally ignorant of the English tongue.

"The Poems are composed in the language of the

* See Report of Highland Society at p. 44 of the Appendix, &c.

times to which they refer; they contain many words and phrases now obsolete, and understood by very few. These expressions must have ceased to form a part of our language were they not found in the Poems of Ossian, and quoted by other bards and aged men who frequently allude to them.

“ Though I do not find these Poems to correspond precisely in every expression over all the Highlands and Isles, when repeated by different persons, they all correspond in substance, and there is not one instance in any corner of this country in which one poem is found contrary to the rest, or in opposition to their general character. And, though it were attempted to make the ablest scholar translate these poems into English, or any other tongue, he surely could not transfuse into them the merits of the original, but still less could he (as is alleged) first compose them, and turn them into such Gaelic as should retain the bone and marrow of their own true language.

“ Let the opponents of Ossian point out to us poetry of equal merit in any language, not an original one, and in a fictitious one, and referring to a nation and history altogether fabulous. I suspect they would expose themselves to ridicule by the attempt. Many Poets after Ossian endeavoured to copy or to imitate him; but there is no man that understands our language or the nature of our poetry but will, on the first hearing of the first verses, easily distinguish their poems from his. He mentions some poets who lived before him, and who sung the exploits of the heroes of their age as he himself, in like manner, sings the deeds of the *Feinne* (Fingalians) as he had heard or witnessed them in his early years. He was succeeded by other bards, who transmitted the history and poetry of their countrymen from generation to generation. The chieftains and men of influence in the Highlands rewarded and supported those bards who not only composed original poems, but also recited the compositions of their predecessors. The poems of Ossian, whose superiority over all bards was never called in question, were their peculiar care—hence we are under some obligations to MacPherson, whose industry at a very critical period has saved some of the Poems of Ossian which must otherwise have probably perished. The race of our bards is however become extinct, and much of our poetry is lost, though a

great deal still remains.

"We have certain evidence of the fact. The bards were always kept in the great Highland families. There are many men still living who have seen bards residing on lands which they held of our chiefs as an inheritance and a consideration of their services. I remember some of them myself. The names of the bards and of the lands they enjoyed I can tell on this very day. In MacDonald's family the last bard John MacCodrum, who had lands and maintenance from Sir James MacDonald, and from his brother and immediate successor the late Lord MacDonald. John MacCodrum's predecessor in the office was Duncan MacRuari, who possessed as bard and by inheritance the lands in the district of Troternish, called Acha na m'Bard, or the Poet's Field, and his descendants, as well as the collateral branches of his family, are to this day called Clam a Bhaird, or the Poet's children or posterity. They held their possessions on the special condition of educating their heirs for the office of bard, and qualifying them to transmit to him *in writing* the history and poetry connected with the families and their country. There is still extant a poem composed by one of them, Nial Mor Mhuirich, to the MacDonalds, immediately before the Battle of Garioch or Harlaw, near four hundred years ago. It is called *Brosnachadh cath Ghariach*, i.e. Invigorating address at the Battle of Garioch, and is well known.

"As a proof of the estimation in which the bards were held, I need only mention that when the chief of the Mac Leods dismissed MacGille Riabhaich. MacDonald received him hospitably, though he had always his own family bard, and gave him lands on the farm of Kilmoray, in Troternish, which retain to this day the name of Baile MhicGille Riabhich, or that Poet's Farm. Now it is well known that when the persons succeeding in the usual line to the office of family bard happened to have no talents for original composition, he was nevertheless bound by his situation to learn and transmit to his heir in office the best compositions of the bards who went before him.

"Those men are much mistaken who believe that neither kindness nor hospitality, disinterested magnanimity, generosity of heart, nor sympathy, were conspicuous among the *Feinne* (Fingalians) that the knowledge nor

practice existed in their times, but that these have been lately introduced into our country.

“In direct opposition to such conjectures we can easily prove that the noblest virtues have been ruined or driven into exile since the love of money has crept in amongst us, and since deceit and hypocrisy have carried mercenary policy and slavish sordid avarice into our land. Before this *modern change* our chiefs cherished humanity; they were warm hearted, determined and immoveable, in supporting their friends, and always proved the shield and shelter of the feeble; they possessed elevation of sentiment, an independent spirit and unshaken fortitude, which were the defence of their friends and the destruction of their own enemies and the enemies of their country.

“There are a hundred of places in the Highlands and Isles which derive their names from the Fiantan or Fingalians, and from circumstances connected with their history. The properties of these grounds and the traditions universally attached to them correspond with the strain of Ossian’s poetry. These traditions have been handed down from generation to generation, and still exist. The names of men and of clans either prior to Ossian or coeval with him, from which we can all prove that the Fingalians inhabited our islands, and we have genealogies of some families which reach back to these early times, and to some heroes whom he celebrated. The names of men and of places are significant to a degree found only in an original language; and Ossian’s expressions are so peculiarly and wonderfully happy that no man can translate or change them without losing the aptness, substance, melody, and perfect beauty which distinguish the pure Gaelic of Ossian alone through all his works.

“Besides, we find over all the Highlands and Isles monuments of the ingenuity of Ossian’s heroes. These evince that they possessed arts that enabled them to perform works of which their degenerate descendants cannot comprehend the method, nor even conceive the possibility of execution. Among the powers with which the Fingalians had to contend in defence of their lands and liberties, or in support of their allies, we have mention made of the “King of the World.” There is no character to which we can suppose this epithet applicable excepting the sovereign of Rome, whose control extended over more of our

globe than that of any other recorded in history. The Scandinavians (Lochlinich) who invaded the Isles and Highlands long after the time of the Fingalians were not able to change the language or to destroy the monuments of our ancestors, for the descendants of those heroes retained their independence on the mainland, and retained the history and poetry of their times over every part of our country.

“However conspicuous may be the character, and however profound the learning of those men who assert that the Poems of Ossian are a forgery of modern times, but who confess themselves ignorant of the language in which these Poems are handed down, I should reckon on their ignorance of the matter in question—a strong argument against our paying any deference to their opinion, seeing that their is not one Highlander, not one individual acquainted with our country and the Gaelic language, who has not heard frequent mention of the characters that occur in them. The farther back we trace them, and the more accurately we enquire into the characters to which they allude, our conviction becomes the stronger that they can neither be fictitious nor imaginary.

“It is no argument against the transmission of these ancient poems that no man now can be found who is able to repeat the whole of them. There are few men who can repeat much of any poetry with accuracy, excepting such persons as make it their profession, and who earn their bread by their memories. It is enough that thousands can be still found in the Highlands who can recite many detached portions of them, according as they were pleased with particular passages, or as certain incidents recorded in them made a peculiar impression on their minds.

“How, if all were fictitious, could so many poems named after Ossian have existed for so many hundred years, and been still retained amongst the remotest islands, and the most sequestered corners of our Highlands? It is also well known that learned men lived for centuries in Iccollumkill, from which learning was diffused over the Highlands, and it is reasonable to believe that Ossian’s Poems were taken down in writing, and transmitted to their followers; but Icolumkill was abandoned, and their books carried by them to Glasgow. The Gaelic was then in less esteem.

"The severest blow that our language has ever received was the removal of the Royal Family to England, and the attendance of our men of rank and influence at Court, who were carrying back to their country the manners and tongue of England and the Lowlands. From that period more frequent intercourse was obtained between the Highlanders and the people of the south; and Government exerted its utmost power for the destruction of the Gaelic language and Highland manners until, by degrees, the Highlanders who mingled with the foreigners lost the original language of their ancestors.

"The case was different with the Irish Gael who had less connection with any other language, and therefore attained unadulterated the old Gaelic hand-writing after it ceased to be used in the Highlands. It was customary with Highland gentlemen to write either in Gaelic or Latin before they became acquainted with the English tongue. This is well known to have been the case. Rory Mor, the chief of the MacLeods, was the last chief among us who retained this practice.

"It is a universal tradition among us in every part of the Highlands and Isles that Ossian attained to a great age, and was blind in his latter years, hence says a man who has lost all his friends and the companions of his youth, and who has the misfortune to survive them:—*"Tha ē mar Oisein an' deigh na Feinne,* He is like Ossian after the Finghians."

In summing up the above evidences, it is only necessary to remark, for the sake of those of my fellow-workingmen who are interested in the honour of Scotland, that none of the scribblers hired to defame our country are ignorant of these facts and a great deal more, contained in the host of ancient documents and chronicles stolen by the agents of England, and smothered in order to strangle our nationality. You will therefore observe that it is not at all a matter of conjecture the charge against MacPherson for his persevering villany in the affair of the manuscripts collected by him. You see above in his own letter to the Rev. Mr MacLaggan, Minister of Amulree, that he had some before he came to the house of Mr Gallie, Minister of Kincardine, as amply testified by that gentleman and

his wife—that no means could prevail on MacPherson to restore those manuscripts during his life, seeing that the British Parliament who encouraged and paid him for collecting and swindling, were no doubt bound to protect him at all hazards. In short, call to your recollection the facts already given, independent of his confession altogether. Mr MacNeil, Minister of Hovermore, South Uist, positively says in his letter that he saw the Bard MacMhuirich given to MacPherson, either four or five manuscripts, and that the latter bound himself “by a mis-sive under his signature to restore them.” In like manner Mr MacPherson of Strathmashie, in his letter above given, and as yet preserved in the Report, says—“I assisted in collecting, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts by far the greater part of those pieces published.” And he adds—“Some of the hereditary bards committed very early to writing the works of Ossian. One manuscript, in particular, was written as far back as the year 1110, which I saw in Mr MacPherson’s possession.” In fact, Mr MacPherson of Strathmashie was the principal party in accomplishing the translation, while, in reality, James MacPherson was only the agent of the English to secure the parchments. In like manner, Captain Morrison of Greenock, in that excellent testimony of his, declares that he had access to Mac Pherson’s papers, even in London; that he saw in his possession there *many* manuscripts containing some of the poems translated, which they found difficult to read, owing to their being written in the old Gaelic character. This was another gentleman, as you have been already informed in his own declaration, who was no passive spectator of the work, but translated some of the poems for Mr Mac Pherson, &c. You will hence perceive the absolute wickedness of the miscreants who, after paying MacPherson for his infamous agency in that affair, that would afterwards muster the whole strength of their nation, armed with that malice for which they are noted above all men, to make the world believe that there were no wrtten copies of these poems, and that MacPherson himself was the author of them, when, in truth, he had but a very small share in the translation of them. That was their *creed* at the outset; but shortly thereafter they saw that they committed themselves in that too, for, as the reverend

and learned Dr MacNicol of Lismore, the *Scourge of Johnston*, observed, "The moment that Ossian is deprived of the poems MacPherson is the author of them, therefore the merit of the production is national after all." Undoubtedly from this remark the English saw that their former treachery would not avail them, seeing that the production was Scottish, and that in course of time MacPherson's name might occupy the same position that Ossian's memory now does. Alarming enough! How much privy counselling was performed ere they invented the next story is not easy ascertained, only the result is no secret. The next English report, which is still partly believed by you, my fellow-workingmen, was that some Lowland *Muse* composed the Poems of Ossian, and that MacPherson neither composed nor collected them. I need scarcely tell you that all this, and a great deal more of that gross nonsense, is not heeded by the well-informed in either country, and that now many of the English themselves verily think shame of the brutal crusade set on foot against these matchless relics of antiquity; but though that is the case with a very few individuals, the venom of that people through their pupils, the Highland Landholders, will only be exhausted, if permitted of God, when the utter destruction of our race and language is completed.

You will now ask, lastly, is there no certain date for the ERA of Ossian. Yes! According to the Four Masters, his father, the renowned Fionn MacCumhall was killed by the cast of a javelin at Ath Brea, while crossing the river Boyne A.D. 283, in a battle fought at that place against the Lugnians of Tara.* Fingal was therefore no other but a relative hero of the deputy of Conar, brother to the king of Scotland, who, according to Ossian himself, went from this country, and formed a dynasty of kings in Ireland at that period; that that being a fact, the north of Ireland was under the sway of the race of princes of which Fingal descended. This point is very well defined by Skene, in that bubble of his, entitled *The Highlanders of Scotland*, but according to his weak and ill-arranged fables they are only the *but* of English spleen, with the fact under review excepted. He seems to have had access to the Celtic

* We have lately been dared to give the ERA of Ossian by one who pretends to instruct the youth of this city in such points; but we think the above, quoted from such respectable authorities, should stop the mouths of all such hostile scribblers.

Annals of Ireland, in some corner, and is honest enough to divulge the expedition of Prince Conar into Ireland; but if he could he did not mention the date of Fingal's death.

Moreover, bear in mind that we formerly mentioned (p. 294) that Gibbon says—"According to every hypothesis the Poems of Ossian were composed by a native Caledonian, and that the era of that Caledonian was the Third Century." This is exactly to the mark. Fingal was killed A.D. 283, consequently our immortal bard was alive and sang in the Third Century. Whether Gibbon was aware that the Four Masters fixed the death of Fingal, and the occasion of it, he does not say. The probability is that he did—be that as it may he is in the right. It is equally vain for our Irish brethren to attempt to pilfer Ossian or his works; there are too many monuments in this country, though his own works were silent, to prove that he was a Scottish Gael—Glencoe his native place—that in his old age he was blind, and died in his native glen, and was buried near Dunkeld, where his grave is shown to this hour. For proof that the Fingalians were Scotsmen, see *Buchanan's Defence*, with the host of places pointed out by that distinguished author, still bearing the names of Fingal and of Ossian; indeed, so sick have the English of late years grown of their own inventions in that abominable calumny that few of them now scarcely mention anything about it. The only remaining vestiges of their former mania is only among the ignorant who cannot distinguish between truth and lies in anything. The era of Ossian is as well authenticated as that of either Alexander, Cæsar, or any other noted character of antiquity, the Milesian Annalists are clear and decisive in this matter, only it must be allowed that modern writers of Ireland have a strong mixture of the pilfering leaven in their composition. Of that number the learned Annotators of the Four Masters are not altogether exceptions. At p. 268 of the Annals, the Annotators, quoting the *Book of Howth*, says—"In the reign of Cairbre Liffeachair, son of the monarch Cormaic, the Fenian forces revolted from the service of Cairbre, and joined the famous Mogh Corb, King of Munster, of the race of the Dalcassians. After the death of Fionn MacCumhail (Fingal) the father of Ossian, the Fenians were commanded

by his son Ossian, the celebrated warrior and bard; Oscar, another champion, the son of Ossian, also commanded the Fenian forces. The army of Munster, under Mogh Corb, a name which signifies the chief of the chariot, and by his son, Fear Corb, *i.e.* the man or warrior of the chariot, was composed of the Clanna Deagha and Dalcassian troops, joined by the Lenians and their Leinster forces; and it is stated in the *Ossianic Poems*, the *Book of Howth*, and in *Hanmer's Chronicle*, quoting the former, that a great body of warriors from Scotland, Denmark, and Norway, fought on the side of the Fenians at Gaura.

The army of the monarch Cairbre was composed of the men of Meath and Ulster, together with the Clanna Morna or Connacht, warriors under Aodh, son of Garadh, grandson of Morna, of the Damnonian race. The Munster forces and Fenians marched to Meath, where they were met by the combined troops of the monarch Cairbre, and fought one of the most furious battles in Irish history, which continued throughout the whole length of a summer day. The greatest valour was displayed by the warriors on each side; and it is difficult to say which army were the victors or the vanquished. Oscar was slain by Cairbre, the monarch. Both armies amounted to about 50,000 men, the greater part of whom were slain; of the Fenian forces, which consisted of 20,000 men, it is stated that 18,000 fell, and that on both sides 30,000 were slain. This happened in 285, two years after Fingal was killed crossing the Boyne at Ath Brea.

Ossian recorded the horrors of that battle in his poem entitled *Cath Cairbre*. The English translation of it by the Annotators of the Four Masters is very sublime; but it is somewhat different from the literal rendering by severals of our Celtic countrymen. Whether the learned Gentlemen of Dublin, in this instance, followed exactly the original, as they had it in various very old manuscripts in the Library of Sir William Betham, and elsewhere, we cannot say; only this far, they have certainly committed a very great error in placing the Danish auxiliaries in the ranks of the Fingalians, whereas, in truth, they were against them, and fought for the monarch Cairbre. There is nothing more clear in Ossian's genuine poem descriptive of that battle and the death of his son than this very particular. Ossian relates in terms which none can mis-

take that Cairbre sent to the Fenians of Albin (Scotland) an urgent embassy that Oscar should come in haste, in order that he might communicate to him something of great importance; he received him in the most affectionate manner; that they spent several days in feasting and mirth; that finally when the monarch found that no artifice could prevail on Oscar to join him he openly insulted him by demanding his spear without exchanging his, as the point of honour was established in those chivalrous ages. Oscar remonstrated against the monarch's discourteous treatment, and lastly retorted that Cairbre violated the laws of chivalry and of hospitality by such request, when he was, in a manner, alone at his court, without his father nor a sufficient force, &c. &c. Cairbre, in great wrath, replied that though his father and his forces were present that it would not satisfy him—that Oscar would obey what he should be pleased to dictate. Oscar replied that if he father and his army were present, instead of homage the monarch could scarcely enjoy the breadth of his two soles on the soil of Erin. After the altercation Oscar and his few attendants withdrew to the bank of an adjacent water. Cairbre followed them with a chosen body. Both parties remained under arms during the night. Oscar sent an express to his father in the camp of Mogh Corb, provincial king of Munster, the rival of the monarch, encamped at Beinn Eadair, or Sliav Ghuill, now the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, to hasten to his relief. The Scots immediately marched to his rescue. The Munster forces followed. Ossian describes this movement with peculiar majesty. The battallions under Fergus the younger and Caoilte MacRonain first reached Oscar. Here followed very minute detail of the Danish auxiliaries who directed their destructive charges against the division under Oscar; the single combat between the monarch and the son of Ossian; or rather the fact that in the melee Cairbre, by a cast of his javelin, struck Oscar at a considerable distance; the fatal blade pierced his mail, and inflicted a mortal wound. The poem of Ossian, descriptive of the Battle of Gaura, consists of 47 verses. Its rendering by the Annotators of the Four Masters is but a faint imitation of the original.

Take the following few stanzas:—

- “ On our march from Bein Eadair (Howth),
The entire of our numbers were
Three hundred Fenian chiefs,
With their respective warriors.
- “ There were the Fenians, champions
From Albin (Scotland) and from the King of Britain,
Through their friendship for the Fenians of Al'mhuin,
Who joined us in that great battle.
- “ In this battle of Gaura, of deadly blows,
Fighting against Oscar, my son,
Was the Monarch Cairbre of the Liffey,
With all the forces of Erin.
- “ There was Aodh (Hugh), the son of Garadh,
With his ten hundred warriors.
The King of Connacht, and his forces,
Were against us in that battle.
- “ There were five battalions from Ulster,
Together with the men of Meath,
Who joined against us with Cairbre,
And we were unequal to the number of our foes.
- “ When my son Oscar had seen
The King of Erin taking the lead,
He vowed himself to slay the monarch,
And cut him down with his keen sword.
- “ Then Oscar, the great and the generous,
Earnestly requested permission
To lead the van of the battle,
At the head of his own battalions.
- “ And Beine, the son of Breasal,
A hero of great strength and valour,
Said that he and the Fenians of Britain
Would march in the same rank with Oscar.
- “ We then raised our standards
To commence the battle of Gaura ;
We, ourselves, and the Fenians of Leinster,
Against Cairbre and the Clanna Morna.
- “ Then Fergus, the poet, prepared,
The chief bard of the Fenians,
To encourage us on to the fight,
In advancing to the battle of Gaura,
- “ March onward ! O valiant Oscar !
Thou cleaver of the helmets of heroes !
And, by thy prosperous standard,
Obtain renown and victory.

- " We advanced closely to the conflict,
And rushed against the King and his forces ;
And such a sight as then appeared
Will never again be recorded.
- " The Fenians of Britain, who fought on our side *
Against a thousand men of the sons of Garaidh,
Were fiercely cut down in that battle.
Oh ! unhappy to us was their destruction !
- " My son then rushed onward
On the battalions of Tara,
Like a hawk among small birds,
Or like a dashing wave of the ocean.
- " He made a fierce charging onset
Against the forces of the men of Erin,
When the three hundred chieftains fell
By the men of Oscar of the powerful strokes.
- " Ten hundred, without fear
Of our resolute enemies,
Now came on with the son of Garaidh,
Who had not before engaged in the contest.
- " The son of Garaidh rushed onward,
After arranging his men for battle,
To meet Oscar of the purple armour :
Brave and terrific were those chiefs.
- " Many wounds were inflicted
On the body of the brave Oscar,
Which he received from the men of Cairbre,
Before he advanced against the son of Garaidh.
- " On the body of the son of Garaidh,
On retiring from the combat with Oscar,
Were inflicted many wounds,
And very deep and dangerous were they.
- " From the overwhelming strokes of Oscar,
And of the descendants of Morna of combats,
You might behold over the valley
A flashing fire from the clash of their arms.
- " The son of Garaidh was subdued—
And great indeed was the loss—
By Oscar, who was never before conquered,
Either in combat or in the battle-field.
- " A dart was cast by the King of Erin,
Who bore in his hand the poisoned arms,
Which pierced the body of the sharp sworded Oscar,
And this fatal wound extended to his heart.

* The South Britons.

- “ Oscar, my sor, fell to the ground,
 Who had never been before conquered ;
 But before he fell, his pointed spear
 Pierced the body of the monarch Cairbre.
- “ Seven princes in that battle,
 Who were eligible to the throne of Erin,
 Were slain that day by my son,
 Before he encountered Cairbre.
- “ Numerous were the pools of blood
 On the extensive plain of Gaura ,
 Together the Fenians bravely fell,
 Eighteen of their princes and chiefs.
- “ Many a polished buckler you might behold,
 And standards of chieftains of the finest *srol* ;
 Many lifeless heroes, with their shields,
 Strewed in heaps all over the plain.
- “ We did not collect the precious ornaments,
 But of heroes famed for victory,
 We did not take away from the battle-field,
 But the jewels of kings and exalted chiefs.
- “ Lastly, we raised, we raised Oscar,
 Exalted on the shafts of our spears ;
 We conveyed him to a rising ground,
 To warn the Fenians of our sorrowful loss.
- “ We constructed the graves of the heroes,
 And buried them with princely honours ;
 The tombs of the noble and valiant Oscar,
 And of the son of Gara, the son of Oissain.
- “ We buried Oscar, the brave,
 On the north side of the great Gaura ;
 And likewise Oscar, the son of Glonn,
 And Oscar, the son of the King of Lochlin ;
- “ And the hero who was liberal of gold,
 The son of Ludhaidh the great.
 May some delight come over my words,
 For great is my sorrow this night.”

The best collection of Ossian's Poems, in Irish manuscript, with translations into English, is in the Library of Sir William Betham, and, if published, would be a valuable contribution towards ancient Irish literature. What do you think now of the honesty of the men that would devour the grossest of falsehoods— that the era of Ossian is unknown, &c. &c.? Nor are the learned Annotators in this instance quite so straight-forward as they should. It is not true that the auxillaries from Denmark and Nor-

way fought for the Fenians (Fingalians) at the Battle of Gaura. The very reverse was the case. Ossian describes in the most graphic language the death of his son Oscar.

We are deeply sorry that any Scotsman should be made the instrument of betraying his country, as MacPherson undoubtedly did. But, since that, another speculation is started by the English. Nor is it a secret that they have still many agents at work to defame this country. Among the many engaged in that work none figured more conspicuously of late years than William F. Skene, in his book entitled *The Highlanders of Scotland*, published at London in 1837. We sincerely regret that our limits will not allow of handling this desperate fabulist according to his deserts. After he *trattled** in his first section of that work in a manner only worthy of any fishwife, in his last section of the same work he attempts to give historical sketches of the different Highland families. We do not say that he is wrong in all points, for that was beyond his power. We allude in particular to his unmanly and slanderous attack on the honourable and original surname of MacNaughtan; and we doubt not that the reason of his onset on that clan was because their chief in Scotland became extinct not very long ago. This fellow has the assurance of calling the most authentic history, though written from the highest antiquity, *tradition*. He published his desperate attempt in London; and it is truly London-like. Let us see how he tells his story of the MacNaughtans:—

“The tradition of the MacNaughtans derive them from Loch Tay, but the genealogy in the manuscript of 1450 puts it beyond doubt that they were of the Clans descended from the tribe of Moray, and formerly united under its *Maor Mors*†. The whole of the district of Moray is still occupied by clans descended from that tribe, with the exception of one portion of considerable extent. This portion consists of that part of the district which extends between the lordships of Badenoch and Strathnairn and the southern boundary of Ross, and comprehends the extensive districts of the Aird, Glenurchart, Glenmorrison, Abergarff, Stratherick, &c. This northern district is inter-

* An old Scotch phrase now chiefly in use in the shire of Perth.

† An ancient Celtic title equivalent to Sheriff.

fectured by Loch Oich and Loch Ness, and is chiefly of the Frasers, Grants, and MacDonalds; but all these families can be traced as having acquired possession of the lands at different periods, and deriving their origin from the occupiers of districts. It is plain that we must look to other quarters for the early occupiers of this division. The first families that can be traced as in possession of this part of Moray are those of Bisset, a family of Norman origin, and of Thirlstan, certainly a Lowland if not a Norman family, and there can be little doubt but they acquired this district from Malcolm Canmore, in 1160, when we know that he planted a great number of Moray with strangers. The oldest authorities for this fact, however, are equally distinct that he removed the old inhabitants, and placed them in other parts of the country, for which purpose the crown lands must have been principally employed. It is therefore extremely probable that those clans of Moray descent which we find far removed from their original seats formed a part of the inhabitants when Malcolm IV. removed them.' At an early stage of this tract we detected a Dublin *quack* of the same school; but Skene, the *Scot*, as he styles himself on the title page of his essay, left O'Kelly in the shade many degrees. He could not forget while writing, or attempting to write, something about his country, to drag Normans into the province of Moray, in the Twelfth Century, in order to remove any suspicions which the English might entertain of his sincerity to serve them. He tells you that undoubtedly Bisset and Thirlstan are of Norman origin,—that they are the first traces of families in possession of that part of Moray,—“that Malcolm planted them there, and removed the original inhabitants to distant districts, and gave them crown lands to possess.” Here our author, with apparent dexterity, avoided the common English fable ‘that Malcolm brought and protected the fugitive Saxons who fled from the vengeance of these Normans, by which the poor remains of them were extirpated and enslaved.’ Had Skene taken his stand here, he would at least have a precedent, although these are only English fabulists, like himself. But his dragging Normans into Moray in the reign of Malcolm IV. was never heard of till he published his Novel in 1837. I believe there are none who can say that they read anything about King Malcolm

but must have seen that when William the Conqueror murdered Harold, and dethroned him in one day—that scarcely was he in possession of England when he proclaimed war, and attacked Scotland; in consequence of which a sanguinary war ensued between the two nations, if we may with any propriety call the few Normans which William had about his person a nation, or any other title but murderous banditti. During the succeeding reign there was little freaking of Englishmen in this kingdom, but much less in the reign of Malcolm IV., hence we cannot help thinking that Skene had no other object in view but either to give currency to a falsehood of which he was the sole inventor, or give facility to the meanest capacity to flog himself and his English patrons, or both. Had he selected any of the former reigns between Malcolm III. and IV. he might perhaps deceive, to a certain extent; but how could any man in his senses attempt to make any good will to have existed between the Scots and the Southrons under the following circumstances:—After Malcolm IV. ascended the Scottish throne the nation was in a flourishing condition. Henry of England looked with envy on their prosperous state; his humiliation was so complete when former circumstances compelled him to give an oath that he would not disturb King David I. or any of his successors. The first aggression on the part of the Englishman, and the breach of his oath, was—John, Bishop of Galloway, consecrated some ecclesiastics in Cumberland, then a part of the Scottish dominions. Henry by Turstan, Archbishop of York, sent a new Bishop into that country called the Bishop of Carlisle. John was so moved at the injury that, seeing no sufficient safeguard either in the king or in the law, he left the bishoprick and retired into the monastery of Tours, in France, from whence he returned not till the Pope, at Malcolm's request, drew him unwillingly out of his cell, and made him return into his country. Malcolm bore the wrong better than some hoped, so that thinking it not sufficient cause for war, he went to Chester. Being arrived there, not suspicious of an attack, Henry watched him, seized his person, and made him swear fidelity to him such as he was obliged to do to David, King of Scots, a few years before. Shortly thereafter, Henry invited him to London to settle some points relative to Cumberland, always a disputed ter-

ritory. The English king most villanously seized Malcolm, and forced him to accompany him into France, thinking by that fraudulent violence that the Scots would not invade England so long as their king was in his power, consequently that he might have the better opportunity to carry on the war with France. At last the English desperado found that matters ended in his French expedition quite different from what he expected, and returned. The King of Scots was liberated when the English understood that preparations for war were actively going forward. When Malcolm returned, the Parliament assembled, not to welcome him to his kingdom but to bring him to trial for accompanying his perfidious foe against their ancient ally. The king declared with honest candour that he was forced against his will into France, and therefore the only alternative was to satisfy the French that he could not help going thither while in the power of the Barbarian, who seized his person contrary to his oath, &c.

The Scots were so incensed against the king that they could scarcely be prevailed on from deposing him. Nor was the Englishman yet satisfied with his former perfidy; he proposed another conference with Malcolm at York. The simpleton repaired thither, dreading no evil. When he arrived, the English brought him before their council, and charged him with being the means of defeating the English army in France, &c. &c. While the trial was going forward, Henry sent emissaries abroad to announce that the King of Scots surrendered of his own free will the disputed territory beyond the Tweed. Malcolm arrived, not aware that the English defamed him in that affair till his own subjects brought him to his senses by not receiving him as their king but as an enemy. The people every where flew to arms, and besieged Perth, fully resolved to put him to death as a traitor. At last some of the nobility appeased them by assuring them that war with England was inevitable; the king's own declaration also partly proved that English perfidy was the cause of it all. The war was proclaimed. Several murderous frays and ravage were the consequences, till Henry was convinced that it would have been better for him to curb his ambition. Buchanan truly describes his character:—

“At last both kings came to a conference not far from Carlisle, and after much dispute on both sides, Henry

took Northumberland from Malcolm, leaving him Cumberland and Huntingdonshire. Henry had no other pretence for his ambitious avarice but this that he could not suffer so great a diminution to be made of his kingdom; but no respect to justice, no agreements, no covenants, nor even the solemnity of an oath could restrain the insatiable avarice of Henry. Malcolm accepted of his terms, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Scots nobility, who maintained that the king could not alienate any part of his dominions without the consent of his estates."

The consequence was that several parts of Scotland openly rebelled out of sheer contempt of Malcolm. The first of these commenced in Galloway. Three sanguinary battles were fought ere that tumult was quelled. The next begun in Moray by one Macildomhnic, who committed many excesses in derision of the king, who was universally despised for his pusillanimity. The royal forces entered Moray, thinking that their numbers would terrify their opponents into submission; but it happened quite otherwise: a hard battle was fought, and the king's forces were defeated with great slaughter. Malcolm saw when too late that he was contemned and hated. With grief and rage he mustered a great army, and marched thither in person. A second battle was fought. The Moray men were overthrown, and many of them compelled to leave that province.

Here now you will see the pretence by which Skene would drag Thirlstans and Bissets, of Norman or Lowland origin, into Moray. How impossible that the pusillanimous Malcolm, who was abused by the English in the manner we have described, and hated by his own people, high and low, would have dared to bring Anglo-Normans into the heart of Scotland when the highest animosity that English treachery could effect was burning in the breasts of the Scots throughout the kingdom everywhere! Yet such is the doctrine of Skene, so that it is only necessary to observe, once for all, that his work is nothing else than a fabrication of English lies set up in opposition to Logan's *Scottish Gael*—a work replete with truth and honour, of deep research and majestic style, altogether worthy of our country.

THE MACNAUGHTANS.

Motto—"I hope in God."

Skene, in his rage to please the English, insinuates that after Malcolm gained the victory in Moray that the ancestors of the MacNaughtans and others were dislodged, and some families of Bissets and Thirlstans were planted in their possessions, and adds that the ejected were in like manner put by the king in possession of the crown lands elsewhere. Again, he tells us that the MacNaughtans were certainly of those removed from Moray, while their tradition places them at a very early period in the crown lands of Strath Tay: for, says he—"There is one remarkable circumstance regarding this clan. While others can generally be traced to have previously formed sept, the MacNaughtans at a very early period appear in the same independent state in which they existed at a late period, and also that they continued without perceptible increase or diminution of strength. That early possession which they have always maintained, although they afterwards held them of the Earl of Argyle, extended between Loch-fine and Loch-awe, and included the glens Ara and Shira, while their ancient seat, the Castle of Dundarav, shews that they must at one time have possessed considerable power. They probably obtained these properties from Alexander II. on his conquest of Argyle in 1221, and must, as Crown vassals, have formed a part of his army before the forfeited lands were given. The manuscript of 1450 deduces them through a long line of ancestors, who, according to that authority, must have flourished in the Tenth Century; but the first chief of the clan occurring in this genealogy, which we can fix with certainty, is Gilchrist MacNaughtan, who obtained from Alexander III. the keeping of the Royal Castle of Frechelan, in Loch-awe, and this Castle was for some time the residence of the family. In the reign of Bruce the Baron Mac Naughtan having actively supported the cause of Baliol along with the Lord of Lorn, and on that occasion the Campbells probably obtained a grant of a part of their lands. In the reign of Robert III. there is a Charter by Colin, Earl of Argyle, to Maurice MacNaughtan of Sundry lands, in *Over Loch-awe*, and at the period Maurice

MacNaughtan occurs in the genealogy previously alluded to. After the restoration of Charles II. MacNaughtan is said to have been an exception to the generality of the Royalists, and to have been rewarded with a large pension, as well as the honour of knighthood. He did not however escape the fate of the neighbouring clans, and found himself as little in a condition to offer any obstacle to the rapid advancement of the Argyll family as the others. They accordingly joined the ranks of that great family; and the loss of their estate some time afterwards through operations of legal diligence reduced themselves still lower of former greatness—which the ruins of strongholds and the general tradition of the country would shew not to be visionary.”

Such is the production of Skene, in his book entitled *The Highlanders of Scotland*, to which we may now dedicate a few observations.

You see that at the outset he makes a positive declaration—That the MacNaughtans, at a very early period, to have been a very powerful clan; to give it in his own words: “In an independent state.” Whatever may have been this writer’s view of the cause of their independence he does not inform his readers; neither does he mention what was the early period at which the MacNaughtans were distinguished. This humour is by no means a rarity in our day English hirelings are put to sometimes. They very dexterously calculate on the ignorance of their readers, inasmuch as they are quite sure that detection from the masses cannot annoy them, seeing that the genuine Scottish chronicles are entirely suppressed. Seldom, indeed, do we find a more consummate specimen of daring insolence and imposition than the one now before us. The amount is, that if Skene had any authorities to prove the primitive potency of this most ancient and great race, he should have referred the reader to the source whence he derived his information, without the fraudulent hint of only—“It would appear the MacNaughtans, at a very early period, were independent,” &c, &c. This subterfuge is always the STAND BY of the enemies of Scotland; and the reason is, while treating of such subjects as these, there are two shoals in the foulsome channel in which they creep along. The first is the obligation of saying something relative to the different points included in their

subject is unavoidable, but no sooner will they arrive at the woeful crisis of divulging the pristine splendour of the Scottish character than the terror of loosing their English reward is cast in the opposite scale, and the consequence is a devouring look at brutal foreign patronage, of which they are not quite sure. Secondly, there is the *Scottish Records*. You promised the public, by the title of your work, that you have undertaken to write honestly, and not be a brazen defamer. Between these two difficulties the would-be-author is fixed. English reward is in the one scale; justice to Scotland is in the other. Which of them will you have? Now is the time. Justice, truth, and honour, say. If you are a true lover of your native land, there are abundance of material in her records to smother the *English dogs*. Go on. All this we know has little effect on savages who deliberately premeditate the defamation of our country, though we may charitably allow that some who have abused what is dear to every Scotsman worthy of the name cast many *rueful looks behind* ere they joined the ranks of her infamous foes, whether in word or deed. Skene says farther that the MacNaughtans held their possession of the Earl of Argyle; and yet, with the very next breath, 'that they probably obtained it from Alexander II. on his conquest of Argyle in 1221.' We have already partly demonstrated the fallacy of this man's statements; nor is it worth while paying any farther attention to such gross contradictions, merely to call the attention of the reader to the state of matters in our day, and, in conclusion, have only to announce that Skene's work was indeed short-lived; whatever is the cause, there is scarcely a copy of it to be found, only published in 1837. Whether the author himself, or others, crushed it, we cannot say; but he seems to have been, without exception, the *daftest mortal* of his generation that gave his thoughts to the public. His volume is of considerable size. He seems to have been constitutionally diseased—afflicted with that malady peculiar to some who have inclination to study, but yet cannot discover between right and wrong in anything. Nor is it less surprising how any publisher could have had the cruelty to expose an individual really of a respectable family in such a manner. Whether it originated with himself or his London instructors we cannot say. There

is a stratagem of novel description palpable in his production. He continually refers to a manuscript of 1450, without informing his readers by whom it was produced, where it is to be found, or whether it began or ended in the year 1450.

Such is the character of one who pretended to write of the original Scots. The terror that the manuscript of 1450 might lead to the discovery of facts that would cast new light on the honour of our abused country, and terminate in the exposure of English thieves and their agents, would make that man refer to some manuscript, whether he really saw it or not. It is probable that he might have seen that fine monument of our ancient literature already given at page 299, No. 15, of the MacLachlan Catalogue, containing an exact genealogy of the MacNeils, MacLachlans, &c. &c. That the name of MacNaughtan is just like all the other Celtic surnames in the British Isles is peculiar to both Scotland and Ireland. Persons of that name occur in almost every page of the *Annals of the Four Masters*; other traces of it are frequent in many parts of Scotland. There is in the island of Islay a farm town, parish of Kildaltan, called Baile Neachtain Mor, or *Great Nachtan's Town*. There is immediately adjacent Baile Neachtain Beag, or the lesser town of Nachtan; and, in the same district, *Kill Nachtan*, a common burying-place from time immemorial; also, the ruins of a church for which we can find no date. But why should it not be at once stated, without any vagaries, that when the first Fergus took possession of this kingdom 330 years before the incarnation, he divided the land by lot among his followers—that one of these named Lutork got for his share as *maormor*, or chief, all the lands from Cromarty to Loch Tay—and that from him the line continued for a series of ages? There were two or three of the Pictish monarchs named Neachtan.

The genealogy in the above manuscript commences in 798 with Neachtan Mor, and gives as follows to Duncan, Baron of Dundarav, 1310:—

Maoldomnich,
MacNeachtain Mhoir,
Cormack, his son,
Neachtan, his son,
Maolmoire, his son,
Ferchar, his son,
Eoghan Ciar, his son,

Coineach Dubh, his son,
Alastir, his son,
Donacha, his son,
Alastir, his son,
Donacha, his son,
Alastir, his son,
Gilechrist, his son,

Who flourished in the reign of Alexander III. To him succeeded his son Donacha, the father of another Donacha who joined MacDougal of Lorn in harassing Robert the Bruce. MacNachtan fought at the Battle of Dalree, but afterwards the king was reconciled to him. From him descended a long line of Barons, who made a conspicuous figure during many ages, especially his son Duncan, the tenth Baron of Dundarav, who was noted for his loyalty and bravery during the disastrous reign of David II. From him the MacNachtans continued Barons of Dundarav. In truth, their patriotism, all along, was of the highest order, till at last, when near the close of their career, Sir Alexander, the sixteenth Baron of Dundarav, signalized himself in the reign of Charles II. during the Cromwellian usurpation. When the English Overton invaded Argyle, MacNachtan headed the people almost in defiance of the most potent of his neighbours. Skene would insinuate that he held his lands, in some measure, from Argyle, an assertion false, only because the house of Argyle is still distinguished, and that of MacNachtan extinct. The MacNachtans were never dependent on the Campbells, but on the contrary, were fully as ancient and honourable as the former in every degree. When *Overton*, one of Cromwell's Generals, landed in Kintyre, MacNachtan mustered his own retainers, resolved to give the English dogs a hot reception; penetrated into the peninsula of Kintyre. Argyle, who had the command of the exiled Charles, not to offer any further opposition to the usurper at that time, was anything but well pleased at the patriotism of the chief of the MacNachtans. The latter, with about 400 men, watched the invaders. Mac Neil of Lossit joined him. The Cromwellians landed at Tarbert, and proceeded westward till they reached Glenbar. The two Barons, MacNeil* and MacNaughtan, divided their small force, amounting to little more than 600 men, attacked the English quite unexpected. The Scots were armed with broad-swords and shields. A random volley from some of the Sabeans had little effect on the prowess of the Gael. The English, terror-struck, could scarcely be kept together, although their officers exhibited no small abilities to encourage them. Some

* The MacNeils were made Barons of that Ilk by Robert Bruce.

fought with great resolution, till at last, seized with despair, they began to retreat slowly, and maintained a desperate contest for about a mile. The Gael pressed them so hard that that scarcely a shot was fired. Both fought hand to hand, till at last the unfortunate Sassenachs were taken on the weak side by a small band of men, scarcely fifty in number, under MacDonal of Luib, who hastened to the scene of action with a few of his own retainers, and some more from the adjacent island of Gigha—they fell on the rear of the overpowered English; the latter, panic struck, were thrown into complete disorder; they finally turned their backs, with the loss of 140 men, and about 35 taken prisoners: these were conveyed to the Castle of Dundarav, which held out for Charles II., and never surrendered to any enemy since the MacNaughtans possessed it about the close of the Ninth Century. Poor Overton! What was he going to do? About 200 of his best men were slain and taken prisoners. Argyle, however, interfered; nor was he altogether void of that cool deliberation for which that race is remarkable. A rumour was spread that a general muster was to take place throughout the Hebrides. The English were kept in continual alarm by tidings of hosts of the wildest men imaginable.

It is justly allowed that Argyle had no small share in these rumours. While Overton had more than reports to contend with, his retreat was cut off, consequently tortured with the expectation of being cut to pieces or made prisoner, and carried off he knew not where. To relieve the poor savage, Argyle advised the two Barons to allow him to depart with his life, to liberate the prisoners, &c. I told you already that the contemporary historian, Sir James Balfour, says—"Had not my Lord Marquis of Argyle interfered, he (Overton) and all that were with him *had gotten their throattles cutte.*"

Another branch of the MacNaughtans made a conspicuous figure in Ireland; but of their present condition in that country we can say little. About the close of the Seventeenth Century the family of MacNaughtan was ruined by means the most perfidious. The last Baron of Dundarav left his estate in the hands of some of his neighbours for a comparatively trifling sum, and never returned to claim it.

THE CLAN DUNLEIVE, ANGLICISED LIVINGSTONE.

We have, sometime ago, exploded the English fable that Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, was a Saxon princess of great qualifications, whereas, in truth, she was neither of the Saxon race nor a good woman, but only a superstitious being, full of innovations—a fanatic. To recapitulate the few particulars formerly stated on this head, observe, once for all, that when William, the Norman, seized England, his inhuman treatment of the remains of the poor Saxons who escaped the extirpating sword of the Danes, were murdered or enslaved by the usurper. Some of them fled into Scotland, to save their lives—another truth of which the Southrons have no good will to hear—contributed to a certain extent to the importation of the dregs of the Saxons into some of the border counties, not on this side the Tweed, for that was not the march in those days; the Heath of Stanmore, between Richmondshire and Cumberland was, and should be, the boundary of Scotland; and, undoubtedly, when the present breach will widen into a separation, the English will find that it is so. As the fable of Queen Margaret is ingrafted upon the fact that one Edgar, of the Danish line—for he was no Saxon—undoubtedly took refuge in Scotland at that time, the Norman demanded his person just as Louis Philippe would have Louis Bonaparte, the President of the French Republic, delivered to him in 1847. King Malcolm, aware that the young man would have been sacrificed, peremptorily refused to comply with the commission of blood. William, in his turn, proclaimed war; mustered a strong army, commanded by Roger, a Norman. He marched into Northumberland. Sibert, Malcolm's deputy or warden of that district, met the foe, and defeated him in several battles; so that at last his savage followers took into their heads that Roger was confounded by Scottish magic, assassinated the unfortunate man. Richard, Earl of Gloucester, was considered Scottish witch-proof, succeeded him. A fierce war was the consequence; both defended their respective marches. Patrick Dunbar, the Scottish general, a man of bright talents, foiled the enemy in every effort, so that he could neither cross the march to force a pitched battle, nor yet could find no rest on his own soil. The Scots harassed them to that degree,

that Gloucester resigned his commission. William next appointed his own brother, Odo, to the command. He suddenly, at the head of a great force, entered Northumberland, slew multitudes of the people, and collected a large booty. He prepared to return into the interior without delay. In that he foolishly reckoned beforehand, for Malcolm, King of Scots, and the viceroy Sibert, marched directly into Northumberland, at the head of a well disciplined army. They suddenly attacked the marauders, the latter encumbered with an immense prey, and overthrew them with an immense slaughter. Odo narrowly escaped; nor is it recorded that he ever appeared in public after that defeat. William, highly incensed, recruited another army, and appointed his son Robert as general. The Scots, as formerly, watched him, continually harassed him, by slight skirmishes. "He made no great earnings of it neither, only he pitched his camp at the river Tyne, and rather defended himself than carried on the war."*

It was during that struggle that many of the English were taken prisoners, and used as slaves by their conquerors. Their own countrymen, neither able nor willing to ransom them, they were dispersed through various districts. Modern writers tell us that the Scots of those days called them *villars*, an obscure imitation of the real sarcastic nickname, *Beol Leathan*, pronounced nearly as the letters BEOL-LEUN may render it intelligible to an English reader of "the age." It signifies BROAD MOUTHS—appropriate enough to the brood now as well as then. These, however, were comparatively few, and were soon swallowed up among the original population. Nor were those of them who had the misfortune to remain under the Conqueror any better. He was absolute lord of their means and persons; in short, his rule was military despotism. He bestowed the soil on his principal officers, all Normans; they, in their turn, enslaved the serfs as soldiers and drudges. Such, indeed, was the manner of rule upheld by the Norman Kings of England; also of the landholders and boors in that country, at the period that their barbarous descendants would introduce a fictitious Saxon princess to have been Queen here. One cannot help being amused at the humour of the present Southrons.

* Buchanan.

Their eternal rhyme, "Saxons," "Normans"—"Normans," "Saxons"—"Sax-Normans," is without comparison, in sound at least, if we except the *Sglamhaireachd* of dogs gulping their food out of the kennel-trough, seeking what they can never find—something to make them appear with a show of nationality. Nor is their monotonous *Gong* of the London *Times* newspaper able to make his nasty countrymen any better than himself—the essence of a barbarous slave. In these circumstances, therefore, you need not be surprised at the ambition of the English to introduce themselves into this kingdom very early; they are also glad at times when it suits their purposes to disown the Normans, thinking while in that humour that the Saxons may make them look better. They found this stratagem somewhat favourable to them long ago. Nor is the period of its invention at all a secret. When this kingdom was under the chastising hand of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in the Thirteenth Century, the Southron monks prowled about, like devils, forging Charters and other numberless false documents in favour of Edward. Such as may entertain any doubts on this head can consult *Anderson's Collection of Ancient Charters*, where you may see likewise a collection of English villany and savage credulity on the part of that people of which the men of 1850 have little conception. That able author stript the Southrons in a manner hitherto unmatched; he ferreted them out of their holes, laid open their falsehoods, their forged charters, perfidious claims, breaches of treaties; and lastly, turned their inventions on their own heads by the most withering ridicule—all quoted from their own fabulists. For one example of monkish inventions in support of Edward's claims, they tell us that one Edwin marched his army for Scotland to conquer and civilize us; but that he was detained some time by contrary winds; that at last he reached Dunbar, set his army in marching order; that he there drew his sword, and at one cut made an incision a yard deep in the solid rock, to shew his followers a specimen of the manner in which he would hew down the Scots! that the expedition was glorious; that he conquered Scotland, and compelled her king to give him a Charter of his homage to the crown of England. The reader is left to his own industry to search for the mighty *Hanglow Saxon*, Edwin, who performed these

wonders; but there is little doubt that the English can shew the Charter, as well as the cut of his sword in the rock at Dunbar. But they forget to tell us that his followers were in the habit of hanging out their tongues, like the South Sea Islanders, while in the attitude of attack, or what is the difference between Englishmen now and the wildest tribe on the globe, seeing that nine-tenths of the former in our day are the produce of *incest* and illicit commerce. One can be at no loss to prove this and a great deal more, if Christian ears could bear the description. In July, 1850, when Stewart Wortley's Bill of Incest was urged on the country, large placards were set up in Greenock; nor do we suppose that other places were behind—literally covered with the names of English Bishops, whose united testimony was given to add lustre to the fact announced that 30,000 cases of marriage with wife's sister was already discovered in England, therefore all were invited to come forward and sign for "Stewart Wortley's enlightened measure," &c. &c. We do not in the least blame the people of Greenock for such enormities, for it is true that these Bills were imported from the nest of uncleanness south of the Tweed, hence it is conclusive that though Wortley's Bill should become law to-morrow it would not make England one whit more brutal than it is. Leaving these truths about their necks, the application will lead us directly to the conclusion that a people so unnatural as what the English now are were never otherwise, and that the more we trace their history the more terrible they appear as very monsters of men in mind and body; in short, malignity and lies against this country is born with them as natural as the breath they draw; but still they cannot keep from us; they must be here. *Tyro.*—Is it not still insolently maintained that Queen Margaret was an English woman? *Ans.*—properly speaking it is comparatively very modern the era of that falsehood; nor was it ever attempted till such time as the Southrons thought that they totally extinguished the Records of Scotland and of Ireland; till the barbarous English tongue obscured the names by which this subject must be elucidated.

It was announced at the beginning of these sketches

that the few clans intended to be mentioned were peculiar to Scotland and Ireland, and could not be claimed by neither farther than that they were numerous in both countries, &c. Many of those Scottish surnames are now obscured by wilful fraud; many names have been pilfered either to make them appear foreign or English; at least, anything but the hateful Celts does well enough. It is plain the name of Livingston is an old Celtic appellation or surname. It would be offering a downright insult to multitudes of Scotsmen even now to pander with the trickery of the Southrons in obscuring our original surnames. There were several families of the Livingstons in Lorn whose history is far from obscure from the close of the Fourth Century at least. That of Achanacrea, in Medarloch, was the most noted for several centuries; from thence they spread everywhere through Caledonia. There is scarcely a district in the *Hielands* nor in the *Lallands* without traces of them, and generally they left many marks behind them in commemoration thereof. If the benighted men of this "age" could for once consecrate but one week to the hanging of English thieves and their rotten connections, the Highland Landholders, to make them give up the Register of Scoone and Cambuskenneth, with other documents of our National Records suppressed, we would have many particulars, of which we are now deprived. From the house of Achanacrea is descended the Barons of Bachill, Lismore, Argyleshire. I have reserved the genealogy of this singular family for the present, as they must occupy a prominent place in the "Chronicle of Events" now preparing for the press. Like all the rest of the Celtic clans, it is impossible to decide whether they, as a whole, had their origin in Scotland or in Ireland. It is vain to attempt a decision in the case before us. That extraordinary *mine of Celtic literature*, the "Annals of the Four Masters," decidedly informs us that the clan Dunleive were kings of Uladh (Ulster); and others of them from the same stock were the celebrated Red Branch Knights of the said kingdom of Ulster, from the remotest antiquity. Several of them were distinguished in other parts of that doomed country. A family of Physicians of this clan flourished for many centuries in

Tirchonill (Tyrconnell). The Four Masters under A.D. 1395 recorded the death of Paul Ultach MacDunleive, (that is, Angliced, Paul Livingston, the Ulsterman) chief physician of Tyrconnell. Again, the said Annalists, under the year 1527, says—"The Doctor MacDunleive, of Donegal, *i.e.* Donacha MacEoghain, a Doctor of Medicine, and learned in the arts—a man of great affluence, who kept an open house of hospitality, died on the 30th of September." Here we have proof positive of the descent of that family for upwards of two hundred years at least. The next family of distinction of this name we have in Scotland is that of Gleann-Euch, now Linlithgow. It is needless to depict the fraud of those who would conceal that the ancestor of the clan Dunleive of that Ilk removed with Kenneth MacAlpine, after the conquest of the Picts, from Argyle to Mid-Lothian, where his descendants flourished for a long period; that one of them was sent on the special embassy of selecting a bride for his royal master, King Malcolm Ceanmor, among the Princesses of Hungary; that the lady in question was no other than Queen Margaret; that his son Durdana,*) Angliced Thurstan,) was noted in the war against William the Norman; from him the line of succession continued for four hundred years. in the reign of David II. Sir William Livingston, knight, married Christian, daughter of Patrick, Lord of Calendar, in the shire of Stirling; that, in his wife's right, he became Baron of that Ilk, as also of the lands of Monabreac, Angliced Kilsyth, then royal property.

In 1346 the English landed some forces in Cailais, considered in itself a very trifling affair, though numberless are the lies founded upon it—such as 'mighty navies and armies of England performing marvellous feats.' How often are the ears of Scotsmen grated by English bravadoes now-a-days talking of the naval power of that country under the reign of Edward III.; but they forget, while in these reveries, that their own writers are not at all quite so guarded as their fables would require, to make them appear with tolerable credit. Harrison, an English writer, tells us 'that in the reign of Edward III. the whole stock

* The bold, inflexible

of carpenter's tools that was known in the kingdom consisted of two kinds of broad axes, an adze, and a navor, or spoke-shave.* By duly weighing these historical facts, we can easily see the amount of credit due to our rivals, and can have the pleasure of following our own authentic histories, whence we know that in order to relieve his ally Philip of France, David II., king of Scots, summoned the chiefs with haste to muster an army, and named Perth as the place of rendezvous. The monarch was promptly obeyed. William de Douglas, Thane of Liddesdale, advised the king not to enter England, at least for some time. His counsel was refused by the king, whose friendship to Philip overcoming his love to his own, marched forward into England, and devastated the country as he went with fire and sword. In sixteen days he penetrated the length of Durham. Percy, of Northumberland, levied a considerable force much sooner than the Scots expected, besides, the Cailais army, or what is pretended to have been that, joined him, so that the English force was very formidable. They at once marched towards the Scots. In an evil tide Douglas was absent in another district; neither was the king aware that Douglas had fought a sanguinary action that morning, wherein he lost 500 men. That fatal affair prevented him from forming a junction with his sovereign, who had only his staff about his person, consisting of a few individuals of distinction. When the English host came in sight the king gave the signal for battle. The Scots were instantly surrounded by two bodies of the enemy. Randolph fell in the first onset. After their leader perished, that division of the Scots were overpowered, and the most of them slain. David, from sheer contempt of the Southrons, rallied the main body with great courage, wholly consisting of noblemen and gentlemen. "Almost all the Scottish nobility were lost, as, being resolved to die with their king, they were attacked by two brigades of the English, one that had been before victorious, and another that was entire, and had not yet charged."† The king, though wounded, with

* The reader may judge how they could build navies with these instruments.

† Buchanan.

two arrows, fought with great obstinacy, till the enemies reached his person. Still resolved to cut their way, his guards defied their numerous foes. Sir William Livingston was conspicuous in that fray. Near the person of his sovereign, and surrounded, he received several grievous wounds, and was taken prisoner. He recovered, and was soon afterwards one of the commissioners sent to treat with the English for the ransom of the king—the sum being 100,000 merks. His son William was one of the hostages for the security thereof. The said Sir William succeeded. Of him there is nothing remarkable recorded. He was succeeded by his son, the valiant Sir John, who was slain at the Battle of Homildon Hill in the year 1402. Sir John left two sons, Alastir and Robert. The eldest succeeded his father, and Robert was the progenitor of the Livingstons of West Quarter, progenitors to the Earls of Newburgh; and, by his second wife, Agnes, daughter to Sir James Douglas, of Dalkeith, he had Sir William Livingston, first of the House of Kilsyth; Alexander, who was the next heir, was afterwards knighted, and, upon the decease of his master, was made choice of by the three estates of Scotland to be tutor to the young King James II. till he was fourteen years of age; but soon after, the Earl of Douglas being the principal favourite at Court, and bearing no good will to Sir Alexander or any of his former Ministry, prevailed so far with the king as to call a Parliament, which accordingly met at Perth; thither Livingston and his party were summoned to answer such accusations as might be brought against him. Sir Alexander was vehemently accused for various extravagancies; for having alienated the crown lands, wasted the revenue, &c., none of which charges were properly substantiated; nevertheless the Regent was committed prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, and his estates confiscated. The opposite faction, not content with these calamities, seized William, his second son, a youth of majestic stature, and his cousin, Sir Robert Livingston of Drumray, who was Lord Treasurer, during Sir Alexander's regency. Both were unmercifully put to death in Edinburgh Castle. After a certain period of imprisonment, the king began to reflect that Sir Robert and the young man were unjustly put to death, he

therefore restored Sir Alexander to his estates and honours, made him Justice-General of Scotland, and one of his Privy Council—a poor remuneration indeed for the lives of his son and cousin. Sir Alexander married a lady of the family of Dundas, whose name I do not know, by her he had James, his successor, and William, that was beheaded. James ‘was a nobleman of distinguished courage and prudence,’ and was made captain of the Castle of Stirling, where he had the custody of the young king committed to him by his father when he was the king’s governor, which trust he faithfully discharged, and was afterwards appointed Master of His Majesty’s Household, one of his Privy Council, and Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. He died in 1467, and left two sons, James, his successor, and Alexander, and two daughters. James, who was the second Toisach, or Maor Mor, of that Ilk, (their *blasted Lurdies*, who can bear them?) had no heirs that survived him; his estates and titles fell to Sir James Livingston, knight, his nephew, the son of Alastir, his brother. He married Elizabeth, daughter to Robert Lord Fleming, and by her had William, the third Toisach of Livingston. To him succeeded William, his son. He married Agnes, daughter to Patrick Lord Hales, and by her had Alexander, his successor, and two daughters. Margaret was married to John, Lord Yester, ancestor to the Marquis of Tweeddale, and Isabell to Nicholas Ramsay of Dalhousie, ancestor of that family. Alexander, who was the fifth Toisach of Livingston, had the tuition of Queen Mary committed to him in her nonage, and afterwards accompanied her to France, when she was conveyed to that bloody kingdom a beautiful infant, at five years of age. Livingston died in France, but left by her Agnes, his wife, daughter to James, Earl of Morton, William, his son and heir, and four daughters, of which Mary was married to John, Lord Semple. He was succeeded by his son William, the sixth Toisach of that Ilk. He married Agnes, daughter to Malcolm, Lord Fleming, ancestor to the Earls of Wigton; by her he had Alastir, his heir, John and William, and two daughters. Alastir, his successor, was a nobleman of extensive learning and great personal attractions, and selected by James VI., perhaps the most

learned king that ever existed in Europe, to superintend the education of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the queen of Bohemia, the grand-mother of George I. Livingston was made Earl of Linlithgow, another abominable title that no Scot should bear. In 1603, when James succeeded to the crown of England, Livingston carried the Princess from Linlithgow to London, "with a retinue upon his own charge, suitable to her birth and dignity.*" He married Eleanor, daughter to Andrew, Earl of Errol; by her he had two sons, Alastir and James, and two daughters. Margaret, the eldest, was married to John, Earl of Wigton, and Anne, to Alexander, Earl of Eglinton. His eldest son, Alastir, succeeded him. James, the youngest, was a nobleman of great accomplishments, and a distinguished soldier. After his return from foreign service, he was, by King Charles I., in 1633, made Lord Almont; he was also, in 1641, made Earl of Callender. His brother Alastir was succeeded by his son George, the eighth Toisach of Gleann Euch (Linlithgow), whose mother was Anne, daughter to George Gordon, Morfhear Hunntaidh, (Marquis of Huntly). But Earl Alastir, his father, married for his second wife, Mary, daughter to William Douglas, Earl of Angus; by her he had a son named Alastir, and two daughters, whose history I cannot trace past the bare notice now presented to the reader. Their brother Alastir became Earl of Callender, in right of his accomplished and heroic uncle, James, above-mentioned. This Alastir, Earl of Callender, inherited in quantity and quality, the unconquerable spirit of the *Black Douglasses*. There is little use in following the history of his descendants, nor yet what cannot be retrieved. His eldest brother, George, ninth Toisach of Linlithgow, was a nobleman of bright parts; after the restoration, he was successively made Privy Councillor, Captain of the Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, and Justice-General of Scotland. He died in 1690, and left issue by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter to Patrick, Earl of Panmure, two sons and a daughter. Henrietta, who was married to Robert, Viscount Oxenford;

* Buchanan.

and of the sons, which were George and Alastir, the youngest was third Earl of Callender. George, who was the next and tenth Toisach of Linlithgow, was one of the Privy Council to King William III., by whom he was also made one of the Treasurers. He died in 1695, without heirs; his estate and titles fell to James, Earl of Callender, his nephew, who, in 1713, was elected one of the 16 Peers of Scotland, to sit in the British Parliament. He married Anne, daughter to John, Earl of Errol, by whom he had a son of his name, and Anne, married to the Earl of Kilmarnock. That year the abominable treachery of the first George, as already given, provoked many of the Scottish nobility to resist that English slave and captive, unworthy of being the king of a free people, such as our fathers were. Livingston joined the patriots. After the Battle of Sheriff-Muir, the Prince James, without any reason, left the kingdom at the crisis when his adherents were prepared to take the field again. I know it is always reported that the Prince was a papist. *It is a downright lie.* He was nothing of the kind; but on the contrary, was so averse to that delusion that he would not suffer either priest or confessor to approach him. His constant declaration was that they ruined his father, consequently he would have nothing to do with them. Who knows not that it was on that very account that they took his life by poison. His unfortunate supporters in Scotland lost their earthly all. The estate and title of Livingston was forfeited to gratify the spleen of the Hanoverian, and his savage associates. It was sold to the York Building Company; also, the keeping of the Palace of Linlithgow was given to Graham of Montrose. There were several knights baronets of this name. The family of Dunipace had their honour of knighthood from David of that Ilk, 30th May, 1625. The family of Kinaird from Sir John of that Ilk, 29th June, 1627. The family of Glentirren from Sir Alastir of that Ilk, 20th June, 1685. The family of West Quarter from Sir James Livingston of that Ilk, 20th May, 1699.

It would fill volumes to give an outline of the many noted characters of this race in Britain and Ireland. In particular, that honoured instrument of the Most High,

the Rev. and worthy Mr John Livingston, Minister of Ancrum, was one of the witnesses for many years before and after the Restoration of the depraved heathen and persecutor, Charles II. Mr Livingston was of the house of Kilsyth, consequently had all the advantages that the age could afford. He left ample testimony that his accomplishments were of the highest order. As it is somewhat foreign to the design of this tract to introduce the marvellous blessings by which his ministry was attended, every common reader is aware that a full account of these outpourings is given in the *Scots Worthies*, and other numerous documents treating of that period of suffering, and of God's goodness towards our covenanted fathers. The clan Livingston were numerous in Argyle from the earliest periods of our history; nor were many of the common order of them without their notoriety. One of them was principal servant to the famed John Ciar MacDougall of that ilk; he fought with his mighty master at the Battle of Sheriff-Muir A.D. 1715. After that unfortunate army was disbanded, George sent his emissaries to apprehend MacDougall. Aware of their approach, the chief prepared to fight them with only about thirty men, his own domestics. By the entreaties of his excellent lady* he at last consented to embark in a small boat, with his trusty John Livingston, below the rock of Dunolly, which was scarcely effected when sixty red coats appeared, moving towards the *ancient pile*. Lady MacDougall, still afraid that he might be discovered, dressed herself in one of his suits, with dirk and pistol at her belt, and appeared, sword in hand, at the head of eighteen men, who posted themselves on the steep ascent in front of the castle. The invaders at once took her for MacDougall, and advanced to seize their supposed prize. The few Gaeil boldly received them. The red coats attacked with the bayonet. Their opponents defended with their claimores and shields. Several were killed: at last Lady MacDougall ordered the few survivors to shift for themselves, and allowed herself to be taken. It is easy to judge the confusion of the hostile captain when he discovered who he had. *The fel-*

* She was of the family of the Isles.

low hung his head.. Many families of this name were scattered through the mainland and islands. After the Battle of Sheriff-Muir, William Livingston took refuge in Kintyre some years; thereafter he shifted to a still more remote corner, the adjacent island of Islay. Here he found some more refugees. There was a gentleman of the Robertsons who found an asylum there also. He settled in Killarua, then the capital of the island. This small town was of high antiquity. It was demolished only about ninety years ago. There is nothing now of it remaining, except the name and the church-yard. Dr Robertson, for some time after he settled in Islay, assumed the name of Brewster; but, when the storm abated, he openly acknowledged his patrimonial designation. Livingston married his sister, Isabella Robertson, had a numerous family; but only their second son, Donald, and two daughters, Isabella and Jane, survived them. He died A.D. 1725. His son, the^aforesaid Donald, possessed a small farm in *Claidivil*, on the estate of Sunderland, in the Rhinns of Islay and parish of Kilchoman; he also had a numerous family of sons and daughters, was an enlightened christian, and a zealot for the reigning branch of the Stuarts. He was one of the devoted 1200 Argyle men who were so terribly handled in the Battle of Falkirk, 1746. He received several wounds in the action, of which he was afterwards cured in Stirling; on his recovery Mr Campbell of Sunderland got him discharged. He returned to his humble but honourable occupation, the plough. A few days before his arrival, his eldest son, John Livingston, was born to somewhat better fate than many of his contemporaries. Although his father had no estate, he, by industry the most exemplary, bestowed on his first-born classical education, and designed him for the ministry. He studied with credit the usual course in Glasgow. Mathematics and languages were his *forte*, so that the bent of his mind led him to decline any other course but the teaching of those branches. He finally settled in Dublin. Three of his younger brothers came to manhood. Two of them, Duncan and Alexander, died young men. His youngest brother, James, however, was destined to exhibit a life though hitherto unknown, but to very few worthy of imi-

tation. His elder brother took him to Dublin, in order to have him under his own immediate tuition. He was most comely; and even at that age there was so much attractiveness about him that Mrs Livingston became so fond of him that in a very short time her attachment grew into a deep-rooted affection. Here he continued till his seventeenth year, when a very trifling incident completely fixed his future destiny. One evening, as he was returning home, a great crowd attracted his attention; they were moving directly towards him. The gathering was occasioned by the advance of Saxon rule. It was fashionable at that time to punish what the brutal invaders of hard-fated Ireland was pleased to call thieves, by tying them to a cart, and horse-whipping them there for a certain distance. Ere the youth had time to take another way, he was involved in the crowd. The students of that period in Dublin wore thin slippers and buckles. Forced along, he lost his buckled shoes in a heap of street nuisance left there by the sweepers, who retired to make way for the procession. Our young unfortunate at last got an opening, and retraced his steps; with a heavy heart he returned home; but ere he got himself shifted his elder brother noticed him; after a severe examination, his defence proved unavailable. The stern moralist still insisted that there must have been something seriously wrong, and accordingly inflicted several hard stripes. James, however, inwardly vowed that it would be the last; he remained till midnight, slipped quietly out, took the road, and travelled on foot to Belfast. On his return to his native island he was bound to his cousin, Mr James Fraser; with him he served five years as house-carpenter, or joiner. During the term of his apprenticeship, his scholastic pursuits were not the least abated. It was at that period, in particular, that he acquired his extensive knowledge of almost all branches of arithmetical calculations practised in his time. He was a proficient Latin scholar, but always had an aversion to it. His constant remark was—"That the Gaelic poets of Scotland were so much the superiors of the Romans that he could not conceive how men could have fallen into the mania of debarring the former from the Universities, while the latter

were adored, whose composition, at the best, had no merit compared to our national bards. During his well spent life, mostly in his native island; he resided for twenty-five years chiefly in the parish of Killarua, where his brilliant talents and exemplary life are far from forgotten. In his peculiar circumstances, as might be expected, his familiar associates were but few. Among that select number was Mr Neil Sinclair, farmer, Mullindrai, a man of bright parts, and well-educated. He was much younger than Mr Livingston. At what period their intimacy commenced I cannot positively determine, only that for a long number of years it remained, inviolate; books were constantly exchanged; visits paid and re-paid. Indeed it is certain that with the exception of his own family Mr Sinclair occupied the next place in his affections. After the capture of Buonaparte he often said of his companion that although France might lament her Buonaparte, Islay could boast of a Tallyrand—meaning Mr Sinclair. And truly the compliment was not misplaced. That *son of reflection* was endowed with a mind cool and comprehensive; but yet few men possessed a larger source of personal independence. At any rare time that others might assume the unenviable position of aggressors, they found in him of the repellant stamina what may be justly termed formidable. His extensive knowledge of history made him what few attain to; the discoveries of human nature through that medium were familiar to Mr Sinclair from a very early stage of his career; his uniform, calm and sedate manner always commanded the respect of the well-informed in the circle where he was best known; while his upright dealings with all left an indelible impression in his native district that will only perish with the present race there. This excellent man died at Mullindrai, Parish of Kilarua, in 1834. I hope, therefore, that his descendants will forgive me for the freedom that I have used with his memory, in these few sentences, as they cannot but know that respect for him was among the highest pleasures that the subject of this sketch had during the period of their unfeigned friendship. The peculiar characteristic with which Mr Sinclair was endowed was that decision of character that no counterfeit can imitate; whether trans-

acting the duties of his daily calling, or otherwise engaged, he invariably followed with unalterable firmness that course by which his valuable life was closed with peace and respect.

Let us now mention a few more particulars of the life of his friend, Mr Livingston was thrice married, and had a numerous family. It was past the meridian of his life ere he became truly serious. Although he did not give indulgence to infidel propensities in any way, still it would seem that he, till that period, was ignorant of the one true and living way. He often mingled with the better sort, as the saying is. Naturally endowed with a mind that could suit itself to sudden emergencies, he was fond of controversy, consequently was often assailed. Being an extensive reader, aided by his powerful memory, few could encounter him on general grounds. Moroseness was no propensity of his. At any time he happened to meet his opponents, armed with humour, such incidents were not soon forgotten. His sallies were not of that specie that would tickle, and anon evaporate; no, truly! his repartees fell like withering flashes on the marrow of the object against which they were directed. It was in the year 1819 that he removed to his native parish of Kilchoman: there he settled in the village of Portnahaven, within two miles of the spot where he was born. In the course of nature, the external frame, robust as it once was, began to decay; but still there was no change discernible in the internal machinery; his faculties remained in full vigour till the last day of his life, being the 24th of March, 1824. This enlightened christian, affectionate father, and accomplished scholar, breathed his last, under a paralytick stroke, which rendered him insensible for ten hours, in the 68th year of his age. In his personal appearance he was what may be justly termed handsome; he was five feet ten inches in height; his well-formed limbs indicated that athlete of which he possessed a large measure in his prime of life; and even in his declining years he retained much of it. In the 66th year of his age—during the winter of that season—it happened that he, with one of his own sons and another young man, was crossing the wide, rough channel between Oa and the Rhinns of Islay, in a small open boat;

about mid way, it blew a fierce northern gale; in a short time imminent danger became apparent. To have fallen on the lee-shore would have been certain death. They rowed hard for some time; at last the neighbour lad, completely exhausted, lay in the bottom of the boat. Young Livingston cast a wistful look at his father, who, understanding his meaning, replied, "You are afraid that I will soon be prostrate also: there is only one way of it; do your utmost to save your life. I am now as young as you!" After near two hours desperate struggle, they reached the shore.

There were many of this name in Islay besides the descendants of the exile. Contemporary with the last mentioned was Donald Livingston, the father of Robert, James and John—an honest, respectable man, in his sphere. This individual was noted for his personal athleta, and was naturally of a most peaceful disposition. His eldest son, Robert, deceased only two years ago, inherited his father's prowess in full measure. Robert Livingston was low of stature, but of a model that indicated the lion qualities of his person. On one occasion, he and his father, on their passage from Ireland in a smack of 40 tons burthen, were overtaken by a direful tempest in the channel. Old Donald was bound at the helm; her canvas was carried away in shreds; the hurricane blew from the south; in that case the coast of Islay was the lee-shore, consequently the nearer the more dangerous. The small craft, deeply loaded, running with bare poles as it were, strained every nerve to escape the pursuing liquid mountain, roaring with awful majesty in the rear; at last a dreadful sea broke over her quarter, carried away the boat and every other moveable article, the two veterans excepted; her heavy anchor, with twenty-five fathoms of a cable attached, was also swept off. Robert, observing the cable running with lightning speed alongside, seized it. His father ordered him to disentangle the fast end and let it go. He did not obey. The mighty ZACCHEUS set his feet against the taffrail; he then, despite the mad career of the vessel, flying over mountains of water, the weight of the anchor and that of a strong cable, sixteen fathoms in length, by sheer muscular strength, pulled it hand for hand to the stern,

lifted it on board, and secured it ! a feat, at the lowest estimate, equal to any horse power. Yes ! and more. A just calculation may be formed of his prodigious *athleta*, and of the exertions requisite in the performance of that action : although the cable took the skin and flesh off his palms, he still maintained both his footing and his hold. In short, he contracted an ailment by it, of which he never wholly got clear. He was always subject to the vomiting of blood, less or more, during his life. His two brothers, James and John, are still living, in the village of Port-Allen.

There was also, in the parish of Kildaltan, another race of this name, whose lineal descent can be ascertained for several centuries back. These had, and still have, the title of *SLIOCHD DHOMHNILL OIG*—that is, young Donald's descendants, derived from a remote ancestor of theirs.

It is also a fact, that the sires of Robert above-mentioned, fled from the vengeance of the persecuting emissaries of Charles II., and took refuge in Kintyre, to avoid the gallows in the Grass Market, for covenanted principles. It was on this ground that they always held to have been identical with the descendants of the Exile,—that is, of the Livingstons of Kilsyth, or, more properly, of lowland descent, so far as that may be admitted. Without entering into the remote history of the other branch here mentioned, there were not a few individuals of them whose memories should not perish. It is not a little singular that there were a succession of tailors of them in the parish of Kildaltan for two centuries back, retaining the name of Donald and John alternately, for the above period at least. There was one of them named John, *Iain MacDhomhnuil Oig*, i.e. John, the son of Donald the younger, as the hereditary title ran, and does so still—a truly singular character in the circle in which he moved; he was an active young person in the full vigour of manhood in 1745; an enthusiastic poet, and a thorough Jacobite, his religion excepted. When the news of Prince Charles Stuart's landing reached our island, the local authorities made strenuous efforts to oppose him. The minister of Kildaltan exhorted the people with great

zeal to volunteer their services to expel the Prince, while other influential persons exerted their utmost to muster all the effective men in the island. The majority yielded, it would appear without reluctance. It happened, however, that the poet was otherwise disposed; though the post of an ensign was offered him he remained inflexible. Few had to combat so powerful an obstacle as was in his way. Mr Campbell of Ardmore was much about the same age, of a high chivalrous spirit, and also a zealot for the reigning branch of the Stuarts, for some time urged on Livingston to fight for George. Both were reared on the same ground—both imbued with a kindred disposition; their riper years seemed only to add strength to that mutual affection founded in their boyhood; finally, however, Ardmore's influence protected Livingston from being forced into the service, and, moreover, from all spleen in future for his adherence to the royal exiles. After the storm of that woeful period subsided, few had the hardihood to acknowledge the slightest good-will to the defeated prince. Like his sires, for several generations, John Livingston was a tailor. Many waggish altercations took place between him and Ardmore. On one occasion John observing that Mr Campbell had a roll of tobacco in some hidden *neuk*, removed it from its place of concealment, and put it below a bed in some other room. In the course of the day Ardmore went for a supply, but found that the stock had disappeared; he at once suspected who the depredator was, and petitioned John for a yard of the alluring weed. "Poohl!" replied the wag, "you have surely, sir, forgot where you laid it; but I will assist you in searching for it, if that is of any service." "Very well," rejoined Ardmore, "come away." Mr Campbell followed his guide, keeping a sharp look-out, quite assured that John would play some prank at his expense, though he knew not what it was to be. The roll was at last discovered at the very back *neuk* below Ardmore's bed. "Now, sir," said John, "there it is." "Take it out," said Ardmore. "I will only do that on the condition, that you will say long live King James." "Very well, since that is the way," replied the other, "if you will say long live King George I'll do it." "Yes, yes!" was the

ready answer, "long live our lawful sovereign King George." Ardmore complied; but no sooner was he in his cage than John seized his cane, and vociferated "Any rebels here? You that is hiding yourself there what have you got to say of his majesty James VIII. or his royal highness, Charles, Prince Regent?" Then it was that the prisoner, understanding his position, attempted to escape head foremost, but his witty keeper applied the cane with so little ceremony that Ardmore was glad to creep back. Mr Campbell, being little inferior to himself in waggery, attempted to freak his guard with all the drollery that he could contrive; but he only got for answer "come, come! no evasion. Let me hear loyally—'long live King James.'" "You hypocrite," said Ardmore, "if I was once out of this, be assured that you will pay for all. Why did you acknowledge my king, &c?" "Ho, ho!" replied John, "I know nothing about that, and as little I care for future reckonings. No parley with rebels! Our lawful sovereign King James VIII., neither more nor less." Ardmore, brought to the last extremity to save his head, tried the other end; but his waggish tormentor so belaboured him on the shins with his own walking cane that he was completely repulsed a second time. At last Ardmore surrendered at discretion, and was liberated. This beautiful spot is situated on the Southern coast of Islay, commanding a full view of the Irish channel and the whole of the Northern coast of Kintyre. Some two or three days afterwards, as Ardmore and John sat busking themselves in the sun after dinner, on the *bonny green brae* in front of the house, Ardmore seemed in high jocular mood, was telling "his queerest stories," by which artifice his late conqueror was quite off his guard, when lo in a moment he seized his *crony* by the heels, tumbled him on his back, and in the twinkling of an eye had him in a posture that no exertion could extricate him. Now said Ardmore sing your song you rebel! Do you see that nettle bush just there below you. You know your fate. It was now John's turn to try his genius to disarm his triumphant rival, and it is said that he set Ardmore in transports of laughter with his brilliant wit, pleading for exemption from the impending punishment.

for that once, while the other rallied him with his own words home ; come no evasion, no parley with rebels, &c. By this time Ardmore had dragged him within very little of the much dreaded ordeal, nor is it difficult to conjecture where the lowest edge of the kill was at that important crisis. John selected for his last plea that he would say anything he pleased to dictate on condition that Ardmore would remit the full execution of his threatenings. That, however, he did not do, John had to bear out the best he could, and acknowledge his defeat. Sometime afterwards, as was usual, the wit was sent for to make a suit for his late conqueror. The coat was finished in the best style of the period. When it was to be fitted on, John was very freaking, nor was Ardmore [without his suspicions that he had something in his eye, though he could not conceive the possibility of his committing any pranks in the room standing before his face. Livingston observed that the cuffs of the coat were too long, and thought that they would require to be drawn up an inch or two ; he began to adjust them, remarking that the one sleeve was longer than the other, he also bade Ardmore stretch out his hands in order that he might set them in the right position. The other obeyed ; but the instant that John got his opportunity he slipped the loose cuffs over the tips of his fingers, seized them fast with the one hand, and Ardmore's riding switch in the other. He anon changed his freaking waggish countenance into a commanding swaggering aspect, flourished the sharp monitor several times round his head, seconded with *an diabol thusa*. Resistance was out the question, Ardmore was totally in his power deprived of the use of both his hands, took the old plan of diverting his master by all the means that his ready wit could suggest, that however availed little. It was vain he freaked threatened, and skipped through the room. A succession of stripes were served till he abjured all connection with the House of Hanover. When his rival was satisfied, he sprung out. Ardmore pursued him for a considerable distance, but the wag like a bounding deer, fled into the adjacent wood, consequently effected his escape triumphant. Their next meeting was equally ludi-

crous. One day as Ardmore was taking some recreation with his gun, attended by one of the servants, he saw John coming at a pretty smart pace making direct for the house. Mr. Campbell at once ordered the lad to return. He stood in a hollow hard by where the Poet could not discover him till he came on the spot. Ardmore, thinking that he had him secure, took an entirely new plan to put him through a severer ordeal than he had hitherto tried. When John reached him, instead of mutual embraces, Ardmore assumed the deportment of the gentleman, and cast a wrathful look at the offender. John utterly confounded first broke silence, but received for an answer "Fellow dost thou imagine that I can overlook your treatment of me in my own house. Truly I have solemnly vowed to shoot you the first meeting, therefore prepare to die." Ardmore next took out his watch, and told him that he granted him ten minutes to prepare. He often afterwards confessed that the Poet tried several artifices to make him drop the gun, and that he could not conceive how any man was able to contrive them in a lifetime, let alone in the spur of the moment, and that he considered it the most singular incident in his own life, that he managed to keep his gravity at Livingstone's feigned petitions, and always concluded by remarking that it was his conviction that no man who was not daily in the habit of hearing his drolleries could hold out as he did. The consequence, however, was that Ardmore forced him into the posture of devotion, but indeed he said it was only because he saw it was to my disadvantage. And now Sir, said John, with a most serious face, are you really going to shoot me. "Make good use of your time I beseech you was the reply." John began to *mumple* something, but as Ardmore used to remark, he was "watching as well as praying, for said he, he took very good care that he posted himself in a position so as to put me standing with a deep moss trench behind me, to which I paid not the least attention till he plunged me in it.

Ardmore, like to burst at the display of hypocrisy performed before his eyes, happened to give a side look for fear that the servant might be still lurking about witnessing the comedy ; but the moment that he turned

his eyes the athletic panel like a *couching lion* pounced upon his judge, and with his whole weight struck him on the breast. Ardmore tumbled backwards, head foremost, into the pit, brimfull of water, there he was on the breadth of his back. Now was the hour of retribution. Ardmore half choked, struggled hard to regain his footing ; while the victor with all his might flung the huge moss turfs on his top till he literally covered him with a great quantity. He then seized the gun and scampered off direct to the house. Mrs. Campbell well understood that they met when she saw the gun, "Where will I hide myself" said John ? Any where you like was the answer, but make haste he is coming, quick quick, down you go into the vault, and I'll pretend that the key is lost. Should he mind to seek you there John was scarcely in his garri-son when Ardmore arrived streaming, with water, and covered with as much as could stick on his face and clothes of mud, highly enraged His first question was, where is Livingstone ? Mrs. Campbell only replied, What Livingstone, where have you been ?

Ardmore peremptorily demanded the culprit, sought every neuk and corner *heigh* and *laigh* ; he could not be found. Mrs. Campbell evaded any knowledee of him till the alarming word was uttered, "He is in the low cellar," where is the key ? She still denied, and told him that the key was lost some time ago, &c., but it would not do. Ardmore now convinced, seized his cane and ordered the amiable protector of the prisoner to accompany him to open the door so as to make sure that he could not escape. There was no alternative. She spoke as loud as she could as they approached, John heard her. There was not a moment to be lost, he looked about him for some weapon of defence. There was nothing in the vault but rubbish of old casks, caldrons, &c., except a large earthen *crock* containing several gallons of liquid, indigo, and yarn. John seized it, lifted it on his shoulder, blessing his stars for his *good luck*, posted himself behind the door, waiting the approach of his assailant. Mrs. Campbell opened the apartment, and then fled. The moment that Ardmore crossed the threshold flourishing his cane, the poet *tumbled* the *crock*, with all its contents, on his head. He fell insensible, while his tormentor fled unscathed.

This extraordinary *wit*, some time afterwards, went to Ireland, where he died at an advanced age, but the date I cannot positively determine. His brother Donald died, I presume, in 1810, at the advanced age of ninety-four, in full possession of his faculties. I served the term of my apprenticeship with his son Donald, the nephew of the famous John.

Mr Livingston is now in the 76th year of his age. Oh life, thou fleeting shadow. They are of the house of *Acha-na-crea*. Their pedigree, for eight or nine generations, in the parish of Kildaltan, going back from Mr Livingston last mentioned, are—

Donald, son of Donald,	Son of John,
Son of Donald,	Son of Alastir,
Son of Donald,	Son of Donald,
Son of Alastir,	Son of Nial.
Son of Donald,	

Allowing thirty years for a generation, gives 270.

Motto—MA 'S URRAIN MI.—*i. e.*, If I can.
Be it so.

I shall now give the different badges of many of the Scottish Clans :—

M'DONALD, Bell-heather
CAMPBELL, Myrtle *2007*
M'FARLAN, Cloud-berry Bush
Cameron, Oak
Graham, Laurel
Buchanan, Birch
The Chisholm, Alder
Colquhoun, Hazel
Cumyn, Common Sallow
Drummond, Holly
Farquharson, Purple Fox-glove
Ferguson, Poplar
Fraser, Yew
Forbes, Strawberry
Gordon, Ivy
Grant, Strawberry Heath
Gun, Rosewort
Lamont, Apple Tree
M'Alister, Five-leaved Heath
M'Dougall, Cypress
M'Gregor, Pine

M'Intosh, Boxwood
M'Kay, Bulrush
M'Kenzie, Deer-grass
M'Kinnon, St John's Wort
M'Lachlan, Mountain Ash
M'Lean, Blackberry Heath
M'Leod, Red Wortleberries
M'Nab, Rose Blackberries
M'Neil, Sea-ware
M'Pherson, Varigated Boxwood
M'Rae, Fir Club-moss
Monro, *Eagle Feathers*
Menzies, Ash
Murray, Juniper
Ogilvie, Hawthorn
Oliphant the Great, Maple
Robertson, *Fern*
Rose, Brier Rose
Ross, Bear Berries
Sinclair, Clover
Sutherland, Cats's-tail Grass

Stewarts, Thistle.

TARTANS.

STEWART—Six colours, chiefly red, checked with green, purple, black, and white.

Prince of Rothesay—Three colours, checked with green and white.

Royal Stewart—Chiefly white, checked with green and black.

M'Donald of the Isles—Chiefly green, checked with black, purple, and white.

Clan Ronald—Chiefly green, checked with purple, red, and white.

M'Gregor—Red, checked with green and white.

Ross—Red, checked with green and purple.

M'Duff—Red, checked with green, black, and purple.

M'Pherson—Black and white, red and yellow.

Grant—Red, with checks of green and yellow.

Monro—Red, checked with black and white.

M'Leod—Yellow, checked with black and red.

CAMPBELL—Green, checked with black, purple, yellow, and white.

Sutherland—Green, with black, purple, red and white.

Cameron—Red, checked with green and yellow.

M'Neil—Green, black, white, and red.

M'Farlan—Black, checked with white.

M'Lachlan—Yellow and brown.

M'Lean—Green, black, and white.

M'Kenzie—Green, purple, black, white, and red.

Fraser—Purple, green, and white.

Menzies—Red and white.

THE CHISHOLM—Red, purple, green, and white.

Buchanan—Red, white, and black.

Lamont—Green, black, purple, and white.

M'Dougall—Red, purple, and green.

Livingston—Red, purple, and green. (Identical.)

M'Intyre—Green, purple, red, and white.

Robertson—Red, purple, and green.

M'Nab—Red, crimson, green, and black.

M'Kinnon—Red, green, black, and white.

M'Intosh—Red, green, black, and white.

M'Kinlay or Farquharson—Black, red, and yellow.

Gun—Green, black, and red.

M'Arthur—Green, black, and yellow.

M'Kay—Purple, black, and red.

M'Queen—Red, black, and yellow.

WALLACE—Red, black, and yellow.

DOUGLAS—Black and slate-colour.

BRUCE—Red, green, yellow, and white.

Crawford—Red, green, and white.

Ruthven—Red, purple, and green.

Montgomery—Green and purple.

Hamilton—Purple and white.

Wemyss—Red, black, white, and green.
 Cumyn—Red, green, and white.
 Sinclair—Green, black, purple, red, and white.
 Dunbar—Red, green, and black.
 Leslie—Red, purple, black, and yellow.
 Lauder—Green, purple, black, and red.
 Cunningham—Red, black, purple, and white.
 Lindsay—Red, purple, and green.
 HAY—Red, green, yellow, white, and black.
 Dundas—Green, purple, black, and red.
 Ogilvie—Purple, black, yellow, and red.
 Oliphant—Green, purple, black, and white.
 Seton—Red, green, black, purple, and white.
 Ramsay—Red, black, and white.
 Erskine—Red and green.
 Brodie—Red, black, and yellow.
 Barclay—Green, purple, and red.
 Murray—Green, purple, black, and red.
 Urquhart—Green, black, purple, red, and white.
 Rose—Red, purple, green, and white.
 Colquhoun—Green, black, red, and white.
 Drummond—Bright red, green, and dark red.
 Forbes—Green, black, red, and yellow.
 Scott—Red, green, and black. This savage tribe *produced many thieves and liars.*
 Armstrong—Green, black, purple, and red.
 Gordon—Green, purple, black, and yellow.
 Cranstoun—Green, purple, black, and yellow.
 Graham—Green and black.
 Maxwell—Red, green, and black.
 Home—Dark, purple, black, red, and green.
 Johnston—Green, purple, black, and yellow.
 Ker—Red, black, and green.

These are a few of the various Scottish Clan Tartans, of vast antiquity, worn by the favourite son of Jacob, and almost all the Oriental nations. "From the Highlanders of Scotland to the mountaineers of Burmah—from the Calmucks on the North to the Biscayans on the South, may be found, varigated or party-coloured, garments among different nations—is abundantly demonstrated; together with other relics and usages of a common family, very widely diffused; proves, beyond doubt, the antiquity and universality of tartan."*

• *Tait's Magazine*, No. ciii., Vol. ix. July, 1842.

KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE.

The Order of the Thistle, by reason of its antiquity and memorable institution, is called Most Ancient and Most Noble, being founded, as many historians relate, on the following events :—

Athelstane. a Danish prince, who wrested Northumberland from Alfred, invaded PICTAVIA, in the reign of King Hungus, A.D. 790. The Picts met the invaders at Haddington, about 28 miles from the Borders; but the Picts being inferior in strength, remained under arms all night. Hungus betook himself to prayer; he fell into a slumber afterwards; and, no doubt from the excitement of his troubled thoughts, dreamed that he saw Andrew the Apostle standing by him, and promising victory to his people, and that the next day, as soon as the battle began; that the cross of St Andrew appeared in the air; so terrified the enemy, and animated the Picts and Scots, whom Achaius sent to their assistance, that the latter obtained a complete victory, and slew Athelstane.

This is no doubt partly nonsensical; but it is also true that the Order of the Thistle was founded in commemoration of that battle, at the time.

The King went in solemn procession to the Church of St Andrew's to return thanks for the victory. When the Scots conquered the Picts they used the figure of that cross in their ensigns and banners. Ever since they have the Rampant Lion on the one side, and the Cross of St Andrew on the other. This Order consisted of thirteen persons, alluding to our Saviour and the twelve apostles. James V. erected above the gate of the Palace of Linlithgow his own Arms, together with that of the Order of St Andrew. About the time of the Reformation this order was scarcely used; the knights being then so very zealous for the Reformation, that it fell into disuse. It was again revived by James VII. After the Revolution, it was again buried till the 31st of December, 1703, when Queen Anne restored it in all its ancient magnificence. On the 4th of February, 1703-4, the following noblemen were made Knights of the Thistle:—

John Campbell, Duke of Argyle.

John Murray, Duke of Athole.

William Johnston, Marquis of Annandale.

James Scott, Earl of Dalkeith.

George Hamilton, Earl of Orkney.

James Ogilvie, Earl of Seafield.

King George I., on the 7th of February 1714-15, was pleased to confirm the statutes signed by Queen Anne, as above mentioned, with the addition of some more.

The Ensigns of this "most ancient order" are the Image of St Andrew, vested in cloth of gold, irradiated with the white cross of his martyrdom on his breast, and is appendant on the collar of the said order, which was worn by the knight's companions on the 30th of November, the day of their grand feast, and upon other extraordinary occasions. The collar of the order is made of pure gold, fashioned into thistles and sprigs of rue, linked together enamelled, *Vert* being the two ancient badges or symbols of the Scots and Picts; the one not to be touched without hurt, and the other being an antidote against poison; hence the motto—*Nemo me Impune Lacessit*.

The ordinary or common badges worn by this most ancient order are, first, a cross surmounted by a star of four points, all of silver, and over them a green circle, bordered and lettered with gold, containing the said motto; and in the centre is a thistle proper; all of which is embroidered, on their left breast, and worn with the collar at all times, with the other common ensign, which is a green ribbon spread over the left shoulder, and brought under the right arm; appendant to which is the image of St Andrew in a purple robe, with his cross on his breast, all within an oval of gold, enamelled, *Vert* with the former motto; but sometimes they wear, encircled after the same manner, a thistle crowned with an imperial crown. "King James VII. appointed the knight's brethren to wear the before mentioned image of St Andrew upon a blue-watered tabby ribbon, which, by Queen Anne, in 1703, was changed to green, as now."*

* Nicholas' Scottish Peerage. 1727.

ODDS AND ENDS
OF
THE HIGHLAND LANDHOLDERS—
THEIR
ENGLISH KINDRED AND PROGENY.

No doubt it is yet fresh in your memories, and, I believe, that you also, when it happened, thought it a triumph, that an English barbarian visited Iona, precisely in the month of August, 1851, and afterwards published a brutal libel in the *Witness* newspaper, making a full exhibition of the malice of his own heart, and of the mode of tuition by which you are guided there. The *Witness*, as he calls himself, most treacherously concealed the Englishman's name; and as proof positive is requisite to show that the editor had done so whether he will or not, I will here subjoin the note transmitted to *His Hypocrisy* on that occasion, whereby the reader can judge for himself what amount of confidence Scotsmen can place in Hugh Miller—hoping, moreover, that all will see the propriety of publishing his name, since he concealed that of the Englishman.

303 ARGYLE STREET,
Glasgow, 12th September, 1851.

SIR,

In your Paper of Tuesday last your readers were gratified to a certain extent, but also much disappointed in perusing the reply of Mr MACVEAN, minister of Iona, to the calumny of an Englishman who lately visited that island, and afterwards published, in the columns of the *Witness*, what no other but an Englishman would tolerate to be uttered in his presence.

But, withal, he took very good care to conceal his name.

I need not, Sir, insist on the fact that neither honour, justice, nor truth, can be expected from that country.

Such being the case, I would propose to discuss the following points with your correspondent:—

First. That the English are the most dishonourable and malicious people in the world.

Secondly. That they cannot trace their origin to any branch of the human family, consequently have no nationality.

Thirdly. That the heathens in Babylon, Greece, or Rome, were not more immoral than the English are in 1851.

Now Sir,—I trust that you will give this publicity, in order that your correspondent may have an opportunity to come out, as this

is meant as a direct challenge to his nation ; or, should his former cowardice prevail with him to conceal his name, it is just what may be expected from an Englishman. On the other hand, should he honourably shew face, and defend his former assertions—comparing the women of Iona to Zeals, &c.—I only crave the privilege of meeting him with an equal number of words on the columns of your Paper, as I am resolved to stand or fall before the Southron, armed by fair-play only I am, &c.,

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

QUEST. Did the *Witness* publish the note now presented? No, truly! hence it is conclusive that the ugly suspicion attached to him is quite well founded, since he published the Southron blasphemy without the savage's name who communicated the libel against the females of Iona. It is a fact, too, that the *Witness* has a nasty inclination after the English mammon when he did all that: for none can be ignorant that if any honest man would offer a truthful detail of English abomination the *Witness* would publish nothing of the kind—though he is wide awake to the undeniable truth that that nation is both ignorant and degraded beyond every other people. The majority of the readers of the *Witness* not very long ago believed that he was in earnest when he oftentimes assumed the attitude of defence; but the case is quite otherwise now; there is not one that has any higher regard for him than Jock the cobler had for his mare, viz., “take me home this once to Kate, and to-morrow I'll drive you to the tanwork:” a fit resemblance of the fate of the *Witness*, with the additional but sure doom of the Editor, whose hide must, at no distant period, *scotch* on the *bawlk* of neglect—an ugly prospect truly. It is vain for him to follow the footsteps of the kind of a Duke of Argyle, who forfeited every pretension to the name of a cot, when he gave his slavish declaration recently in Glasgow, accompanied by his ——— of Sutherland, either prompted by him, or stupified by his barbarous English tuition, the Duke extolled the light of “the age,” and that the *Heenglish* language is to prevail over half of the globe, &c. &c.; but let me tell him—for I will do it whether he is pleased or not—that it is far more likely for that very speech his name will be transported, with all his English filth about his neck, farther than he can proclaim his disgrace—the English tongue!

Talk in that jargon is no doubt pleasant to him, destined indeed to corrupt so far as its cursed influence has extended; but it is beyond him to make it sound in our ears more harmonious than the howling of a chained spaniel. If he intended by his speech at the Glasgow Athenæum to convince the world that he is an Englishman he was never in a grosser mistake, for the best that he can expect by that silly attempt is just to make himself the laughing stock of every one who may take any notice of himself or his English kindred, from the scavenger to the gentlemen; all grades will only compliment the Duke with mocking grimaces, and finally inaugurate him with the title of mongrel, though on the other hand none can doubt of his earnestness, as an English tool, labouring with heart and soul to extirpate his countrymen and their language. He is, I believe, the simpleton to suppose that his titles and some thousands of pounds may cause him to pass Scot free or that none dare attack him, because he is Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Argyle, Marquis of Kintyre and Lorn, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochoy and Glenilay, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tiree, Hereditary Great Master of the King's Household, Lord Lieutenant of the Shire of Argyle, Hereditary Governor of Dunoon Castle, Hereditary High Sheriff of Argyleshire, &c. He is mistaken, *Uileam Ruadh beag 'n' deamhan, Uilleam Ruadh beag—Uilleam Ruadh Beag!* i.e. as near as it can be rendered, *Little red-headed Willie o' the deil.* And should I here play the minister of Balquhiddier with Sir John MacN—I while the Duke is on the cutty* the latter would only laugh at my simplicity for so doing, if he would not receive the full measure of his deserts. That Sir John is a nasty man is what no Highlander can doubt. Whatever methods he and his London coadjutors may contrive to lick one another clear and pure despite their weak blundering barbarous attempts to cover the atrocity of extirpating seventeen hundred persons in the Western

* Sometimes the Rev. Gentleman not only rebuked those under censure, but very often would attack others of the audience, so that none was sure of missing if they were present. I wish that I could omit Sir John, for indeed it is necessity and not inclination that compels me

Isles this season, that event will be recorded in spite of both Sir John and those who paid him for his journey to Skye. It is true that he found an Edinburgh *Terra del Fuegian*, viz., Dr Allison, ready-made, to examine his mouth after he returned; and, moreover, the said Allison licked our peregrinator with a long swinging pamphlet, supplied at the beginning and end of almost every sentence with—"My Dear Sir John," whereby the vain man is made to believe that the mongrel is as fond of him as can be. It is a christian duty, however, not to flatter Sir John, but to tell him bluntly that he is deeply abhorred, hated, and contemned, by the English and their agents in Edinburgh; or, if he is wishing to know the reason, here it is—John MacNeil is no mongrel, but a Caledonian Celt: therefore, whatever use may be made of him, every mother's son who is not so within the Parliament House, whatever they preteud, would see him far enough, simply because he is a Scottish Highlander. Yes, truly! nevertheless the English and their Edinburgh agents are keeping a vigilant watch over the family of Colonsa for many years back. It was not long till the Advocate was discovered as a man of talent; that being the case it was dangerous to allow a MacNeil to remain unsecured. The vermin knew also that he was reared under christian instructions in his youth, was indeed taught that there is a God, and a hereafter of rewards and punishments for both the righteous and the wicked, so that if he will go to the devil it is not the fault of his christian parents. We all know that just as well as he does. Nor is he hitherto guilty of praising what is the disgrace of other apostates, viz., Englishmen and their lewd tongues, and equally lewd practices: therefore we discard him honourably. So far as these particulars are to be noticed he is clear.

We should next observe that the meanest Scot who is free of crime have a right to examine and cross-examine Sir John MacNeil relative to his *tour* to Skye this summer. It is vain will he fume and rage, or swear back that truth is libel. We tell him to his very beard that if such is his creed that no honest man can nor will not obey any such scoundrelism. Now, Sir John, just look at it. You know that the most finished felon that ever was gibbeted,

should he have the law at his own making, could only pass such an act as that. The import of it in plain terms is—Let me do or say what I think proper, no one dare say nay. Now, Sir, if it is your rule of life to adhere to that law you was not qualified to go to the Isle of Skye, as a commissioner to examine into the state of the injured and oppressed people there, Colonsa alone excepted. To give the devil his due he is the best of the Highland Landholders by many degrees. So Sir, there was no need of your prowling there; but to come nearer the quick. What Sir, do you presume, or any such as you, to have the least feeling, regard, or sympathy, for the injured, oppressed, poor, brave and loyal Scottish Gael? The reasons for which their true friends can determine the impossibility of an idler having not the least sympathy with the oppressed in any case are substantiated as follows:—*Question.* Sir John, Do you believe industry to be a christian duty incumbent upon all men? You will answer ‘most certainly.’ Don’t sin away your soul! If so it is a christian virtue that neither you nor any of your savage associates of Edinburgh nor in London never practised, nor never will if you can help it. How would you look Sir if a coal carter who is honestly providing for himself and others was sent to the Isle of Skye, and you rejected, because by your own confession industry is a christian duty.

Now, Sir, you may swagger here by sea and by land, but as sure as you do so, for that and serving the English; God will shut the door of heaven against you; nor does it signify how the Allison fellow may *employ his paws* to keep you living, for you will be on your skin at no distant period. Secondly—You, Sir, had no qualification to examine into the state of the oppressed in Skye; and I will tell you the reason. You may perhaps join at times with those who may thank God for mercies received, but no one can believe that damning hypocrisy from you, nor yet from the tribe with which you associate, unless you first convince us that you and them were and are as often in want as the injured of which we are speaking. Therefore, you cannot know what it is to be thankful so long as you are ignorant of what want is.

The next question that must force itself on the atten

tion of the most careless is—What brought you there at all? Was it not deliberately arranged by their foes in council assembled that an Act of Parliament was to be passed to extirpate the Gael in this kingdom? Consequently, the said enemies passed that *Act*. Is it not a truth well known, that since the Queen began to visit the country yearly that our mortal enemies of England, through their pupils, the pretended Landed Proprietors in the Highlands, are extending the work of revenge, in the extirpation of our race there? Is it not now suspected on all hands that you, Sir, have been made their tool to go to Skye, not to examine into the state of the people to better their condition, but to divert the public mind from the atrocity of the Act? Consequently, it is but justice to ask you, Sir, was you or was you not made the instrument to exhibit the pretended necessity of that criminal Act? Did you or did you not, with heart and soul, enter into the League, hatched in London, to extirpate and defame the persecuted remains of your countrymen? Are you or are you not accessory to that malicious scheme of, first, depriving them of their means of subsistence, and, secondly, of forcing them from their native soil; and, thirdly, of buying the savages of the newspaper press to defame these innocent Christians, in order to stop any public sympathy that may be excited in their behalf, while the process of destruction is going forward?

Prove now, if you can, that you was not paid, first, for singing dumb while these treasonable practices were perpetrated before the eyes of the world; or, secondly, was you or was you not, to your own conscientious conviction, aware of the full extent of English malice concentrated in that criminal process? Ah, Sir John, apostacy is the curse of God. Allison may slaver you with as many “My dear Sir Johns” as you like to hear; nor is the reason why he does so at all a secret. The terror that you may be still inclined to turn on the foes of your country will only die in English swine when you will draw your last breath, but not till then. You will soon share from the English, though undeservedly, the notions which the Philistines entertained of Sampson. “Terror-struck at touching his dead body, they suffered his rela-

tives to carry away his remains unmolested." * The hateful name of McNeil, or that of any other MAC, is to them a source of terror, only best known to themselves, despite their former precautions to secure you. Alas! the case is not altered. You are still MacNeil. Nor will the kye tour, nor yet the act of extirpation, alter their deep-rooted hatred of your person, name, and extraction; no. After all their blandishments, because you bear the name of MacNeil, once the breath is out of you, or very likely before it, you are doomed to be branded as a Celtic barbarian, or, what is more dear to them still, bury your name in eternal oblivion. But, Sir, depend upon it such will not be the case; to the utmost of my poor exertions it will be coupled with the act of extirpation; neither will I forget the report submitted to her Majesty's Government, reserved from the gaze of the public, till the transports sent for the victims were loaded with your countrymen. Yes, Sir, that unchristian deed, devised by the sons of MEIREDRICH in London, is recorded, bearing date July, 1851, in spite of you and them both. You have now, sir, no shift but two—either to hold a pistol to your lug, or fly to the snbterfuges of felons, thieves, forgers, despots, infidels, whoremongers, oppressors, and liars; all combined against the remaining Scots, who must submit to the law of the land, viz., that "truth is libel." All the inhabitants of Britain know to their cost, that that law was brought forward by an Englishman, so that now the truth is banished from the country. God revealed to man that the prince of darkness is the father of lies, and that "the truth is not in him."

Now, Sir, I leave it to you, and to your abominable English employers, to gainsay—Could the King of Hell himself go farther in wickedness than to banish truth by law, or could men invent a more terrible exhibition of depravity than that now before us; but no matter, the application is easy; all those who act consistent with law, fulfilling the provisions of that, are liars and lovers of lies. They will now face about like furious dogs, barking that lies are libellous also.

Dr Brown of Haddington.

Well done the light. (*of Heengland*) But will you tell me, *my darling* swine, of the extirpating school; what would you be at? There is a problem for you—Truth is libel; lies is libel. What do you want? *Ans.* To live as you list in your dealings with mankind; such as you do among yourselves, exchanging Hoors—extirpating the people in the Highlands; passing Acts of Parliament, and when you want to repeal them, or rather swindle the poor deluded hordes of amalgamated savages over whom you rule with remorseless barbarity, rise an agitation such as the Cobden *gangrel* had done, when he made the blind multitude pay hundreds of thousands of pounds under the pretence of repealing the corn laws; but, in truth, he cannot convince one individual, despite *his whinging* blandishments, that he was anything else but a tool in the hands of his wild and wicked associates of the soil, to collect money, or rather the auctioneer of the corn law; consequently made the country pay many tons of gold for the repeal of what was enacted, by only a few words, some years bygone. But while “truth is libel,” he is still an honourable, enlightened Heenglishman. I am sure he is. The Duke of Argyle also connected himself with *English filth*. He bound himself to a curse of which he nor his offspring will not get clear. The God of the worse than murdered people of Sutherland, by the late gallows-deserving woman, the mother of the Duke of Sutherland, and the *grannie* of the *mam* of Argyle, has fixed the limits of that apostate house. The present one is the last of the seed that will possess that estate and title. Yes; the providence of the God of the injured is going to set his breath to that hoary tree. As the Lord liveth, the Sutherland curse is on the wing to apprehend the present crop of that wicked, wicked, wicked seed, who is, with an high hand, destroying the few reserves of the bravest, as well as the most innocent, people in the bounds of the Christain name. I am almost sure, Campbell, thou art in fine chafe by this time. I have little sympathy for you; I can only offer you for consolation, that I am a Scotchman, what is more than you can boast of; and that I am prepared to sustain that character. So you have no thanks to swallow but what you relish best.

Thus leaving you, my customers, who are already served, for a little, let me now exchange a few words with the Duke of Sutherland, for I am sure that he is convinced of my sincerity in talking, as under noted, about his (glorious Heengland) and of his kindred therein. Very likely his dukeship would relish best to call him noble, amiable, high-blooded, &c &c., rather than to be questioned on his extraction, or hear the character of his countrymen, ancient or modern. I have no reason to suppose that he is not highly well pleased with hell's Magna Charta, that "truth is libel." If so, the amount is, that no one can believe but he is an enemy to truth; consequently cannot relish, much less can he deny, that the abettors of that hellish contrivance should be banished from among men. However, that may be because I am a Scot and he a Southern. My present business with him consists of a few facts relative to his country, proving that neither he nor any other belonging England can claim no higher regard from the rest of mankind than that already demonstrated again and again in the course of this tract. The Duke may swear; I care not for that. England was and is the grand depot of vice, slavery, and filth, when William the Norman conquered that country. "The Anglo-Saxons had what they called live money, such as sheep and slaves. To this cause may be doubtless attributed the easy conquest of the country by the Norman invaders, and the oppression that succeeded that conquest. If the people had been free, no king could have swept away the entire population of a hundred thousand souls that dwelt in the country, between the Humber and the Tees, and converted a district of sixty miles into a dreary desert, without houses and without inhabitants. This the Conqueror did."* I would now ask the Duke of Sutherland whether he is a Norman or a Saxon? If the latter, he is in quantity and quality the descendant of the lowest barbarians on the page of history. If he is of the former, it is in his blood the qualification of a desolator; nor will his yelping that "truth is libel," prevent me from telling him to his teeth that when the Christian

* Rights of Industry, page 92.

people on the estate of Argyle heard that his daughter was coming there, they trembled at the prospect of what they knew would be realised, viz., that the procuring of the s—y cow for my *Pa* should be secured, so that a Christian and a great family is now on a level with the lowest of the low. Let the work of extirpation in Mull and Tiree, for the last three years, speak for itself. Some would insinuate that the Duke of Argyle is not aware of the enormities committed by the hirelings of the Sutherland agents in these countries, and also in Kintyre. For my part, I cannot condescend to give that criminal subterfuge any other title but its true one, to wit, henpecked apostacy. The Duke is aware of it all. How can he be ignorant of the ghastly appearance of the many ruins on the beautiful plains of Tiree; or mayhap the *sprite* of *Mum's* granny has by this time proclaimed a jubilee in hell for the apostacy of the Campbells.

The Duke, however, can bring a measure before "the House" to punish the *damn'd imp* for leaving yon ill-tongued Islayman sole trustee of her evil history. Howbeit, it is very certain that his Dukeship of Sutherland cannot gain the least respect here, and the reason is, because he is an Englishman. Perhaps he never thought that thousands of Highlanders regard him with pitiful contempt; and that they know as well as he does, and may be much better, that some of his fathers in the sixteenth century had never wore a shirt. It matters not how he may fume, it is true; and I defy him to deny it. "In the year 1598, when printing was introduced into England, they could not manufacture paper for want of rags, because such material was almost unknown; and so careful were the people to preserve their few linen articles, that night-clothes were never worn. Linen was so dear that Shakspeare makes Falstaff's shirt eight shillings an ell. Some articles of mercery were treasured up in rich families from generation to generation; and even the wives of the nobility did not disdain to mention in their wills particular articles of clothing which they left to the use of a daughter or a friend. The solitary old coat of a baker came into the Colchester Museum; nor is this to be wondered at when we find that even the

soldiers at the battle of Bannockburn were described by an old poet as almost naked."* Again—Harrison whose testimony we have already given on the poverty of these times, affirms, that if an Englishman, in seven years after marriage, could purchase a flock bed,† and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town. An old tenure in England before these times binds the vassal to find straw even for the king's bed. The bed of flocks, the few articles of furniture, the absence of chairs and tables, would have been of less consequence to the comfort and health of the people if they had been clean. The people of England in those days were not so ‡ Thomas A. Becket was reputed extravagantly nice, because he had his parlour strewed every day with clean straw.¶ As late as the reign of Henry VIII., Erasmus, a celebrated scholar, of Holland, who visited England, complains that the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues that destroyed them; and then he adds, "Their floors are of clay strewed with rushes, among which lie unmolested a collection of hogs' grease, fragments of bones, spittles, dirt of swine, dogs, cats, and of everything that is nauseous. The elder Scaliger, another scholar, who came to England, says, "that he could not find as much of the marks of civilisation in that country as *convenience to wash his hands.*"§

* See the Rights of Industry. Page 106.

† This term is quite appropriate, for the reason that Southorns at that time such as they do still, lived without the least restraint. They had their wives in common like the aristocracy among them now.

‡ Recollect this is the production of an Englishman.

¶ Bear in mind that it was in this very reign of Henry II., that the English got a grant of Ireland from their countryman, Pope Adrian IV.; and that, although it is pretended that one Cambrensis wrote that infamous, sinful, and I may say hellish, book, representing the Irish as savage, in order to strengthen the claims of the Southern barbarians to that country, there is scarcely two centuries since that work was produced. How could they have learning in that state?

§ Rights of Industry. Page 107.

Besides, at this period, and long after it, the savage inhabitants lived only on wild hog's flesh. These creatures lived in vast swarms through the country everywhere. The hogs wandered about the country in a half wild state destroying more than they profitably rendered; and they were badly fed, if we may judge from a statue of 1402, which alleges that the decrease of fish in the Thames, and other rivers, was caused by the practice of feeding swine with the fry caught at the wears. In the reign of Henry VIII. not a cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root, grew in England.* In the reign of Henry III. the Commons complained that the king seized upon whatever was suited to his pleasure, horses, implements, food, or anything that presented itself. It was no unfrequent practice for the king's officers to seize the farmer's oxen at the moment when they were employed ploughing—taking them off and starving them to death, or only restoring them with new and enormous exactions, for first robbing them and then restoring them. No man could dig a marl pit on his own ground, lest the king's horse should fall into it when he was hunting. As late as the time of James I. we find from a speech of Lord Bacon that it was a constant practice of the king's purveyors to extort large sums of money by threatening to cut down favourite trees which grew near mansionhouses or in avenues.† It is stated by Harrison, an old writer of credit, that in the single reign of Henry VIII. seventy-two thousand thieves were hanged in England; yea, the whole adult male population of the kingdom was reduced to one half million, and the rest was devoured by the gallows.‡ According to the same author there were no less than fifty-two classes or castes of thieves at that time; and he adds—The country was covered with *valiant rogues and sturdy beggars*.

It was that infernal brood, as I told you before, that polluted Ireland after the great and enlightened primitive christian Celtic inhabitants were murdered by English

* Rights of Industry, page 109.

† See Preface to the Chronicles of Hollinshed, an historian of the reign of Elizabeth; also, Rights of Industry, page 84.

‡ Rights of Industry, pp. 81 and 85.

perjury. Slavery, in all its horrors, reigned in that country. In 1360 it was enacted that if the slaves should offer to run away from their masters, for the first offence they were branded on the face with a red hot iron, &c. &c. In 1363 it was enacted to compel all men who were not worth forty shillings to wear the kind of cloth called russet, and to be served once a day with meat or fish only. In 1376 the Commons complained in general convention that the country was covered in every direction with *staff strikers* and *sturdy rogues*, who robbed the villages, so that the latter were deserted in order to avoid their murderous assaults, &c. While at the same time slavery and oppression raged with unabated fury, the cultivators of the soil were not allowed to move from place to place without passports; any labourer not producing such letters patent was to be imprisoned and put in the stocks. If a lad had been brought up at the plough till he was twelve years of age he was compelled to continue in husbandry all his life; and in 1406 it was enacted that all children of parents not possessed of land should be brought up in the occupation of their parents.* In the reign of Edward III. the whole stock of a carpenter's tools was valued at one shilling. The 93 housekeepers of Colchester then lived in mud huts, with rough doors and no chimnies. Harrison, speaking of a century later than the period we are describing, says, "There were very few chimnies even in capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof or window; the houses were wattled and plastered over with clay, and all the utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow. The nobility had hangings† against the walls to keep out the wind that crept in through the crevices which the builder's bungling art had left open. Only in 1567 glass was introduced; and it was for a long time so scarce that Alnwick Castle, at the close of the sixteenth century; that the glass was ordered to be taken out of the windows, and laid up in safety when the lurdie was absent. Slavery was not abolished in England

* Rights of Industry. Page 96

† What kind of hangings? Swine's skins.

till the time of Charles II.* I now repeat the question, and let the Duke answer it whether is he a Saxon or a Norman—at all events he is an Englishman, the most debasing title on earth. It is vain will his apostate connections here attempt to wipe that abominable title off his head. It is vain will his brutal countrymen attempt to smother the light of God in the breasts of men, by banishing truth from this land by law. It is vain will they employ whole gang of news-venders, and other sworn agents to abuse the injured remains of the christian heroic Scots. They have this very year—this noted year of violent oppression, of endless lies, of villain emissaries sent to defame the victims in the Scottish Isles, in order to divert the public mind from apprehending the criminals, while the process of extirpating 1700 persons from their native land was going forward. It is vain will they attempt to prevent men by these agencies from discovering that the insidious Southrons have a strong and deep rooted hatred from age to age at these Christians because they could not subdue them—because they could not convert them into the theatrical mummeries of blasphemous Prelacy—because they cannot convert them to licence, and attend at *nudity balls*. Such are daily performed in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and every where else in that brothel of a kingdom. Because the Gael are not sodomites, murderers, professors of thieves, and students of thievish seminaries, rife enough in all parts of that source of pollution—corrupting every corner of the habitable globe. Ah Campbell, Campbell, these foreign English barbarians, these implacable, malicious, bloody pagans, who, under a show of generosity to the exiled and brave Kossuth, made a felon parade of good-will to injured worth while the groans of the oppressed, starved, defamed, robbed and expatriated Gael in Mull, Tiree, Islay, Skye, Uist, Lewis, Rum, Barra, &c. &c. are reaching the ears of the Glorious One, who took upon him the likeness of man, while Europe is aware that such hypocrisy is only aggravating in the sight of God and men—the undeniable truth that the bloody work of extirpation is still going forward

* Rights of Industry, page 84.

in Caffraria. In Scotland the process is somewhat different. We read of the worshippers of Moloch, and of that idol; that the image itself was of brass, and that when the victims were to be offered, the idol was made red hot; that the children victimised were lifted up with long forks and placed in the arms of the idol till they were thoroughly consumed; that during the horrid process the spectators made a hideous and confused noise with their own roaring, the beating of drums, &c., to drown the cries of the burned infants. The application is easy. The very English malice that prevented the martyrs of Jesus Christ from speaking by the beating of drums on the scaffold, in the Grass Market, near two centuries ago, is now using other means equally cruel to drown the groans of the expatriated Scots. The sworn slaves of the newspaper press with few exceptions are employed for that God-defying process of calumniating the Gael while in the grasp of their foes "who have no character to lose," but daily adding blasphemy to crime, defiling the ears of the christian few with "Glorious England," in order, as was formerly observed, to prevent Scotsmen from exploring their real state, I have just now before me that extraordinary tract entitled *The Age that is Coming*, by Peter Burne. Page 14 is opened by an article headed 'England in the Nineteenth Century.' The author goes on—"By my repeated visits to the four villages where I preach I have seen more of the effects of ignorance and heathenism than ever I expected to witness in this land of bibles. In some of the villages, where I have called upon every family, I have found that sixty out of every hundred had neither bibles nor testaments, and very many could not read them if they had them. Let it not again be said that England is a christian country. In the middle of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian dispensation we are not half christianized. More than one half of the adult population of England are pagans." Page 15. "Truly the immoral condition of these districts is appalling. The barbarism, brutality and shamelessness, that everywhere prevail is fearful in the extreme. In the domestic circle of the great majority of miners, exhibitions of the commonest decency are like angels visits, few and far between. To find an

exception is as rare as the discovery of a ruby: it is like search of corals in iron ore. While the fathers and sons frequently abuse each other, the mothers question, and the daughters answer with oaths and curses. The most obscene language is common in nearly every female mouth, their tongues seeming to serve them chiefly as instruments of blasphemy. Chastity is a virtue rarely regarded by either parent or child. Only a very few weeks ago I overheard a company of labourers remarking that at a village in the mining districts of Shropshire colliers sold their daughters every Saturday night for three halfpence. 'My wench is so well sought,' boasted a miner's wife, 'that any of the lads will fight for her.' Similarly debased, as a matter of course, is the social and domestic state of these people. Labourers here receive the highest wages of any extensive class of working men in the district, but in general their condition notwithstanding is the lowest in the scale of civilisation; they are nothing less nor more than English savages. In mind they are all but completely brutalised; their houses are receptacles of filth, and all their enjoyments are centred in sensuality, eating, drinking, smoking and licentiousness—what they delight in, what they live for."

Such is the testimony of a christian missionary regarding the pagans of England only four years ago. The reader may rest assured that if time is granted he will find a full detail of the abominations of the aristocracy in that country in the *History of the Scottish Clearances*, now preparing for the press, as well as the circle of barbarians among which our pretended Highland Landlords are reared and educated. It appears to me that their time is come; at all events it is beyond them to smother the truth any longer.

ENGLISH SURNAMES CONTRASTED WITH THE FOREGOING

In No. XIII. of *Tait's Magazine*, vol. ix., July, 1842, we have the following account of English surnames, and of their civilisation in that respect :—

"The Rev. Mark Noble affirms, that it was late in the seventeenth century that many in Yorkshire, even of the more opulent families, took stationary surnames. Still later, about Halifax, surnames became in their dialect genealogical, as William a Bills, a Toms, a Luke, &c. &c.

"The truth is, that they are not now, even in the nineteenth century, fully established in some parts of England. There are very few, for instance, of the miners of Staffordshire who bears the names of their fathers. The editor knows a pig dealer whose father's name was Johnston, but the people call him *Pigman*, and *Pigman* he calls himself. This name may be now seen over the door of a public house, which the man keeps in Staffordshire."

But this is nothing to the practice bearing a double set of surnames, which we are assured prevails among these colliers. Thus a man may bear the name of John Smith and Thomas James, without any intention of concealment; but it must not be imagined that regular names are in common use. These are a kind of *best* names which, like their Sunday clothes, they only use on high and holy days, as at christenings and marriages. For every day, they use no appellatives except nicknames, such as Nosey, Soiden, Mouth, Soaker, or some such elegant designations; and this is employed not by their neighbours alone, but by their wives and children, and even by themselves.

A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, who is my authority for these statements, says—"I knew an apothecary in the collieries, who, as a matter of decorum, always entered the real names of his patients in his books, that is, when he could ascertain them; but they stood there only for ornaments; for use, he found it necessary to append the sobriquet, which he did with true medical formality, as for instance, Thomas Williams *alias* Old Puff. . . . Clergymen have been known to send home wedding parties in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound, by way of name, which any known alphabet had the power of committing to paper.

A story is told of an attorney's clerk, who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these

oddly-named gentry, whose real name was entered in the instrument with accuracy. The clerk, after a good deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him. "Oy, Bully-eyed," cried she to the first person they met, "does thee know a MON named Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. The next they met; she inquired, "Hey, Log-a-bed, dost thee know a MON named Adam Green?" They next met another acquaintance of the fair; she accosted him under the title of "Hie-a-bed." His opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, neither could he solve the difficulty. They met a third; she addressed him by the name of "Stumpy." Several others of the civilised neighbours were addressed separately, under the titles of Cow-skin, Cock-eyes, Spindle-shanks, and Pig-tail. At length her eyes brightened, and, slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed, "Whoy, he means my feyther! Mon," quoth she, turning to the exhausted, "it is my feyther, clerk; ye should ax'd for old Blackbird!"

I could adduce similar instances where persons among the peasantry are much better known by sobriquets than by their proper names; and many only know them by the former. A friend of mine informs me that he lately knew fifteen persons in the small town of F., on the coast of Kent, who bore the elegant designations of Dog, Hall, Feathertoe, Bumper, Bubbles, Pierce Eye, Faggots-Giggery, Rottenfoot, Cold-flip, Silver-eye, Lumpy, Sooty-nose, Thick-lips, and Old-hair. These are the elegancies of the HEENGLISH LANGWAGE, said by the Duke of Argyle "destined to cover the half of the globe." Some writer, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, quoted, in the aforesaid number of *Tait's Magazine*, treating on the English surnames of the 19th century, says—"The explanation of some of the names ending in cook, as *Meacock*, the meat-cock; *Salcock*, the SALT MEAT cook!! Slocock, the slow cook!!! and Bad Cock, the *imperfect cook!!!!* I was long puzzled with the surname *Coxe*, which I have now no hesitation in calling a synonyme of little. Mr Cox

HEAD is probably Mr LITTLE HEAD, in contradiction to Mr GREAT HEAD. What a pity it is the syllables of that gentleman's name were not transposed, for he might then stand a fair chance of obtaining the preferment of head cook.

From the essays on oddities in surnames, and those derived from feelings of contempt for the original bearer, we extract this lively passage : —

“ Names of this kind are not very numerous in England, still we have *Bad*, *Trollope*, that is Slattern; *Stunt*, that is fool; *Parnell*, an immodest woman; *Bastard*, *Trash*, *Huffey*, viz., Pig; Gubbins, that is the refuse part of a fish; and *Gallows*, which strongly implies that the founder of that family attained a very exalted, though at the same time not very enviable, station in the world! Many of the names mentioned in former essays might be placed among these surnames of contempt. Such also are a variety of those indicative of ill-formed limbs or features, as Crook-shanks, Long-shanks, Sheep-shanks, Great-head, Long-noses, and Long-ears; to which may be added the many other names common among us Englishmen, such as Splay-feet, Bandy-legs, In-knees, and the Hammer-heads. Among other names not yet mentioned may be noticed, Whale-belly, Rotten, Bubble-jaw, Rotten-herring, a name which occurs in some ancient record in the town of Hull, and was most likely given, in the first instance, to a dishonest dealer in fish. I may also mention some of the names of the kings of England — as Unready, Shorthose, Crookback, &c. &c. William the Conqueror was so little ashamed of the illegitimacy of his birth, that he sometimes commenced his charters with William the Bastard.”

Indeed, I have little doubt that these odd appellations all applied with great propriety to those who primarily bore them.

Mr Sower, who has a keen relish for a joke, and is not fastidious so that it shake the sides, has enlivened his essays with numerous illustrative anecdotes; nor does he slip any fair occasion of a sly stroke of irony at the fond vanity displayed in surnames. Taken as a whole, the book is entertaining as well as informing.

THE "FLOWERS OF THE FOREST," CUT DOWN ON FLODDEN FIELD.

The Earls of Argyle, Lennox, Glencairn, Caithness, Cassilis, Bothwell, Errol, High Constable of Scotland, Athol and Morton; the Lords MacDonald, Lovat, Forbes, Glamis, Ross, Addell, Inderbie, Sinclair, Maxwell and his three brothers, Darnlie, Semple, Borthwicke, Bogoine, Erskine, Blackader and Cowin; Knights—MacLean of Duairt, Sir George Douglas with other 200 of that matchless race, Cuthbert, Hume, Seaton, Davidson, Grant, Sir Duncan Cawfield, Sir Alastir Lauder, Sir George Lauder, Mac Kay, Elliot, MacDonald of Ardnamurchan, Buchanan of that ilk, with 200 of his clan, MacFarlan of Arrochar, MacNachtan, MacPherson, Cameron, MacAulay of Ardincaple, Sutherland, Eglinton, The Chisholm, MacDougall, Colquhoun, and MacKinlay, ancestor of the present Farquharsons of Invercauld.

The ruins of the house where this noted hero, FIUNLADH MOR, was born, is still to be seen on the estate of his honourable descendant of Invercauld. Few can forget that in 1850 when Her Majesty was passing that way without guards, but only a few *Gilleans*—when she came forward to the spot the Royal Daughter of the Stuarts, well educated, and thoroughly acquainted with the history of her own kingdom, asked in the language of Caledonia—“*Cait an do rugadh Fiunladh Mor?*” that is, in plain Braid Lallands, Where was muckle Finlay born? One of the “lads with the philabeg” pointed out a small ruin among the heather. She examined it narrowly, knowing well enough that the Mighty who drew his first breath there was entrusted by her royal father, James IV. to carry the Standard of Scotland in the direful scene of Flodden, and that Finlay Mor was found among the slain, transfixed to the earth with four English spears through his body, surrounded on the right and on the left with the slain of the Clan Donald, in solid phalanx, dead as they formed.

I shall now conclude the Number by presenting you with as many of the names of Scottish Authors not hitherto mentioned in this tract as our space will admit:—

1. "Fergus I.," King of Scots, who died, according to Gesnerus and Bale, in the year of the world 3678, and 292 years before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, *did write* the book, entitled "*Leges Politias*," i.e., the Wisdom of Law. See *Hollinshed's Scoto Chronicon*, vol. ii., page 466.

2. "Josina," 9th King of Scots, after Fergus I., who flourished in the year of the world 3826, 137 years before the birth of Christ, wrote a profound treatise on the "Nature and Colour of Herbs." See Gesnerus', also Bishop Leslie's, *History of Scotland*, quoted by Hollinshed in his *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 466,

3. "Ethodius I.," King of Scots, who, according to Gesnerus, was assassinated by a harper, A.D. 194; but Leslie, and some more of our annalists, fixed that event two years later, A.D. 196; he wrote an account of the "Pictish Kings" in a series of letters. See *Hollinshed's Scottish Chronicle*.

4. "GILEDIOCHALLACH," Latinised *Celius Sedulius*, i.e., the diligent student. He flourished in the year of grace 430, in the reign of Fergus II., and Eugene II., Kings of Scots,* who, being a companion of Gille De-feart, corrupted Hildebert—but neither time nor corruption cannot vitiate the root of our language; the original words now before you signifies the servant of Almighty God. Hildebert was a learned bishop of Scots; after his death, Celius Sedulius travelled into Spain, France, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, and on account of his virtue and learning, was called *venerabilem*, or worthy reverence, as our English Bede is accustomed to be termed. He wrote "*Carmen Paschale*," or a beautiful epic poem entitled the "Passover," besides a Commentary on the whole of Paul's Epistles. Another work of his is entitled "*Exhortation to the Faithful*," and also a "*Life of Christ*;" together with many other poems on divers subjects. See *Hollinshed's Scottish Chronicle*, as above.

*Hollinshed.

5. "Merlin," the Caledonian, was a native of Dumbarton. "He," says Hollinshed, "executed many prodigies or strange things against the English Saxons; which man, flourishing about the year of Christ 570, did write *De Vaticinijis*,"—i.e., literally a book of prophecies. It is well known to almost every common reader, that Merlin's pranks were of no ordinary character. He was a poet and a recluse. No doubt the savage Saxons were struck with awe at his fame, and believed that he contributed in no small degree to the several defeats which they received in his time. Some remains of his poems, as likewise some of the poems of Talseian and Anuerin, British contemporary bards, were collected and published by Evans the historian. Although the above work is vulgarly called Merlin's Prophecies, "therein he treated of matters belonging to history."*

6. "Collum Cille," Latinised *Columba*, flourished in the time of Colvanus, King of Scots, and about the year of our redemption (598), left these books to posterity:—*Commentarium in totum Psalterium*—i.e., a Commentary on the whole Book of Psalms, in one volume; as also, his Epistolary Productions, one volume; Rules for Governing the different Seminaries of Learning, established under his own immediate superintendence, one volume; a General Rule for Guiding Ecclesiastics, one volume. Another work of his, almost of a similar tendency, entitled *Collationes ad Monachos*, or Rules for the Assembly of Monks; &c. &c.

7. "Bridget," a woman of great talents, is claimed by some fanatics in Ireland; but Gesnerus and Leslie, with the rest of the Scots, do affirm her to be born in Scotland.† She flourished about A.D. 568, and in the reign of Conall, King of Scots. She wrote twelve books; they are of the metaphorical order, and was never equalled in that strain, Bunyan excepted.

8. "Maidulduus Scotus," as Gesnerus termeth him, did flourish in the year of our Lord 689. He wrote "De Paschati's Observations, who was nobly learned in the

* Glen's History of Dumbartonshire. Page 26.

† Hollinshed. † Ibid.

Greek and Latin languages; first a schoolmaster, and after that, Abbot of Malsbury, called in the beginning *Maidulphicuria*, or Maidulphsbury, after the name of this Maidulphus, who, as Lesleus says, lib. 4, page 137, "did flourish in the year of Christ, 716" Now, it is certain, both by our own and Scottish Chronicles, that Maidulphus, the builder of Malsbury Monastery, was a Scot.

9. "Gillian," Latinised *Killianus*, a Scot; according to Gesnerus, Bale, and Leslie, flourished in the reign of Etfinus, or about A.D. 762; was martyred in Germany, as he preached the gospel in these regions. He wrote a meritorious work condemning pilgrimages. In another volume he compiled a vast collection of wise sentences, &c., as it may be better understood, a book of proverbs for the instruction of all classes.

10. "Iain Manach," *i.e.*, John the Monk, being born in Scotland, and disciple of the Abbot Collum Cille, flourished in the beginning of the 7th century, and wrote the life of Columba and of Eustace. Aodhan, Gille de, &c., Latinized *Adamannus*, Coludius being a Scot, and, according to Gesnerus and Bale, was Principal of Hior, Iona, flourished at the close of the 7th century, and wrote *De Locis Terrarum Sanctarum*—*i.e.*, a geographical account of the Holy Land, the site of Jerusalem, &c., in two vols.; besides another treatise on the Office of the Ministry; also, a volume of letters, entitled *Epistolae Multae*. "From this work," says Hollinshed, "Bede affirmeth that he had many things which he inserted in his books."

&c. &c. &c.

Therefore, kind reader, I wish you God's guidance; may he grant you omnipotent grace to live to his glory, in protecting and reforming our fallen country.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

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