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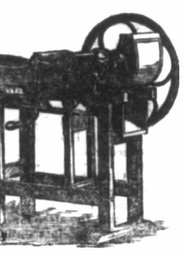
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MERRY CHRISTMAS. CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1884. HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Race of Somerled.

LECTURE BY VERY REV. DR. McDONALD.

A PHILOSOPHER of the present century has said: "Give me the geography of a people and I will give you their history." Very well. The geography of Egypt, making due allowance for the physical changes caused by some thousands of years, is to-day pretty much what it was under the Pharaohs and Ptolomeys. But is its history the same? The situation and physical geography of Jerusalem is now what it was in the days of David, Solomon, and Esdras; but its history is very different. The physical geography of the Grecian Archipalego, and of Athens and Corinth, is pretty much what it was in the days of Leonidas, Themistocles, Pericles, and Alexander; and will we be told that the history of modern Greece is the same as that of Marathon, Salamis, Leuctra, and Thermopylæ? It is true, the Isles of Greece are still there, and the mountains and plains; the bay of Salamis and the Pass of Thermopylæ, are also pointed out. But how altered their history. It is also true that even yet—

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

But as regards

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where grew the arts of war and peace;"
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The same remarks might not, inaptly, be applied to the Hebridian Archipelago, on the extreme west of Britain. There we also find an Archipelago and promontories, and mountains, and lochs, and straths; but, judging from the number of crumbling ruins of castles and ramparts with which every island and headland bristled in ages gone by, the present history of those remote parts of Britain must be very different from what it was a thousand years ago. Compared with what they were when those islands and headlands bristled with strongly fortified castles; when those seas were swept by well-manned and well-equipped fleets; and when all that was mortal of kings and chieftains was, with regal pomp, conveyed over seas and innumerable bays, to mingle with the kindred dust of departed kings and chieftains, within the sacred precincts of "Colum'skille,"

"The sacred storehouse of their predecessors
And guardian of their bones,"

compared, I say, with what they once were, those islands, and sounds, and lochs, and bays would appear to-day very tame and unromantic to the ordinary traveller, while, to the reflecting mind, they are not void of interest. Even one day's excursion would be sufficient to awaken and stir up in the mind of an ordinary tourist a curiosity to learn something of the by-gone history and traditions of those remote places.

By making the small town of Oban, in Argyleshire, your basis of operations, you can, during the summer season, on any day except Sunday, take your choice of two beautiful excursion steamers, going in different directions. Take, for instance, the steamer that is starting on an excursion trip through the Sound of Mull, about half-past six in the morning, until after touching at Staffa, Iona, and some other places, on her trip round the island of Mull will land you safely and comfortably at Oban about half-past six the same evening. On leaving Oban, the first grand object that attracts your attention are the stately ruins of Dunolly Castle, situated about a mile from Oban, on a promontory overhanging the bay, and which was, at one time, the great stronghold of the MacDougalls. Three miles or so, to the north of this, on a bold promontory at the confluence of Lochs Etive and Lynne, the imposing ruins of Royal Dunstaffnage appear to good advantage, the ancient residence of the Pictish and Caledonian kings. The steamer now making for the Sound of Mull, you leave on your right the beautiful island of Lismore, which means the big garden, once the venerable residence of the bishops of Argyle and the Isles, while the crumbling castle of Duart, on the coast of Mull, looms up to your left. The classic coast of Morvern now appears on your right, in all its majestic grandeur, revealing, at the same time, the placid surface of Loch Aluin, and the grand outlines of Artornish Castle, the opening scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles."

"Wake, Maid of Lorne!" the minstrels sung,
Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.

Further on, to your left, are seen the ruins of Arros Castle, and still further on is the cozy little town or village of Tobermorry, the principal village in Mull, where the steamer makes a short stay. Tobermorry means, in plain English, the Blessed Virgin's Well, and is only one of the Holy wells of the olden Catholic times. Leaving Tobermorry, you continue on through the remaining part of the Sound, when Loch Suanart opens up on your right, and, beyond it, the bold promontory of Ardnamurchan, shewing off, to great advantage, the grand old castle of Mingary, with the classic Cuchullin Hills of Skye still further in the distance. The steamer, now emerging from the Sound, turns more to the southward, and you find yourself sailing over the now placid waters of Bloody Bay, so called from a bloody naval battle fought there, between contending clans, about the close of the fifteenth century. The next headland on your left is *Rhu nan Callach*, or Callach Point. From the name, we can infer that there was a nunnery there in the olden times. Having rounded Callach Point, you find yourself again on the broad Atlantic; and yet—

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round."

The steamer comes under the shelter of Staffa without coming to anchor, where there is a sufficient number of well manned and elegantly equipped boats ready to convey the tourists to the shore. Staffa, with its counterpart, the Giant's Causeway, on the north coast of Ireland, forms one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. From Staffa a sail of eight or nine miles will bring you to

IONA, OR ICOLUMKILLE,

where there are boats ready to land the passengers, the same as at Staffa. This tiny little island, scarcely three miles in length by one in breadth, contains, at present, a population of about 300 souls, all presbyterians. They form two separate congregations, and have two churches, the one an Established, the other a Free Church. One thing struck me as indicating good taste on their part: that in building their modern churches and private residences, they have not encroached on, or intruded within the sacred precincts of the ancient and venerable establishments of Columkille. Were I to dwell, at any length, on the venerable relics of Iona, I would leave myself no room for what I intended as the principal subject of this paper. I shall merely observe that the principal ruins now visited by tourists are the nunnery, St. Oran's Chapel, the tombs of kings and chieftains, and the cathedral church in connection with the grand Abbey. Among the ruins of the nunnery a monumental slab was pointed out to me, bearing the name, in Latin, of Ann McDonald, the last lady superior of the establishment. The year of her death is marked 1543. During the short time I had to revel among the tombs of the mighty dead, in another part of the ruins, my attention was drawn to the inscription on the weather-beaten tomb of Angus Og MacDonald, also in Latin: "Angus, the son of Angus McDonald, Lord of the Isles." Angus Og, or young Angus, was Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles;" but the gifted writer adopted the more euphonious name of Ronald.

"The heir of mighty Somerled,
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant and the young;
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame."

Leaving Iona, the steamer keeps close to the southern shore of Mull, which is very rocky, and indented by bays, which they call lochs in that country. At the head of Loch Buy, near the ruins of the old May Castle, is the stately residence of McLean, of Loch Buy, where Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent a very pleasant evening on their return from the Hebrides in October, 1772. While sailing along this coast you have a good view of the islands of Colonsay, Jura, Isla, and others of lesser note. The small island of Rathlin and Dunluce Castle, on the north coast of Ireland, are too far off to be taken in by the naked eye. From Loch Buy, now, it is only a short distance across to Oban, where you arrive about half past six p. m., well pleased, and mighty delighted with the day's excursion, having made a complete circuit of over one hundred miles. After having enjoyed your seven o'clock dinner, and the interesting after-dinner conversation of your fellow tourists, you retire to your private apartments; but the desire uppermost in your mind is to learn the history of those crumbled castles and ramparts, those rocks and promontories, those abbeys and nunneries, all of which must have held a conspicuous place in the history of the last thousand years. You sit down with the scanty records at your disposal, and in groping your way through the unpronounceable names of men and places, you light upon a name that, conspicuous above all others, looms up through the mist of ages, and that name is

SOMERLED,

or in ordinary Gælic, *Somhairle*, which corresponds to the English, Samuel. Whether Somerled was of purely Celtic origin, as some contend, or of purely Scandinavian origin, as others maintain, and as the name would almost seem to indicate, or whether he was partly Celtic and partly Scandinavian, which is most likely, is a question that cannot be now fully decided. But that Somerled was the progenitor of the MacDonald clan, in all their different branches, admits of no doubt. And if, in tracing the race of Somerled, I shall be obliged to confine myself principally to the MacDonald clan, I trust that my doing so will not be attributed to any spirit of clannishness for I have to do so from necessity. I am free to admit that the princely clans of Cameron, McLeod, McNeill, McLean, Frazer, McIntosh, and many others, would be equally important and interesting; but that is not the question before us this evening. I have only promised to treat, this evening, of the race of "Mighty Somerled," and to redeem that promise I must devote my paper principally to the MacDonald clan, his immediate descendants.

From the death of Suibne to the accession of Gilbride, Somerled's father, we find very little in ancient records. Gilbride was expelled from his possessions in the Scottish Highlands by the Danes and Fiongalls, and it is only after this that Somerled first comes into notice. At first he appears to have lived in retirement, musing in silent solitude over the ruined fortunes of his family; but a favorable opportunity presenting itself, he placed himself at the head of the people of Morvern, attacked the Norwegians whom, after a long and desperate struggle, he expelled from the district, and ultimately made himself master, in addition to Morvern, of Lochaber and Argyle. When David I., of Scotland, expelled the Norwegians from Man, Arran and Bute, Somerled obtained a grant of those islands from the King; but finding himself unable successfully to contend with the Norwegians of the Isles, whose power remained still unbroken, he resolved to gain by policy what he despaired of acquiring by force of arms. With this view he succeeded in obtaining, in the year 1140, the hand of Elfrica, daughter of Olave, surnamed the Red, at that time the Norwegian King of the Isles. It appears that Olave, the King of the Isles, was also naturally desirous of securing the alliance and support of the powerful Lord of Argyle. The issue of this marriage were three sons, Ronald, Dougald, and Angus. A few years pass away and we find Malcolm IV. seated on the throne of Scotland, but occupied with a civil war. By this time, however, Somerled had acquired great power. The King of Scotland, convinced that the existence of an independent chief, like Somerled, was incompatible with the interests of the central government, and the maintenance of public order, requested the Island chief to resign his possessions into His Majesty's hands, and to hold them in future as a vassal from the crown. This Somerled declined to do, and boldly declared war against Malcom himself. Emboldened by previous successes, Somerled determined to meet the King with a numerous army from Argyle, Ireland and the Isles; and having collected all his forces together, he sailed up the Clyde with a fleet of 160 galleys, landed his followers near Renfrew, the territory of the High Steward, threatening, as the ancient chronicles inform us, to subdue the whole of Scotland. He there met the royal army under the command of the High Steward of Scotland, by whom he was defeated and Somerled himself slain. King Malcolm, however, paid great respect to the body of his fallen foe, which he had solemnly conveyed to Iona, there to mingle with the dust of kindred chieftains. Somerled was succeeded in his territories of Isla, Cantyre, and a part of Lorn, by his son Ronald, who assumed the title of Lord of the Isles, or received it from his followers. From this Ronald sprang two great families, that of Isla, descended from his son Donald, and therefore patronymically styled MacDonald; and that of Bute, descended from his son Ruari, and therefore patronimically styled MacRuari. Most of the descendants of Somerled had for a century after his death a divided allegiance, holding part of their lands, those in the Isles, from the King of Norway, their mainland domains, at the same time, being held of the King of Scotland. Ronald married Fonia, a sister of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and by this marriage had issue, Donald of Islay, his heir, from whom the MacDonalds derive their name, and Ruari, of Bute, whose issue terminated in Amie, who married John of Isla. Ronald died in the 54th year of his age, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

DONALD OF ISLA.

Hugh McDonald, the *Seanachie*, informs us that Donald succeeded his father in the lordship of the Isles and thanesship of Argyle, that he went to Denmark and took with him many of the ancient Danes of the Isles; and that his own rights, and the peculiar rights he had to the Isles through his grandmother, the daughter of Olave the Red, were then and there renewed to him by Magnus, King of Denmark. On this account he would not come under vassalage to the King of Scotland. Donald died after a turbulent reign, and was buried at Columkill. He left two sons, Angus Mor, his heir, and Alastar.

ANGUS MOR

was chief at the time of Haco's expedition to the Western Islands, in 1266, and with his fleet immediately joined Haco on his arrival, and assisted him throughout the war; though it appears, in consequence of the treaty afterwards arranged between the Kings of Scotland and Norway, that he did not suffer for his conduct either in person or property. In 1284 he appeared at the great convention at which the Maid of Norway was declared heiress to the crown of Scotland. He confirmed his father's and grandfather's grants to the Abbey of Saddel, and other religious institutions. He resided for the most part of his life in his great castle of Artornish. He married a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchy, with issue—Alexander, his heir, Angus Og, who succeeded his brother Alexander. He died in the year 1300, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

ALASTAIR MCDONALD

of the Isles, who married a daugter of Ewen of Ergadia, the last of the descendants of Dougald of Lorn, by whom he received a considerable acquisition to his already extensive territories, but having joined the Lord of Lorne in his opposition to Robert Bruce, he naturally became a partner in the consequent collapse and ruin of that great family. The final result of his unfortunate alliance with the House of Lorne was that he was compelled to surrender to the king, who imprisoned him in Dundonald Castle, where he ultimately died. His possessions were forfeited to the Crown, but were afterwards granted to his brother, Angus Og. He died in 1303, and was succeeded by his brother,

ANGUS OG MCDONALD,

who, fortunately for himself and his clan, sided with Bruce from the outset of his bold attempt to free his native land from the English Edwards. As the relations between the Lord of the Isles and Robert Bruce are familiar to most of you, I shall pass them over, merely observing that, after the disastrous defeat of Methven and the subsequent skirmish with the Lord of Lorn at Tyndrum, the valiant Bruce was obliged to fly with his life, whereupon Angus Og received and sheltered him, first, in his Castle of Saddel, in Cantyre, and in August, 1306, in his more secure Castle of Dunaverty, until, with McDonald's aid, he retired some time after for safer refuge to the little island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland, at that time possessed by the McDonalds of the Isles. From this period Angus Og attached himself firmly to the party of Bruce, and took an important part in all the subsequent enterprises. At the decisive battle of Bannockburn Angus commanded the reserve, composed of 5,000 Highlanders, led on under his own chief command, by sixteen of their own subordinate chiefs. At the age of 22 he was proclaimed Lord of the Isles, and Thane of Argyle and Lochaber. He married Margaret, daughter of Guy O'Cathan, (O'Kane) of Ulster, Ireland, and by this marriage he had an only son, John. He died at his residence of Isla, was buried at Icolumkill, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN, FIRST LORD OF THE ISLES,

who played a most important part in the turbulent age in which he lived. He is admitted by all to have been one of the most able and sagacious chiefs of his time. Of course it is known to the intelligent reader that John is called the first Lord of the Isles from the fact that the government of Scotland now acknowledged him as such. In his time Scotland was again divided and harrassed by various claimants to the crown, the principal of whom were David Bruce and Edward Balliol. The High Steward of Scotland, desirous of strengthening himself by means of alliances with the most powerful barons of the country, managed to bring about the marriage of the Lord of the Isles with his own daughter; and by the accession of Robert Steward to the throne of Scotland shortly after, as Robert II., the Lord of the Isles was brought into immediate connection with the crown. And as John remained during the whole reign of Robert II. in a state of as great tranquility as his father, Angus Og, had done during that of Robert I., the policy of thus connecting those turbulent chiefs with the government by the ties of friendship and alliance, rather than by attempting to reduce them to obedience by force, becomes very manifest. The haughty temper of the western chief is well illustrated by an anecdote told in Hugh McDonald's MSS. When John of the Isles was to be married, some of his followers and familiars advised him to behave courteously in the king's presence, and above all to uncover himself as others did. McDonald said that he did not well know how the king should be revered by him, for all those whom he had ever met were obliged to reverence himself, and to get over the difficulty he threw away his head gear, saying he would wear none and thus there would be no necessity of humiliating himself by taking it off before the king. The good John of Isla, as he is known by tradition, was twice married, first to Amie, the heiress of the McRuari family, with issue—John, who died before his father, Godfrey, of Uist and Garmoran, descendants said to be extinct, Ronald, progenitor of the Clanronalds, and Mary, married to McLean of Duart. He married secondly Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert Stewart, afterward King Robert II. of Scotland, and first of the Stewart dynasty. By this marriage he had Donald, who succeeded as second Lord of the Isles; John Mor, of Isla, ancestor of the McDonalds, the Earls of Antrim, Ireland; Alexander, Lord of Lochaber, commonly known as Alastair Carrach, progenitor of the Keppoch, and other families in Lochaber. Gregory says that John died in 1380, while Skene places his death at 1386. He died in his great Castle of Artornish, in Morvern, and was buried in the sacred precincts of Iona. He was succeeded in his possessions and in the lordship of the Isles by his eldest son, by his second marriage.

DONALD, SECOND LORD OF THE ISLES,

better known in history as Donald of Harlaw, from the battle fought by him against the king's troops near the village of Harlaw. He married Lady Mary Leslie, only daughter of the Countess of Ross, and thus, after the demise of all the nearer heirs, he justly claimed the Earldom of Ross in his wife's right. The Governor, the Duke of Albany, actuated more by what would conduce to the security of the Government than by any question as to the justice of the claim, endeavored for the time to put him off. Donald, however, was not the man who would patiently brook the unjust refusal of his rights, and no sooner did he receive an unfavorable answer to his demands than he had recourse to the ultima ratio of kings and chieftains. He collected an army of ten thousand men, with which he invaded the Earldom. He appears to have met with no resistance from the people of Ross, and he soon obtained possession of the whole country. But on his arrival at Dingwall he was met by Angus Dubh McKay, in command of a large body of men from Sutherland who, after a severe attack, were completely routed, and Angus Dubh himself taken prisoner. Donald then leaving Ross, swept through Moray, and penetrated into Aberdeenshire at the head of his whole army. Near the village of Harlaw he was met by the Earl of Mar at the head of a large army, composed of Lowland gentry, who were better armed and better disciplined than the Highland followers of Donald. On the 24th of July, 1411, was fought the celebrated battle of Harlaw, upon the issue of which seemed to depend the question of whether the Gælic or Teutonic part of the population of Scotland were in future to have the supremacy. The engagement might indeed be considered a drawn battle, but Donald, from the loss he had sustained in this battle, finding that he had not sufficient forces to follow up the campaign, was obliged to retire and take up his winter quarters in the Islands. The following year, however, he was forced to come to terms and become a vassal to the Scottish crown. Donald, as we have seen, married Lady Mary Leslie, who in the course of time became Countess of Ross in her own right. By this marriage he had issue—Alexander, who succeeded him as Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross; Angus who became bishop of the Isles, besides a daughter. He died, according to Findon, in 1423, according to Gregory about 1420, while Hugh McDonald, the Seanachie, though not mentioning the year of his death, says that he died in his Castle of Artornish, in Morvern, in the 45th year of his age, and was buried at Columkill. He was succeeded in the Lordship of the Isles, and, a few years later in the Earldom of Ross, by his eldest son,

ALEXANDER, THIRD LORD OF THE ISLES, AND EARL OF ROSS.

After the death of his mother, who was Countess of Ross in her own right, he became Earl of Ross, and the title was acknowledged by the crown in 1430. He was a man of great spirit and marked ability, and, like his father and grandfather, became ambitious to found a Celtic Kingdom of the Isles, the sovereignty of which should remain in his family. At this time, however, Scotland was ruled by James I., exhibiting kingly talents of a high order, and a resolution to bring his vassals, however powerful, to abject submission. With this view, the king, in 1427, collected a large force, marched to Inverness accompanied by his principal nobles, with an army that made resistance on the part of the Highlanders appear quite out of the question. On his arrival at Inverness he summoned his barons, including the Highland chiefs, to attend a parliament, which even the Lord of the Isles thought it prudent to obey. But as the chiefs entered the hall in which parliament was assembled, each of the haughty nobles was immediately arrested, and placed in irons in different parts of the building, no one being permitted to communicate with any of the others. The majority of them were afterwards condemned to different sorts of deaths, while a few were set at liberty, after terms of imprisonment, and among these was Alexander of the Isles. It is impossible to defend this mean and treacherous conduct of the king, however brave or distinguished he may, in other respects, have been. Alexander married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Seaton, Lord of Gordon and Huntley, and by her had issue—John, his heir and successor; Archibald, or *Gilespic*, Lord of Lochalsh and Loch Carron; Hugh, or *Uistean*, who was styled Lord of Sleat, and the founder of the family of Lord McDonald, of Sleat. Alexander had also several daughters. He died at his castle of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, on the 8th of May, 1448, and was succeded by his eldest son.

JOHN, FOURTH LORD OF THE ISLES.

As we find the race of the "Mighty Somerled" already spreading out into the different branches of Sleat, Glengarry, Keppoch, Clanranald, and other minor septs, and as it would be unwieldy to treat of them all in one mass, I deem it more satisfactory to treat of each family separately. To begin with the family of Sleat, you will remember that Hugh, third son of Alexander of the Isles and Earl of Ross, was styled Lord of Sleat. The ancestor of the present Lord McDonald was therefore this

HUGH MCDONALD, FIRST OF SLEAT.

In 1460 he made a raid into the Orkney Islands, accompanied by William McLeod of Harris, and returned with considerable booty. Thirty-five years later, in his boisterous reign, we find him receiving a Royal Charter under the Great Seal, a long Latin document dated 10th November, 1495, confirming to himself and his wife, Finvola of Ardnamurchan, and their heirs, the territory of Sleat, with some islands and other tracts of country. Hugh McDonald of Sleat died in 1498, the same year in which his eldest brother John, fourth Lord of the Isles, died, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN MCDONALD, SECOND OF SLEAT.

Although we can trace, without a missing link, the history and succession of the family for the next three hundred years, still it would be impossible to compress it within the limits of a lecture; and what I say of this family I may say, once for all, of all the other branches of the clan. Were I to continue the succession in detail, you would only find an array of Donalds and Ronalds which, to many of you, would appear monotonous; for after John II. of Sleat we have six Donalds in succession, then a Sir James, immediately followed by three more Sir Donalds, in one breath. Passing therefore over 300 years of equally interesting history, we come down, in 1745, to

ALEXANDER 23RD FROM SOMERLED AND XIV. OF SLEAT.

Although Sir Alexander managed to keep out of the unfortunate troubles of 1745, it was more, no doubt, from motives of prudence than from any want of sympathy with the Jacobite cause. Chivalry may be all very fine in theory, but in practice, and in the stern reality, it often costs too dear, as many a poor Highlander of that epoch experienced to his cost. Sir Alexander, however, was not of a cringing nature; and, as a proof of this, I might refer to his interview with the Duke of Cumberland at Fort Augustus shortly after the battle of Culloden. On presenting himself, the Duke half jocularly exclaimed: "Oh! is this the great rebel of the Isles?" when McDonald, drawing himself up, tartly replied; "My Lord Duke, had I been the rebel of the Isles, your Royal Highness would never have crossed the Spey." His Royal Highness afterwards corresponded with him, and complimented him on his loyalty, at the same time assuring him of his friendly regard. He married first, on the 5th of April, 1733, Anne, daughter of David Easkin, of Dun, in the county of Forfar, and by her had one son, Donald, born 10th of January, 1734, who died young. He married, secondly, Lady Margaret Montgomery, daughter of the Earl of Eglington, with issue, James, Alexander and Archibald. Sir Alexander died of pleurisy, in the 36th year of his age, at Bernera, Glenelg, on the 25th November, 1746, while on his way to London to wait on the Duke of Cumberland, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR JAMES XV. BARON OF SLEAT,

who was a distinguished scholar. A contemporary describes him as one of the most extraordinary young men he ever knew. He had great and noble schemes for the civilization and improvement of his country. Being of a very delicate constitution, it was thought a warmer climate would suit him better. He therefore went to Italy in 1765, and after a lingering illness died in Rome, on the 26th of July, 1766. Dying unmarried, he was succeeded by his next brother,

SIR ALEXANDER XVI., BARON OF SLEAT,

who, on the 17th of July, 1766, was, by Royal patent, created a Peer of Ireland by the title of Baron McDonald of Sleat, Country Antrim, to himself and the heirs male of his body. On the 3d of May, 1768, he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Godfrey Boswille of Gunthwaile, Yorkshire. He was distinguished from the other barons of the family by the appellation of *An Morair Ban*, or the Fair-haired Lord. He had issue, Alexander Wentworth, who succeeded him, and four other sons, who greatly distinguished themselves in the Napoleonic war, besides three daughters. He died on the 12th of September, 1795, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MCDONALD,

who was born on the 9th of December, 1773. He expended about £35,000 sterling on the improvement of his estate. Among others was the erection of the princely modern family residence, Armadale Castle, in the parish of Sleat. His Lordship died unmarried on the 9th of June, 1724, and was succeeded by his next eldest brother,

SIR GODFREY MCDONALD,

who was born on the 14th of October, 1775, and on the 15th October, 1803, he married Louisa Maria, daughter of Farley Edsir. By her he had issue, Alexander William Robert Boswille, who succeeded, in terms of a special Act of Parliament, to the English estates of Thorpe—Godfrey William Wentworth, who succeeded, in terms of the same Act, to the titles of McDonald and the Scotch estates. His other sons held the highest rank in the army. He had also eight daughters, all of whom were married to naval and military officers of high rank and distinction. His Lordship died on the 18th October, 1832, and was succeeded in his Scottish titles and estates by his second son,

SIR GODFREY WILLIAM WENTWORTH.

who was born on the 16th of March, 1809, and married, on the 21st of August, 1845, Maria Anne daughter of Thos. Wyndam of Crown Hall, Norfolk, with issue, Somerled James Brudenell, who succeeded his father, besides several other sons and daughters. His Lordship died the 25th of July, 1863, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR SOMERLED JAMES BRUDENELL,

who was born the 2d of October, 1849, and died unmarried on the 25th of December, 1874. He was living when I visited the Highlands of Scotland in the summer of 1874. He was succeeded by his next and only surviving brother,

SIR RONALD ARCHIBALD BOSWILLE,

Thirtieth in succession from Somerled, Twenty-first Baron, 14th Baronet and 6th Lord McDonald of Sleat. He was born on the 9th of June, 1853, and married, on the 1st October, 1875, Louisa Jane Hamilton, second daughter of Colonel George Hamilton Holmes Ross, of Cromarty, with issue, Somerled Godfrey James, his heir, born 21st July, 1876; Godfrey Evan Hugh, born 1879; Archibald Ronald Armadale, born 20th May, 1880. There are also four cadet families of Sleat, namely, the McDonalds of Balranald, Kingsburg, Castleton, and Vallay, but want of space will permit me to make only the merest reference to them.

THE MCDONALDS OF BALRANALD

are descended from Donald McDonald, known among Highlanders as Donald Herach. He was a son of Hugh, first of Sleat, by a daughter of McLeod of Harris. The present representative of the Balranalds is Alexander McDonald of Edenwood, in the county of Fife.

THE MCDONALDS OF KINGSBURG

were descended from James McDonald, second son of Donald *Gruamach*, fourth Baron of Sleat. They took a prominent part in the various disputes between the family of Sleat and the McLeods, during the reigns of James V. and Queen Mary. Alexander McDonald was the sixth chief of this family in 1745, but did not join the followers of Prince Charles. He was, however, imprisoned in 1746, for twelve months in the Castle of Edinburgh, for having given a night's shelter to Prince Charles. Indeed, he got a whole year's safe lodging for having afforded that of one night. He died at the advanced age of 83, on the 13th February, 1772, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Allan, who, on the 6th November, 1750, married the celebrated Flora MacDonald, of History. They left a fine family of five sons, all distinguished, without exception, as naval and military officers. Their daughters were all married to officers of high rank, who left large families who also distinguished themselves in the service of their country. While Allan and Flora were in America, a boy and girl, aged respectively 11 and 13, died of typhus fever, at their father's residence, on the borders of Richmond and Montgomery counties. The present proprietor of the property where they are buried, has, much to his honor, carefully enclosed the graves of these children, to preserve the spot sacred to Flora MacDonald's offspring. I have seen it stated somewhere lately that Flora MacDonald was a native of Skye; but this is incorrect. Flora was the daughter of Mr. MacDonald, of Milton, *nian Fer ar mhuilin*, in South Uist. After MacDonald of Milton's death, Mrs. MacDonald, Flora's mother, married MacDonald of Kingsburgh, in Skye. After this Flora made her principal home with her mother, in Skye; but she also spent a good part of her time with her brother, and other highly respected friends in Uist. The condition of Uist at that time was very different from its present wretched condition. She happened to be on a visit among her friends in Uist when she was singled out, on account of her extraordinary tact and cleverness, to effect the escape of Prince Charles. After her return from America she went to reside with her brother at *Ar Mhuilin*, in South Uist, and remained there until, on the treaty of peace, at the conclusion of the American war, 1783, her husband was liberated from prison and returned to Scotland. From this time Flora and her husband took up their residence at Kingsburg, in Skye, where they both died.

THE MACDONALDS OF CASTLETON

are descended from Donald, second son of Donald, eighth baron of Sleat. John, the second son of Castleton, fought under Viscount Dundee, at Killiecrankie. They were also connected by marriage with the families of Kingsburg, McLeod and McLean. The hospitable and noble-hearted mother-in-law of Flora McDonald was a daughter of John McDonald, second of Castleton. One of the most original and interesting characters that I find in this family was *Ruari MacJan*, Roderick, son of John II. of Castleton. He was one of the last links in the chain which connected the ideas and customs of the past with the altered habits and civilization of the present. He delighted in great displays of hospitality at funerals, marriages, christenings, and other social gatherings, and judged the social position of those immediately concerned by the quantity of whiskey consumed, and the number of fights which took place on such occasions. Whenever he heard of anything unusually exciting, or even sanguinary, as having taken place on such occasions, he would exclaim, "Oh, yes, yes, that was to be looked for and expected. You know they have come of a respectable people?" On the other hand, when he was informed that a social gathering had passed off soberly and peaceably, and, as we would say decently, he would exclaim, "*Oh cha rodhiad riamh ach spiachach*." "They were never but stingy and penurious. It is just like them. What else could you expect from such a low bred set?" In his early days the national beverage was freely manufactured without any interference of the Board of Excise; but in his latter days he was much concerned and annoyed to hear that an excise officer, one of a class then looked upon in the Highlands as the natural enemies of society, was on his way to the Isle of Skye, and had actually crossed the *Caolas*, or Strait. Old Rory was, at the time, confined to his bed by some ailment, and being unable personally to give such a welcome to the stranger as he desired, he sent for a powerful vassal upon whom he could fully depend to carry out any orders, if sufficiently rewarded. The hero having arrived, was ushered into Rory's presence, who, pointing to an old garment hanging against the wall of his room, said, "Do you see that coat with the silver buttons?" "I do." "Well, then, it shall be yours if you go and meet the coming exciseman, set upon him, and give him such a pounding as will keep him from coming to molest us in future." The order was soon carried into effect; the man returned to tell his patron that he had executed his commission to the letter. Before, however, receiving the promised reward, he had to undergo a series of cross questioning, in the following style: "*Na phronn thu a mionach beag aige?*" "Did you pound his small guts for him?" "I did." "*S'math sin! S'math sin!*" "That's right, that's right." Now take your reward, and you have well deserved it." Having recovered from his temporary indisposition, Rory was one day taking his usual walk, when he met a man on the highway, and asking him in the usual manner for his news, the wayfarer informed him, among other things, that they were getting large catches of herring at Loch Eishort, and that an excise officer was seen on his way across the Island. Rory became quite startled, and believing that his old enemy had risen almost from the dead, exclaimed: "*S'math a bha fios aige f'hein gu de dheanadh feum dha; a sheachd leor du caddan ur.*" "It's well he knew himself what would do him good; a right royal bellyfull of fresh herring;" as if this would have cured him from the terrible pounding which otherwise must have proved fatal. The family of Castleton is at present represented by the Rev. James Alexander McDonald, who also succeeded to his father as claimant to the Annandale peerage.

THE MCDONALDS OF VALLAY

are descended from William, son of Donald, Third Baronet of Sleat. He obtained the property of Duntulm, in Skye, free for life, and a perpetual fee of the Island of Vallay, in North Uist, for one shilling a year, in return for his services to the family of Sleat during the forfeiture, after 1715. He was at the battle of Sheriffmuir and, with his brother James, commanded the McDonalds of Sleat, who opened the battle. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had a numerous family. The House is now represented by the family of Alexander McDonald, Fourth of Vallay born 14th July, 1788, and married on 2d February, 1820, to Flora, daughter of Captain Duncan McRae, Royal York Rangers, with issue, Alexander Ewen, married with issue in Australia—William John, Senator for Victoria, Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, married, with issue three sons and three daughters—Duncan Alexander, unmarried in Australia—Colin Hector, married in Australia, with issue—Duncan, unmarried in Australia, besides three daughters, Christina Maria, Harriet Margaret, and Mary Isabella, who are also all married.

THE MCDONALDS OF GLENGARRY

are descended from Ronald, third son of Lord John of the Isles, by his first wife, Anie MacRuari. He is therefore designated the eighth chief of the race of Somerled, progenitor of the McDonalds of Glengarry, and of all the McDonalds known as *Clann Raonhuil*, that is, a descendant of Ronald. Passing over a space of nearly 400 years, we come to Alexander Ronaldson McDonell, twenty-second in succession from the "Mighty Somerled," and fifteenth chief of Glengarry. He is said to have been, in the most favorable features of his character, Scott's original for Fergus McIvor. It would be impossible here to chronicle, in detail, the various incidents of his remarkable career. He married on the 28th January, 1802, Rebecca, second daughter of Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, Bart, by whom he had issue, besides six sons who died young, Æneas Ronaldson, his heir,—Elizabeth, who married Paymaster Roderick C. McDonald, Prince Edward Island, of the 30th Regiment, with issue—John Alastar, now a priest of the Society of Jesus, Canada—Emma, who died young and Elizabeth, a nun at Birkenhead, England. Glengarry had also several other daughters, two of whom were residing in Rothsay, Island of Bute, when I visited that country in 1874. A younger brother of Glengarry, Sir James McDonell, is also well known in the military annals of England. He highly distinguished himself at Maida, Egypt, and Waterloo. After the battle of Waterloo he was designated the "Hero of Hougomont." Later in life he served in Canada in putting down the rebellion in 1837. Some of you may also remember his visit to this island when, accompanied by the late Paymaster Roderick McDonald, of the 30th Regiment and lady, who was Sir James' niece, they paid a family visit to the late Rev. John McDonald, at St. Margaret's, King's County, where Father John was parish priest at the time. Sir James died unmarried in 1857. Alexander Ronaldson McDonell, fifteenth chief of Glengarry, was accidentally killed on the 14th of January, 1828, while attempting to land from the ship *Stirling Castle*, wrecked at Corran, near Fort William, Scotland, when he was succeeded by his only surviving son,

ÆNEAS RONALDSON MCDONELL,

Sixteenth of Glengarry. He was born on