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THE

FIERY CROSS

History Tradition Poetry Music Folklore Men Women & Things

A Magazine for Scottish-Canadians, Illustrated

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

VII.

Bard MacColl at Home.

On entering the Bard's home we must, before passing on to the cosy study, do homage to the kind and stately partner of his cares and joys, whose courtesy adds its sweet charm to the pleasure derived from intercourse with the poet under his own hospitable roof, and whose genial disposition and sympathy with his favorite pursuits have fostered that tender domestic harmony, which has proved a veritable elixir alike to the poet's muse and to his longevity. Her hair is bleached with the snows of many winters, but the sunshine in her heart has not turned the meridian, and it streams through a countenance radiant with welcome and good will.

These devoirs over, the Bard's reception is such as might have been given by a Highland patriarch of other years. Courty, precise, kindly, every glance and movement disclosing inbred politeness; nothing is wanting to produce a pleasing impression at once. The greeting may be conveyed in excellently worded Gaelic, or in measured English, but in whatsoever language, there can be no doubt of its heartiness. The Bard is a wiry man, a little below the medium height. Years have not effaced the early hues of vivacity or dimmed the keen, sparkling light in his kindly, clear, blue eye. Under the expansive brow his features are cast in a thoughtful mould; sweetness and severity are delicately blended, expressive of the mellowed earnestness of the patriotic poet. Bard MacColl's appearance does not suggest the patriarchal age to which he has

attained. The active manner and unfaltering voice would not indicate that he passed the line of four score and seven years last September. Yet so it is, and with faculties unimpaired and bodily strength well-maintained he manifests the endurance of a much younger man, either as a host or in his daily walks, even in the winter weather.

His conversation affects a wide range. He is well-informed, above the average, on a great variety of topics, but Gaelic literature and lore are his favorite themes. The shelves of his library are stocked with well-selected volumes, the most of which relate to the Highlands and the language and literature of the Gael. They have been well-conferred over, the owner's pencil having been indefatigable on their margins, and frequently the comments are of refreshing pungency. When he confides his opinions to paper he seldom lacks either directness or elegance of expression. Among the Gaelic poets he is a master, his knowledge of their works being extensive and critical. Few greater treats could be had than a talk with him on the great productions of the Gaelic muse. He is versed in the Ossianic controversy, but neither Campbell nor MacBain has succeeded in enticing him from his belief in the orthodox view. His father was one of the best senachies in his native county of Argyle, and the Ossianic tales he could recite and poetry he could quote helped to confirm the Bard in the opinions he imbibed at an early age from the evidence formulated by the defenders of the authenticity of Ossian. From the majority of his contemporaries he differs as to where Buchanan should rank among the Gaelic poets, but where his appreciation is given it is boundless

and discriminating. Had his estimate of the Gaelic poets been written and placed on record, it would prove interesting and valuable. With the floating songs, lilt, melodies, tales and proverbs of the Highlands as they were sung and told eighty years ago he has a wide and intimate acquaintance, and of his treasures he is ever free. With many snatches of meritorious songs, with Gaelic words for bag-pipe music, with refrains and old choruses, never printed, he is familiar and has committed some of them to paper. The folklore of Gaelic song is to him a never-ending subject of interest, and his retentive memory enables him to entertain his willing visitors with a rich store of information. His conversation is marked by accuracy of expression and a thoughtful deliberation, while his diction is choice and comprehensive.

To be reminiscent is the privilege of age. Sixty years ago he was already famous and his anecdotes of the celebrities with whom he came in friendly contact, of James Logan, John Mackenzie and kindred spirits, not to mention men of note in other walks of life, are of peculiar interest on personal grounds and otherwise. One by one these early contemporaries are passing the bourne. But two or three remain. Among the dearest was Mr. Colin Chisholm, whose death song echoed with last year's closing notes, mourned by none more sincerely than by the comrade of his early manhood, the Bard of Lochfyne. Yet the Bard is hale and hearty and as he stood on the threshold bidding us good-bye, the strong grasp and cheery smile betokened a reserve energy which will carry him over many years to come.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

Toronto.

A L'Orient.

The following lines are by Mr. Wm. MacCormack, E. R. A., of H. M. S., *Pembroke*, Chatham, and a native of the Ross of Mull, Scotland :

Awake, thee, Britannia! to arms! to arms!
 Injured Armenia calls—calls she in vain;
 Thy war dogs, roused by murder's dread alarms,
 Howling for vengeance at their leashes strain,
 The eastern sky is red with bloody rain,
 And Britain's manhood murmurs as she cries
 Of helpless innocence in sad refrain
 Float heavenward; valour wrathful, eyes
 Fell murder rampant 'neath the angry skies.

A l'Orient! A l'Orient! awake! awake!

The helpless wail for help, the assassin's steel
 Seeking their life; successive morning's break
 To see Armenia writhe 'neath Abdul's heel.
 Oh, that the Battle Thunder, peal on peal,
 Awake the sleeping echoes, wave on wave,
 Then would the barbarous hordes in terror feel
 The dreadful hurricane of Britain's brave,
 A l'Orient, Britannia, while yet there's time to save.

Mr. James Begg, a Glengarry Pioneer.

Mr. James Begg, of Moose Creek, tells his own story thus to the Montreal Witness:—

I was born in Dundee, Scotland, in the year 1814, Sept. 24. I emigrated to this country in 1827, my father sailing the year before. We arrived in Quebec sometime in May—that was, my step-mother, two children, one an infant and the other two years old; my full brother, six years old, and myself. We wrote at once to my father at Ottawa, (then Bytown) where we last heard from him; but he had left and gone to Glengarry, where he had started weaving for the farmers' wives. He wrote from there telling us where to come to; but instead of sending by mail he gave the letter to a merchant in Martintown, who said he was going straight to Quebec, but who, instead went into the United States and took the letter with him. I don't remember how long we remained in Quebec, but I know we spent all the money we had, and the landlady had a keen eye for our good Scotch blankets; and we thought they would all go to her. There was no alternative but for me to go and search for my father in Ottawa. I left Quebec with ninepence in my pocket, in, I think, the steam-boat 'John Munn.' No one asked me for pay. The boat was full of Glengarry raftsmen, going home, and they gave me plenty to eat and drink. We were two nights and a day on the passage to Montreal. The men took me to John Grant's Hotel, where I stayed all night. I made my way to Ottawa. My hardest trial was in travelling from Point Fortune to the head of the 'Soo,' sixteen miles, on foot, and in the night. The mosquitoes were in clouds. I went to the house where my father had boarded, and found he had gone to Glengarry. I left Ottawa by boat to the head of the 'Soo,' and then travelled the rest of the way till I found my father near Martintown.

My father tried to collect money enough to take him to Quebec, but failed. Money was scarce in those days, so he gave me what he had got and says he, 'Weel, laddie, you can travel cheaper than I can, and gang your way back again; I will meet you when I get some mair siller.' I did so, and succeeded in taking the family up to Point Fortune, where my father met us. My father settled on a farm in the Indian Lands, Glengarry, where I remained with him until I got married in 1839. I purchased 200 acres of land in the township of Roxborough, where I still remain. The taxes for my first two hundred acres was only one dollar a year. We now pay \$80 or \$90 yearly. I have held several offices in the township, having been township clerk for five years and assessor and collector for the same time. In going down to Quebec for the family I remember bathing in the river St. Lawrence at Montreal, in front of the town. There were no wharves there then.

Jameson's Ride.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

I.

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, maybe;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a Burgher's baby,
To be scared by a scolding dame?
They may argue, and prate and order,
Go, tell them to save their breath;
Then, over the Transvaal border,
And gallop for life or death!

II.

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle
Their pates over points of law;
If sound be our sword and saddle,
And gun-gear, who cares a straw?
When men of our own blood pray us
To ride to their kinsfolk's aid,
Not Heaven itself shall stay us
From the rescue they call a raid.

III.

"There are girls in the gold-reef city,
There are mothers and children too!
And they cry, 'Hurry up! for pity!'
So what can a poor man do?
If even we win, they'll blame us;
If we fail they will howl and hiss.
But there's many a man lives famous
For daring a wrong like this!"

IV.

"So we forded and galloped forward,
As hard as our beasts could pelt,
First eastward, then trending norward,
Right over the rolling velt;
Till we came on the Burghers lying

In a hollow with hills behind,
And their bullets came hissing, flying,
Like hail on an arctic wind!

V.

"Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,
And sweeter the cannon's roar,
But 'tis bitterly hard to battle,
Beleaguered, and one to four.
I can tell you, it wasn't a trifle
To swarm over Krugersdrop glen,
As they plied us with round and rifle,
And ploughed us—again and again.

VI.

"Then we made for the gold-reef city,
Retreating, but not in rout;
They had called to us, 'Quick! for pity!'
And He said, 'They will sally out,
They will hear us and come. Who doubts it?'
'But what if they don't, what then?'
'Well, worry no more about it,
'But fight to the death, like men.'

VII.

"Not a soul had supped or slumbered
Since the Borderland stream was cleft;
But we fought, even more outnumbered,
Till we had not a cartridge left.
We're not very soft or tender,
Or given to weep for woe,
But it breaks one to have to render
One's sword to the strongest foe.

VIII.

"I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand."

Canadian Novelists.

Canadian romance, like Canadian poetry, has, of recent years, won prominence in contemporary English literature. It has been owing to the appreciation of the editors of the United States magazines of the highest class that Canadian poetry has become known to the English-speaking world. On the other hand our Canadian novelists have found publishers among the oldest and most conservative publishing houses in England, and at first their most appreciative public was found on the other side of the Atlantic. Of late, however, Canadian poetry has gained recognition in England and Canadian novels are appreciated in the United States, and, most noteworthy of all, both have become popular in Canada itself, so that Canadian writers may at last be said to have got the ear of the English-speaking world.

The Clans, Their Arms, Crests, etc.

NO. V—THE CAMPBELLS OF BREAD-
ALBANE.

BREADALBANE COAT OF ARMS.

(Continued from page 29)

[The Clans dealt with in previous numbers are—The Buchanans, the Camerons, the Campbells of Argyll, and the MacNeills.]

Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochowe, a great-great-grandson of the Sir Colin Campbell, mentioned in the December number of the *Fiery Cross* as the real founder of the family of Argyll, flourished in the beginning of the fifteenth century. He was mentioned as one of the hostages for the forty thousand pounds (equivalent to four hundred thousand pounds, or \$2,000,000 in our money to-day) for the expense of King James the First's long imprisonment in England. His third son, Colin, by his wife Marion Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, was the first of the Glenorchy, or Breadalbane branch of the Clan.

In an old M.S.S. preserved in Taymouth castle, named the "Black Book of Taymouth," (printed by the Bannatyne club in 1853) containing a genealogical account of the Glenorchy family, it is stated that "Duncan Campbell, commonly callit Duncan in Aa, knight of Lochow (lineallie descendit of a valiant man, quha cam to Scotland in King Malcolm Kandmoir, his time, about the year of God 1067, of whom cam the house of Lochow), flourished in King David Bruce his dayes." Glenorchy, which came into the Campbell family by the marriage of John Campbell

with Margaret, the heiress of the territory, formerly belonged to the Clan MacGregor, who were gradually expelled from it by the rival Clan Campbell, Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, afterwards first Earl of Breadalbane, was born about 1635. Since his time the direct line has several times become extinct, the title reverting on each occasion to the next heir-general, occurrences attributed by the Jacobites to the so-called "curse of Glencoe." The present marquis is one of the most popular noblemen in the Highlands. The Breadalbane arms, crest and motto are as shown in our illustration. *Badge*—myrtle, in Gaelic—roid. *Slogan*—"Siol Diarmid an tuirc" (in Eng.—The race of, or Clan, Diarmid of the boar), was the rallying cry of all the Campbells. *Pibroch*—"Bodaich nam Briogais." *Ancient family seat*—Kilchurn castle; present seat—Taymouth castle. *Ancient burial place*—Kirk of Dalmally; present place—the chapel of Finlarig. During the Peninsular war two fencible regiments were raised among this clan, amounting to 2,300 men. *Tartan*—2 blue, 1 black, 1 blue, 1 black, 1 blue, 7 black, ½ yellow, 11 green, ½ yellow, 7 black, 6 blue, 1 black, 1 blue.

NO. VI—THE MACNEILLS.



MACNEILL COAT OF ARMS.

(Continued from page 43.)

The Gigha branch are represented to-day by Gen. Sir John MacNeill of Colonsay, J. P. and D. L. for Co. Argyle, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., V. C., knight of the Medjidie, and Equerry to the Queen. The elder, or Barra branch's representative is thus traced by Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair :—

"After the death of General MacNeill, in 1863, the chiefship for the MacNeills of Barra passed over to the lineal representative of Roderick MacNeill, of Brevaig, Roderick son of Gilleonan son of Roderick of Barra.

Roderick MacNeil, of Brevaig, married Margaret MacDonald, by whom he had five children, Rory Og, Gaillon, Lachlan, Catherine and Margaret. He came to America in 1802. He landed at Pictou. He lived during the winter of 1802-3 at Pisquid, in Prince Edward Island. In 1803 he bought a farm of 300 acres at Vernon River in Prince Edward Island, and settled on it with his family. He divided the farm between Rory Og and Gaillon. He gave 200 acres to the former and 100 to the latter.

Rory Og came to Prince Edward Island with his father in 1802. He was an educated and intelligent man. He taught school in Cape Breton and other places during several years. He married, in 1811, Catherine McEachern, by whom he had eight children, Margaret, Roderick, Marjory, Lachlan, Catherine, Janet, Ann and Donald. He lived at Vernon River. He was for some time a member of the House of Assembly. He was very highly respected. He died in 1850. Roderick, his eldest son, was a merchant. He died unmarried. Lachlan, second son of Rory Og, married Isabel Macpherson, by whom he had four sons, Roderick, Angus, Lachlan and Donald. He died October 24th, 1802, in the 73rd year of his age. Roderick, eldest son of Lachlan, married Catherine Ann Campbell, and has six sons. He lives at Vernon River.

Gaillon, son of Roderick of Brevaig, came to Prince Edward Island with his father in 1802. He married a daughter of Hector Og MacNeill, of Ersary, by whom he had two sons, James and Roderick. He died in 1861. James, his eldest son, was married and had three sons, Gaillon, Angus and Roderick. James died a few months ago. Gaillon, his eldest son, lives at Vernon River.

Lachlan, son of Roderick of Brevaig, enlisted in the army of Quebec. He died without issue. Catherine, daughter of Roderick of Brevaig, was married in Barra to Angus MacNeill. She came with her husband and family to Cape Breton. Margaret, daughter of Roderick of Brevaig, was married to Angus Chisholm, of Vernon River. Mr. Chisholm left Vernon River

and went to live at Keppoch, in the county of Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Roderick MacNeill of Vernon River, Roderick, son of Lachlan, son of Rory Og, tells me that Rory Og was the eldest son of Roderick of Brevaig, that he was born in 1777, that he was four years older than Gaillon his brother, that he died in 1850, and that he was at the time of his death, 73 years of age. Gaillon MacNeill, of Vernon River, Gaillon son of James son of Gaillon, tells me that Gaillon was the eldest son of Roderick of Brevaig. Of course I am not in a position to settle the point in dispute. I think, however, there must be some way of arriving at the truth. On the one hand, it is somewhat probable that Roderick, of Brevaig, would have named his eldest son Gaillon after his own father. On the other hand, I am informed by a disinterested person that Rory Og always maintained that in case General MacNeill should die without male issue he himself or his lineal representative would be chief of the MacNeill's of Barra. But guesses and rumors are no proofs. There must surely be some old persons who could give such evidence as would enable us to know which of the two brothers, Rory Og and Gaillon, was the elder. Until this point be determined I must bid farewell to the MacNeill's of Barra."

The MacNeill crest, motto, and arms are shown in the illustration. *Tartan*—1 white, 6 smalt, 6 black, 6 green, 2½ black, ½ yellow, 2½ black, 6 green, 6 black, 6 smalt, ½ white.



To Correspondents.

All communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. T. D. MacDonald, 51 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

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Bagpipe Music.

A Highland piper, when asked to play, will almost invariably begin with some energetic quick step, and follow this with a lively strathspey and reel. He does this because he knows that music of the martial and bright order is expected of him. His bagpipe is a very old instrument, and, in the early days of its existence, dance music was apparently unknown. The {Gaelic name for pipe music is piobaireachd, now commonly shortened and Anglicised into pibroch, and pibroch proper was the early music of the Highland pipe. Hence it follows that, down to the present day, the word pibroch does not signify marches, strathspeys and reels,

but the old classic type of music exemplified in laments, salutes and warnings.

Before bagpipe music was written in the ordinary notation, a special system of saying or chanting symbols was in use, so that airs could more easily be handed on from one to another. This was termed the canntaireachd. It is not generally realized that the pibrochs of the MacCrimmons and MacArthurs of Skye, and the Campbells of Lorn, were all originally learnt and circulated by means of this system. Not till 1830 was pibroch music written as we now have it. The modern sol-fa notation is a very similar method adopted for the human voice. Only one collection of pibrochs in canntaireachd language appear ever to have been published. This book contained twenty airs obtained from one of the MacCrimmons by a Capt. Neil MacLeod of Gesto, and it was published by Lowrie & Co., Edinburgh, in 1828. A description of it was prepared in pamphlet form by J. F. Campbell in 1880, (Glasgow, Archibald Sinclair, 10 Bothwell street). This writer has satisfied himself that three distinct systems of writing canntaireachd were common amongst pipers, in different parts of the country, as lately as sixty or seventy years ago. This old pipe language died a natural death with the publication of works, in the ordinary notation, by Angus Mackay, Ross and others.

The compass of the Scottish instrument in nine notes from G. to high A. The key note of the chanter is E., and to this the three drones are tuned, two in unison as tenors, one an octave lower as bass. * * * * * The characteristic feature of the music, and the subtle effect of it lies largely in the fact that jumps instead of runs constantly seem to break up the normal rhythm, the leading notes of the melody being joined together by passing notes, grace notes, or warblers, in such a manner as to relieve the discord which would otherwise be apt to occur through the obscure of the elements of the true scale, the semi-tones. The resting or sustained notes of pibrochs are practically those which may be found on the piano by playing only on the black keys, ascending the scale from say D flat for six other notes. The airs of old pibrochs such as MacCrimmons Lament, MacKintosh's Lament, MacKay's Banner, may readily be played on the notes indicated. The

use of complicated grace-notes is now considered necessary to first-class piping, and no doubt the general result of heavy fingering has been to put more solidity and tone into the playing.

W. L. CALDERWOOD.

Lines

Written in reply to a verse of New Year's greeting from John Campbell, the Ledaig Bard, accompanied by a sprig of heather in bloom, and a sprig of Scotch Myrtle, the respective badges of the MacDonalds and Campbells:

Dear sprig of Myrtle and of Heather,
That were so fondly twined together,
Enclosed in such a tiny case
You've safely reached your destined place:
You both shall have a welcome hand,
For coming from my native land:
You both shall have a fond embrace,
For coming from so sweet a place:
You each shall have a Highland cheer,
For coming from a friend so dear—
The land, the place, the friend so true,
I see reflected here in you.

Dear Heather sprig, your presence here
Recalls the men that knew no fear,
The men who have in days of old
Defeated Romans, brave and bold,
And who have gained at home, abroad,
Renown and fame with pen and sword.
Yes, little sprig, you bloom and smile,
Brings back to me my native isle,
Brings back to me each hill and glen,
And I am there a boy again.

Hail Myrtle, thee full well I know,
The badge of my ancestral foe,
To-day, like Noah's peaceful dove,
You come a messenger of love:
You come from him whom I regard
A Christian, a Friend, a Bard,
And bring from far across the sea,
His New Year greeting here to me.

* * * * *

Though seventy years have passed away,
Since first he saw the light of day,
The day I trust is still afar,
Ere he'll embark across the bar;
But when the final hour shall come,
May angels cheer and guide him home.

Theford, Ont.

"ALAISTAIR"

There are over 70,000 fishermen exploring the Canadian seas and inland waters, with no less a sum than \$9,000,000 invested in fishing vessels, boats, nets, and other implements.

The amended amount of the Canadian claim in the Behring Sea dispute is \$542,169.

OUR MONTREAL LETTER.

BURNS' CELEBRATION.

On the 28th January, under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, the Scotsmen of Montreal gathered together for the celebration of the birthday of their immortal Bard, Robbie Burns. The gathering, and the proceedings throughout were worthy of the occasion.

President Wright occupied the chair, and was supported by Principal and Mrs. Peterson, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Ross, Rev. and Mrs. Clark Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacMaster, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seath, Major and Mrs. Macaulay, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Day, Cowansville. Amongst those present were Hon. J. K. Ward, Dr. Wanless, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cunningham, Mr. Jas. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Caverhill, Mr. Joseph Reid, Mr. William Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. L. MacIntosh, Mr. J. C. MacDiarmid, Mr. S. S. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, Mr. Walter Paul, Mr. David Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. David Scott, Mr. N. M. MacLeod, Dr. R. A. Walker, Mr. Wm. Currie, Miss Seath, Prof. and Mrs. Cathcart Wallace, Miss Annie J. Ross, Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Secretary of the Caledonian Society, and others.

Rev. Prof. Ross delivered the oration in memory of Burns. He wished, in view of the theme, an abler hand had been called upon to respond to the toast. Burns and Scott made the Scottish nation famous among the nations of the earth. To Scotchmen, the memory of Burns was ever green. He sang his songs, too, and was the poet of common humanity. The great throbbing heart of humanity responded to the strains of his voice. It was said there were two books sacred to Scotchmen—the bible and Burn's works; no matter where a Scotchman could be found, he was in possession of those sacred volumes. When he spoke of Burns singing to the common people, he did not infer that he only spoke to them. Burns was the poet of Scotland; it was said, Burns was Scotland condensed into nationality. After reciting apt passages, the learned Professor said Burn's memory will grow brighter and brighter, his influence over humanity greater and greater, as time passed by.

In responding to "Scotland," Principal Peterson took occasion to remark that, since he came to Canada, he found himself very much engaged in Scottish entertainments—in fact, he was wearing the kilts. Scotland meant "di'na forget." It was true, that Scotsmen had to assert themselves: they had even to fight against the bold Saxon, and Wordsworth equalizing relations between the two kingdoms, said:

"England had her Robin Hood,
Scotland had her thief as good."

Mr. R. D. McGibbon, in responding for "Canada," asserted that Canada had the finest example of constitutional government we could possibly look to. He showed, in connection with what recently appeared to be indications of trouble for the Empire, the loyalty with which Canada offered to take active part in its defence. Major Macaulay proposed the "St. Andrew's Society," and Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q. C., president, responded, and in the course of his speech, showed what Canada, even in the building of the C. P. R., did to aid and consolidate the British Empire. The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by Mr. J. Hannah, and very enthusiastically spoken for by the secretary of the society, Mr. J. T. Mitchell. "The Press" was proposed by Major Seath, and Mr. Neil M. MacLeod replied. The musical part of the programme was very creditably sustained throughout. Pipe-Major Matheson and Professor Cathcart Wallace upheld the instrumental part.

The chairman announced the receipt of a letter from the Hon. President, Sir Donald A. Smith, regretting his inability to be present, but wishing the gathering all success.

SCOTTISH MUSIC AND SONG.

On Friday night, 8th inst., Mr. Sackville S. Bain, who, by the way, is a Ross-shire boy, traversed the vast field of "Scottish Music and Song," with a crowded and appreciative audience in the St. Andrew's Home, Aqueduct street. He prefaced the proceedings by singing, in his inimitable style, "My ain Countrie." Music, he affirmed, was heaven born and heaven sent, Scottish music was regarded by many as like the people of Scotland—somewhat peculiar. It, however, flourish in antiquity and was interwoven with the history of Scotland from the earliest times. The Book of Genesis gave account of a "common language" being spoken by the inhabitants of the Isles, which language, he declared, was

the Gaelic. The early history of the Romans bore testimony to the same fact. To this common language there must have been common music. The speaker, at this point, demonstrated old and new music, clearly establishing the superiority of the melody of the former over the latter. Highland music, fathered the music of Scotland; in "Mo Run Geal Dealas," (My Faithful Fair One), which showed the music in the Highlands many centuries ago, was found proof of this. The music of Ossian, who lived in the third century, was a keynote to a good deal of what was known as Scottish music. The very air of the Highlands was full of music. For tenderness and melodic charm, no music could surpass that of Scotland. With regard to Scottish song, much of the history of the country was wrapped up in its songs. Scotsmen—all over the world—would not be what they are to-day, were it not for their native song. It was the very formation of their character and lives. The speaker was strong on the point that a society like the Caledonian should exercise special care in the matter of the class of songs permitted to be used. He stongly deprecated the use of such low stuff as "After the Ball is Over." Scottish song had an elevating influence which, no other nation could boast of. "My ain Fireside" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night" were specimens of what formed the character of the people. "There's nae Luck about the hoose" was described by Burns as "the most beautiful in the Scottish or any other language." Professor Blackie, whose name was received with loud applause and other great authorities, sang its praise. In Scottish song, they possessed a heritage of wealth, unknown in any other tongue. The thirteenth century established the power of native songs. At the battle of Inverlochy, 1431, "Pioborachd Dhonuil Dhuibh," had its inspiring influence. "The Flowers of the Forest," was also connected with an historic event which could never be effaced from Scottish history. Young men troubled with bashfulness, who could not utter the words of love to the fair ones, could learn Scottish songs, and whisper the words into the ear of the fair ones, the effect would be complete. The young lady who could resist the effect would have the heart of a millstone. He spoke at length on the revival of song writing during the period from 1715 to 1745, as illustrative of the effect of such upheavals in stimulating poets.

Mr. Bain was tendered a cordial vote of thanks for his able and interesting lecture.

A HIGHLAND SOCIETY FOR MONTREAL.

A proposal is on foot just now to form a Highland or Gaelic society in Montreal. There is no reason why such a proposal should not be carried to a successful issue. Toronto and Hamilton have flourishing Gaelic societies; Montreal should have been first and not last in the field.

MONTREAL HIGHLANDERS AND POLITICS.

The St. Antoine Division has been a source of considerable anxiety to the local budding legislators. The uncertainty with regard to the position of Sir Donald A. Smith is now put to rest. Sir Donald is to stand for the Division, and his charming personality, apart from his great record, is alone sufficient to insure his return. Apart from any sense of political differences the Highlanders of Montreal will rally to his support. Wha daur meddle wi' him.—
Chi Sinn.

LEODHSACH.

A Boy's Contempt of Court.

There was recently an amusing incident in the Court of the Lord Justice General in Edinburgh, in which a bold little message boy figured prominently. A telegram had been addressed to a solicitor who was engaged in the court, and entrusted to the boy. The youngster, seeing the name, "Lord Justice General" on the cover, coolly marched up on the bench and tapped his lordship on the shoulder. The court held its breath to see what would be the consequences of this imprudent assault upon the majesty of the law. But the rafters were not riven, and the youthful offender was not removed in manacles to purge his contempt of Court. Lord Robertson contented himself with mildly waving the intruder back to his proper place.

There were 2,490 white fish frye and 720,900 salmon trout distributed from the Ottawa hatchery during the year just past.

Senators W. J. MacDonald, and D. MacMillan, and D. C. Fraser, M. P., have joined the Caledonian society of Ottawa as honorary members.

A Song of Canada.

Sing me a song of the great Dominion !
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear !
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear ;
Here is no starveling—Heaven forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song !

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue ;
Changeless alone where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true ;
Free, as the eagles around them soaring ;
Fair, as they rose from their Maker's hand ;
Shout till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-topped peaks of our mountain land !

Sing me the calm of our tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound ;
Face to face with the death-like stillness,
Here, if at all, man's soul might quail ;
Nay ! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace can never fail !

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea ;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee,
Hark ! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids ;
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls ;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress walls !

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
Leagues upon leagues of the golden grain ;
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, thronged on the lumbering wain.
Land of Contentment ! May no land vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd ;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world !

Sing me the charm of her blazing campfires ;
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,
Or in the shade of the city's domes ;
Sing me her life, her loves, her labors ;
All of a mother a son would hear :
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,
Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian
Roamer in wilderness—toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find none stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown ;
Come of a right good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein ;
Lords of ourselves and slaves to no one,
For us or from us, you'll find we're—MEN !

Sing me the song, then : sing it bravely ;
Put your soul in the words you sing ;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring,
Here is no starveling—Heaven forsaken—
Crouching apart where the Nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Well is she worthy a noble song !

ROBERT REID ("Rob. Wanlock.")

Place-Names of Fife and Kinross.*

This is a most valuable work in many ways, and most suggestive, not only to all students of Scottish history, but especially to those interested in the extension of Scoto-Gaelic. The dwellers by the "Scottis Se," as the Firth of Forth was termed, have been so long of acknowledged Saxon origin, that the fact of Fife being an integral part of the old Pictish Kingdom has been almost forgotten, although Abernethy is within its bounds. While the land "between the two walls," from the Forth and Clyde southward, was Cymric, or Welsh, Fife was Pictish; and, according to Mr. Liddell, of the Gaedolic or Irish race of Celts. So that the Scots, or so-called Dalriads, were of the same branch as the Picts themselves. The "kingdom," therefore, although one of the earliest to come under the influence of the Teutonic invasion from the south and seaward, retains in its place-names the clearest proof of its early inhabitants. This little volume is, therefore, of far wider interest than to the "kingdom" itself, and may be looked upon as a nucleus for a similarly needed work on the place-names of other districts. It is especially valuable, as "there the Celtic dialect ceased to be spoken, and the names in consequence were stereotyped, at a period when the language existed in a much purer form and one less weakened by phonetic decay. . . . The vowel changes, moreover, indicative of Celtic inflexion, are often preserved with remarkable fidelity in the earlier spellings of Fife names." As was to be expected, from a sound scholar and trained advocate like Mr. Liddell, the examination is conducted with a broad grasp, and we could have done with more of his introduction and analyses of the results of the enquiries for the benefit of the general public. Thus—"There existed a great number of peat-bogs, especially in the eastern parts, which agricultural improvement has now removed. The land was generally wet and undrained, and morasses and marshy lochs were so abundant that when a specially dry piece of land existed its exceptional character is found to merit notice in its name (*e. g.* Strathtyrum). Forests and innumerable woods covered the country, as Fothreve, Fothros, and the many 'Kils' attest.

These woods consisted of oak, elm, sloe, yew, ash, birch, alder, and thorn." We have in these and similar studies the basis of ancient history, such as might suitably be followed up for the whole of Scotland. "All the Fife names beginning in Kil, with the exception of Kilwinning, are derived from *Coille*, a wood, and not from the Latin *cella*, a church." This is a reason, amongst others, why such enquiries can only be safely conducted by one with local knowledge, as otherwise the more obvious derivation might have been adopted. Occasionally a step a little aside would have accentuated his derivation. Thus "Dunnitace, Dun + paiste = fort of the charmed serpents," is more exactly reproduced in the neighboring *Dunipace*. We fancy, also, that in the local dialect of the East Coast, as in many of our West Country Gaelic names, *baile* is not necessarily a town or collection of houses, but may be, and often is, a gathering of buildings, seeing they continually speak of a *farm-town*, as the number of western farms called *Baluae* further testify. Yet the explanation of *Balwhidder* may point to ancient manners. "*Baile* × *coteir* = town of the cottars. This is approximately the explanation; the tull meaning involves the French word *coterie*, which Littré points out is derived from *cot*, and signified a company formed by a number of peasants to hold lands in servile tenure under a lord. *Balwhidder* (or *Balquhidder*, as it is in Perth) was the town of a *coterie* or such a peasant club. So also *Balquideroch* in Stirling." It is presumably more ancient than the feudal system, to which this refers, and was possibly communistic!

We heartily welcome this work, and call the attention of Celtic scholars to the prominence of Irish Gaelic in the East, as shown in Mr. Liddell's pages. Only by such local enquiries can we build up a proper general history of place-names, as a new basis for prehistoric enquiry into the manners and customs of the early inhabitants, and the original condition in which they found the country. The fact that some of the derivations may be questioned does not lessen the value of a work which is nothing if not suggestive, and stimulative of thoughtful controversy.

* "The Place-Names of Fife and Kinross," By Mr. J. N. Liddell, M. A., advocate. (Edinr. Wm. Green & Sons.)

The Auld Scotch Sangs.

No. V.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

Cumha Fhlori Nic-Dhomhnuill.

KEY A.

{ : s	d : - t d l : t : d	r : f : m : r d : t
Far	ov - er yon hills of the	heather sae green,
Am	measg an fhraoich uai - ne air	gualainn a' mhonaidh,
The	Bon - nie young Flo - ra sat	sighing her lane
Tha	Flo - ri Nic - Dhomhnuill gu	dubhach an comhnuidh,

{ : s	m : - r : d s : f : - m	m : r : d : t d : -	D.C.
And	down by the cor - rie that	sings to the sea,	
S ri	taobh nam bras all - tan 'tha	ruith air a chul,	
The	dew on her plaid and the	tear in her e'e,	
An	druchd air a brea - can 's na	deu - ra 'na suil,	

{ : s	d : - r : m : f s : m : d	s : s : m f : r
She	looked at a boat with the	breezes that swung,
'Sior	shealltainn air luingeas 'tha	uai - pe a' seoladh,

{ : t	d : m : s s : - f : m	r : - m : f f : m
A	way on the wave like a	bird of the main,
'Smar	ea - la, air chuantan 'a	gluasad gu samhach,

{ : r	s : - l : s f : m : r	s : - m : d t : l
And	aye as it lessen'd, she	sighed and she sung
Tha i	'tog - ail na seisd so 's am	bat' dol a' sealladh,

{ : s	d : - t : l s : f : m	m : r : d : t d : r
"Fare - weel to the	lad I maun	ne'er see a - gain,
"O slan lies an	oig - ear nach	faic mi gu brath,

{ : m : f	s : - l : s f : m : r	s : m : d t : l
Fare - weel to my	he - ro, the	gallant and young,
O slan leis an	oig - ear than	og a - gus boidheach,

{ : s s	d : - t : l s : f : m	m : r : d : t d : -
Fare - weel to the	lad I shall	ne'er see a - gain."
Gu ma slan bhios an	t-oig - ear nach	faic mi gu brath."

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
 Hé kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
 Unawed and unhunted, his evri can claim ;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore.
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;
 But oh ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
 The conflat is past, and our name is no more ;
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust ;
 But red is the sword of the strahger and slave.
 The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes of the bonnets of blue.
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
 Farewell, my young hero ! the gallant and good !
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

NOTE.—"Flora MacDonald's Lament" is one of the most popular of our Jacobite songs. It is the composition of James Hogg (1770-1835), better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, and was first published in his "Jacobite Relics." He writes regarding it as follows:—"I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Neil Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better, without altering one sentiment." Never having come across the original Gaelic verses, I have sought to give a Gaelic rendering of Hogg's verses.—FIONN.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Gael.

Is maing a dheanadh subhachas ri dubhachas fir eile.
 Woe to him who can rejoice at another's grief.

Cha do shuidh air stiur nach d' thainig bho laimh uair-eigin,
 No man ever held helm that did not sometimes lose hold.

Cha dean duine don' ach a dhichìoll.
 A poor fellow can do but his best.

Cha do chuir a ghuailainn ris, nach do chuir tuir thairis.
 None ever set his shoulder to that did not what he sought to do.

Mar comas duit teumadh, ra ruisg do dheudach.
 If you cannot bite, don't show your teeth.

Jock McKay.

Guid evenin' tae ye, ane an' 'a,
 I hope ye're a' gey weel,
 I've jist cam' doon tae see yer toon
 An' tell ye hoo I feel.
 In poleetics an' things o' state
 A mon o' note am I,
 I'm kened the country ower and 'ower,
 An' they ca' me Jock McKay.

In Glesca toon, whaur I was born,
 A' people ma' respect,
 For they ken me as a mighty mon
 O' massive intellect.
 When gangin' doon the Broomielaw
 A' folk that pass me by
 Aye rise their hats an' mak' a bow
 For ye ken I'm Jock McKay.

An coileach tha durdail air stucan Beinn-Chonuill
 Tha brath aig's an fheasgair air leaba bhios blath
 Am fireun tha combhuidh an creagan Chlann-
 Raonuill,
 Gheibh tamh anns an oidhche gun churam gun
 sgath.

Air broilleach a' chuain tha 'n sulair gu seasgair,
 'S an sgarbh air a chladach aig laidhe na grein'
 Ach tha aon anns an tìr, a's aig clonadh an fheasgair,
 Tha esan gun dachaigh 's an rioghachd a's leis
 fein ;
 Tha 'n stri a nis seachad, 's tha crìoch air an deasbair,
 'S chan n' fhaighear ach amhghar an Albainn nan
 treun.

Tha 'n sziath air a sracadh o ghairdean na gaisge,
 'S a' chlogaid tha sgoilte air maladh an 'aill ;
 Tha 'n claidheamh air meirgeadh 's tha bhratach
 nis paisgte,
 Ach dearg le fuil chairdean tha lamhan nan traill.
 Le crudh' an eich mharcaich tha 'm breacan ga
 shracadh
 'Se eideadh nan gaisgeach bha cliuiteach a'm blar ;
 Carson sin nach d' eirich an doinìonn ga'm bacadh
 'N uair bha ceartas ga shaltairt le ainneart gu lar ?
 Ad fhograch gun fhasgadh, tha d'arm air a sgapadh,
 'S cha chrunar am feadh thu an Albainn nan sar.

Among the docks, along the Clyde,
 Whaur a' guid ships are built,
 I'm known tae' 'a, baith great an' sma',
 By the tartan o' my kilt.
 Wi' heid erect an' springin' step
 I walk wi' flashin' eye,
 An' a' the sailors bow fu' low
 Tae me—I'm Jock McKay.

Tae London ance I made a trip
 The Cockneys' sights tae see,
 An' faith a bonnie time we had,
 They dukes, an' lords an' me.
 As I was gangin' doon the Strand,
 Same ane on me did cry,
 Wha was it but the Prince o' Wales,
 Wha yelled "Hello, McKay !"

Ye see I've got a muckle heid
 That's filled wi' knowledge rare,
 An' a' professors doff their caps
 Tae me, wha aye kens mair
 Than a' o' them thegither put
 Wha fill poseetions high,
 In Scotland I was educate—
 Whaur a' ken Jock McKay.

Her Majesty she speired for me,
 An' invited me to ca'
 On her at Windsor Cawstle
 Tho' I dinna like tae blaw.
 Her carriage doon for me she sent,
 An' when me she did spy
 She louped down aff her throne an' cried
 "Yer welcome, Jock McKay !"

I'm proud tae think I've honor brocht
 Tae dear auld Scotland noo,
 For I greet tae say that in this day
 That there are very few
 O' mighty men within oor land
 Wha can ever rank as high
 As Tannahil, Sir Walter Scot.,
 Rab Burns an' Jock McKay.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
 Arnprior, Jan. 28th, 1896.

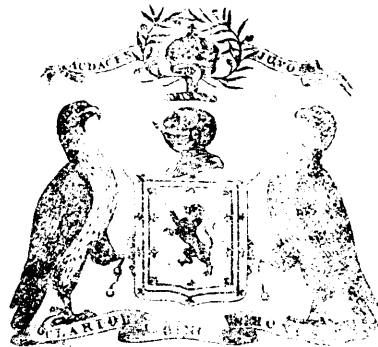
Clan Coats-of-Arms.



Cameron, Page 17.



Argyll Campbell Page 29



Buchanan Page 5.

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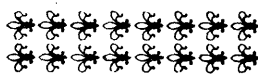
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