

16.
Lenora. M. H. Grant's father J. W. Grant of Ohio

C. S. Thomson.

MS 1680

V

Index to Piobaireachd - MacDonald's Manuscript Book.

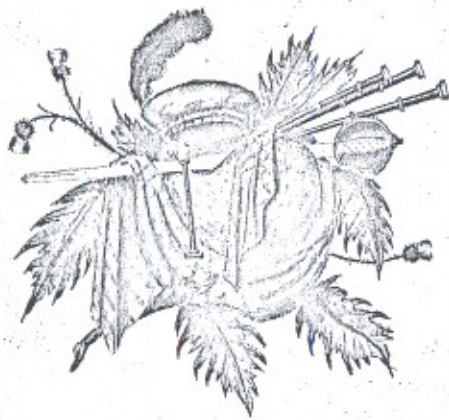
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A
Select Collection
OF THE
ANCIENT MUSIC OF CALEDONIA,
CALLED
PIOBAIREACHD,

SET TO MUSIC
As performed on the
GREAT HIGHLAND BAGPIPE,

By
DONALD MACDONALD,
Pipemaker to the
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON, &c.



EDINBURGH:
1826.

HISTORY OF THE AIRS IN THIS VOLUME.

Page 6.—*PIOBAIREACHD Cheann Deas,*

OR THE

EARL OF ROSS' MARCH. *c. 9m. No cxxx1*

THIS air was composed as a salute, to Donald, son to Lord John of the Isles; born to him by Margaret Bruce, daughter to King Robert Bruce. Upon his marriage to Leslie, the heiress of Ross-shire, he in consequence, became the earl of the county. To this Donald, was born, John and Alexander, one of whom kept the earldom of Ross-shire for a succession of years, until he and his men were driven out of the county, by a great conflict, which took place betwixt him and some other clans around him. The above Earls of Ross-shire were the progenitors of the present Lord Macdonald.

Page 10.—*Bodaich na Sligachin bith Sinn a nis ga-faigail.* *The Earls of Sligachin*

THIS *Piobaireachd* was composed, after a battle, fought betwixt the Mackenzies of Kintail, and the Macdonalds of Sky. The cause of this feud was in revenge of the foster-father of Mackenzie of Kintail's lady, being thrown out of a boat into the sea, and drowned, (for boasting of their great valour in drowning so many of the Macdonalds, in or near that part of the sea,) which so enraged an Isle of Sky Macdonald, that he threw him out and told him to join the Macdonalds there. The above battle was fought at the the head of Loch Sligachain, in Skye, where the Mackenzies were nearly all murdered. *c. 9m. No XXXVII*

Page 13.—*Thanic Mo Rhi er tir a Moidart.* *Princ Rhi has landed in Moidart*

THIS excellent air was composed by one of the pipers, who attended the landing of Prince Charles Stewart at Loch Ainlort, Morair. Anno 1745. *c. 9m. No XXXIX*

Page 20.—*Cumhadh Mhic Gilli Chalum Rasay,*

OR

John Garve MACLEOD OF RASAY'S LAMENT. *c. 9m. No XL*

THE narrative runs as follows: Sir Donald Macdonald of the Isles having got Macleod's sister with child, refused to marry her. Macleod was going to the Lewis Islands, and called upon Macdonald, at his castle, viz. Duntuilum; and, having heard that Macdonald had refused to marry his sister, he (Macleod,) told him, that when he would return from Stornoway, he would take off his head. About a month or two afterwards, Macleod's boat was seen sailing towards the Isle of Skye; Macdonald hearing of this, sent for his dairy-maid, who was said to be a witch: she made use of her art. Macleod and his crew were all drowned; and so near were they to the land, that Macleod's pack of hounds swam on shore. Their bodies were never found. The boat, when found in Ross-shire, had Macleod's sword, struck a plank and a half deep, into the gunnel of it. *XL*

Page 28.—*Cruineachadh Chlann a Lain,*

OR THE

MACLEAN'S GATHERING. *c. 9m. No XLII*

THIS air seems to have been composed in the time of a great hurry, on account of its lively and rattling composition. *XLII*

Page 31.—*PIOBAIREACHD Uaidh, or CASTLE MENZIES.* *c. 9m. No XLIV*

THIS air was composed by the family piper. To be played first, whether at battle, feast, or funeral. *XLIV*

Page 36.—*Faillte Mhic Dhomhnuill no'n Elean,*

MACDONALD OF THE ISLES' SALUTE. *c. 9m. No XLV*

THIS beautiful *Piobaireachd* is, perhaps, one of the oldest airs, I know. When composed, or to which of the chiefs, is utterly unknown. ✓ *XLV*

Page 41.—*Seann Chumhadh a Chlaibh.*

OR THE

SWORD'S OLD LAMENT. *The old sword's lament*

A tradition concerning this Sword is still found in the ancient tales in different isles. They say, that when Carrubheri Ruadh killed Oscar, he took his sword away with him, and had it in all the battles he afterwards fought; and he brought it to Kintyre in Argyllshire, where he became a great man. His descendants were the Kings of the Isles, and Lords of Kintyre, from whom sprung all the Macdonalds. The above Sword was in the possession of either one or other of them for many centuries. It was, at last, either taken in battle, or lost some other way. It would appear, that the person who was in possession of it last, composed this Great Lament. *XLVI*

Page 46.—*Gluig Phairst,*
OR THE
BELLS OF PERTH.

THIS air was composed by one of the Macintyres of Rannoch; who were pipers to the Menzieses of that Ilk.

Page 53.—*Cumhadh Iain MhicIain Ghairbh,*
OR A LAMENT.

For the death of John Macleod, son to the great hero who was drowned, as related in the history of the air commencing on page 20.

Page 59.—*Moladh Moraig,*
OR THE
PRAISE OF MARION.

THIS harmonious air was composed by Alexander Macdonald, who flourished about the beginning of the last century. This gentleman was a great poet, and a good scholar; the words which he composed to this air, surpasses any thing of the kind that I have ever seen. This genius went one morning into an old wood; and seeing a very old stock of *fearné*, or, what is now called Scotch mahogany, lying on the ground, he went round and round it, and began his song. The equal of it has never been seen since the time of Ossian. With his tale, he fell in love with this piece of wood, which he feigned to be a beautiful lady. When his own wife (who was a gentleman's daughter,) heard of it, she vowed she never would put a foot into his bed; nor would she be persuaded, but that the subject of the song was a young lady in reality. The poet therefore reversed the words, and made a most miserable song indeed. The above is the foundation of this excellent piece of music.

Page 64.—*Cumhadh Dhomnuill Bhaig Mhic Chruimmain,*
Or a LAMENT, for the Death of Fair DONALD MACCRIMMEN.

THIS long and grand piece, was composed by his brother, in the Isle of Skye, when he heard that Donald was killed, at the battle of Culloden in 1746. This is the most plaintive *Piobair-reachd* perhaps, now on record.

Page 73.—*Cnocan Ailean MhicIain,*

Or a Gathering of the MacDonalds of Clan Ronald to their Rallying hill, the Fiery Cross, being their signal.

Page 76.—*Cumhadh Mhic a'h Arasaig,*

• Or MACINTOSH'S LAMENT.

A gentleman of great education, who was put to death, at the instigation of Gordon Earl of Huntly. This very plaintive air was composed by one of Mackintosh's friends.—See Buchanan's Hist. of Scotland, p. 385. Vol. II.

Page 83.—*Cumhadh MhicShuain a-Roaig,*

Or a Lament for the Death of MACSUAIN of Roaig, a place in the Isle of Skye. This very sweet *Piobaireachd* was composed by his own piper, and is very old.

Page 88.—*Cumhadh Fhionnlaidh,*

Or a Lament, for the Death of FINLAY, a man greatly renowned for his valour at sea and land.

MacMhurich More was a man who was deemed so holy, that, whatever he would ask in prayer he should receive; he was, at one time, for the space of six weeks, wind-bound, so that he could not get to his own island, (Uist,) which caused him to pray for a fair wind. One of his men told him, it was a very mean thing to beg a favourable passage; at which the good man being grieved, prayed, that if there was such fierce wind in hell as would turn the waves red and blue, that it might blow after them; and so set sail. In a short time, the wind blew to such a degree that the boasting fellow fell down as dead.—MacMhurich More was at the helm. In a short time after, another of the crew fell sick; there was still MacMhurich, MacMharich, and Finlay able to work the boat. About half way however, the other two were forced to give up. There were now none but MacMhurich More and Finlay, who was emptying the water out of the boat with a cask, to keep her from sinking. The cask at length, fell into staves, which made Finlay exclaim "O master, the cask is broken." MacMhurich ordered him to drive the one end of the whisky cask out, which they had on board; Finlay did so, but to no purpose, for, in about a quarter of an hour, it went to staves also. MacMhurich then said "My dear lad, take the pot." Finlay took it, and it remained whole till they landed. When MacMhurich More went on shore, he exclaimed "Uainn MacMhurich, 's uainn MacMharich, 's uainn, iad uill ach Fionnlaidh." Away with MacMhurich, away with Mhacmarich; and away with them all but Finlay.

Page 94.—*Cumhadh Alistair Dheirg*, *Sonant for Alistair Dheirg*
Or a Lament for the Death of ALEXANDER MACDONALD of Glengary.

THERE can be nothing said about this air, only that it is a Lament for the Chief of that family, and a very fine Piobaireachd.

Page 98.—*Cholla ne Runn, Seachain a'n Dunn tha misi an Laimh.* *The Piper's mourning*
for the death of the Chief of the Clan.

COLL Macdonald was a most inveterate enemy to the Campbells, because of the landed properties they, by craft and cunning, took from the Macdonalds of Islay. He gathered together about three hundred men; and, having provided arms for them, endeavoured to harass the Campbells throughout the country. Having landed his men at Dunaobhaig, in the Island of Islay, he went himself to see what the men of Mull were doing. In his absence, the Campbells landed at Dunaobhaig, and took the Macdonalds prisoners; they did not remove them from the Dun, but gave them liberty to rove up and down as they thought proper. Coll Macdonald's piper, who was a great favourite of his master, kept his eye on the Sound, anxiously looking for the barge of his master. At length he observed it sailing down the Sound of Islay; and he observed his master turning into the harbour, to visit his men, when he instantly struck up his bagpipe on the shore; which signal Macdonald understood; and immediately put to sea again, and landed in Ireland. When the Campbells saw that their hopes of securing Macdonald were frustrated, (for which end, they remained in Dunaobhaig,) they seized the piper, and cut off his eight fingers, leaving the two thumbs. The above warning was the last tune that he ever played.

Page 103.—*Alba Bheadarach*, *Scotsman's fondles, and loves the land*
OR CHEERFUL SCOTLAND.

THIS fine short Piobaireachd was the favourite march of Donald Gorm of Slate, Isle of Skye, when going to the battle of Sheriffmuir. The air is supposed to be very old, but when composed is unknown.

Page 109.—*Cumhadh 'n aon Mhic*, *Scotsman for the only son*
Or the ONLY SON'S LAMENT.

NOTHING known concerning this, except the air and the name.

Page 114.—*La Sron a Chlachain*, *Scotsman for the chief of the clan*

A battle fought betwixt the Macdonalds of Islay, and the Macleans of Mull, when Lauchlan Mor Maclean, the chief of the clan Maclean, was killed.

This battle was occasioned by some quarrel betwixt James Mor of Islay, and his uncle, Lauchlan Mor, and nothing would please Macdonald but to fight for it; consequently they pitched battle at the above promontory. The Macdonalds however, gained the victory of the day. Macdonald was extremely distressed for his uncle's death. They laid Lauchlan Mor on a sliding car, to carry him to his nephew's house, until his remaining men would bring his corpse to the Island of Mull, there to be interred. There was a gentlewoman, from Mull, following the corpse of Maclean, weeping, and wringing her hands; also a simple young man, of the name of Macdonald, who was laughing aloud on observing Lauchlan Mor's mouth opening and closing alternately, occasioned by the vibratory motion of the car. The gentlewoman asked the young man what was the cause of his laughter, he told her it was occasioned by seeing Lauchlan Mor's mouth and head in such agitation: She answered him, "O yes, it is true, young man, but it may be as ill with others as with him yet." This honest woman suffered herself to fall behind a little, and took out from under her plaid, a large dagger; and, making up to the young man, run him through with it, "Now, (said she,) laugh at Lauchlan Mor." This Piobaireachd was composed as a Lament for Maclean.

Page 119.—*Mortadh Glenne Codnn*, *Scotsman for the massacre of Glencoe*
Or the MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

THIS melancholy air was composed by one of the few that escaped the above destruction. This great slaughter was committed by the soldiers, under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, in 1662. Almost every Scotchman knows the circumstances connected with the murder of the Macdonalds at Glencoe.

Page 125.—*Faillte Mheinerich*, *Scotsman for the Menzieses*
Or a Salute to the chief of the MENZIESES; by John Macintyre, piper to Menzies.

Page 132.—*Marsal na Suherlanach*, *Scotsman for the Sutherlands*
OR the SUTHERLAND'S MARCH, composed by Lord Rae's piper.

Page 144.—*An Daorach Mhór, an Daorach Bheg, 's an Daorach Mheanach*
See history of the air, commencing on page 139.

150
Page 105.—*Porst Iomramh Mhic Leod*, *MacLeod's Salute*
OR MACLEOD OF MACLEOD'S ROWING PÌOBÀIREACHD. *Mocked of Macleods*
Rowing Pìobach (b)

COMPOSED by his piper, (Macriumen;) the greatest of all pipers in the known world. *sub (c)*

Page 157.—*Tulloch Ard*, *Tulloch Ard & c. in LXVI*
OR the MACKENZIE'S GATHERING.

TULLOCH ARD, signifies a high hill. To this eminence the clan Mackenzie used to resort, when they held a council of war; and it was the practice on such occasions, to have pipers, posted in different parts of the country, for the purpose of calling the clan together. There were also, several other signals, such as burning of straw at ferries, and putting fires on the top of trees, &c.

Page 161.—*An Ruibain Gorm*, *Blue of Gorm* *LXXX*
OR the BLUE RIBBON.

It would be difficult to make out to whom this air belongs. The Macniels, the Macleans, and also the Macquarries, claim it. Be it as it may, it is a bond, the signal of which, is the wearing of the Ribbon in the button-hole of the waistcoat.

Page 168.—*Ionnsuidh Aneas Bhig Mhic Dhomhnuill*, *Angus MacDonald's*
OR ANGUS MACDONALD'S attack upon the MACDOUGALLS. *Angus MacDonald* *LXXVII*

THE Macdougalls were cousins-german to the Macdonalds of Kepoch, in Argyllshire: and, having murdered the chief and his two brothers, Macdonald of the Isles was obliged to pursue and search out the murderers. Therefore, Aneas, his son, took with him fifty men from Uist and Skye,—all the ferries and boats were secured, so that none could get across. Macdonald and his men, proceeded to where they knew the Macdougalls were; and they succeeded in taking them, after being seven years in obscurity, by the following stratagem: One night, while they were keeping watch over the house of Alastair Ruadh Mor, they heard the voice, apparently of a woman, crying, in a soft tone "Cuag cuag," (which was the name of a cow she used to milk, to refresh her master, before he would take to the hill;) One of Macdonald's men proceeded to the place, and caught the woman,—made her swear she would never reveal his secret; (perhaps bound her, by some other means, which need not be mentioned here.) However, Macdonald succeeded in taking the three brothers, the Macdougalls; their heads were taken off and boiled in salt water, to preserve them from putrefaction. The heads thus salted, were put into a creel, with a covering on it, and given in charge to a man who was to carry it to Edinburgh: He had to pass through the town of Inverness; and, as he was going along the bridge, the hangman accosted him, and asked if it were fish he had in the creel, to which he answered in the affirmative. "Well (said the hangman,) one of them is mine." (It was the common custom then, that the hangman should have his handful out of every bag of meal, his two handful out of a creel of potatoes, and one fish, out of a creelful.) The man that carried the creel, replied, "Stand up, on the side of the bridge, and take the one you like best." The hangman accordingly, went up to pick the best fish, and lifted the lid of the creel; but when he observed the contents, he made a spring backwards, heels over head into the water, and he never was seen or heard of after.

Page 20.—*Marsail Alastair Charich*, *Alastair Charich's* *LXII*

A Highland hero, whose name is so familiar to the Highlanders, that little need be said concerning him, only that he is called by the poets, (A'n duin 'b Allail bha 'n Alba,) "The most renowned man then in Scotland." A bard, at, or near Lochaber, (then very old,) having gone one day into a wood, brought home an old trunk of a tree, the heart of which was quite rotten, and had in it a large hole. He put the trunk on the fire; and, when its tenant could no longer stay in its tower, an owl started out of the hole in the trunk, and sat down at the fire, beside the old bard; on which occasion, he composed an excellent song, called "Oran na Cumachaig," or the Owl's Song. He made mention of Alastair Charich, and his cotemporary heroes in the song. The above march was Alastair's favourite one.

Page 139.—*An Daorach Mhor*, *The big* *c. 9*

THIS Pìobaireachd was composed by one of the Chiefs of the Macgregors on one of his vassals, who was a very valiant man; he was a blacksmith by trade, and he was often the foremost at all the battles he was engaged in; but there were times when he would get quite deranged, occasioned by his partaking too freely of ardent spirits, which was the cause of the above air being composed. There are three Daorachs, viz. An Daorach Mhor, 's an Daorach Mheanach, 's an Daorach Bheg; the whole of which were made upon the same wild hero.

Page 175.—*Faillte Dheorse Oig*, *Young George* *c. 11*
OR YOUNG GEORGE'S SALUTE

THIS air was composed when George III. was proclaimed King of Great Britain.

Page 184.—*Spadderachd Bharach*,
Or MACNIEL of Barray's MARCH. A very fine tune. *March Macnial of Barray*
c. 1822

Page 190.—*A'n Comunn*,
Or the Union of Scotland with England; composed by Macriumen. *Lament for the Union*
c. 1822

Page 201.—*A Bhratach Bhaan*,
Or the WHITE FLAG. *The Mackays' Banner*
c. 1822

THIS was Charles Stuart's ensign, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. The Mackays had also a white flag.

Page 207.—*Cumhadh Chraobh na 'n Cheud*, *Lament for the Tree of Hundreds*
OR A LAMENT FOR THE TREE OF HUNDREDS. c. 1822

THIS long and grand piece is thought to be the oldest of all the *Piobaireachd* in the possession of any person, at the present time. A tradition concerning it runs thus: When the Fingallians lived in the Highlands of Scotland, there was an oak near their house, in the Isle of Skye, under which they feasted; and, after having enjoyed the visit of the shell once or twice, they danced to the harp. Each man's dog was bound by his owner, and Fingall's dog, whose name was Bran, was tied to a long narrow stone, which was stuck into the ground, at a little distance from the tree. The Fingallians had a tree and a stone of this kind in many parts of the Highlands. They had also, in all these places, what is called, in Gaelic, *Sornach*, *Chorre*, *Fhinn*, or the Three Stones; on which stood the cauldron for boiling their venison. They always remained in one place, till the deer of the surrounding hills were consumed, or, until they were surprised by the Danes, or other enemies. In the course of time, the Fingallians all died,—their house was burned, and nothing left that belonged to them in the country, except the old celebrated oak, the three stones, and Bran's stake, which all remained, without visits, or respect being paid to them. A considerable time after, when sheep were brought, in place of deer, two thieves stole some sheep; and having killed them, they hung them up, on the branches of this noble oak. An old huntsman happening to pass this way, and perceiving the remains of the sheep, and their entrails, hanging upon the branches of the tree, (where he used to witness, when a boy,) the most sumptuous feasts, accompanied with music and dancing, he was very sorrowful, and wept much, on his way from the place. It appears, that, previous to that period, he, and some others, were in possession of something similar to the bagpipe chanter, on which they used to play; and he began (being much affected,) to compose the above melancholy air. There is no mention made, of the bagpipe as being a national instrument, in Great Britain, previous to that period. Ossian does not make mention of it in any of his poems; neither did any other writer for a long time after him. The term *Pipe*, was used prior to the Egyptians.

Page 216.—*Faillte 'n t'Shialich*, *Chisholm's Salute*
Or CHISHOLM'S SALUTE. *The*
c. 1822

THIS very noble man had his bard and piper; and, on his receiving the rights and records of his father's estate, his bard and piper composed this fine *Piobaireachd*; and it was played at the great entertainment which he gave on that occasion.

Page 223.—*An Bhoalaich*, *You Vain Thing*
Or an INTENDED LAMENT. c. 1822

Ronald Macdonald, Esq. of Morair, was a first-rate player on the bagpipe, and a number of fine pieces were composed by him, besides this one. He had a gentleman's son residing with him, to pass the winter at his house. This youth took a notion of learning to play upon the pipe, and, in a short time, acquired a thorough knowledge of the method of playing, which made him very happy. Some little time after this, the young man fell sick, and very little hopes were entertained of his recovery. When he thought himself near death, he sent for Mr Macdonald, to whom, when he arrived, he said "O, my very dear friend and master, it would greatly gratify me, (since I must die,) if you would compose a Lament for me after I am dead;" to which request, the gentleman gave his consent. In the course of a week after this, the young gentleman again sent for Mr Macdonald; and he accordingly came. The young gentleman addressed him as follows: "O sir, if you would have the goodness to let me hear the Lament, before I die, it would make me quite happy." Ronald MacAilleanoig told him, he was afraid his head could not bear the sound; to which the youth replied, "O, but I think it will do me good." MacAilleanoig brought his pipes, and blew them up at the sick man's bedside; the air delighted him so much, that the fever took a turn, and in a few days he was quite well. Being now recovered, MacAilleanoig asked the young man what should now be the name of the Lament, "O, (said the young gentleman,) we'll make a Boalich of it," which word signifies Drollery. It is a fine air, and very ill to play.

Page 229.—*Cumhadh Iain Ghairbh Mhic a Lean,* *Some of the Great*
Or a Lament for the Death of Great JOHN MACLEAN, *John Maclean*

Chief of the Macleans, and father to a most mischievous man, but not on account of his evil deeds, previous to what will be said concerning him in this tale. This gentleman got so far as to be styled Sir John Maclean; and it is said that he was the most comely man then in Scotland. He had a pleasure-boat, in which he took great delight; and, almost every day he sailed up and down the Sound of Mull. We shall leave him here, and turn to the king of Spain's daughter, who, one night had a dream, and fancied she saw the most beautiful man that ever lived, taking her by the hand; and when she awoke, she vowed she would never rest, till she should see this man. Accordingly, a frigate was got ready for the purpose; and, almost loaded with silver and gold, she went to sea, and sailed round every part of the navigable globe,—landing everywhere—going to balls, and making great parties, looking for the person she saw in her dream, but to no purpose. She left no place unsearched; and, having almost lost hope, she determined to try Britain, before she would return to Spain. She came to London, and attended a number of balls, masquerades, and other entertainments, but to as little purpose as before. At last, she sailed round to the West Highlands, and never halted till she came to the Sound of Mull, where she cast anchor, intending to return home in a day or two. However, one morning, as she was looking through her glass, she beheld a fine barge, sailing down the Sound; she waited patiently till it should draw nigh. The sun then rising, was throwing his rays on the water, it being a fine morning in the month of May. The barge was now within a mile of the vessel; and the queen, (being then heir to the throne of Spain,) exclaimed "Here is my man, here is my man coming." The boat made straight to the vessel, and they made signs for him and his servant to come on board; and, while he was in the act of coming out of the boat, it was with much difficulty the servants of the queen could keep her from jumping into it. As soon as Maclean got into the ship, the queen clasped him by the neck, so that he scarce could breathe, and, kissing him, took him to her cabin, and there spent the greater part of the day, so that Maclean could hardly make home in day-light; and he had to pledge his honour that he would return on the morrow. Sir John made his servant swear he would not reveal what he had seen, to his mistress, (for Sir John Maclean was married upon Mor Mhor Nighean Mhic Challen, in English, Marion, daughter to the Baron of Lochawe, afterwards Marquis of Lorn, now Duke of Argyll.) Next morning, Maclean and his servant set off to visit the queen; and he was welcomed equally as before. Maclean's servant was highly entertained, on account of his master. To be short, they visited the vessel every day, till Maclean's servant got so well acquainted in the ship, that he knew almost every thing connected with it. They carried on in this manner nearly two weeks; when Maclean's lady began to suspect the conduct of her husband; and was not willing that he should go to the ship any more, to which he would not consent, and he was forced to tell her the secret, and that he was to get the king of Spain's daughter in marriage, and would make her, (his own lady,) quite comfortable all her lifetime: To which, she replied, "Though I should get the universal world, I would not accept of it, to part with you." He still persisted on going with the queen, and leave an ample fortune to his own lady. In a few days after, Maclean's lady took his servant to a private place, and told him she would make him a present of a purse of gold, if he would do her a favour; the young man complied with her request, and so took the purse. "Well, (said Lady Maclean,) you are to be faithful to me, and find out where the powder magazine of the ship lies; and let not this be known, but use your freedom in the ship, and I will prepare for you a few matches, which will take half an hour to kindle, after you loose them. When you have put them amongst the powder, see that Maclean leaves the vessel. If he should refuse to come away, discover to him the whole plot, when it is within ten minutes of the time; and here is my gold watch, and see that you be punctual to the time."

This morning, as usual, Maclean and his servant went to the vessel, and were all uncommonly merry; about four o'clock, Maclean's servant went below, and lodged his matches in several places, amongst the powder; he then ran to his master, and told him, to be ready to go home in a short time. Maclean was disposed to put off as much time as possible with his great mistress, but the time was drawing nigh that he must go; his servant then informed him that if he would not be off in less than ten minutes, he would be blown into the air; Maclean was greatly alarmed at this information, and made all the haste he could, and took his leave of the queen and the rest of her nobles. When they were about a mile and a half out at sea, the ship was blown to atoms; the deck was thrown on shore, and fell on the top of a hill, half a mile from sea. Lady Maclean heard the noise of the explosion, which made her quite happy, and she then thought all her difficulties were over. Maclean came home very sorrowful, and his lady on observing him so, endeavoured to comfort him as much as she could, but all in vain. In the course of a few weeks, he shook off his melancholy appearance, and seemed quite hearty; they had one son, and had been married only one year and a half. The winter was approaching, and Maclean now began to ruminate on what he should do, and he fell upon the following plan: He told two of his men, to hold themselves in readiness to go with his boat, at six o'clock in the evening, and that himself and lady were to go with them. Accordingly, they all got ready and set sail; the lady was wondering very much where they were going, as also did the two men. They sailed on till they came to a rock in the middle of the frith, between Mull and Argyllshire; there are three or four rocks there, close to one another which hide themselves under water, at half flowing tide. Maclean managed his business so, that he was at the rocks at half ebbing tide. He or

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 aered his men to lay hold upon his lady; and put her out on the rock, which they did, after a great struggle, and then left her there. Any one may guess the state of her mind on that occasion. Maclean and his men made straight for home; and he bound the men by the strongest oaths, never to relate what they had done. When he arrived at home, he appeared to his household to be very sad, and told them that his lady was very sick; but the poor ignorant people knew nothing of what he had been about, and in a day or two after he told them, that his lady was dead; a coffin was accordingly made, which was filled with stones, to the weight of an ordinary person, and kept in the house, until her father and friends would come from Argyllshire, to her funeral. We shall leave this part of the narrative and turn to the Lady Maclean, on the rock; she was there for the space of six hours, up to the haunches in water, crying aloud for mercy, her guilty conscience acknowledging her crime in drowning the queen, for which she suffered this apparent death. By this time it would be about nine o'clock, in the evening, in the month of November, cold and dark; the sea was getting very rough, and she, almost up to her breast in water, expecting every moment to be taken off her feet; the nearer she found herself to her expected end, the louder she screamed, and, when she had given up hopes, there came, at that instant, a boat which had been out at sea, fishing, and was now on her way home to Argyllshire. There were two men in this boat, the one said to the other, "I think I hear the screaming of some human being on or near the red rocks," (for this was their name.) He answered "if there be any one there, it was not for good works," "It may be true," (replied the other,) but Christianity binds us to relieve any one in distress." With this and the like argument, they were at last persuaded to row towards the rocks; and as they drew near, they heard the woman in great agonies, and they cried out, who was there, (for they were still afraid.) She answered, "Mrs Maclean of Dubhairi." They knew her voice, took her into the boat, and proceeded towards her father's house, (for they were her father's fishermen.) The lady was almost dead with cold; and when they arrived at the house, one of them had to carry her in his arms. One asked them if they got any fish; to which they replied, "We have got better things than fish." They then presented her to her parents, when she related to them the whole circumstance, which was kept a profound secret. We come now to Maclean, who by this time, was thinking of burying his lady, and had sent for Argyle and his friends to attend the funeral; they accordingly came, and appeared very much affected, but none seemed half so distressed as Maclean. The funeral solemnities were performed with great expense. The next day, Argyle and his friends went home; but let nothing be known to Maclean. A little time after, Argyle sent a letter to him, advising him to come over to Argyllshire to cheer him up; and to bring the boy, his son, with him to spend the winter with them. Maclean was well pleased with this invitation and came over, but seemed uncommonly sorrowful, from which, nothing could divert him. When he had been there about a week, one night, when drinking wine, Campbell said, "Mac, what is the matter with you, that nothing can make you cheerful, you have lost nothing but a wife, and you can get another, as others have done." Oh, (said Maclean) but mine was a virtuous one, there was none like her." Argyle replied, "Maclean, what would you give for a sight of your wife?" "Oh, (said Maclean,) if any other man could see such a sight, why not I, but that is what no man hath seen before." Argyle rose up; he took Maclean by the hand, and desired him to go with him: accordingly Maclean went with him, and they came to a door which was hardly half open, Maclean stood till the door was opened wider, and he saw his own wife, in her full dress, who, on observing him, ran to him, and held him in her arms, (he was so beautiful she could not keep from him.) While they were thus embracing each other, her brother, (who was an officer in the army,) was then intoxicated with wine; and still remembering what Maclean had done to his sister, ran into the room where they were, with a dagger in his hand, and stabbed Maclean to the heart. Things were now as bad as ever; Mrs Maclean, with her son, remained in her father's house, till he was twenty years of age. The men of Mull then sent him a letter, desiring him to come home to his estate; for they would pay no more rent to him, in Argyllshire. (The rent and proceeds of Mull went annually to Argyllshire, to support young Maclean and his mother; and Campbell, enriching himself with this money, was not willing that the young man should leave him, lest he should not return. However, the invitation was so strong, that Maclean went to visit his tenants.) The men of Mull made bonfires on every high hill, and in every place of public meeting, in honour of their young chief; they also made a great feast, with piping and dancing. But, before they began to enjoy themselves, Maclean asked if all the men of Mull were present, to which they answered, they were all there but one poor cripple Tailor, who was not worthy of their waiting upon; Maclean replied "I will not taste an article until he comes." In a few minutes they observed him coming, and, in such haste that he scarce had time to lay down one foot, but appeared as if he were flying on his stick and one leg. When he arrived, Maclean reproached him for being so late in coming: the Tailor looked at him, but said nothing for a little; and when he had respired, he told Maclean he had something to say to him, Speak on, said Maclean. The Tailor began his rhyme thus,

"Mac 'n Lain, Calenach,
 "Ciamhuinn, Chlanne Guine,
 "Marbhaig ort, a Shamanich,
 "Nach ro bas, t'athor na'd' chuine."

The Shamanich did not separately kill the Tailor, but from the rhyme he must have been the Shamanich.

Maclean replied, "O cha ro 'n sin ach a mhisg." The Tailor replied,

"Chunie mise t'Aithair,
"Cha bu a mhise, E na use
"Ghabhidh E 'n ath mhisg,
"Gan nach bighidh aig ach 'n t'uisg."

'N a mar sin a tha," replied Maclean. "Sann mar sud, a tha," said the Tailor.

Translation.—The Tailor said,

"A mean Campbell, Maclean
"Son-in-law to the Campbells,
"Confound you, you mean fellow,
"Your father's death you do'nt mind."

"O, replied Maclean that happened through drink, the Tailor said,

"Sir, I saw your great sire,
"He was no worse than you,
"He would get drunk the next time,
"Should he have but water gruel."

By this provocation, Maclean ordered his own clan to take the heads off the four and twenty Campbells that came with him from Argyllshire; this was accordingly done, and they commenced dancing and piping, as if they had done nothing amiss.

Page 236.—This *PIOB-BAIREACHD*, or PIPE MARCH is very simple, the name of which is not rightly known. The Macdonalds claim it, as one of their marches.

Page 240.—'Sco math leam, 'Sco math leam, Cogadh no Sith,

Or, EQUAL TO ME, PEACE OR WAR. *Argyll*

THIS Piobaireachd was composed at the general rising, 1745. It is now the signal for battle in some of the Highland regiments.

Page 245.—*Faillte Bhodaich,*

Or the DUKE of ARGYLE'S SALUTE. *Argyll*

Page 249.—*Go 'do Buidheann Eoghan,*

OR, AWAY TO YOUR TRIBE, EWEN. *Argyll*

THE subject of this Piobaireachd was Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, who, being on his travels abroad, his clan at Lochaber, wearying for his return, wrote a letter to him, with the above Gaelic words, which is the name of this very sweet air.

Page 254.—*A Mhuinntir a Chail Chaoil thugibh a'm bruach oirbh,*

Literally,—You of the Long Kail down the Brae with You.

THIS excellent Piobaireachd was played at the battle of Maol-roy, when the Macintoshes ran away, as did the Fraser's also, Maol-roy or Mil-roy, is near Inverness, where a desperate battle was fought, the circumstances of which, are known to almost every Highlander.

Page 258.—*An t'arm breachd derg, Se 'n t'arm mharbh me*

THESE words describe the appearance of an army at a distance. The composer of this rattling march, was one of the pipers who was at the battle of Maol-roy, and he says, it was the army that killed him; which is the literal meaning, of the Gaelic above.

Page 262.—*Ruibain Gorm,*

OR BLUE RIBBON. *(The Grants)*

THERE are four of these Ribbons, one of them an Island of Mull Ribbon, another of them an Isle of Skye Ribbon, another of them belongs to the Macgregors; and this one belongs to the clan Grant.

Page 271.—*Cumhadh na Cloinnidh,*

Or the CHILDREN'S LAMENT. *Lament*

THE subjects of this very plaintive Piobaireachd, were three young ladies, two of whom were Campbells, the other, Cameron of Lochiel's daughter. Those ladies went to bathe, in a linn of water, near Sir Ewen Cameron's house; Sir Ewen and his lady, wondering why the ladies were so long in returning, sent their servant to ascertain the cause of their delay, who, when she could not find them, returned, and told Cameron and his lady. They became very much alarmed, and proceeded immediately to the linn, in which the ladies had intended to bathe; and, on their looking into it, they beheld, to their great grief, the three ladies, lying lifeless, at the bottom of it. The above air was played, after their corpse, at their funeral, the common custom in those days.

Or, a Lament for the Death of GENERAL CLEAVER,

XLVIII

Who fell at the battle of Killikrankie in 1689, at which the forces of King William were defeated, by the adherents of King James. After the death of General Cleaver, his lady was married to Lord Kilsyth, and went with him over to Holland, where she caught a brain fever, when in child-bed, and was smothered betwixt two feather beds. Her body was embalmed, and brought to Kilsyth, and buried there. In 1795, when it was deemed necessary to make some alterations on the kirk of Kilsyth, they had to dig up the foundation of the kirk door, where they discovered a leaden coffin, containing the embalmed body of Lord Kilsyth's lady and her infant. They appeared as fresh as when they were interred. The remains of this lady and her child, lay three days exposed to the view of the public, when her eye-balls began to turn dim, and when found, they were a hard crust, like brittle clay; when the ribbon with which her hair was bound, was touched, it fell into crumbs. The coffin, and its contents, were again interred in the same place. The writer of this account was at the village of Kilsyth, (on his way to Ireland,) at the time the bodies were seen. but not by him it seems.

P. 25. *Alasdair Cheirich or Alasdair Cewrach was descended from the Lord of Lochaber, in 1324 Alexander Lord of Lochaber & Caragach, first chief of the Clachans. On Sept 5th 1324, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Mar, & Alasdair de Inverness (Alasdair Cewrach) & some other Lochabers, bound themselves to fight each other. In 1398 he seized the Cheirich lands of Binnwells, & took upon himself the partitioning of them. In 1402 he aided the King's army against the town of Perth. His followers formed part of the army of the Duke of Albany, who took forcible possession of the earldom of Ross. He aided the Duke of Albany against Duke Marjory at Dingwall. He also assisted against Donald Macdonald to Lochaber, & took part in that battle, which was a turning point in the first dignity before it had well begun. It was then that he died of his first & last battle of Dingwall 1427, where the Duke of Albany was mortally wounded by the Lochabers & Lochaber men. In this act of rebellion & treason, the Lord of Lochaber was forfeited in 1431 (Hugh Macdonald's MS. 5 from paper sent by J. B. Macdonald the rector of the Gordon Castle School, 18th of 10/12/12).*

The west Highland Railway. (From the Edinburgh Times of 28/5/12 p. 2)
The railway passes the scene of the last clan battle which was fought in the Highlands, going close to the site of Killikrankie, whence, about two centuries ago, the Macdonalds & Cheirichs sallied out along with their kindred of Clachans, to attack Marjory of May, & settle their respective claims to the possession of certain lands in Glen Spey & Glenmore. The battle was fought in a hall, which is seen from the railway, known as Macdonald's Hall. The success of the Macdonalds is still recorded in the pipe band "Macdonald took the brat on him."
Side Tale of a Grandfather 2nd Series. This battle was fought about 1587.