

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL NOTES ON THE PIOBAIREACHDS

No. I.

(My King Has Landed in Muidart)

Prince Charles Edward Stuart arrived on board the *Doutel* in the bay of Loch nan nagh, which in part divides the countries of Muidart and Arisaig. Here he remained writing and receiving letters, and deliberating with such friends as came to him, on the best mode of raising the Clans, and prosecuting the impending enterprise. The arms, ammunition, and stores were landed, and Charles himself; with his unimposing suite, went ashore at Borrodale, to a farm belonging to MacDoanld of Clanranald; and the house of Angus MacDonald the tenant became the temporary residence and court of the youthful adventurer. About a hundred clansmen well armed were immediately formed into a body-guard for the Prince, under the command of young Clanranald and MacDonald of Glenaladale.

In this remote and secluded district, surrounded by the extensive territories of devoted adherents of the house Stuart, the little band were speedily reinforced by detachments from different parts.

Here the *Bratach Bhan*, or white banner, was first unfurled. Sheridan, an attendant of the Prince, having brought it out of the house, displayed it, amid the shouts of the Highlanders, and it was committed to Donald MacDonald, brother of Keppoch, who thus first bore that standard which proudly waved in some fields of victory, but was destined to appear for the last time in the decisive battle of Culloden. On this occasion, "such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air like a cloud, was not heard of before."*

The spirits of the party were not a little raised when MacDonald of Tierndrish arrived, who had with eleven men begun the war on his own account, and surprising two companies of the Royals marching to Fort William, he carried them prisoners to Glenfinan, where the Prince still lay.

From the indignities they had suffered in consequence of the disarming act, and the coercion they were subjected to by the failure of the former insurrections, the Highlanders were well prepared to rise in the cause of their youthful leader. They cherished the hope that the favoured dynasty should be restored, and established on the British throne, chiefly by their own exertions. Now appeared the time for the consummation of their wishes, and the fortunes of that house being thrown on their generosity, their inherent devotion to the cause was kindled into an enthusiastic flame.

A description of one of the rude but hospitable banquets of this embryo court, has been preserved by an eye witness. Old and young, male and female, crowded to see this prepossessing youth, the representative of a long race of native kings, who gratified his warm-hearted friends by great condescension and affability, partaking of the fare with an air of great cheerfulness.

Not understanding Gaelic his observations were lost to most of company, but the person who relates the circumstance, giving the king's health, *Dcoch slàinte an Rìgh*, it aroused his attention, and he desired it to be repeated until he had acquired its pronunciation, and

* Letter, Culloden Papers.

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signified his pleasure that the individual should be near his person, to give him instructions in that language.

A column has been recently erected on the spot where the insurgent standard was first reared, to commemorate an event so important in the history of the Highlands, and so interesting to the descendants of those who took part in that unfortunate affair. Glenfinan lies about fifteen miles westward of Fort William, and the monument, which is not unlike Nelson's on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, rising to an elevation of fifty feet, on a verdant meadow, where no other work of art disturbs the Alpine character of the surrounding country, is of itself an interesting object.

There had been, according to custom, a cairn of stones raised to mark the place, but the late MacDonald of Glenaladale, whose grandfather was actively engaged with Prince Charles, erected this column at this sole expence, and laid the foundation stone amid an assembly scarcely less imposing than that which animated the scene in 1745, and in presence of several who had themselves witnessed the first display of that flag, under which the Gael marching on to victory, fondly hoped to achieve the conquest of the British Crown.

Inscription on the Monument in Glenfinan

FHIR ASDAIR
MAS MIANN LEAT LU AidH
AIR SGEUL AINMEH NA'N LAITHEAN A THREIG,
THIG DLUTH, AGUS DEAN UMHLACHD
SO AN T' IONAD,
AN D'FHOILSICH PRIONNSA TEARLACH A BHRATACH,
'NUAIR A SGAOIL AM FIREUN OG A SGIATHAN,
ANN A MORCHUIS ANAMA,
A CHOSNADH NA BIOGHACHD, A CHAILL AITHRICHEAN;
AGUS' SNA THILG SE, E FEIN,
GUN CHOMUNADH, GUN CHARAID,
AN UCHD FIUCHANTACH NAM FLATH MEANMNACH,
'S NA'N LAOCH TREUN
A THOGAIR EIRIDH GUN ATHADH,
A DHIOL A CHORACH, NO CHALL AM BEATHA.
MAR CHUIMHNE
AIR AN RIOGHALACHD, AN DILSEACHD, AGUS
AN CRUADAL,
ANNS GACH GABHADH A LEAN,
CHaidH AN TUR SO A THOGAIL,
LEIS AN OG UASAL URRUMACH,
CEANN UIDHE NA FEILE;
ALASTAIR DOMHNULLACH, TRIATH GH LINN ALLADAH,
A CHAOCHAIL BEATHA 'N DUN EIDEIN,
SA BHLIADHNADH, 1815
AN TUS AN AIGH.

TRANSLATION, AS NEARLY LITERAL AS POSSIBLE.

Traveller, if you can be pleased with a far-famed tale of days that are past, come nigh with respect. Here is the spot where Prince Charles unfurled his standard; when the young eagle spread out his wings in the greatness of his soul, seeking to recover the kingdom lost by his ancestors, and where he threw himself, without followers or friends on the gallant bosoms of the high spirited and powerful heroes, who dared, rising fearlessly with him, to conquer his right or lose their lives. As a memorial of their kingly, loyal hardihood in every danger that arose, this Tower was reared by the young, the honourable, the much admired Alexander MacDonald, the Laird of Glenaladale; the hospitable chief who died in Edinburgh in the year 1815, and beginning of January.

No. II. (The Carles With the Breeks)

There had been, for a considerable time, misunderstandings and mutual jealousies between the Sinclairs and the Mackays, which circumstances, ripened into feud, mutual aggression, and slaughter. In 1668, Colonel Hugh MacKay of Scourie was subjected to so severe an imprisonment by Lord Caithness that it cost him his life. Shortly after this event his brother Hector was waylaid in Aberdeenshire by Sinclair of Dunbeath and Sinclair of Murkle, and was killed after a stout contention in which MacKay's servant severely wounded both the assailants, - Murkle so much so, that a cut in his neck rendered him ever after incapable of holding up his head. The Earl of Sutherland, Lords Rea and Strathnaver, Hugh Munro of Eribol, and several others, raised an action before the justiciary, against George, Earl of Caithness, and several who were concerned with him in those lawless proceedings which harassed the country. This was met by a counter-action, in which various complaints were made against the pursuers, extending downwards from the year 1649 and both parties were summoned to appear on the 10th of December 1668. A compromise took place, and Caithness withdrew his action: the case as to Dunbeath and Murkle being however excepted. These stubborn gentlemen had not found the caution or security required for their appearance, and had eluded all attempts to apprehend them. A commission of fire and sword was promulgated against them, but the service being declined by those to whom the letters were first addressed, John Campbell younger of Glenurchy undertook it with alacrity, and proceeded to Caithness; but meantime by the influence of their friends, the outlaws obtained a remission of their crimes. Although Glenurchy found this an unprofitable expedition, he resolved to turn his visit with Caithness to some account, and ingratiated himself with the Earl, who had married Argyles' daughter, and who was consequently his own kinswoman. The Earl, who was advanced in life and in great pecuniary difficulties, was advised by Campbell to execute a bond of entail, 7th October 1672, conveying the earldom and estates to Glenurchy, failing issue male of his own body. He died in 1675 without that issue, leaving his lands encumbered with debt, which Campbell, who was himself a principal creditor, redeemed, and not trusting in the deed of tailzie and disposition, he married in 1678 the dowager Countess, who had enjoyed a handsome life rent. He then led a process of adjudication against the whole property, and ultimately obtained a charter under the great seal and a royal grant of the earldom. George Sinclair of Geiss, son of

Francis Sinclair of Northfield, second son of George Earl of Caithness, grandfather to the last Earl, laid claim to the title and was cheerfully acknowledged by a majority of the clan, who would not submit to Glenurchy's assumption. The lawyers, however, seem to have given the preference to Glenurchy, in whose favour a proclamation from the privi council was issued, 22nd February 1677, forbidding Sinclair to claim, or others to give him the style or title. Sinclair, in support of his claims, alleged a disposition of the lands of Geiss, Northfield, and Tister, from the Earl his grandfather, which he maintained was his sole and in alienable patrimony; but Glenurchy also resisted this claim. Sinclair however defended his right, and with his friends opposed Glenurchy's collection of the rents, and otherwise annoyed him, who thereupon obtained the protection of letters of lawborow's against the Sinclairs, who had been previously summoned by the sheriff to compear and resign the lands to the newly created Earl of Caithness; who had moreover obtained an act, charging all his kin, friends, and followers to assist him in the recovery of the disputed lands. In consequence of this, Glenurchy invaded Caithness with an array of about 1000 men from Glenlyon, Glenfallach, Glendochart, Achaladair, with the followers of his brother-in-law, the Laird of MacNab; and finding the Sinclairs prepared to oppose the march, he drew up his army at Allt-na-meirlich, about two miles from the down of Wick. His enemies were somewhat more numerous, and unfortunately spent the night preceding the battle in carelessly feasting and drinking, the effect of which was seen in the irregular line of march, when they went forward next morning. The Campbells with becoming prudence, knowing the population to hostile to them and that defeat would be irretrievable ruin, selected the most advantageous ground, and nerved themselves for the onslaught of the advancing host. Their firmness secured the advantage; for the unsteady ranks of the Sinclairs were broken, and the slaughter was great. Many attempting to cross the river of Wick, escaped the sword, but found a watery grave. The bodies so accumulated in the stream, that it is traditionally reported the Campbells could step over on the carcasses, dry shod. The gentlemen being mounted, made good their retreat, but the victory was so complete and so easily obtained, that on first perceiving the Sinclairs giving way, Glenurchy's Piper poured forth a voluntary, the notes of which appeared to re-echo the contemptuous exclamation, that "the carles with the breeks were flying from the field!"* This piobaireachd has ever been called, "Lord Breadalbane's march to the battle," and does appear in the ears of lovers of Pipe-music, to articulate very expressively "Bodaich na'm Briogais," &c.

* The gentlemen of the Sinclairs being on horseback, wore the Truis; hence the appellation *Bodaich na'm Briogais*. The late Caithness fencibles, raised and commanded by Sir John Sinclair, Bart. were dressed in this distinguished garb of their ancestors. See Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, p. 399. Douglas' Peerage, &c.

No. III.
(Donald Duaghal Mackay's Lament)

This celebrated individual was son of Hugh, or Aoidh, pronounced *Aye*, commonly called *Huistein dubh na tuaigh*,* and designed "of Farr."

He was born, February 1590; in 1609 he married Lady Barbara MacKenzie, daughter to Lord Kintail, and during the protracted illness of his father managed the estates; but throughout life he seems to have suffered from too liberal and unsuspecting a disposition, which exposed him to the arts of insidious neighbors, and by heedless conduct involved himself in difficulties from which he seems justly to have received the appellation of "Duaghal" **

In the spring of 1616 he accompanied his relation Sir Robert Gordon, to London, where he was introduced to the king who received him very graciously, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

In 1625 he obtained a warrant from king Charles to raise men for the service of the king of Bohemia, and he accordingly took over upwards of 2000 of his own clan, whose heroism and pious demeanour are faithfully recorded by the worthy chaplain. He was created a Baronet in March 1627, and on the 20th of June following, he was advanced to the peerage by the title of Lord Reay, secured to him and his heirs-male bearing the name of MacKay. The supporters to his arms which were then assigned him, and which are still borne by the family, represent two of his regiment dressed and armed as they then were. He afterwards entered the service of the kings of Denmark and Sweden, where he served with great distinction, until recalled by his sovereign who unfortunately himself required the best assistance of his subjects. On the arrival of his Lordship in England in 1644, his ships and stores were seized by the Parliament force, by which he suffered to the estimated loss of L. 20.000 Scots.

He remained some time with the king at Oxford, whence he was dispatched in command of the Scots to the north of England; and being taken prisoner when Newcastle was stormed by General Leslie, he was committed with the Earl of Crawford to Edinburgh Castle, where he remained for sixteen months, until released by the Marquis of Montrose. He shortly afterwards sailed from Thurso for Denmark, where the king, his old master, appointed him colonel of a regiment of foot, and governor of Bergen, both of which situations he retained until his death, which took place February 1649, in the 59th year of his age.

His remains were brought home and deposited beside his ancestors in the family vault at Circabol, where his bones, of great size, are still to be seen.

He introduced the protestant religion into his own country, which he otherwise much improved. By five wives he had a numerous family, and was succeeded by his son John.***

* Black Hugh of the axe. Mac Aoidh. pr. Mackay.

** A man of troubles.

*** See MacKay's History of the House and Clan of MacKay, c. vii p. 170, 193, 198. Sir Robert Gordon's History of the family of Sutherland. Crawford's Peerage, &c.

No. IV.
(MacLeod of Rasay's Salute)

James Macleod, Esq. of Rasay, (an island lying between Skye and the mainland,) was born in 1761. Six daughters having come before him, there was more than usual rejoicing at this birth, and John Roy MacKay, Piper to MacKenzie of Gairloch, that he might evince his own joy, and express that of the clan on the happy occasion, composed this fine salute. Rasay died in 1824, in the 63rd year of his age.

No. V.
(The MacKenzie's Gathering)

This Piobaireachd is very old, but the date of its composition, and its author are unknown. *Tulloch ard*, or high hillock, was the height on which the beacon was lighted, to warn the country of impending danger, and there burned, while the *Croishtaraidh*, or fiery cross was sent through every strath and glen to rouse the inhabitants, who with alacrity obeyed its summons.

This hill forms the crest of the family of Seaforth, but is often mistaken for a volcanic mountain, being heraldically termed a mountain inflamed, and is accompanied by the motto, "Lucco non uro," i.e. "I enlighten. I do not burn".

The MacKenzies became very powerful in the north, and had many subordinate tribes who followed their banner.

No. VI.
(I got a Kiss of the King's Hand)

Norman Macleod of MacLeod, and Roderick MacLeod, of Talisker joined the army of king Charles II, and were knighted before the battle of Worcester, in 1651. Patrick Mòr MacCrummen having played his Pipes in presence of the king, his majesty was so much pleased with his performance and fine appearance, that he graciously condescended to allow him the honour of kissing hands. It was on this occasion that he composed the Piobaireachd, which to those acquainted with Gaelic language, and enthusiastic in Pipe music, seems to speak forth the pride and gratitude of the performer; the words adapted to the opening measure inserted with the music, are thus translated:

I have had a kiss, a kiss, a kiss,
I have had a kiss of the king's hand;
No one who blew in a sheeps skin,
Has received such honour as I have.

No. VII
(MacCrummen will never return)

When Prince Charles retired with his army to the north, he went to visit his partisan Lady MacKintosh, at Moy hall, where general Lord Loudon, who then lay in Inverness, thought he had a favourable opportunity to capture the Royal Adventurer. He accordingly proceeded in the silence of night, to effect his purpose, but his design was fortunately discovered in time to frustrate the attempt, although it was accomplished almost miraculously. There were scarcely any attendants with the Prince, and the MacKintoshes were not even at hand, but presence of mind and intrepidity triumphed. Sending a messenger to raise assistance, the high spirited lady ordered five or six men under command of the blacksmith, a man of the greatest daring, to watch the movements of Loudon's troops. This man planted his men at intervals along the road by which the enemy would advance, concealed by walls and hedges, and when he heard their advancing footsteps, he fired his musquet, each man doing the same slowly and successfully; at the same time calling out as they had been instructed, upon the Camerons, the Frasers, the MacDonalds, and the other clans to advance, and give no quarters to the villains who would murder their Prince. The ruse was effectual; it was believed that the whole Highland army was to set on them, and without waiting a second discharge, the advanced party wheeled round, and commenced a speedy retreat, in great confusion, while those in the rear, not aware of the impression of the others, endeavouring to stand firm, were thrown down by their comrades; and it was only when they arrived at Inverness, that the bruises and wounds of these panic-struck warriors were discovered. None were killed save one by the blacksmith's shot, and he was no less important a person than the Piper of MacLeod, whose clan had joined the royal forces. Poor MacCrummen, it is said, had a presentiment of the lamentable fate which awaited him, for he was reluctant to accompany his chief, when he took the field for King George. It was on this occasion that he composed the affecting lament now given, adapting the words from which Sir Walter Scott produced well-known verses.

Return, return, return shall I never:
Return, return, return shall I never;
Though MacLeod should return, not alive shall
MacCrummen.
Poor dear, poor dear, poor dear, my sweetheart,
Her eye, her eye, her eye, 'ill be weeping,
Her eye, her eye, her eye, 'ill be weeping!
And my back on the Dun, without hope of returning:
In war nor in peace, ne'er return will MacCrummen.

So sang MacCrummen in the Piobaireachd; his sweetheart thus pathetically laments his untimely death.

Dh' iadh ecò nan stùchd ma aodann Chulain:*

Gun sheinn a bhean shù a forgan mulaid:
Tha sùilean gorm, ciùin, san Dùn ri sileadh;
On thriall thu bh'uain's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, cha till, MacCruimin,
An cogadh, na sìth, cha till e tuille;
Le airgiod, na nù, cha till MacCruimin,
Cha till gu bràth, gu là na cruinne.
Tha osag nan gleann, gu fann a g-imeachd;
Gach sruthan 'sgach allt, gu mall le bruthach:
Tha ialt' nan spèur, feagh ghéngan dubhach.
A'g eaoi gun dh' flalbh, 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Tha'n fhairge fadheoidh, Ian bròin a's mulad;
Tha'm hàt fo sheòl, ach dhuilt i siubhal:
Tha gàir nan tonn, le fuaim neo shubhach,
A'g ràdh gun dh' flalbh, 's nach till thù tuille.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Cha cluinnear do cheòl, san Dun ma fheasgar;
No mac-talla nu mùr, le mùirn go freaghairt;
Gach fleasgach, a's òigh, gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
On thriall thu bh'uain 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

* the highest mountain in the Isle of Skye.

No. VIII. (Mac Rae's March)

In the year 1477 the Lord of the Isles resigned the Earldom of Ross, the claim to which had been so long and so keenly contested, into the hands of the king; but instead of producing peace, the province was even more exposed to the harassing incursions of the untamable inhabitants of the West Isles. "*Gillespic*" cousin to MacDonal, gathering a company of men, invaded the height of that country with great hostility; which the inhabitants perceiving, and especially the Clan *Coinnich*, or MacKenzies, they assembled speedily together, and met the islanders on the banks of the Conan, about two miles from Braile, where there ensued a sharp and cruel skirmish. The Clan Kenzie fought so hardily and pressed the enemy so, that in the end *Gillespic* MacDonal was overthrown and chased, - the most part of his men being either slain or drowned in the river Conan, and this was called "*Blar na I'airc*," i.e. the Battle of Park.*

* Conflicts of the Clans. The MacKenzies had shortly before obtained a royal grant of Strathconan, Strathgarbh, &c. Crawford's Peerage.

The Laird of Brodie, who was then with MacKenzie on his way to Kintail for a herd of cattle with the chief had presented him with, finding the MacDonalds approach and understanding the object for which they appeared, immediately returned, and taking the side of his friends the MacKenzies, he fell with forty of his men fighting bravely.

The Clan Donald, it is said, had robbed and burned a chapel at Contin near to where the battle took place, for which deed, it was believed, they justly met their sad reward.

The personage who gave rise to a Piobaireachd of which those of his name are so proud, was Duncan MacRae, an orphan brought up in the castle of Loch Kinellan, the seat of the chief of the MacKenzies, under whose banner the Clan Rae fought. This devoted follower was known by the familiar cognomen of "Suarachan," a term of a contemptuous signification. His physical prowess, however, and undaunted valour was great, and on this occasion he founded a good claim to a higher consideration than had formerly been afforded him. He mixed in the battle with impetuous valour, and speedily brought down his foeman, in a hand-to-hand encounter; when, like the *Gobhadh-crom*, on the north inch of Perth, he thought he had done all that was expected or required of him, and calmly seated himself on the body of the slain. MacKenzie, astonished at this behaviour during a hot conflict, called out sharply. "What! sit you so, when your help is wanted?" "If I am paid like a man, I will fight like a man, and if every one does as much as I have done," replied Suarachan, "the day is yours." "Kill your two, and you shall have the wages of two," rejoined the chief, and the obedient follower did his behest, and again sat down on the lifeless trunk of his fallen foe. "Kill your three," cries the fiery chief – "nay, fight on, I will not reckon with you for days' pay." Suarachan, it is said, fought like a lion, till he had killed no fewer than sixteen of the enemy, and thus he proved his worth, and was ever afterwards in high esteem, becoming a leading man in the clan, and acquiring the more honourable appellation of "*Donncha mòr na Tuagh*," Big Duncan of the Axe, the weapon which he had wielded to such purpose.

This fine old Piobaireachd was composed in honour of brave Duncan MacRae and his associates, who, on the field of Paire, so valiantly acquitted themselves. This clan, which was formerly numerous, adopted it as their march to battle.

No. IX. **(John Garve MacLeod of Rasay's Lament)**

This gentleman, whose patronimie is MacGillie Challum, literally, the son of the young man Malcolm, an appellation derived from the founder of this branch of the clad Leod; was an ancient hero of great celebrity, distinguished in the age in which he lived for the gallantry of his exploits; he has often been selected by the bard as the theme of his poems. He had spent sometime on a visit to his uncle, the Lord of Kintail, in the Isle of Lewis, and appointed a day upon which the should sail on his return. The weather happened to be so boisterous that the crew were reluctant to put to sea, and one of them who was ordered to fasten the guns to the boat's side, observed, that although he might fasten them, it was by no means probable he should ever live to undo them. On which Rasay said, "*Mhich Mhuireal Bhàn, am bheil thu Gabhail feagal?*" Son of fair Marion, are you really afraid? "*Cha n'eil, cha n'eil, mhic Ghille Challum, comh roinnidh sin an diu de'n aon dàn.*" No, no, Rasay I share the same fate with you to-day, and they forthwith set sail. The boat proceeded in safety until they reached the Isle of Skye.

There it was seen and recognized by the people off Trotternish, who anxiously watched its progress, as the wind became high and adverse; but a heavy shower at last concealed the vessel from their view, and when it passed over, the ill-fated bark was no where to be seen! The melancholy fact was apparent, that she had gone to the bottom, and carried every soul to a watery grave. The grief which this calamity occasioned was not confined to Rasay's own relations or his clan. He was endeared to all who knew him, and the whole population of the north, participated in the deep regret which his loss amongst his more immediate connexions too truly occasioned, and several songs were composed on the occasion, which are yet current in the Highlands.

Rasay was only twenty-one years of age when he met his unhappy fate. Young as he was, he was accounted the strongest and best built man of that part of the country; and the imaginations of his sorrowing tentantry conjured up the black art of witchcraft, to account for the disaster. It was believed by these simple islanders that their beloved chief had been the victim of foul super-natural agency. Numerous witches in the shape of cats entered the vessel and upset it. His sister composed a song on the melancholy bereavement, of some poetical merit, of which this may suffice for a specimen.

“Iain ghairbh Mhic ghille Challum,
B’e mo bharantas làider,
‘Nuair a reaghadh du air t’uilinn
Cha b’e upsag a ghàr laoch.

‘Stu fear mòr do Shil Thoreuil,
Se do chorp a bha làidir;
‘Nuair sheasadh iad uile
Bu leat urram nan Gaël.”

(Chorus,) ‘Sna he ho è huru è sna hè
ri rè s gun du hien fallain, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION

Oh stout John! son of Gillichallum,
Strong art thou without pretension,
When you would propel by stretch of your elbow,
It would not be the throw of a stripling.

Thou great man of the race of Torcul,
In thy body was strength: -
When they would all stand together
To thee was the respect of the Gaël.*

* The idiom of the Gaëlic is intransferable to the English; a translation therefore appears harsh and inelegant.

No. X.
(Isabel Mackay)

John MacKay, second son of Hector of Skerry, a branch of the MacKays of Strathy, was a man of some importance in his day, and had Sasine of the lands of Clashneach and others, 3d Feb. 1729. He married Catherine, daughter of William MacKay of Milness, and had issue, Colonel Hugh MacKay, and a daughter Isabella, who was celebrated for her accomplishments and personal beauty. She is immortalized by the poet Rob Donn, her clansman, in a poem of merit, dedicated to her as Isebeal Nic Aoidh; and a Piper, whose name has not unfortunately reached us, composed this piobaireachd, dedicated to a lady whose worth commanded so much respect.

She married Kenneth of Keoldale, a gentleman of the name of Sutherland.

No. XI.
(The Massacre of Glencoe)

The valley of Glencoe is one of the wildest in the Highlands. It extends from Tigh 'n druim, northwestward to Balachulish on Lochlinne, a distance of about ten miles, in which there is only one human habitation. Although the military road passes through the glen, it is little used, and the narrowness of the defile, as it may be termed, with the great perpendicular height of the rocky mountains on each side, gave it an aspect of peculiar gloom and desolation. A few goats scrambling among the precipices, or eagles soaring high above, may be the only indications of life to meet the traveler's view: and his musings will only be disturbed by the fretful rushing of the rapid Cona, as it dashes over its rugged bed, or the noise of the more impetuous torrents that pour in numerous streams along the mountain side.

Here the contemplative may indulge in a train of sad and serious imagination, not unmixed with less melancholy ideas than the name of this valley is so apt to suggest. On the banks of the Cona's echoing stream, it is believed that Ossian first drew breath, and spent his infant years. In this vale, towards the north-west end, the unparalleled atrocity took place, on which the Piper has composed the plaintive and maddening notes of the Piobaireachd which bears its name. The massacre of Glencoe has employed the indignant pens of numerous writers; the painful recital may be here omitted.

No. XII.
(Glengarry's Lament)

This was composed by Archibald Munro on the lamented death of his master, 1828, and it was the last tribute he paid to him, when he played it preceding the funeral procession. Mr. MacDonell of Glengarry was on his way to Edinburgh, on board the Stirling steam boat, accompanied by his two daughters. The boat was sailing tolerably well, till she came abreast of Drumarabin, a farm of the Duke of Gordon's, the blast out of which glen became too powerful, and drove her on the Ardgower shore at Inverseaddel. The landing was extremely dangerous, as the passengers had to be dragged

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ashore by means of ropes. Glengary was much hurt in the face and head on the rocks, as he was brought to shore. He was able, however, to walk to the farm house of Inverseaddel, where he had his wounds dressed, and did not appear to be in a dangerous state. He was put to bed; and in the evening was seized with convulsions, which terminated his life at ten o'clock. The remains of this distinguished chief were consigned to the "narrow house" on the first of February. A large concourse of clansmen (about 1600) assembled to pay the last sad duty to their chief, and were plentifully regaled with bread, cheese, and whisky. The procession commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Kilfinan, the place of interment, between four and five o'clock. The coffin was borne breast high by eighteen Highlanders who relieved each other at regular intervals. The chief mourner was the young chief of Glengary, (the only surviving son of the *MacMhic Alasdair*,) dressed in the full Highland garb of his ancestors, with eagle's feathers in his bonnet covered with crape. Some hundreds of the people were arrayed in the Highland garb. The mournful Piobaireachd was wailed forth by six Pipers: and none of the formalities usually attending on the obsequies of a chief, were omitted; at least none that were fitted to give a character of impressiveness to the solemnity.

No. XIII.
(The Grant's Gathering)

This clan, who are a branch of the great Alpine race, are chiefly situated in Strathspey, where stands castle Grant the seat of the chief. At the upper end of the district is the noted hill call *Craigellachic* or the rock of alarm, which formed the *Cathghairm*, or war shout, and gave name to the gathering of the clan. Strathspey is proverbially famed for its music, and this is a favourable specimen of it, but its origin seems unknown.

The hearts of the brave 1300 Highlanders, which the patriarchal influence of Sir James Grant raised for the national defence, 1793, responded to the thrilling sounds, which reminded them of friends and fatherland, and the feelings got vent in the ardent exclamation, as the Piper play *Stad Creageiliehic!* that is, Craigellachie, stand firm!

No. XIV.
(Hector Mac Lean's Warning)

This Hector, the son of a noted marauder, followed in the troublous footsteps of his father. He usurped the guardianship of the young Laird, and being suspected of having a design on his life, he was long imprisoned in Duart castle. However evil his designs might be, they could hardly justify his chief in beheading him without trial, 1579.

No. XV.
(The Mac Leod's Salute)

This striking piece of music was composed by Donald *Mòr* MacCrummen, Piper to *Ruaridh* Macleod of Dunvegan, when the controversy which had so long interrupted the friendly relations of his clan with the MacDonalds of Slait, was settled, as related in the account of the *Iomarbhadh*. See Note 36.

No. XVI.
(Chisholm's Salute)

The Chishom preserves a relic believed to be of great antiquity. It is the chanter of a Bagpipe to which there is attached a degree of importance, from a supposed supernatural faculty which it is alleged to possess. In whatever way it was acquired, this instrument is said to indicate the death of the chief by spontaneously bursting, and after each successive fracture it is carefully repaired by a silver fillet, being an improvement on the primitive mode of firmly binding it with a leathern thong, which, from a fancied resemblance to the lacing of *Cuaran* or buskin, procured it the designation of "*Maighdean a Chuarain*," – the virigin, or rather, the stick of the *Cuaran*, to this instrument.

The family Piper having been from home at a wedding when he heard his chanter crack, and perceived it rent, started up, and observed that he must return, for Chisholm was no more! and it was found to be so. Kenneth Chisholm, the last family Piper, was taught by John Beag MacRae, Piper to the late Lord Seaforth. He went to America, where he was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree.

No. XVII.
(Lady Doyle's Salute)

Lady Doyle was a daughter of Major Ross, who married Isabella, sister of the late James MacLeod, Esq. of Rasay. Her father and mother having died when she was in infancy, the former in the East Indies, and the latter on her passage to Scotland, she was left under the guardianship of her uncle, who brought her up in his own family at Rasay. She became a great favourite with all who know her, being imbued with the finest feelings of the Highlander. Her musical taste was remarkably good, and she was so fond of Piobaireachd, that she acquired many of the longest pieces from the performance of the family Piper, and was accustomed to play them on the piano with much effect. She accompanied her cousin, the Marchioness of Hastings, to the East Indies, where she married the Hon. Sir Charles Doyle. Here she did not forget MacKay, the Piper of Rasay, but had an elegant stand of Pipes, of peculiar native workmanship, prepared, which she presented to him, and which will be handed down as an heir-loom in the family.

This Piobaireachd was composed in gratitude for her Ladyship's liberality.

No. XIX
(The MacDonald's Salute)

This piobaireachd was composed by Donald *Mòr* MacCrummen, on the reconciliation of the MacLeods and MacDonalds, after the battle of Bencullein in Skye. When the unfortunate differences which led to that battle were adjusted, Donald *Gorm* of Slait, the chief, was invited to a banquet in Dunvegan Castle, by Sir *Ruaridh* MacLeod, and when his guest appeared he was met by the Laird's Piper, who welcomed him by playing this appropriate salute which he composed for the occasion, as he preceded him in approaching the castle.

See *Iomarbhadh*, Note 36.

No. XX.
(Sir Ewin Cameron of Lochiel's Salute)

Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, who received the appellation of *dubh*, from his dark complexion, was one of the most remarkable persons who figured on the troubled stage of Highland history during the great civil war, and was the last man in Scotland who made his submission.

The chief of an intrepid clan, and himself a powerful and hardy veteran, he was engaged in many exploits which evinced great valour and military prowess. The governor of Inverhochy, now Fort William, detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste to Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewen's life, printed in the appendix of Pennant's Scottish Tour. "In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush; when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and unaccompanied with any one, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size, but Lochiel exceeded him in nimbleness and agility, and in the end tript the sword out of his hand; they closed and wrestled till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard; but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, With his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of this grasp, that he brought away his mouthful; this he said, was the sweetest bite he ever had in his lifetime." Vol. i, p. 375. This salute was composed on the memorable event.

No. XXI.
(Menzie's Salute)

The fine bold Piobaireachd is the composition of John MacIntyre, son of Donald MacIntyre, in the brae Rannach, who was at the time Piper to Menzies of that ilk, chief of the name, about 1715.

No. XXIV.
(The Duke of Perth's March)

This is the composition of Finlay *Dubh* MacRae, who had been Piper to the Earl of Seaforth, and was so named in commemoration of the march of the rebel army to attack the royal forces under Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, where the Highlanders obtained so triumphant a victory. Drummond, Earl of Perth, having been engaged in the rising of 1715, had been attained, but having escaped to the continent, he retained his title, and was advanced to a dukedom by king James, and was actively employed by Prince Charles, who appointed him first Lieutenant-General, in which capacity he was extremely serviceable, and notwithstanding a delicate constitution, he underwent a great degree of fatigue without apparent suffering. He was bold as a lion in the field, but his mildness on other occasions was very observable, tempering the triumphs of victory with moderation and mercy; and although injustice was done him when Lord George Murray was preferred to the chief command, he remained with the army acting vigorously in a subordinate station and affording the assistance of his valuable opinions in the councils of the chiefs.

After the battle of Culloden, he embarked for France, but he died on his passage, the 13th May 1746.

Finlay the Piper joined to follow the fortunes of the white flag, along with MacRae of Ceandaloch, and they are said to have been the only persons who went from Kintail.

No. XXV.
(The Marquis of Argyle's Salute)

Archiabld, Earl of Argyle, was created a Marquis by letters patent, 15th November, 1641. He zealously espoused the side of the Presbyterians, and, after the decapitation of king Charles, he had the honour to place the crown on the head of his son when he retreated to Scotland; but on the restoration he was attained of high treason, for corresponding with Cromwell, and was executed at Edinburgh the 27th May 1661.

The illustrious family of Argyle were distinguished in the Highlands from remote antiquity as the *Sìol 'o Duibhne*, or race of Duine; latterly the patronymic designation of *Mac Callain Mòr* was given to those powerful nobles, and is still the familiar appellation use by the natives. It is derived from "great Colin," who flourished in the time of the Bruce.

No. XXVI.
(The Battle of Sheriffmuir)

This Piobaireachd was composed by John MacIntyre one of the brae Rannoch family, who was then Piper to Menzies of Menzies, upon this well-fought but indecisive battle for the Stuarts, 1715.

No. XXVII.
(The Vaunting)

This was composed by *Raonnull Mac Ailean òig*, a celebrated Piper of the family of MacDonald of Morar, but on what occasion this “boasting” took place, we have never satisfactorily ascertained.

No. XXVIII.
(Davidson of Tulloch’s Salute)

Davidson of Tulloch, whose beautiful property lies in Strathfuaran, or Strathpeffer, in Ross-shire, sent his Piper, John MacKenzie, to the Isle of Rasay, in order to perfect himself, by the able instructions of John MacKay, under whom he profited so much that he was sometime afterwards again sent, that he might finally complete his studies. Mackay, by his attention, acquired the esteem of Tulloch, and was so much gratified by the hospitable treatment which he received at his castle, that he composed this Piobaireachd before Mackenzie’s departure, that he might be able to play it on his return, in compliment to the Laird

No. XXX.
(The Viscount of Dundee’s Lament)

John Graham of Claverhouse, being brigadier and captain of the Royal regiment of horse, marched them into England on the landing of the Prince of Orange, to support his master, King James, for which he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Dundee. In 1689 he attended the Convention of Estates, when he discovered a plot to assassinate him, and perceiving the meeting determined to dethrone King James, he withdrew from their deliberations, and the result of the conference with the Duke of Gordon, governor of Edinburgh Castle, at the postern gate, determined this chivalrous nobleman to appear in arms for his Majesty. He therefore withdrew to the Highlands, with his party of horse, where he summoned the loyal clans to his standard, and was joined by a reinforcement of 300 Irishmen. With these he gave battle to General MacKay, whom he overthrew with a slaughter of 2000 men, but received himself, in the first charge, a musket ball in his right side, from which he almost immediately expired. This spot where he fell is still seen in the pass of Killiecrankie, where a rude stone was raised to commemorate the sad event;

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but his body was conveyed to the church of Blair, and deposited in the vault of the Marquis of Athole.

The learned Dr. Pitcairn wrote an elegant Latin epitaph on Dundee, which was thus rendered into English by Dryden: -

“O last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country’s freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now you are gone –
New gods the temples, and new kings the thrones.
Scotland and thou did each in other live,
Thou could’st not her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell thou living, that did support the state,
And could not fall but by the country’s fate.”*

The death of this accomplished General, ruined the fair prospect which appeared of reducing Scotland to the rule of its ancient Princes. No one of sufficient ability to head the clans seemed to be found, and the chiefs having no confidence in General Cannan, who took the command, retired to their respective countries, and came into terms with the existing government.

* Crawford’s Peerage.

No. XXXI.
(Abercairney’s Salute)

This piobaireachd was composed by Charles MacArthur, before spoken of, on the following occasion. James Murray, Esq. Of Abercairny, a delightful property about four miles from Crieff, in the county of Perth, married Lady Christian Montgomery, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton; and Sir Alexander MacDonal of the Isles married her sister Lady Margaret. This connexion produced a friendship and many reciprocal visits, and Abercairny became very fond of the Pipes, and had MacArthur, his brother-in-law’s Piper, a frequent guest at this own seat. Having enlarged, and much improved the mansion, a grand dinner was given, when everyone praised the elegance of he new buildings, particularly the dining-room, which was allowed to be in every respect perfect.* “The room and entertainment are not,” observed the hospitable proprietor, “altogether complete; one thing is wanting to render them so, to some of us perhaps – Charles MacArthur, to animate the feast with his presence, and with the stirring notes of his great Pipe.”

* This room is in what is now called the old castle. Its dimensions are 33 feet by 21, and 15 feet in height; and it is lighted by four very large windows.

**No. XXXIII.
(The Pretty Dirk)**

The weapon which gave rise to this piobaireachd was in possession of the Laird of MacLeod. Patrick òg MacCrummen admiring it very much, the chief told him, that if he composed an appropriate tune in its praise; it should be presented to him. Patrick wanted nothing more; next morning he struck up the newly composed piobaireachd with which MacLeod was so much pleased, the notes seeming to express the performer's entreaties for the gift, and exultation on receiving it; that, calling him into the castle, he handed the instrument to MacCrummen, saying he well deserved it, for so forcible an appeal, prepared in so short a space of time.

**No. XXXIV.
(The Munro's Salute)**

This is the production of John *Dall*, Piper to MacKenzie of Gairloch, who being a favourite with the Monros, was a frequent guest at Fearndonel, the seat of the chief, where he was treated with particular kindness, and composed this salute, in compliment to his hospitable friends.

**No. XXXV.
(Patrick òg Mac Crummen's Lament)**

This fine piobaireachd was composed by John *Dall* MacKay, on hearing that his preceptor was dead; some time afterwards however he found the report to be unfounded, and resolved to visit Patrick òg at Borerraig. Among other tunes which he played during his stay there, was the present one, when MacCrummen enquired where he learned it, he, after some hesitation, said, "That is a lament I composed or you." "Indeed," said MacCrummen "*Cumha Phadruig òig's e f'hein beo fhathast!*" i.e. "Lament for young Peter, and he still alive! I shall learn then the Lament for myself!"

The following words were composed on one of the MacCrummens.

A'n cual thu co burram air Phiobairean nile
Tha'n taobh so do Luinnean b'e MacCrummen an Rìgh
Le phonnganen àluinn om binn fon' d thig failte
Bheireadh a'n eail' sa dheanadh slàn a fear tinn
Caismeachd ghrinn gu bras dìon an a strì cómbradh
Tlachd agus cruadal bha bhuidh air an oinseach
Muime uasal no Leodach bhìdh ga spreòdadh le sprìadh.

No. XXXVI.
(MacLeod's Controversy)

The events which this controversy gave rise to, were characteristic of the times; and the following is the quaint relation of the circumstances given by Sir Robert Gordon. "Donald Gorme MacDonald of Slait, had married Sir Rory MacLeod of the Herris, his sister, and for some displeasure or jealousy conceived against her, he did repudiate her; whereupon Sir Rory sent message to Donald Gorme, desiring him to take home his sister. Donald Gorme not only refused to obey his request, but also intended divorcement against her; which, when he had obtained, he married Kenneth MacKenzie, Lord of Kintail, his sister. Sir Rory MacLeod took this disgrace so highly, that assembling his countrymen and followers without delay, he invaded with fire and sword, a part of Donald Gorme, his lands in the isle of Skye, which lands Sir Rory did claim to appertain to himself. Donald Gorme impatient of this injury, convened his forces, and went into the Herris, which he wasted, and spoiled, carried away their store and bestial, and killed some of the inhabitants. This again did so stir up Sir Rory MacLeod and his kin, the Seil Tormot, that they took journey into the isle of Ouyst, which appertaineth to Donald Gorme, and landing there, Sir Rory sent his cousin Donald Glase, with some forty men, to spoil the island, and to take a prey of goods out of the precinct of Kille, Trynnid, where the people had put all their goods to be preserved as in a sanctuary. John MacCean MacJames, a kinsman of Donald Gorme's, being desired by him to stay in the island, with twenty others, re-encountered with Donald Glasse MacLeod and most of his company, and so rescued the goods.

"Sir Rory seeing the bad success of his kinsmen, retired home for a time; thus both parties were bent headlong against each other, with a spirit full of revenge and fury. and so continued mutually infesting one another with spoil and cruel slaughters, to the utter ruin and desolation of both their countries, until the inhabitants were forced to eat horses, dogs, cats, and other filthy beasts. In the end, Donald Gorme assembled his whole forces, in the year of God 1601, to try the event of battle, and came to invade Sir Rory his lands, thinking thereby to draw his enemies to fight. Sir Rory MacLeod was then in Argyle craving aid and advice against the clan Donald. Alexander MacLeod, Sir Rory MacLeod his brother, resolves to fight with Donald Gorme; so assembling all the inhabitants of his brother's lands, with the whole race of the Seil Tormot, and some of the Seil Torquill out of the Lewes, he encamped beside a hill, called Benquillin in the isle of Skye, with a resolution to fight against the clan Donald the next morning, which was no sooner come but there ensued a cruel and terrible skirmish, which lasted the most part of the day, both contending for the victory with great obstinacy. The clan Donald in end overthrew their enemies, hurt Alexander MacLeod and took him prisoner, with Niel MacAllister Roy, and thirty others of the chiefest men among the Seil Tormot, killed two near kinsmen of Sir Rory MacLeod's, John MacTormot and Tormot MacTormot, with many others.

After this skirmish there followed a reconciliation betwixt them, by the mediation of old Angus MacDond of Kintire, the Laird of Coll, and others. Then Donald Gorme delivered unto Sir Rory MacLeod all the prisoners taken at Benquillin, together with his brother Alexander, since which time they have continued in peace and quietness.*"

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This is the relation given by Sir Robert, of the origin and termination of this unhappy dispute. It will be found detailed in other words, but coincident in facts, in the recent publication of Donald Gregory, Esq. The piobaireachd was composed by Donald Mòr, Piper at the time to the MacLeods.

No. XXXVII.
(The Lament for the Harp Tree)

This piobaireachd, so unlike all others, is evidently from its style, of very high antiquity. We have not been able to procure any satisfactory account of *Cumhadh Craobh nan teud*, which is usually translated, "Lament for the Harp Tree," i.e. the tree of strings. It strikes us that this is a bardic expression for the instrument itself, as we should say "the Bag of Pipes." There appears, however, some superstitious opinions connected with it. In the North it is called Bean Sith,* either from being "the fairy tune," or so named from a noted hill in Sutherland, distinguished as the fairy mountain. The notion that it is a lamentation for the destruction of a tree on which the bards were wont to hang their harps, is too like the practice of the Jews, who, as related in Scripture, when in captivity, hung "their harps on willow trees," to permit its being received as the just explanation of so singular an appellation.

* Literally, the woman of peace, "the good folk." Bean, a woman. Bein, a hill.

No. XXXVIII.
(The Battle of Waterloo)

This piobaireachd, which will bear comparison with most of the more ancient compositions, was produced by John MacKay, then with James MacLeod, Esq. of Rasay. The important part which the Highland regiments performed on this glorious occasion, is universally known, and the striking garb of the Scottish mountaineers, was no less an object of curiosity and admiration on the continent, than the peculiar music of their national instrument, the sound of which animated them to heroism, and alas! poured forth the death dirge of many a heart that beat high in the morning, as they thought of their country, and what it expected from them in the approaching conflict.

NO. XLI.
(Sir James MacDonald of the Isles Salute)

Sir James MacDonald of the Isles flourished from 1613 to 1678. Having gone on a shooting excursion to the island of North Uist in 1664, accompanied by Colonel John MacLeod of Talisker and others, as they were on day deer-stalking, the gun of Colonel MacLeod, who was behind Sir James, accidentally went off, lodging the contents in his leg, on which he fell. The gentlemen present immediately procured blankets and men from the nearest cottages, in order to have him removed to Vallay house. As soon however as the people of the island became acquainted with what had happened,

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believing that, instead of being accidental, it was intentional on the part of Talisker, they flew to arms, and gathered from all quarters, when, surrounding the house of William MacDonald of Vallay, they would have slaughtered MacLeod, had it not been from the influence of Vallay and other MacDonalds; but so much was their chief esteemed, and so enraged were the people at the supposed treachery of MacLeod, that it was with difficulty they could be persuaded to disband and return to their homes. Sir James was confined by this accident for a considerable time, and when he had recovered so far as to be able to leave his chamber, Vallay, who was an excellent performer, on the Bag-Pipes, composed a salutation, to evince joy, in seeing Sir James' restoration of health.

No. XLII.
(King George the Third's Lament)

This piece was composed by John MacKay, Piper to James MacLeod, Esq. of Rasay, in 1802.

The Highlanders have long forgotten their hostility to the house of Brunswick; and in firm loyalty to the illustrious dynasty which sways the British scepter, they yield to none. It was in the reign of George III; that the importance of the Highland race was acknowledged, and their warlike ardour found of the utmost service to the national honour. Their willing services were sought by an enlightened ministry, - their native garb, absurdly made illegal, was restored, - Highland Societies were, under the auspices of Royalty, established for the encouragement of those antique remains of ages of rude independence, and the preservation of customs, the observance of which is dear to the people and harmless to the state. All the favours, and the proud station to which the Highland Bag-Pipe was restored, render the consecration of this lament for the departed monarch, an appropriate tribute from a Gaëlic bard.

No. XLIV.
(MacKenzie of Gairloch's Lament)

The lamentations of the clan were perpetuated in the strains of this piobaireachd, by the family Piper, blind John MacKay, when death removed Sir Hector to a better world.

No. XLV.
(The Young Laird of Dungallon's Salute)

This tune is apparently very old, but the date of its composition has not transpired. The following are a few words adapted to the Urlar or ground work: -

Tha oighre òg air fear Dhungallain.
Is' fhaicinn fallain togail màil
Tha oighre òg air fear Dhungallain
S' fhaicinn fallain s' fhaicinn slàn.

TRANSLATION

There's a young heir to the Laird of Dungallon
May we see him sound collecting rent
There's a young heir to the Laird of Dungallon,
May we see him sound, may we see him hale.

No. XLVI.
(The Earl of Seaforth's Salute)

The rising for King James under the Earl of Mar, was promoted in the North, chiefly by the MacKenzies, who distinguished themselves at Sherriffmoor. They were the first clan who were called by General Wade to deliver up their arms, which they did at Brahan Castle, 1725.

This was composed by Finlay dubh MacRae, Seaforth's Piper, when his master was in exile, and expressed the wish of himself and the clan, that he might soon return, and in good health. During his absence, the rents of the estate, although forfeited, were regularly remitted to France, and 800 men escorted the money to Edinburgh.

No. XLVII.
(The MacKay's Banner)

In the year 1639, Murdoch MacKay, who had married Christian, daughter of Donald MacKay of Scoury, possessed Achness, as chief of the clan; and Mondale, and some other parts of the Strath, were held by his cousins, Niel MacKay and William Mor MacKay, the latter having become the most powerful of his name in his time. Some dispute had arisen between Murdoch and Niel regarding the chieftainship, in which the latter was supported by William Mor. Niel, by some means had got possession of the family-colours; and Murdoch, who was of a meek temper, and averse to come to an open rupture with such near relatives, allowed him to retain them. These colours are now in possession of Hugh MacKay in Thurso, the lineal descendant of Niel.* They bear evident marks of great antiquity.

* He is termed by the Highlanders, *Uisdean na Brattich*, i.e. Hugh of the Colours. He is now (1829) above 80 years of age, and though low as to worldly circumstances, he always possessed the spirit and dignity of a chieftain. *House and Clan Mackay*, p. 288.

No. XLVIII.
(The Earl of Ross' March)

John eleventh Earl of Ross, and Lord of the Isles, surrendered 10th July 1476 the earldom of Ross, thence-forward inalienably annexed to the crown. He died in 1498.*

* Douglas Peerage

No. XLIX.
(The Piper's Warning to his Master)

About the year 1647, Campbell of Calder was commissioned by the Earl of Argyle to proceed against the MacDonalds, and expel them from the Island of Islay, where *Coll Ciotach*, the celebrated commander under the heroic Montrose, had taken up his residence with a number of his followers. Calder accordingly procured the assistance of several tribes of the Campbells, and I believe of MacDougal of Lorn, chief of his name, and their first exploit was an assault on the castle of Dunä which was stormed and razed to the ground. Coll and several of his followers who were then in the castle made their escape, and took refuge in Dunnyveg, where they were again besieged. Coll finding his force too weak to repulse the besiegers, took boat by night to procure assistance in Kintire and Ireland, leaving the castle under the charge of his mother.

Calder having discovered that he had left the castle, and guessing the object he had in view, determined in like manner to increase his own strength, in order to meet any addition which the garrison might receive, and retiring for this purpose, the troops were left in command of the Lady of Dunstaffnage, a bold masculins woman.

It is a tradition among some, that it was proper for one woman to oppose another, and hence the absence of both commanders at the same time, when the departure of one

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would naturally favour the success of the other, an advantage which the generosity of the Gael would not permit them to take. However this may be, while the leaders were absent, the heroines were not idle, for the wooden pipe which conveyed the water to the castle was discovered, and of course the supply was cut off, in consequence of which the garrison was compelled to surrender. This night after the surrender, the Piper whose profession secured the respect of the victors, recognised the *Biorlinn*, or boat of his master Coll, on its return; and that he might apprise him of his danger, and prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies, he asked leave to play a piece of music he had composed on the misfortune that had befallen his party. This request was readily granted, when he went on the battlements and commenced this *Piobaireachd*. Coll was just entering the bay, on the shore of which the remains of the castle are still to be seen; and hearing the new tune, with that quick conception of its import, how heightened by the critical situation of affairs, at once put about, and passing through the strait formed by a rock in the bay, he escaped. The Lady of Dunstaffnage was so enraged with the Piper for this act, that the following day she made him play tunes of the merriest cast, as he walked before her to the top of a high hill, about five miles off, and when there, she sternly ordered his fingers to be cut off, so that he might never more give a similar warning. The hill is the highest in Islay, and from that day has been distinguished as the hill of the bloody hand; i.e. *Beinn Iaimh Dhearg*, now corruptly, *Beinn Illairraig*.

No. L.
(War or Peace)

The author of this piece seems to be unknown, but it is creditable to the composer. It is evidently ancient, from its simple, bold, and characteristic style, and is played all over the Highlands; in fact the title is appropriate to no particular clan, but applicable to all, indicating that indifference which a warlike, spirited, and resolute people, in the days of proud independence, would have, as to whether the disputes of their patriarchal chiefs would terminate amicably or end in bloodshed. Happily the arts of peace have superseded the art of war, and the Highlander appreciates the blessings of the *Sith* without being afraid of the *Cogadh*.

Is comadh leam s' comadh leam cogadh no sith ann.
Marbhair sa chogadh na crochair sa'n t-shith mi.

No. LI.
(MacLeod of MacLeod's Lament)

This was composed on Sir Roderick MacLeod of Dunvegan, commonly called Ruaridh Mor, who built the old tower at Dunvegan, and died in 1626. Thus sang MacCrummen when leaving Dunvegan castle for Boreraig.

Tog orm mo Phiob s' theid mi dhachaidh
S' duilich leam fhein mar a thachair
Tog orm mo Phiob's mi air mo chràdh

Ma Ruaridh mòr, Ma Ruaridh mor.
Tog orm mo Phiob thà mi sgèth
'S mar faigh mi ì theid mi dhachaidh
Tog orm mo Phiob tha mi sgèth
'S mi air mo Chràdh ma Ruaridh mòr
Tog orm mo Phiob tha mi sgith
'S mar gaigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh
Clarsach na Piob cha tog mo chridhe
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh Ruaridh mòr.

No. LII.
(MacKenzie of Applecross's Salute)

John Roy MacKenzie of Applecross, or Comerach, as the country is called, was much beloved by his people.

Angus Mackay, son of John Dall MacKay, Piper to MacKenzie of Gairloch, composed this Piobaireachd on occasion of the birth of the young Laird about 1730, who in after life proved himself so deserving of the affectionate regards of his people.

No. LIII.
(Lady MacDonald's Lament)

This fine piobaireachd was composed in 1790 by Angus MacArthur, the family Piper, on the death of Elizabeth Diana, Lady of Alexander, first Lord MacDonald, who died 18th October 1789. It is taken from the original MSS. in possession of the Highland Society of London.

No. LIV.
(Lord Lovat's Lament)

This extraordinary old man, who actually obtained possession of his estates and honours by the sword, was brought to trial for participation in the rebellion of 1745 on the 9th March 1747. The examination of witnesses, &c. lasted for several days and Lovat defended himself with much shrewdness, delivering an exculpatory speech of considerable eloquence; but the correspondence which he had carried on the Stewarts, and his negotiation for a dukedom on the success of the enterprise, were decisive, and he was condemned to die. Many thought that a man of his advanced age might have been spared, but others viewed his fate as a retribution for his wicked life.

During the short space which intervened between his sentence and its execution on the 9th of April, he maintained that flow of animal spirits and lively conversation, for which he had been so remarkable, and talked about his approaching death, as if it had been merely a journey he proposed to take, and he even made the impressive circumstances which were to attend it, the subject of witticisms and playful remarks.

An account of his behaviour from the time his death-warrant was received, until the day he was beheaded, was published at the time, by one who attended him, and many characteristic anecdotes are related of his lordship. The writer bears witness to his moderate habits, and hale constitution, and says he heard Lovat declare that he never had been drunk, that he never had headache, and could read the smallest print without the aid of glasses. He declared that in the many schemes for restoring the royal family, he had never betrayed a friend nor shed blood on his own hand. A letter which he wrote to his son, is in a style of pious exhortation. The major of the tower asked him one morning how he did? "Do," says his Lordship, "why I am about to do very well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any Majors, and but few Lieutenant-Generals go." He complained much of the usage he met with, and said he might have wanted necessaries, if his cousin William Fraser, had not supplied him with money. He was particularly indignant with his two servants, whose evidence he said condemned him. Two Baronets who came to see him, were received with politeness, but he remarked that if he thought they meant to vote for the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, he would not hesitate, had he his broadsword, to chop off both their heads! The day before his execution, he sang part of an old song, and offering his chair to the governor who had called, it was refused with many compliments. "What," says the old Lord, "would you have me to be unmannerly the last day of my life." His attendant, expressing his regret that next morning was to be so bad with him – "Bad for what?" he exclaimed, "do you think I am afraid of an axe." To another who appeared dejected, he observed, "Courage man! I am not afraid, why should you?" The end of all human grandeur says he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, is like this snuff of tobacco. The expression of Horace, "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," wound up his last sayings, and one blow of the axe, severed his aged head from the trunk. Lovat was a genuine specimen of the old chief, and kept up on a very limited income the ancient rites of Highland hospitality. He kept the Frasers in an effective state among the surrounding clans, and cherished the old Gaëlic manners. When he was taken prisoner, he told the officer to use him well, for he would have to answer for it before men whom he would tremble to look at; and made the Piper play before him on the journey. He said he had ordered by his will, that all the Pipers from John O'Groat's to Edinburgh, should be invited to play before his corpse, for which they were to receive a handsome allowance; but as things were, the old women would sing the coronach for him, "and there will be crying and clapping of hands, for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands."

No. LV.
(The Half Finished Piobaireachd)

This piobaireachd is so called from its having been the joint composition of Patrick òg MacCrummen, and his pupil John *Dall* MacKay. Patrick intending to visit MacDonald of Clanranald, then in the island of Uist, was desirous of preparing a piobaireachd suitable to the occasion, and complimentary to the Lady MacDonald, for which purpose he retired to his private apartment. He there commenced the urlar or ground-work, two parts of which he repeated many times without being able to please himself exactly with another; when MacKay, who had placed himself to listen, unobserved at the door, struck up a measure so well adapted to hose which his master had been playing, that opening the door with delight, he exclaimed, “Ah! you have done it; but it shall not bear the name I designed for it, but shall be called ‘the half-finished tune,’ as I made two parts, and you have made the other.”

The door which opened to MacCrummen’s room is now closed, but the positions of the two parties are still pointed out.

No. LVI.
(The Highland Society of Scotland’s Salute)

This Society, the most useful and influential of all the similar associations, was instituted in 1785, under the title of the Highland Society of Edinburgh. In 1787 his Majesty granted them a charter, erecting them into a body corporate, under the name of the Highland Society of Scotland. This salute was composed by Professor John MacArthur in 1790.

No. LIX.
(The Glen is Mine)

This is the composition of Iain MacPhadruig Mhic Cruimin, John son of Patrick MacCrummen who was a Piper of celebrity. He was in the Earl of Seaforth’s establishment, and on one occasion going through Glen Shiel with this lordship, he played for the first time this piece of music, as if the Earl should say through the emphatic notes of the musician, *S’ leam fein an Gleann, S’ leam fein na thann, &c.*

No. LX.
(Macintosh’s Lament)

The year 1526 was signalized by a great dissension among the clan Chattan. The chief and head of the clan was Lauchlan MacKintosh of Dunnachton, “a verie honest and wyse gentlemen (says Bishop Lesley) ane baroun of gude rent, quha keipit hes hole kin, friendes, and tennentes in honest and rewill;” and according to Sir Robert Gordon, “a man of great possessions, and of such excellencies of witt and judgement, that with great

commendation he did conteyn all his followers within the limits due.” The strictness with which this worth chief the curbed lawless and turbulent dispositions of his clan, raised up many enemies, who, as Bishop Lesley says, were impatient of virtuous living. At the head of this restless party was James Malcolmeson, a near kinsman of the chief, who, instigated by his worthless companions, and the temptation of ruling the clan, murdered the good chief. Afraid to face the better part of the clan by whom the chief was beloved, Malcolmeson, along with his followers, took refuge in the island in the loch of Rothiemurchas; but the enraged clan followed them to their hiding places and dispatched them.

The Lament was composed by the Piper, we believe on this melancholy event.

No. LXI.
(Prince Charles Lament)

This very touching lament is the composition of Captain Malcolm MacLeod, grandson of John Garve MacLeod of Rasay, who was an excellent Piper, and is described by those who knew him as having been remarkable for a fine muscular form and gentlemanly air.

He held a captain’s commission in the Prince’s army, to whose escape he was very instrumental, but he narrowly avoided himself falling a victim to his mistaken loyalty, having been taken prisoner and carried to London. No witnesses however, it would appear, coming forward at his trial he was discharged, and not having the means of obtaining a conveyance, he determined to proceed homewards on foot; but, on reaching Barnet, a carriage passed in which was lady, who struck by his appearance, entered into conversation with him, and learning who he was, and the cause of his situation, she invited him to take a seat with her, and conveyed him as far as Edingburgh.*

When Dr. Johnson visited the Western Islands, Captain Macleod had the opportunity of shewing him some attentions, and is described by the tourist as then dressed in a purple coloured kilt (tartan being then prohibited) with a green jacket, slightly trimmed with silver lace.

* It is otherwise said that his traveling companion was Flora MacDonald, and the post-chaise one provided by Lady Primrose. *Brown’s History of the Highlands*, iii. Having paid a visit to Dr. Burton at York, MacLeod is said to have given this character of the Prince, that he was the most cautious man not to be a coward, and the bravest not to be rash. It may not be out of place to mention that the editor’s father, John MacKay, Piper to MacLeod of Rasay, to whom frequent reference has been made, received his first instructions from this worthy old Highlander, and relates many anecdotes of old Malcolm and his contemporaries, who loved next to playing piobaireachd, to rehearse the transactions in which they were engaged during the agitated state of society, while the family of Stewart still hoped for a restoration to the crown of these kingdoms.