

Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk of Inverness, thereafter read a paper, entitled, "A Modern Raid in Glengarry and Glenmoriston." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

A MODERN RAID IN GLENGARRY AND GLENMORISTON.
THE BURNING OF THE CHURCH OF CILLIECHRIOST.

Our party numbered four, our host Bailie Duncan Macdonald, of Inverness, a Glenmoriston man, proud of the beauties and historic memories of his native glen, and of its men, and his three guests, the Provost, the Senior Bailie, and the Town Clerk of Inverness. On a cloudy day in July, 1888, we landed from the "Gondolier" at Cullochy, where we found ponies awaiting us. A ride of two or three miles along the Northern flank of Glengarry, first over a rough road, and then over rough pasture land, bog, and rock, brought us to the neighbourhood of the so-called "cave" of Allan Macranald of Lundie. Leaving our ponies, we scrambled over rock and bracken to the verge of a deep ravine at the bottom of which rushed a noisy torrent. Led by our guide we carefully let ourselves down the side of the ravine, and then picked our way over the rocky bed of the torrent to the "cave." Cave, properly so-called, there was none, and apparently never had been. A portion of the precipitous rocky bank of the stream had at some remote period become detached from the parent rock, and slipping down, lay among a heap of debris within a few feet of the cliff. To make a passably comfortable, and, in a friendly neighbourhood, an entirely safe hiding place out of this would be easy enough, and, according to tradition, this was one of the hiding places of Allan of Lundie after the raid of Cilliechriost. The other was on an island in Loch Lundie, a mile or two further up the glen. There is no trace on the island of its having been inhabited, nor, with the exception of a few doubtful chisel or hammer marks, is there any such evidence at the cave. The tradition, however, connecting both places with Allan Macranald and his exploit in Brae-Ross is distinct. The rude heap of stones, therefore, which may have once afforded shelter to the man whose name has come down to us branded as the perpetrator of the act of savagery with which the name Cilliechriost is associated, had an interest for us, and we lingered over it for a time discussing the story.

The story of the burning of the church of Cilliechriost, with which we are now so familiar, was given to the public for the first time, so far as I have been able to ascertain, when Gregory

published his *History of the Western Highlands and Islands* fifty-two years ago. The story, as told by Gregory, is that in 1603 "The Clanranald of Glengarry, under Allan Macranald of Lundie, made an irruption into Brae-Ross, and plundered the lands of Kilchrist and other adjacent lands belonging to the Mackenzies." Up to this point there is evidence to support Gregory. But he goes on to say, "this foray was signalised by the merciless burning of a whole congregation in the Church of Kilchrist, while Glengarry's piper marched round the building mocking the cries of the unfortunate inmates with the well-known pibroch which has been known ever since under the name of Kilichrist, as the family tune of Clanranald of Glengarry." This is, as I have said, the earliest printed notice of the burning of the Church of Cilliechriost, but that there was a floating tradition of the burning of a church full of people by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, long before Gregory wrote, is proved by a passage in Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides* (p. 108, 1st edn.), where the author relates that as he sat at the table of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Armadale, in Skye, and the party were being entertained by the music of the bagpipes, "an elderly gentleman informed us that in some remote time the Macdonalds of Glengarry, having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice or vengeance, came to Culloden on a Sunday, where, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the Church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." This story was told to Johnson in 1773, and it is worth noting that he renders the name given to him of the place where the burning took place into Culloden—a name with which he was naturally familiar. Hugh Miller in his "Schools and Schoolmasters" makes a passing reference to the passage in Johnson, and says that the scene of the atrocity was the Church of Cilliechriost, not Culloden. The *Origines Parochiales* repeats the story of the burning of the Church, and quotes Hugh Miller in addition to Gregory and the authorities quoted by him. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Legend of Allan with the Red Jacket" gives an extended version of the story of the Raid of Cilliechriost, touched up here and there by bits of local colour, which, while they serve to present the narrative in an attractive form, put an end to any pretension it might have to be treated as serious history. In the "History of the Mackenzies," Mr Alexander Mackenzie treats the whole tradition of the Raid of Cilliechriost as historical fact, and not merely so, but he embodies in his history a narrative which appeared in a book entitled "Highland Tales and

Legends," edited by himself, containing statements which there never was even a vestige of tradition to warrant. According to the veracious author of those tales, Allan Macranald, whose personal prowess was only equalled by his intense ferocity, burning to avenge the losses of his clan in recent encounters with the Mackenzies, and particularly the death of the young Chief of Glengarry (to whose body a tradition, not mentioned by the writer, says unspeakable indignity was offered at the church of Kintail), gathered together a number of the most desperate of the clan, and by a forced march arrived at the Church of Cilliechriost on a Sunday forenoon, while it was filled with worshippers of the Clan Mackenzie. Surrounding the building, the Macdonalds set fire to the thatched roof. While a gentle breeze from the east fanned the flames, the song of praise mingled with the crackling of the flames until the worshippers, becoming conscious of their situation, rushed to the door and windows, where they were met by a double row of bristling swords. The writer then goes on to describe the wild wail of despair, the shrieks of women, the infuriated cries of men, and the helpless screaming of children, which, mingled with the roar of the flames, appalled the Macdonalds, but not Allan Dubh, who commanded that all who attempted to escape should be thrust back into the flames, "and they were thrust back or mercilessly hewn down within the narrow porch until the dead bodies piled upon each other opposed an insurmountable barrier to the living." Mothers threw their children from the windows, but "at the command of Allan of Lundie, they were received on the points of the broadswords of men in whose breasts mercy had no place." The Macdonalds are described as listening with delight during the tragedy to the piper of the band, who played round the burning building, to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been the war-tune of Glengarry. Then follows this brilliant piece of writing—"East, West, North, and South, looked Allan Dubh Macranuil. Not a living soul met his eye. . . . not a sound met his ear, and his own tiger soul sunk within him in dismay. The parish of Cilliechriost seemed swept of every living thing. The fearful silence that prevailed in a quarter lately so thickly peopled, struck his followers with dread, for they had given in one hour the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave. The desert which they had created filled them with dismay, heightened into terror by the howls of the masterless sheep-dogs, and they turned to fly." The writer then goes on to say that Allan, before leaving Cilliechriost, divided his party into two, one returning by

Glenconvinth, and the other by Inverness. He then describes the pursuit of the two parties, the former, which was under the command of Allan himself, by a party of Mackenzies under Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, and the latter by a party under Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle. Redcastle overtook the Macdonalds he was in pursuit of while they were in a house at Torbreck, near Inverness, resting. He set the house on fire, and the Macdonalds, thirty-seven in number, suffered the death which, according to the writer, they had earlier in the day so wantonly inflicted. The party under Coul, says the writer, overtook the Macdonalds as they were resting on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh, a burn which we know lies to the south of Glen-Urquhart and between it and Glenmoriston. The Macdonalds fled towards the burn, but many missed the ford and fell under the swords of the Mackenzies. The remainder held on for miles, and, when morning dawned, Allan and his party were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart (that is, still towards the Aultsigh), with the Mackenzies close in their rear. Allan called on his men to disperse, and then set forward at the height of his speed, but, after a time, found the Mackenzies still following him in one unbroken mass. Again, says the writer, Allan divided his men, and bent his flight towards the shore of Loch Ness, but the foe still followed him. He then commanded his few remaining followers to leave him, and they did so. What follows had better be given in the writer's own words:—"Taking a short course towards the fearful ravine of Aultsigh" (one would like to ask the writer if this is the same Aultsigh near which the previous night's battle took place), "he divested himself of his plaid and buckler, and turning to the leader of the Mackenzies, who had nearly come up to him, beckoned him to follow; then, with a few yards of a run, he sprang over the yawning chasm." Mackenzie attempted to follow, but only succeeded in touching the opposite bank with his toes. Slipping down, he clung to a slender shoot of hazel which grew over the brink. Allan, noticing the agitation of the hazel, returned, and, saying to Mackenzie, "I have given much to your race this day, I shall give them this also,—surely now the debt is paid," cut the twig with his sword, and Mackenzie "was dashed from crag to crag until he reached the stream below a bloody and mis-shapen mass." Allan recommenced his flight, but, being wounded by a musket shot from one of the Mackenzies, he plunged into Loch Ness, and swam towards the opposite shore. Allan's friend, Fraser of Foyers, attracted by the sight of the armed men on the opposite side of the loch, and seeing a man swimming, had

his boat launched, and rescued Allan, who remained in the house of Foyers until his wound was cured.

Such is the account given of the raid of Cilliechriost in the "Highland Tales and Legends," and quoted in the "History of the Mackenzies," and it is quoted in all seriousness without comment,—all but the statement that the leader of the Mackenzies was killed, which Mr Mackenzie correctly points out was not the fact. Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, the leader of the party who went in pursuit of Allan Macranald, is known to have lived until 1650—forty-seven years after the raid. In this very important particular, therefore, of the fate of the leader, the legend is admittedly inaccurate. Moreover, its account of the battle on the banks of the Aultsigh, the subsequent pursuit by moonlight, until in the morning the Macdonalds were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart, still towards the Aultsigh they had been fleeing from all night, is a grotesque absurdity. The fearful silence, of which the chief characteristic was the howling of masterless sheep dogs, is somewhat difficult to realise, and it is quite as difficult to understand how if, as is stated in one sentence, the Macdonalds had given the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave, the next can be true which states that the terrible deed roused the Mackenzies as effectually as if the fiery cross had been sent through their territories. If the first statement were true, there would be no Mackenzie left in Kilchrist to carry the fiery cross, or to be roused by the terrible deed.

Stripped, however, of its admitted inaccuracies and of its unintelligibilities, the narrative contains these assertions, the truth of which I mean to test:—

1. That the Church of Cilliechriost with its congregation of worshippers was burnt by the Macdonalds under Allan Macranald of Lundy in 1603; and

2. That the Macdonalds fled hurriedly from Cilliechriost, and, when pursued by the Mackenzies, their flight became a rout.

The two must to some extent be taken together.

It will be remembered that, so far as the reading public is concerned, the story of the burning of the Church originated with Gregory. The authorities quoted by Gregory are the Letterfearn MS.; Sir Robert Gordon's History of Sutherland, p. 248; and Reg. Privy Seal XCIV. 142. I have not seen the Letterfearn MS., but I have seen one of earlier date, which I shall immediately refer to. Sir Robert Gordon's History was written in 1639, and the writer was an interested spectator of events in the Highlands for many years before that. At the date of the raid, he was 23

years of age. What he says at the place cited by Gregory is:—
 “The year of God 1602, the tribe of Clan Kenzie fell at variance with the Laird of Glengarry (one of the ~~Clan~~ranald), who, being unexpert and unskilful in the laws of the realm, the Clan Kenzie easily entrapped him within the compass thereof, and secretly charged him (but not personally) to appear before the Justice at Edinburgh, having, in the meantime, slain two of his kinsmen. Glengarry, not knowing, or neglecting the charge and summons, came not to Edinburgh at the prefixt day, but went about to avenge the slaughter of his kinsmen, whereby he was denounced rebel and outlawed together with divers of his followers. So by the means and credit of the Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord of Kintail, did purchase a commission against Glengarry and his men, whereby proceeded great slaughter and trouble. Mackenzie, being assisted by the neighbouring countries, by virtue of his commission, went into Morall and spoiled Glengarry his countrey, wasting and destroying the same with fire and sword at his pleasure. Then, in his return from Morall, he beseidged the Castle of Strome, which in end was rendered onto him by the Captain onto whom Glengarry had committed the defence thereof. The Earl of Sutherland (by reason of the old friendship and amitié between his family and the Clan Kenzie) sent twelve score well-appointed and chosen men to assist Mackenzie in this expedition, who were conducted by John Gordoun of Embo. Thereafter Mackenzie did invade Glengarry his eldest son whom they killed with sixty of his followers, not without some slaughter of the Clan Kenzie likewise. In end, after great slaughter on either syde, they came to a friendlie aggreiment and decreit-arbitrall, whereby Glengarry (for to obteyne his peace) wes glaid to quyte and renunce to Kenneth Mackenzie (who was afterwards created Lord of Kintail) the inheritance of the Strome with the land adjacent. Thus doe the tryb of Clan Kenzie become great in these pairts, still encroaching upon their neighbours, who are onacquainted with the lawes of this Kingdome.” [Gordon’s Earldom of Sutherland, p. 248.] It will thus be seen that Sir Robert Gordon, while treating with some detail the quarrel between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds—even noticing the killing of two of Glengarry’s kinsmen by Lord Kintail—makes no reference to the raid of Cilliechriost, which, if it had involved the murder and sacrilege which Gregory ascribed to it, would surely have been deemed worthy of notice by a contemporary historian treating of the relations of the parties to it, and favourably disposed to the Mackenzies. Perhaps, however, the most important

fact for us at present is that Gordon does not say a word to warrant the statement for which Gregory quotes him as authority. I have not been able to consult the Register of the Privy Seal referred to by Gregory, but it has been examined for me by Sir William Fraser, and it does not support Gregory's account, while it is in exact accord with that given in the "Chiefs of Grant," which I shall immediately quote. This leaves us with the Letterfearn MS. It is somewhat unsatisfactory to have to dispose of its authority without having seen it, but let it be assumed that it states the church and congregation were burnt. My answer is, It cannot be true. The Letterfearn MS. is said to have been written by Mr John Macrae, who became minister of Dingwall in 1674, and who was in all probability born about 1640. The raid of Cilliechriost, therefore, took place between thirty and forty years before his birth. This, however, would not be enough to discredit such an account in the Letterfearn MS. if it contained it. But if there is an earlier MS. than the Letterfearn one, of at least equal authority in every other respect, and containing a detailed account of the raid, then that account must be accepted in preference to any later one. Such an account we have in a MS. history of the Mackenzies, written either by Mr Farquhar Macrae, who was born at Islandonain in 1580, who became minister of Kintail and Constable of Islandonain in 1618, and who lived until 1662, or by his son, Mr John Macrae (the uncle of the writer of the Letterfearn MS.) who was born in 1614, eleven years after the raid, and who became minister of Dingwall in 1640. Both father and son were favourites with Earls Colin and George of Seaforth, the latter of whom entrusted the education of his son, Kenneth, Lord Kintail, who became third Earl of Seaforth on his father's death in 1651, to Mr Farquhar. The contents of the MS. would point to Mr Farquhar Macrae as the writer of it. The document bears internal evidence of its genuineness, and it is the "Ancient MS." so frequently quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." I am indebted to Mr Mackenzie for the opportunity of examining and quoting from it. Much of the Letterfearn MS. was, I am informed by Mr Mackenzie, copied from it. The account this MS. gives of the Raid of Cilliechriost is as follows:—"Shortly after this, Allan Macranald of Lundy made ane onset to the Braes of Ross, and burnt the lands of Cilliechroist and other adjacent towns, whereupon my Lord Kintail sends two parties in pursuit of him, one commanded by Murdo Mackenzie of Redcastle, the other by Alexander Mackenzie of Coul. Redcastle went the way of

Inverness to Stratherrick, and, accidentally, in a town called Torriebreck, he gets intelligence that Angus Macrory and thirty-six of his followers were drinking in a change-house near by. A man of Redcastle, being well acquaint, called Donald Mackenneth Peiper, led them secretly to the house, sets it on fire, and every man as came out they killed. Ranald himself coming at last to the door, he sought quarters, which Redcastle would have granted him, but one Donald Maccurchie said, 'You shall have such quarters as you gave to Donald Macconochy Chyle' (this Donald was a very pretty fellow of the Clan Ian Odhar, who was killed by this Ranald after he had given him quarter, when young Glengarry harried Lochcarron), so, when he understood there was no mercy for him, he ran out. The other gave such a race after him, came so near him that he could not shoot him, struks him with the bow on the head, which he brake, throws him flat to the ground, but or he can recover himself, he sticket him with his dirk (so we may see one ill turn meets another). Of his company none escaped, except one subtle fellow (which I cannot forget), who came out at the roof of the house, began to tirr it and crying for water, and said, with a loud voice, 'Mackenzie, though you have a quarrel against the Clan Ranald, I hope you have none against my master and me, when you burn my house after this manner.' With this he went free, as if he had been landlord indeed, and Redcastle turns homeward with his company. The other party that went with Alexander Mackenzie of Coul went the way of Beaully to Urquhart and to Glenmoriston, and foretakes Allan Macranald resting themselves on a sheill in little huts, near a rough burn called Aldsayh. Giving the alarm, some of them, with Allan, fought manfully, others fled, which all alike of them were forced in end to do, but, as their misfortune was, they missed the ford, the burn was so rough running twixt two craigs that severals broke their bones there, shunning their killing they met death in their way, but Ranald, being half naked as he fled, lapp just over it, and made his escape of all the rest. The pursuers seeing him loupe and on the other side, notwithstanding thereof, could not be persuaded he did it, and no man ever saw that place yet that could believe it, which, being several times asked of himself afterwards, he said he knew sensibly he loupit that very place, but how he came over that he knew not, except it was with the wings of fear and providence, but give him all the world he would not try it again."

This is the earliest written account of the Raid of Cilliechriost, and the fact that it tells the story of the raid without in the most remote way suggesting that anything so terrible and unusual as

the burning of a church full of people had occurred is of itself sufficient to outweigh the loose evidence of a tradition the origin of which no one knows. But the evidence on the subject does not stop here. Gregory expresses his astonishment that such a terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century without public notice being taken of it, and well he might. But, although the raid was far from being so serious an affair as Gregory believed it, public notice was taken of it. A prosecution was instituted by Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, with the concurrence of the Lord-Advocate, against Allan Macranald of Lundie on account of the raid, and the facts laid before the Crown show that the raid was one of a kind then common enough, and was not accompanied by any such barbarity as tradition credits it with. In short, the judicial proceedings corroborate the evidence afforded by the silence of the contemporary historian Sir Robert Gordon, and that of the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, the writer of the contemporary account of the raid, who, while professing to give a full narrative of all that took place, makes no mention of the Cilliechriost church.

Allan, it appears from Sir William Fraser's "History of the Chiefs of Grant," was summoned to appear before the Justice Clerk to answer the charge against him, but wisely preferred to remain at home, trusting to his friends' ability to arrange matters for him when time should have modified the rancour of his foes. In consequence of his non-appearance, Allan was denounced rebel, and his estates forfeited. On 7th December, 1622—about five months after the forfeiture—his friend, Sir John Grant, procured a gift of the escheat from the Crown in his own favour, and in the letter of gift, which Sir William Fraser quotes, the causes of the forfeiture are narrated. After mentioning the goods forfeited, the letter proceeds—"Which pertained of before to Allan Macranald of Lundie, in Glengarrie, and now pertaining to us, fallen and become in our hands and at our gift and disposition by reason of escheat through being of the said Allan Macranald upon the 28th day of June last by past, orderly denounced our rebel and put to our horn by virtue of our other letters raised and executed against the said Allan at the instance of Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, for himself and as master with the remanent kin and friends of umquhile Alexander MacCaye, John MacCaye, Donald MacCaye his son, Alexander Gald, and tenants and servants to the said Mr John of his town and lands of Kilchrist, and also at the instance of Sir

William Olephant of Newton Knight, our Advocate, for our interest, for not finding of sufficient caution and surety to our Justice Clerk and his Deputes, acted in our books of adjournal that he should compear before our Justice and his deputes, and underlie the laws for the treasonable and wilfull raising of fire, and cruelly and unmercifully murdering and slaying of the said umquhile Alexander MacCaye, umquhile Johne, and umquhile Donald MacCayis, and Alexander Gald, and tenants to the said Mr John Mackenzie, of the said town and lands of Gilchristie, burning and destroying of the number of twenty-seven dwelling-houses within the said town, with the barns, byres, and kilns belonging thereto, and burning and destroying of the said Mr John his haill librarie and books, together with twenty score bolls oats and eight score bolls bere, being in the said Mr Johne his barn and barnyard, and theftously stealing and away-taking of nine piece of horse with the said Mr Johne his own best horse, three score ten oxen and kye, and that in the month of September, the year of God 1603 years, the time of the feud then standing betwixt umquhile Kenneth Lord Kintail and Donald Macangus of Glengarrie."

"This narration," says Sir William Fraser, "divests the raid of Cilliechriost of its traditionary horrors, and reduces it to the dimensions of an attack by a party of Macdonalds, under Allan dubh Macranald, upon the Archdean of Ross, who, being a Mackenzie of prominence, would be peculiarly obnoxious to the raiders. The resistance of the Archdean's tenants to the attack on their laird probably incited the Macdonalds to extend their destructive operations to their dwellings in addition to that of the Archdean, and in the strife several of the tenants were slain. It is impossible to suppose that had any terrible sacrilege and cruelty taken place such as tradition relates, it would have been omitted from the charge against the Laird of Lundie, especially when the Archdean himself was the author of the process."*

It is difficult to overtake and more difficult to kill a falsehood when it gets a day's start. How much more difficult when it gets a start of more than a century. It is for those who allege that the men of Glengarry committed the atrocity of burning a church full of people to prove their case. If they say it is proved by a tradition, I reply that there never was a vestige of tradition even to justify the horrible details piled up by the writer of the legend quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." So far as these are concerned we are able to say that they

* Chiefs of Grant, Vol. I., pp. 221-2.

originated in the fertile brain of the nineteenth century writer quoted—I must say improperly quoted—by Mr Mackenzie. As to the bare tale that a church and congregation were burnt at Kilchrist, of which there is a tradition, I say that, in the face not merely of the absence of contemporary evidence to support it, but of the positive evidence afforded by contemporary writers, one of whom, the writer of the “Ancient MS.,” describes the whole raid, and, in spite of what would have seemed, had the story of the burning of the church occurred, the divine retribution which overtook many of the raiders at Torbreck on the same day, says nothing of a church being burnt, while he describes all else minutely—in the face of that evidence I say the tradition must yield. The proceedings taken nineteen years after by the Archdean of Ross, and the narrative given in them, dispel any remaining vestige of doubt.

It may be objected that the Archdean only pursued Allan of Lundie for the loss sustained by himself and his own tenants, and that mention of the burning of the church and congregation was not a matter on account of which he would personally prosecute. Perhaps so, but no one who reads the Privy Council Records of the period will maintain that even in a semi-private prosecution arising out of the raid, the fact that one man even had been burnt to death would have remained unmentioned if it were the fact. The meaning of the narrative in the letter of gift manifestly is that the men were killed in fight while resisting the raiders. What then becomes of the promenade of Glengarry’s piper round the burning church improvising a new pibroch? Then, why should not the burning of the church be complained of, if it took place, as well as the twenty-seven houses? These houses no more belonged to the Archdean than the church, yet he mentions the fact that they and their barns, byres, and kilns were burnt, not because they belonged to him, but as part of the narrative he laid before the Crown describing the raid in order to obtain the concurrence of the Lord Advocate to the criminal prosecution. The narrative names four persons who were killed, and it indicates that there may have been a fifth. That is the death-roll of the raid. Had it been otherwise, the complaint would have mentioned the fact. An examination of the Privy Council Records of the time, when such complaints were common, will prove this. What then becomes of the church full of men, women, and children? There is some reason to believe, moreover, that the Archdean himself was at the time serving the cure of Cillichiost—at all events, he had his residence there, and was certainly incumbent of the neigh-

bouring parish of Killearnan, and Cilliechriost was within the Diocese in which he was a high church dignitary. Is it probable that this gentleman would have made the burning of twenty-seven black houses matter of complaint to the Privy Council and not even refer to the fact that a church within his Diocese had been burnt at the same time with its whole congregation? The thing is incredible. In a letter I had a few days ago from Sir William Fraser, that learned writer says, "had such an outrage occurred, it could not fail to have been specially noticed in the proceedings against the raiders, and the absence of any such charge against them outweighs the tradition however precise. Many traditions are persistent and precise as this about the burning of the worshippers have been exploded."

The origin of the tradition is not far to seek. There is a much older tradition that in 1487, before the battle of Park, the MacDonalds burnt the church of the neighbouring parish of Contin, with a large number of Mackenzies who had fled to it for refuge in the belief that their enemies would respect their sanctuary. It is easy to understand how, in the course of years, the two stories got mixed, until now the earlier association of the burning of worshippers with the Contin church is forgotten, and the story transferred to Cilliechriost. It is not at all improbable, too, that Contin was the name mentioned in Dr Johnson's presence, although he rendered it Culloden, either through imperfect hearing or imperfect recollection.

The church burning part of the story disposed of, the remainder of the tradition is not of so much consequence, but it is instructive to know that the most ardent believers in the tradition say that there is no place on the Aultsigh where Allan's wonderful leap could have been made. True, they point to another place a few miles away, which might fit into the tradition. But the tradition that Aultsigh was the place is precise, and was as universally accepted as the burning of the church, until scrutinised. Again, the story of the leap into Loch Ness and the rescue by Fraser of Foyers is contradicted by local traditions in Glen-garry and Glenmoriston.

In the former, the tradition is that the Laird of Lundie returned home immediately after the raid, and, in Glenmoriston, tradition points out the place half a mile below Torgoyle Bridge, where Allan and his people crossed the River Moriston on their return home from the raid. And this not only fits in with the other local traditions connected with the raid, but it accounts for

the carrying off of the Archdean of Ross's cattle—an impossible feat had the flight from Cilliechriost been so hurried and the subsequent rout of the raiders been so complete as the writer quoted by Mr Mackenzie would have us believe. The proceedings by the Archdean state that 70 cattle were taken from Cilliechriost, and the fact that the proceedings were taken 19 years afterwards shows that the raiders succeeded in carrying them away, and that any pursuit which may have taken place was unsuccessful. The raiders, therefore, would seem to have returned home somewhat leisurely, and the skirmish at Aultsigh was probably no more than a chance encounter between a rear-guard of the Macdonalds, under Allan himself, and a pursuing party of the Mackenzies, who came up too late to engage the main body of the Macdonalds. The writer of the ancient MS. says nothing of a leap into Loch Ness or a rescue by Fraser of Foyers, and the inference is fair that Allan returned to Glengarry. The fact that he had two hiding-places in his native glen goes to show that he was sought for by a force so strong that he could not hope to beat them in open fight. It is extremely improbable that against such a force the Laird of Foyers would have been able to defend him. It is much more probable that Allan reached his native glen and his island fastness immediately after the raid. He had not been long at Lundie when, according to local tradition, a strong body of Kintail Mackenzies surrounded the Loch and attempted to capture him in the night time. Allan was alone, and, but for his boldness would have been lost. He adopted tactics similar to those adopted by the blacksmith of Moy nearly a century and a half later, to deceive his foes. Pretending to have a large body of men at hand he called in a loud voice, "Our common enemy is here, surround them." Midnight courage is a rare thing, and the Kintail men fearing to meet a superior force of whose disposition they knew nothing, took to flight over the hill. Allan followed them, and by shooting an arrow at one of his fleeing foes when he got him between him and the sky-line, he succeeded in killing twenty-one of them before they reached the summit of the hill. This tradition can, of course, only be accepted with very considerable modification. It is, however, instructive as showing the two lines in which tradition has gone in dealing with Allan Macranald. In his own country he has been made a miracle of bravery and skill as a leader. In the country of his enemies the Mackenzies, he has been made a miracle of ferocity.

After this, Allan, it is said, felt that his island must be supplemented by a second retreat, and the cave was prepared. He

secured the services of a mason from the low country to make up his cave, and when the mason work was finished and the cave ready for occupation, Allan asked his assistant to go inside and see if all was right. This the mason did, and, as he came out, the hero of Cilliechriost struck off his head, so that no one but himself should know of the hiding place. On the moor overhead, at a spot a few hundred yards lower down the stream, a place is shown where a flat stone let into the ground is said to mark the mason's grave. So long as Allan of Lundie was believed guilty of burning women and children in the Church of Cilliechriost, this story might have been credible, but if the raid of Cilliechriost was what I take it to have been, a successful foray by a handful of Glengarry men led by Allan of Lundie, a brave and skilful captain, into the heart of the territory of a foe much more numerous than themselves, if the story of the flight of the Kintail men from Loch Lundie is even partially true, then the story of the dastardly treachery to the mason is incredible. The fearless leader of the men of Glengarry could not have done it.

We were able to examine all the islands on Loch Lundie through the kindness of Mr Malcolm, Invergarry, who placed a guide and a boat at our disposal. One at least of the islands on the Loch is artificial, and another, a larger island, is joined by an artificial causeway to the mainland.

GLENMORISTON AND ITS TRADITIONS.

Leaving Loch Lundie and its islands, we proceeded a short distance along the road, and then starting off to the right, began to climb the ridge separating Glengarry from Glenmoriston. A somewhat rough ride of six or seven miles over peat hags and rocks brought us to the summit of the ridge. In a moment Glenmoriston from Ceanacroc to Dundreggan broke upon our sight, affording in its beautiful and cultured loveliness, such a contrast to the bleak and dreary scenes through which we had been riding for hours that it looked like a bit of fairyland suddenly disclosed to us. But we soon had our attention called to objects of interest nearer at hand. All around us were rude cairns of stones, none of them large, but all built with some degree of care of the stones found in the vicinity. There is no name nor inscription outside, and no burial inside, but yet each cairn is the record of a burial—a pathetic record of man's longing to have his bones laid with the dust of his kindred. After

the Glengarry emigrations of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present, that glen was to some extent re-peopled from Glenmoriston. But the hearts of the migrated people remained in their native glen, and their last wish was that their dust should be carried back over the hill, and laid in the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—how old no one knows—where their ancestors had been buried for generations. And as one after the other the emigrants—emigrants from home, although only to a neighbouring glen—died, their surviving kin and neighbours carried the rude coffin over the bleak moor, mile after mile toilsomely, and sadly and silently enough, until they reached this spot, where the glen they still called home lay like a lovely picture below them. Behind lay the land of their adoption, bleak, barren, brown, and cold—colder still as the land of the stranger. In front, below the softly wooded slopes, ran smoothly along its pearl-besprinkled bed the lovely Moriston, with the narrow haughlands on either bank, clothed in mixed green and gold of the ripening grain. What wonder then that the spot where, after perhaps years of absence, the old home came once more in sight—in sight to all on that hill-top but the forever closed eyes of their silent burden—the Highlander should instinctively build a cairn as his far-away ancestors did where a warrior died. And such is the history of the Ceann-a-Mhaim cairns.

A short way down the slope on the Glenmoriston side a series of gravelly ridges runs along the flank of the hill. They form a noticeable feature in the landscape, and local tradition connects them with an invasion of the glen by the men of Skye somewhere in the fifteenth century. Whether such an invasion ever took place or not the ridges are much older than that, for our geologist (the Senior Bailie) had no difficulty in pronouncing them the lateral moraines of a glacier which filled Glenmoriston a long time before Skyemen began to invade the mainland.

Remounting our ponies after examining the moraines, a short steep ride brought us to a portion of General Wade's road from Fort-Augustus, following which we came to the new road through Glenmoriston, and then, crossing the river by the ford at Achlain, we visited the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—one of the oldest in the country—in the centre of which lie the bones of the ancestors of our host, whose family, Mac-Ian-Chaoil, was one of four septes of Macdonalds, who were powerful in Glenmoriston until the downfall of the Lordship of the Isles. Notwithstanding the transfer of the patrimony of their Chief and Clan to the Grants, these Macdonalds stuck to their glen, and they remain

there honoured and honourable to this day. In or near the churchyard there was at one time a Roman Catholic Chapel, the only vestige of which now is a stone rudely hollowed into the form of a basin, which was at one time probably used as a Holy Water Font at the Chapel door.

Leaving the churchyard, a few minutes brought us to the schoolhouse, where Mrs Macpherson (the niece of our host) had for hours had waiting for us a table loaded with good things, after partaking of which we were fain to seek our pillows, but there was so much to comment and speculate on that, notwithstanding four A.M. was fixed for turning out, it was a good hour past midnight before we separated.

Breakfast between four and five in the morning is not usually a hearty meal, but knowing, though only by report, something of what was before us, we made it as hearty as we could. Starting by 5.30 from Glenmoriston Schoolhouse, a run of a mile along the left bank of the Moriston brought us to Torgoyle Bridge, and the main road through Glenmoriston. As we drove along, our host, afire with the love and pride of his native glen, had story or legend for every mile of the way. Here, on the left, was the road by which that ill-mannered, though inspired, giant, Dr Samuel Johnson, rode from Fort-Augustus to Skye. Yonder sheep-fank at the roadside, on your right, is all that remains of Aonach Inn, where Johnson and Boswell passed the night, and where Johnson, desiring to do a politeness to the Innkeeper's daughter, whom he found, apparently to his surprise, to be a young lady of some education, presented her with a book he had purchased in Inverness—a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic! That green spot on the other side of the river is Ballindrom, where our host's great-grandfather lived in 1746, and there, two hundred yards nearer the river, is where a detachment of the Royal Army encamped while the turbulent Highlanders were being quelled, and their Prince hunted for after Culloden. While the troops were so encamped above, a son was born to the man below. But the Glenmoriston men were known to have been in sympathy with the Stuart cause, and to have been on their way to join the Prince on the day of Culloden, and to have turned back only on meeting the fugitives from that fatal field. From the time therefore that the King's troops pitched their camp in the Glen until they left it, the people were murdered and robbed at the sweet will of the Duke of Cumberland's gentlemen. In the hope that in their absence their wives and families would be safe from insult, many of the men of Glenmoriston left their homes for a time, and took up their abode in the recesses of

the mountains around them. Among the number who did this was the great-grandfather of our host, the father of the boy born in the house near the camp. The father was thus absent when his son was born, and he did not return until the Royal troops had left Glenmoriston. On his return his child was baptised, and named Charles, after the unfortunate Prince whose cause the tender mercies of the Duke of Cumberland were sufficient to make popular if it had not been so already—the Prince who was himself in hiding in Glenmoriston, and in the safe keeping of its men at the time the boy was born. That boy was the grandfather of our host, and Mr Charles Macdonald, his grandson, our host's eldest brother, was named after him.

Further up the Glen on the left is the monolith in memory of Roderick Mackenzie, who, taking advantage of his likeness to the Prince, spent his last breath in the effort to save him; and a few steps further on, in a hollow on the opposite side of the road, is the brave fellow's grave. A jeweller's son he was, from Edinburgh. In personal appearance he resembled the Prince, in whose body-guard he had served. He was hiding in Glenmoriston after Culloden, when the pursuit for the Prince was at its hottest. He was seen by a party of troops, pursued, wounded, and overtaken. As they poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and his life blood ebbed away, his only thought was for his Prince, and as he died he cried to his murderers, "Villains, you have killed your Prince." They believed him, and his head was cut off and sent to Edinburgh. His devotion resulted in the slackening of the pursuit at a critical time, and probably in the ultimate escape of the Prince. Mr Chambers, in his *History of the Rebellion*, affects to doubt the story. If tradition counts for anything it is nevertheless true. The grave is undoubtedly there, and Glenmoriston has testified to her belief in the heroism and devotion of the stranger whose blood dyed her sod by erecting a monument to his memory.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRAES OF GLENMORISTON.

Further on to the right is Ceanacroc, where the river Doe, which comes tumbling noisily down Glen Fada, joins its waters to the peacefully flowing Moriston. Further on, on the right, is seen a piece of rising ground, on which, tradition says, a battle took place between a party of Gordons under the Marquis of Huntly, and the Camerons led by Lochiel. After a fierce fight the Gordons were defeated, and the Marquis wounded and a

prisoner. At this point, says the tradition, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil sallied forth at the head of his men, attacked the Camerons, and rescued their prisoner. The Camerons managed, however, in retreating, to carry off seven of the Gordons whom they had taken, but, finding their prisoners an incumbrance they struck off their heads at Cnocknaceann, a name which survives to testify to the tragedy. Not content, says tradition, with merely rescuing the Marquis, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil nursed him until he had recovered from his wound, and then had him sent safely home. The tradition goes on to narrate that some time afterwards Macdonald being in Strathbogie went to Gordon Castle and asked for the Marquis. For a long time he was denied access by the retainers, to whom he was unknown, but his persistency in the end led to the Marquis being told of the rough-looking Highlander who stood at the door of Gordon Castle demanding access to its master. When the Marquis knew who his visitor was, he not only welcomed him as an honoured guest and as one to whom he owed his life, but he caused a lintel to be put over the chief entrance to Gordon Castle, bearing this Gaelic inscription, "Cha bhi Mac Iain Chaoil a mach agus Gordonach a stigh"—that a Mac Ian Chaoil shall not be without and a Gordon within. So says tradition, and looking to the gigantic proportions of the representatives of Mac-Ian-Chaoil in the present day, we could well believe that the accession of even a very few of such men to one side would turn defeat into victory. As to the rest of the story is there not the battlefield and Cnocknaceann and Gordon Castle all to prove the truth of it!

I am indebted to Mr William Mackay, the author of a forthcoming History of the Glen and of the parish of which it forms part, for information which led me to what is probably the historical foundation of the tradition. Students of Scots History in the 17th century know that when Montrose was maintaining his heroic struggle on behalf of Charles I. in Scotland, in 1645 and the early part of 1646, until in compliance with the twice-repeated command of the King he disbanded his army, there was none who gave him such doubtful and half-hearted support as the Marquis of Huntly. The cause of Huntly's lukewarmness would not perhaps be far to seek. Montrose disbanded his forces in July 1646 and sailed for Norway on 3rd September following. In December Huntly obtained a commission from the King, who was with the Scots army in England virtually a prisoner, commissioning him to levy forces in the North. In January 1647 the Scots army committed the infamy of giving up the King to the

English, and Leslie marched northward to suppress the rising headed by Huntly. Then was seen Huntly's incapacity to fill the place of Montrose, a leader whose greatness he was too small a man to see—a leader too with whom had he loyally co-operated, the history of our country might have been changed. Huntly retreated before Leslie through Badenoch into Lochaber, where he disbanded his men, retaining only a small party as a body-guard for himself and his son. With these he continued his flight through the Caledonian Valley. "In Glenmoriston," says Mr Mackay, "he was overtaken by General Middleton whom Leslie sent in pursuit, and a conflict followed in which his party was defeated and several of his men slain. He himself escaped for the time, but in November following he was taken prisoner in Strathdon." It appears from the editor's introduction to the *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron* that some of the Clan Cameron assisted General Middleton when he defeated Huntly at the Braes of Glenmoriston in 1647—a fact which no doubt gave rise to the tradition that the conflict was between the Camerons and the Gordons. History does not say how the Marquis escaped from the field, or where to, but there is no reason to doubt the tradition that he obtained assistance and shelter in the immediate neighbourhood and from Mac-Ian-Chaoil. As to the rest of the tradition I fear it must be given up. Huntly was a fugitive with a price on his head from the time the conflict in Glenmoriston took place until his capture in November following, and from the time of his capture he remained a close prisoner in Edinburgh, until in March 1649, he was led forth to execution. There was no Marquis of Huntly in Gordon Castle until after the Restoration in 1660, and the Marquis then was the second in succession after the Marquis who was wounded in Glenmoriston. The tradition furnishes another instance of how unreliable mere tradition is as a basis for historical narrative. The story probably had its origin in a much earlier tradition of the Earl of Mar, who, as he fled wounded from the battle of Inverlochy in 1431, was kindly treated by a man O'Birrin, who afterwards went to Kildrummie Castle, and, after experiencing difficulty in getting access to the Earl, at last saw him, and was sent home rich in the possession of sixty cows.

THE BATTLE OF GLENSHIEL.

But while the story of the battle of the Braes of Glenmoriston is telling, we are passing historic ground on the other side. Away on the left, on the face of the almost precipitous cliffs.

bounding the glen on the south, runs a narrow ledge rising gradually towards the summit at the west. This is known as the Spanish road. The name carries us back to that little known episode in the Jacobite Rebellions, the battle of Glenshiel, which took place on 10th June, 1719. After the failure of the rising under the Earl of Mar in 1715, the Jacobites received offers of assistance from Spain, and an imposing expedition was fitted out to effect a landing in the south of England, while at the same time a number of Spanish troops was to be landed in the Highlands to create a diversion. The Mackenzies and other clans loyal to the exiled royal family were expected to rally round the Spanish force, with whom were the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lord George Murray. The fleet destined to land the invaders in the south was dispersed by a storm and accomplished nothing, while the expedition to the north was, as soon as it had landed, distracted by dissensions among its chiefs. After spending a short time in Stornoway, the ships sailed towards the west coast of the mainland, and the Spaniards were landed at Eilean Donan Castle, which they proceeded to put into a defensive state. The Government was, however, on the outlook for the invaders, and in a few days two or three warships sailed up Loch Duich, and battered the walls of Eilean Donan Castle, which were never meant to resist artillery, until they began to tumble about the ears of the garrison. Leaving Eilean Donan therefore, the Spaniards, along with the Mackenzies, Macraes, Macleennans, and Macgregors—the latter under Rob Roy—marched to Glenshiel, where they were attacked and defeated by General Wightman, who had marched from Inverness to meet them. During the battle, the Spaniards, whose conduct was not heroic, retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, where next morning they laid down their arms, and 274 of them were conveyed to Edinburgh as prisoners. History does not say by what route they were conveyed, but it is impossible to believe that General Wightman, whose force included four companies of dragoons and some light mortars, and who had come from Inverness to Glenshiel by way of Strathglass and Glen Affric, would have attempted to return by a road impassable for cavalry, or would have divided his force by sending his prisoners under an escort by a different route from that taken by the main body. The "Spanish Road" did not therefore get its name from Wightman taking his prisoners along it, and there is no local explanation, so far as I know, of the origin of the name; but as the number of Spaniards who surrendered is less than the lowest estimate of the number who landed, and they do not seem to have

suffered much, if any, loss in Wightman's attack, it seems probable that between the time the Spaniards retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, on 10th June, and the time the main body of them laid down their arms next day, some of them may have broken away from the main body, and, joining the Highlanders who dispersed that night, have found their way over the watershed by the impassable-looking path in the steep rock face over Loch Clunie which has since borne their name.

SGURR NAN CONBHAIREAN.

We were now driving along the shores of Loch Clunie, which lay unruffled by so much as a ripple at the foot of the hills, whose summits pierced the clouds, levying from them in tribute the waters which filled the lake below. A mile or two on we left our conveyances and mounted the saddle, for we were now under *Sgurr nan Conbhairean*, the highest mountain in Glenmoriston, rising as it does 3634 feet above the level of the sea. Leaving our ponies after mounting some 2000 feet, we made the rest of our way on foot. Gradually the vegetation became scantier, more stunted and more Alpine in character, and at one point, where the biting wind blows with terrible force from the corries beyond, the vegetable world is represented by a solitary lichen. On we press upwards, now with a comparatively clear sky overhead, now through driving mist that envelopes us and the whole mountain top in impenetrable gloom. On we go through it all, trusting to Providence and our own good fortune that our journey will not be lost. And we are not disappointed. As we near the summit a wonderful panorama opens out before us. There in front rises Mam Soul, topping the mountains of Strathglass and Glen Affric. Away to the east and lying far below us is the summit of Mealfourvonie, while further on the summits of the Monadhliadh range loom through the haze. Far to the south-west we can just make out the summit of Ben Nevis as the mist rises for a minute or two at a time. To the west rise the sharp peaks of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye, and as we look round towards the North West we see far away the wonderful hills of Torridon, while nearer at hand Cralich, Sgurr Ouran, and Ben Attow rear their lofty heads to the sky. All round is a forest of hill-tops. We stand on the top of a high mountain in a mountainous country, and the whole wonderful picture lies at our feet. We are not on the highest mountain in Scotland but there is no Scottish mountain from whose summit a more wonderful panorama can be seen. Standing in the middle of the country, at the dividing of the waters and

in the midst of mountains, it commands a view of mountain, loch, and valley, which probably no other mountain can surpass. After indulging in a leaping competition, in which the Senior Bailie succeeded in distancing all competitors not merely among his city-bred companions, but among the gamekeepers and ghillies of the party—and building a cairn on the mountain top to commemorate the visit of the elite of the magistracy of the Capital of the Highlands to the summit, and having an inscription cut into the hard whinstone by the versatile Senior Bailie, we move on indulging by the way in the luxury of a snow-ball fight in July, and then we stand on the shoulder of the ridge dividing Corriegoe from Glen Affric. Here the scenery is grand beyond description. On the left we look sheer down into Glen Affric, at the bottom of which the river Grivie is seen running like a silver streak for miles to fall into Loch Affric and ultimately into the Moray Firth, while on the opposite side of Glen Affric the red-scarred slope of the mountain rises without a break from the bottom of the valley for a thousand feet. On the right, more than a thousand feet below, lies Corriegoe, bounded by mountains, which, on two of their three faces, are sheer precipices. Beyond lies Glen Fada, with the river Doe running down its centre to join the Moriston at Ceanacroc. In front, too, rising out of Glen Fada, are those weird-looking red hills, the Ram and the Aonach Sasunn, forming of themselves features in the landscape which do not allow it to be easily forgotten.

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORISTON.

Now begins the descent into Corriegoe, lying a thousand feet below us. The mountain slopes steeply down on this side, presenting a smooth-looking grassy surface, down which we make our way by a series of what would be less fittingly described as steps than short leaps. Arrived at the foot, a few yards walk brought us to the heap of tumbled rock forming the cave in which for a short time Prince Charles lay in hiding in July, 1746. At the foot of a perpendicular cliff lies this mass of rock, which ages ago separated itself from the cliff above, and, falling down, broke into huge fragments, which lying together form the rude walls and umbrella-like roof of a rough shelter—a shelter often welcome enough in this storm-swept Corrie, which, even now, is many miles from a human habitation. To this shelter there resorted in 1746, after Culloden, and while Glenmoriston and the whole country round was occupied by Hanoverian troops, Patrick Grant, a farmer known as Black Peter

of Craskie, John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers, and Grigor Macgregor, men honourably known in history as the "seven men of Glenmoriston." They had seen their homes burned, their friends murdered, and their property carried away, and they retired here to wait till the evil days had passed, and to lie in wait for their enemies, to whom they more than once dealt a blow. To these men came, on 28th July, 1746, their Prince in pitiable plight. He had just passed through a cordon of troops, drawn round the district where he was known to be after his return to the mainland from his wanderings in the Islands. He was weary with travel and exposure, and had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. His clothes, insufficient at their best to protect him from the rigours of the climate to which he was now exposed at all hours, were in rags. It was now three months after Culloden, and all that time Charles had been a fugitive with a price on his head. Constantly in the power of a people steeped in poverty, he never appears to have feared that the price of blood would tempt them to betray him, and, to the eternal honour of the Highland people, be it said, that they not only justified his confidence, but braved, nay courted, death, so as they might save this man, for whose betrayal a fortune was offered. Three months of wandering, and of almost incredible escapes, and Charles found himself near the hiding place of the Glenmoriston men. The story of their fidelity is told in history, and need not be here repeated. They took an oath that their backs "should be to God and their faces to the devil, that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." Charles said they were his first Privy Council since Culloden, and well they deserved the name, for so faithfully did they keep their oath that not one of them disclosed the fact that he had been with them till a year after he had sailed to France. For three days the cave in Corrigoe was the home of the Prince, and there, while his faithful friends mounted watch at their sentry posts at the head and foot of the Glen, and sent out foraging parties to fetch provisions, he obtained much-needed rest. After leaving Corrigoe, the Glenmoriston men formed the Prince's bodyguard until they had conducted him safely through the lines of his enemies, and handed him over on 21st August, near Loch Arkaig, to Macdonell of Loch Garry and Cameron of Clunes, faithful friends, who provided for his future safety

Leaving Corriegoe, a rough walk of several miles along the side of the hills on the right flank of Glen Fada, brought us to our ponies, which had been taken round some thirteen miles to meet us, and a ride of six or seven miles, followed by a drive of about the same distance, brought us late at night to the hospitable roof of Mr Macpherson, where a substantial, though very late, dinner and a sound sleep awaited us.

Our raid wound up with a peaceful day's fishing in Loch Clunie, and next morning a drive down the beautiful Glen, by Torgoyle, Dundreggan, and Invermoriston, to Loch-Ness, where we again joined the "Gondolier" for home.

An interesting discussion followed, in the course of which Mr Colin Chisholm said, with reference to the Pibroch of Cille-chriost :—The tradition he had heard from his boyhood—between sixty and seventy years ago—was that the party of Macdonalds crossed the river at Beauly, and it was when they looked behind, and saw their work of destruction going on, that the piper strock p the pibroch. They were glad to keep quiet till they got out of the clutches of the Mackenzies, and it was when they were opposite Beauly, at "Bruthach-a-Phuirt" on the other side of the river, that the pibroch was played for the first time. When the piper saw what was going on, he made the pipes speak for him, and this is what they said :—

Chì mi thall-ud,
 An smùd mór ;
 Chì mi thall-ud,
 An smùd mor ;
 Chì mi thall-ud,
 An smùd mór ;
 'S Cill-a-Chriosda
 Na lasair mhóir.

Smùd a muigh
 Smùd a stigh
 Smùd a muigh
 Smùd a stigh
 Smùd a muigh
 Smùd a stigh
 Smùd mo dhunach
 An smùd mór
 Smùd mor feadh a' bhaile
 Smùd mor feadh a' bhaile
 Smùd mor feadh a' bhaile
 Cill-a-chrosda na teine.