VII.

TRADITIONS OF THE MACAULAYS OF LEWIS. By Capt. F. W. L. THOMAS, R.N., F.S.A. Scot.

Introduction.

The Clan Aulay, a phonetic spelling of the Gaelic *Clann Amhlaeibh*, takes its name from *Amhlaebh*, which is the Gaelic form of the Scandinavian *Óláfr;* in Anglo-Saxon written *Aulaf*, and in English Olave, Olay, Ola.[1] There are thirty *Olafar* registered in the Icelandic Land-book, and, the name having been introduced by the Northmen to the Irish, there are thirty-five noticed in the "Annals of the Four Masters."[2]

In the 11th and 12th centuries, when surnames, if they did not originate, were at least becoming more general, the original source of a name is, in the west of Scotland, no proof of race; or rather, between the purely Norse colony in Shetland and the Orkneys, and the Gael in Scotland and Ireland, there had arisen a mixture of the two peoples who were appropriately called Gall-Gael, equivalent to saying they were Norse-Celts or Celtic Northmen. Thus, Gille-Brighde (Gaelic) is succeeded by Somerled (Norse); of the five sons of the latter, two, Malcolm and Angus, have Gaelic names; two have Norse, Reginald and Olaf; and the fifth bears a Gaelic name, *Dubhgall*,[3] which implies that the bearer is a Dane. Even in Orkney two of the sons of Havard are Hakon and Thorstein, but the third is *Dufniall, i.e.*, Donald.[4] Of the Icelandic settlers, Becan (Gaelic) may

[1] "Óláfr," m. "Olave, an old and favourite proper name; the oldest form seems to have been *Aleifr*, from Auleifr, as seen from rhymes."—Vigfussen, "Ice. Dic.," *sub voce.*

[2] In modern Irish, the names Clanawlay, Macaulay, include both Macaulay = Mac-Amhlaeibh = Olafsson;—and Macaulay = MacAmhalghaidh = son of Amhalgaidh, who were a Gaelic tribe from Tiraulay, Mayo.

[3] So says Dr Todd; but Mr Skene has pointed out that the personal name is *Dubhgal*, and corresponds to Aedgal, Aelgal, Angal, Ardgal, Artgal, Bedgal, Comgal, Congal, Domgal, Dubhgal, Feargal, Fingall, Gormgall, Leargal, Maengal, Riagal, &c.

[4] Anderson's "Ork. Saga," p. 23.

have found it convenient to leave Dunvegan (*Dun-Bhecain*) in Skye, and remove to Bekanstaðr; and many others with Gaelic names are pointed out by Vigfussen.[1]

In the mythological history of Lewis the Macaulays are the descendants of Amhlaebh, one of the twelve sons or near relations of Oliver (Olvir Rosta?),[2] among whom Lewis was divided. Oliver was the eldest son of that Norwegian king who had the Isles and Highlands given to him by a son of Kenneth MacAlpin for his assistance in driving his brother from the kingdom of Scotland.[3]

The tradition in Ness[4] is that "the first Macaulays came from Lochlinn and settled in Uig when the first Macleod came;" and in Uig, the head-quarters of the Macaulays, "John Roy [his grandson was living in 1610] is the first of whom any account is given in the traditions of the Macaulay race; he was the grandson of Magnus, King of Norway [who was killed in 1103 !]. It is with great interest and anxiety the Macaulays of Lewis talk over the tradition of their descent from the royal family, and commence their history at the time when Niel Morrison [*recté* Old Norman Macleod] possessed the island of Pabbay and *Baile na Cille*,—and the Macaulays Reef and Valtos."[5]

There is no real tradition as to the eponymus or *primus* of the Macaulays. The "Indweller" of Lewis, who wrote between 1673 and

[1] Ice. Dic., p. 800.

[2] *Olvir Rostar, i.e.*, Olvir the Turbulent, was the son of Thorliót in Rackwick, Westra, Orkneys; and grandson of Frákork, the wife of Liót Niding, who dwelt in Helmsdale, Sutherland; and Olvir Rosta was brought up there. It is told that (*ante* 1136) Frakork and Olvir went to the Isles, whence they brought twelve ships, all small and not well manned. With these there was a sea-fight in Deersound, Orkneys, where they were defeated by Earl Paul. Olvir Rosta, when returning from a viking-raid, burnt Olaf, who had contributed to his defeat, in his house at Duncansby. Svein, the son of Olaf, in revenge came suddenly to Helmsdale, burnt Frakork, but Olvir escaped over the Fells and on to the Isles, and nothing more is known of him. Anderson's "Ork. Saga," *passim*. *Olbair Snoice, i.e.*, Olvir the Hewer, appears in the bardic genealogy of the Macleods. Can it be that the memory of Olvir Rosta has survived in Lewis?

[3] Rev. J. Strachan, Barvas.

[4] Angus Gunn, North Dale.

[5] Rev. M. Macphail, from Notes by Mr Murdo Morrison.

1688, states that the first and most ancient inhabitants of Lewis were three men of three several races; first, Mores (the eponymus of the Morrisons), who was said to be a natural son of a king of Norway; second, "Iskair MacAulay, an Irishman, whose postertie remain likewise to this day in the Lews." The third was MacNicol, from whom the Macleods became dominant in Lewis by marriage with his daughter.

This is in effect an acknowledgment of his ignorance of the original of the Clan Macaulay, and goes back only to the time when the name of Zachary was introduced into it. The writer, who I suppose was the Rev. John Morrison, afterwards minister of Urray,[1] is also ignorant of the original (Gille-Mhuire) of his own clan, but has been too honest to invent in either case.

Dr George Mackenzie[2] states that "the Macaulays of the Lewis derived their pedigrees from Olaus, who was put in possession of the Lewis about the year 1174, and who was afterwards King of Man." This I believe to be a historical induction which has supplied—as with many other clans—the want of real tradition, so that it is now widely asserted by the islanders at the present time that the *primus* of the Macaulays was Olaf, son of Godred, King of Man and the Isles.

In 1188 Reginald, the elder brother of Olaf, became King of Man, and Olaf,[3] who was then fourteen years of age, had Lewis (which probably included the whole Long Island or Outer Hebrides) in appanage. In 1202 Olaf was in Sanday (*Sandarey*, Barra; or Sand (*Sandar*), North Uist).[4] Afterwards he became discontented with his share of the revenues of the kingdom of the Isles; for although Lewis was larger than any other of the islands, yet it was but thinly inhabited, and was almost altogether

[1] Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xii. p. 535. There is an interesting note concerning the Rev. John Morrison, Urray, in the "Highlander" of 18th July 1879, from which it appears that he died on the 1st June 1747, in the forty-eight year of his ministry.

[2] Hist. Mackenzies, MS.

[3] Olaf Svarti is sometimes named Olaf the Red by the antiquists of the Isles, who mistake him for his grandfather. Magnus, the son of Olaf Svarti is called Magnus MacOlave Duff.—"Cal. Irish Doc.," p. 479.

[4] Vigfussen's "Sturl. Saga," vol. ii. p. 292.

mountainous and rocky, and quite unfit for cultivation. Olaf represented to his brother that the revenues of Lewis were not sufficient to support himself and his followers. But Reginald, having consulted his council, who no doubt detected some political motive in the request, seized Olaf and sent him to William, King of Scotland, by whom he was detained prisoner, of course for some offence committed against the Scottish realm.[1]

On the death of William, in 1214, Olaf was set free; he then returned to Reginald in Man, who received him in peace, and from thence he went on pilgrimage to St James at Compostella (which hints at the committal of some great crime). When he came back to Man, he was married to Lauon (Lavon, for *Lamhfhinne*, Gaelic, = White-handed), who was the daughter of a chief in Kentire, and half sister by the father's side of the wife of Reginald. Olaf and his bride now returned to Lewis, and we hear no more of them until between 1217 and 1223, when Reginald, bishop of Man and the Isles, and who was the son of a sister of Olaf, came to make a visitation of the churches in Lewis. Olaf had prepared a feast to which he invited his nephew, but Reginald refused to meet him, unless he put away and divorced his wife, Lavon, on the plea that he had formerly been living with her cousin in concubinage. It is plain that, at this period and subsequently, the clergy were endeavouring to enforce on the Gall-Gael the form of a religious ceremony of marriage,[2] but we know that to a late period the marriage tie was but little respected, and that a fruitful source of quarrel between the clans was the practice of sending back a lady to her friends when her husband was displeased with or tired of her;[3] hence, too, the summary way in which the seniors of a clan are deposed by the antiquists of the junior branches, that is, by declaring them all to be illegitimate.

[1] Olaf was then thirty-three years old, and perhaps had conspired with the Macwilliams.

[2] In 1176 the Legate Vivian married Godfred, King of Man, to his wife, Fingola, the mother of Olaf Svarti; Olaf was then three years old. Munch's "Chro. Man.," p. 13.

[3] So late as 1601 a devastating war took place between the Macleods and Macdonalds in Skye from this cause.

Olaf, on this frivolous pretence, was divorced from his wife, when he appears to have lost no time before marrying Christina, the daughter of the powerful Makintagart, otherwise Ferchard O'Beolan, who had been created Earl of Ross by Alexander II. When the news of this divorce became known to the wife of Reginald, Queen of the Isles, she was moved to great wrath and bitterness. Her son Godred Don[1] was then living in Skye; she sent him a letter, in the name of King Reginald, directing him to seize and slay Olaf. Godred prepared to execute this request, and crossed to Lewis with an armed band; but Olaf, having heard of his landing, escaped from the island in a small boat to his father-in-law, the Earl of Ross. Godred having despoiled nearly the whole of Lewis and slain some men, returned to Skye.

At that time (1223) a valiant and powerful chief, Paul Balkason (*Pál*, the son of *Bàlki*), was sheriff of Skye. He had refused to assist Godred in his raid on Lewis, and fled, to avoid his vengeance, to the Earl of Ross. There he met with Olaf, when they entered into a bond of mutual friendship and support, which was confirmed by oaths. They came together in one ship to Skye, where they concealed themselves for some days. Having learned that Godred was living unsuspectingly and with few attendants, in St Colm's Isle (Trodda),[2] they collected their adherents in five vessels, and, under the silence of midnight, put off from the nearest shore, crossed the sound, which is but a mile and a half broad, and surrounded the island. Godred, and those who were with him, rising at break of day, and seeing themselves surrounded by enemies, were struck with dismay; being well armed, they made a brave resistance, but in vain;—for about the ninth hour of the day Olaf and the sheriff, Paul, gained possession of the

[1] *Donn*, Gaelic, *brown*. The common speech must then have been Gaelic, although Norse personal names survived.

[2] "The Isle *Troda* lies within half a league to the northermost point of *Skie*, called *Hunish;* it is two miles in circumference, fruitful in corn and grass, and had a Chappel dedicated to St Columbus" (Martin's "West. Isles," p. 166). Trodda, which gives name to Trotternish, is *Trold-ey* = Giant's-isle; from *trold*, Dan. *troll*, Ice. = giant, Titan, &c.; and *ey*. Ice. = island. The columnar basalt, which occurs abundantly in this district, is supposed to have been the work of giants. So far as I know tradition is silent as to Norse events.

island, and having slain all whom they found outside of the church wall, Godred was seized, blinded, and mutilated.[1]

In 1224 Olaf took hostages from all the chiefs of the Isles and went to Man, of which, after sundry battles, he became king in 1226.[2]

Such is the story of Olaf Svarti, King of Man and the Isles, so far as relates to Lewis, but of whom there is no tradition whatever on the island. The shenachies or antiquists could tell with considerable accuracy the succession of the Clan Kenneth, and something of the disorders which preceded their coming, but they had only a hazy recollection of the dominion of the Macleods, and in fact the inevitable "son of the King of Lochlinn" is reached in two generations. Of course it cannot be proved that Olaf Svarti was not the *primus* of the Clan Macaulay; indeed, there can be little doubt that there were Macaulays in Lewis after Olaf's long sojourn there, but it is shown that Olaf was unknown to the "Indweller" of Lewis in 1678–1688, who, not being acquainted with the "Chronicle of Man," has, according to a fashion of a previous time, traced the origin of the clan to an Irish source. In 1592 the Lyon King of Arms and his brother heralds are commissioned to visit the arms used in the country, and inhibit unauthorised persons from bearing arms; and in 1672 all persons bearing arms were to send to the Lord Lyon an account of their arms and descent within a year.[3]

This has been the cause of a plentiful crop of family histories, which date from and after those times. The compilers of these histories were often men of ability and learning, and having recourse to printed books and written documents endeavour to reconcile facts with the traditions of

[1] The blinding does not appear to have been very effectual, for he is found afterwards in Norway and also sharing the kingdom of the Isles with Olaf; and with regard to the mutilation, Harold, the son of Godred Don, was King of Man in 1249. The Earl of Cromartie makes the Macleods to descend from this Harold. The Icelandic Annals state, at 1223, that Olaf Gudrodson, King of the South Isles, blinded Gudrod the son of his brother Rognvald, King of Man (Vigfussen's "Sturl. Saga," vol. ii. p. 369). There is a confused tradition that Godred was blinded by the hermit MacPoke, *i.e.* Balkason.—"Coll. de Reb. Alb.," p. 284.

[2] Munch's "Chron. Man.," pp. 16–18.

[3] Act Parl., Index.

their clans. Hugh Macdonald, the historian of the Clan Huistein (or Macdonalds of Sleat) quotes Camden and Buchanan; Sir R. Gordon names a long array of books and MSS. as the foundation of his account of the earldom of Sutherland and George Mackenzie, first Earl of Cromarty, has translated a large part of the "Chronicle of Man" in support of his theory of succession, and, by supplying the "missing links," has made his case very clear indeed. But it is manifest such authorities must be accepted with great reserve; their primary object was the glorification of the family they represent, for which purpose every fact which does not tend in that direction is suppressed or misrepresented. Had they recorded the traditions of their clans, as is done in the Icelandic Sagas, without regard to the effect they would have upon the reputations of those concerned, we should now have a valuable stock of material from which the truth could be worked out. Occasionally they act the part of candid friends to each other, when, although the assertions are often erroneous, evidence is afforded of the motives of the writers. Generally the minor clans, to whose combination the larger ones owe their existence, are ignored as much as possible; and those who read the various histories of the Sutherlands and Campbells would hardly suppose that any other names had ever been known in those extensive earldoms; or, from the chroniclers of the Mackenzies, that that clan was made up of M'Kenzies, M'Ras, Murchiesons, M'Lays, M'Lennans, Mathewsons, M'Aulays, Morrisons, M'Leods, &c.[1]

But there is historical proof that a Macaulay was settled in Lewis before the advent of Olaf Svarti, for Gunni Olafson, the brother of Svein of Gairsey, having incurred the displeasure of Harold Maddadson, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, for living in concubinage and having children with his mother, Margaret, Countess of Athol, was banished in 1154 from his dominions. There was then a chief in Lewis, Liotolf by name—no doubt the *primus* of the Macleods—with whom Svein had formerly been staying, and who was his friend, perhaps his relation. So Gunni *Macaulay* was sent to the care of Liotolf in Lewis, but we hear nothing more about

[1] Jameson's "Burt's Letters," vol. ii. p. 322.

him.[1] And although Gunni Olafson settled in Lewis and introduced the name of Macaulay (Olafson) there, the fact is scarcely sufficient to establish the origin of the Clan Macaulay in the entire absence of any further traditional or historical authority.

A list was supplied to me by the late Sir James Matheson—who was always ready to give a generous assistance to either scientific or social progress—of the clan-names, in the order of their numbers, and the number pertaining to each, of all the inhabitants of Lewis at the census of 1861, when the whole population was 21,059. This document will be of great service to the future historian of Lewis, not only for the facts it contains, but also for the lines of research it suggests as to the numerical position of the various clans inhabiting that country; it is in fact the algebraic sum of the ethnological history of Lewis, which is too wide a subject to enter upon here in any detail. But, as bearing on the present subject it is to be noted that, generally, the most numerous clan-names are those which are or have been located on the opposite coasts of Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness; thus the Mackays (837), who stand seventh on the list, were in Strathnavir, but from thence they spread over the north-west of Sutherland; the Macleays (30), with whom are included the Beatons (44) and the Bethunes (32), a small, ancient, and once powerful clan, had their seat at Melness, Tongue, but had also almost all the islands on the Ross-shire and West Sutherland coasts;[2] the Morrisons (1402), the fourth in point of numbers in Lewis, possessed Duirness and Ashir.[3] The Macleods (3838), who are naturally the most numerous in Lewis, for they were there before history began, had also Assynt and Coigach; the Macivers (1198), fifth on the list, whose numbers have been largely increased by what may be called a secondary immigration as allies of the Mackenzies, had their headquarters at Lechmeln, Loch Broom; the Mathesons (376), thirteenth in the list of Lewis clan-names, were an

[1] Anderson's "Ork. Saga," p. 154. I had almost forgotten to note that Svein himself was a Macaulay, but after the burning of his father Olaf, he took his name from his mother, Asleif.

[2] Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xii. p. 547.

[3] Traditions of the Morrisons (Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xii. pp. 503–556).

ancient and powerful clan settled on Loch Alsh; the Mackenzies (1482), the third on the list, originating obscurely in Kintail, by matrimonial alliances or unscrupulous ability and exertion—and having brought about the ruin of the Macleods, obtained their patrimony—were at one time possessed of nearly the whole of Ross-shire. The Macdonalds (2510), the most numerous tribe-name after the Macleods in Lewis, represent many different clans, such as clan Huistean, Clanranald, Glengarry, Macean, Lochalsh, &c. The family of Macdonald were Earls of Ross from about 1402 to 1477; and the Macdonalds of Lochalsh held the lands of Lochbroom, Lochcarron, and Lochalsh in 1463. If we pass south-west, in Harris we find the Siol Thormuid[1] (Macleods) stretching east and west, from St Kilda, through Harris and Duirness in Skye to Glenelg; the Clan Huistein in North Uist, Trotterness, and Sleat; the Clanranald in South Uist, and also on the opposite shores of Inverness-shire; and lastly, the Macneals in Barra, and again in the southern Isle of Giga, perhaps also in Kintyre.

It is therefore not surprising to learn from the traditions of the Mackenzies, that the Macaulays were once dominant in Lochbroom,[2] and this receives an unexpected confirmation when we recognise that Ullapool is the phonetic spelling of the Gaelic pronunciation of *Olabol*, the representative in modern English of *Olafs-bolstaðr*, Norse, *i.e.*, the homestead of Olave.[3] It is told by Dr G. Mackenzie that the ancient inhabitants of Kintail, the MacIvors, MacAulas, MacBollans, and Clan Tarlich, are all descended from Norwegian families, and his theory of the origin of the Clan Macaulay in Ross is as follows:—"After the Isle of Man was subjected to Scotland, hostages were given for their good and peaceable behaviour for the future. And

[1] Thormoðr strangely corrupted to Norman, by suppressing the Th, and adding N.

[2] Lochbroom is a corruption of *Loch Bhraoin*, Gaelic, = Misty Loch. This is the name of a small lake on the river of the same name. The Norse name of the large fiord, now called Lochbroom, is unknown. *Myrkvafjörðr* has been proposed; but surely that name belongs to the Linn *dubh*, the Dark Linn, corruptly called Loch Linnhe.

[3] The locations of the Norse settlers in Scotland can be easily traced by the terminations *bol*, *dal*, *fjörðr*, and many others. On this subject see Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xi. pp. 472–507.

among these was a kinsman of Olaus[1] of the same name, who, having the Norwegian language, and becoming a favourite with King Alexander, made him overseer of the north coast towards Lochbroom, and gave to him and his successors the lands of Lochbroom. He lived in the troublesome times of the Bruce and the Baliol, and was succeeded by his son, called by our Highlanders, Duncan MacOlaus, that is, Olaus's son, now Englished MacAulay. He married MacIvor in Kintail's daughter, a vassal of the Baron of Kintail's, who derived his pedigree from Ivarus, eldest son to Ragnald, Earl of Orkney, by Rochholda [Ragnhild?] his wife, daughter to Rofla Nosia, a powerful man in those days, as we learn from Torfœus (lib. i. chap. vii.) in his "History of the Orkneys." He [Duncan] lived in the beginning of King David's reign, and upon the Earl of Ross's murdering the Baron of Kintail he joined the Kintail men against MacGillandries and his son. Murdoch [the son of Duncan MacAulay] was made governor of Island Dunan [Elandonan] during the Baron of Kintail's minority and absence in the Lewis. This Duncan MacAulay was murdered by MacGillandries, and his lands possessed by him. But upon the Baron of Kintail's return, MacGillandries being killed, as we have before observed, his son Murdoch was possessed in his lands of Lochbroom. He married one Isabel MacAulay, a Lewis woman, descended of the MacAulays of the Lewis, who derive their pedigrees from Olaus, who was put into possession of the Lewis about the year 1174, and who was afterwards King of Man, as we have shown in the account of the Macleods. [This account is not in my copy.] This [Murdoch] MacAulay had one daughter called Isabel, who, as we have seen, was married to the Baron of Kintail, and with whom he got the lands of Lochbroom, and who bore to him his son and successor, the sixth Baron of Kintail."[2]

"Murdoch, the sixth Baron of Kintail, by Isabel Macaulay, heiress of Lochbroom, succeeded to his father about the year 1375, and was called by the Highlanders Murchig in Droit [*Murchadh na Drochaide*], or

[1] Olaus, King of Man. Dr G. Mackenzie here takes for granted that the people of West Ross spoke Norse.

[2] Dr G. Mackenzie's "Hist. of Mackenzies," MS.

Murdoch of the Bridge, from a singular [accident] which happened to his lady at the Bridge of Scatwell." [1]

Previously Dr G. Mackenzie had written that "the garrison of Lochbroom was commanded by Duncan MacAulay;" and that "MacAulay, Governor of Lochbroom, sends him [Murachig Dow, or Black Murdoch Mackenzie] to the Lewis, to be under the Government of his Grandfather" [Macleod of Lewis]; but "Leod MacGillandries, a vassal of the Earl of Ross's, made constant incursions upon the land of MacAulay of Lochbroom, who had placed his son Murdoch governor of Island Dunan and the lands of Kintail, and [Leod] having in one of these adventures killed [Duncan] MacAulay of Lochbroom, he became in a manner master of both these countries, but still the garrison of Island Dunan kept out and frequently killed many of his followers."

The Earl of Cromartie also states that Murdoch Dow "married a daughter of M'Caula of Lochbroom. This M'Caula was killed by Leod M'Gillanders, so the first right of the lands of Lochbroom and Coigeach fell into Murdoch in right of his wife." [2]

The Earl of Cromartie in his old age wrote, or rather dictated, a much more extended history of his clan; he there says that [Murdoch] Macaulay, constable of Islandona, fetched back Murdo Dow [Mackenzie] from MacCoul of Lorne, with whom Murdo Dow had been fostered, and protected him from his bastard brothers, but that, all his estate being wasted, he had recourse to his brother-in-law, M'Aula of Lochbroom (who is made to appear as a different person from the constable of Ilandonan), who was oppressed by Lesly, Earl of Ross. And "M'Aula of Lochbroome, shairing now in the feud, they [the Earl of Ross and Donald of the Isles] hound out Leod M'Gillandris, a depender of the Earl of Ross, and possessor of several lands in Strathcarron [East Ross] and some in Strathokell, to invade Lochbroome, which he did with such success that he kild M'Aulae, and possest his lands of Lochbroome and Cogiach, where by that family endit. M'Aula leaveing no childrein but the

[1] Dr G. Mackenzie's "Hist. of Mackenzie," MS.
[2] Genealogy of Mackenzies, p. 6.

daughter married to M'Kenzie (for so the laird of Kintaill wes and is called by the Highlanders), and the estate holding of the Earl of Ross, the Earl disponed the samen in lyferent by tack to Leod, albeit Murdo M'Kenzie acclamed it in right of his wyfe (and indeid we find few or no tailyed charters at that tyme). M'Kenzie distroyed in himself and his freind, fled to his vncle M'Leod of Lewis, leaveing Illandonan weill fortified, and send oftymes wictual to it by sea from the Lewis, but wariing of so unactive an exile and precarious lyvlyhood, he procured a pairty of sex score men from his vncle, and two longe boatts, wherewith comeing into Invereu in Lochbroome, other say to Kisseran in Loch Carron, and accompanyed with his cossing german, M'Leod, he gets intelligence that Leod had appoynted a rendivoz at Kenlochew, twelf miles distant the next morneing, with intention to gae and beseidge Illandonan. M'Kenzie seazes all persoens he meitts with, and marches all night vp by the syd of Lochmourii (so called from ane island in it wher Mouredus lived a hermit), and comeing by the dawne in ane hervest day to the place of randevouz, all who were assembleing, mistaiking him and his people for a pairt of themselffs already rendivouzed, still as they came he seazed them, and amongst the first Leod himself and his son Pawll, but carrying calmly till he had seased them all. He then offered this oppressor to the memory of his brother-in-law, formerly killed by Leod, and execut him at Kinlochew, at a place in Achiluask,[1] called to this day

[1] Dr G. Mackenzie's version of this romance is as follows:—"The Baron of Kintail having arrived at the Age of Manhood, he returned from the Lewis with several boats or birlinns well manned, and having landed at a place called Saunechan in Kissern he was informed that Leod MacGillandries had appointed a match of Hunting at Kanlochew upon which he marched straight with the men that had come alongst with him there, and having staid all night in a wood, early next morning he came to a place called Aghna Kean[1] (*Ath nan ceann*), that is, the Ford of heads which was the place appointed to meet at, and not having heard of his arrival he had the opportunity of taking them all prisoners as they arrived in small parcels suspecting no danger, and at length MacGillandries coming, fell into the same snare and was killed; but his son Paul was taken prisoner and was afterwards set at liberty upon promising of his peaceful behaviour."—MS.

[1] *Ath nan Ceann* crosses the river at the farm of *Ach nan Ceann*, about half a mile from the east end of Loch Maree.

Fe-leod [1] (*Faiche Leoid*), that is, Leod's myre [*recté*, field], and possessing himself with Lochbroome in his wyfe's right, the only child leiving of M'Aula, he disposed of Coigiach to his cossigne M'Leod, for his notable assistance in his distress; which lands they both retained, but could obteine no chartours from the Earls of Ross, of whom they held, the Earls of Ross pretending that they fell to themselfes in defect of an aire-male, the other retaineing possession in right of his wyfe, as aire of lyne." [2]

On turning to history we find Paul MacTyre is on record 1350–1372. In 1365 Hugh of Ross, Lord of Fylorth, the brother of William, Earl of Ross, granted to Paul M'Tyre and to his wife Mariot of Grahame, the niece of Hugh of Ross, and to their heirs, with remainder to Paul's heirs by any other wife, and to his brothers and their lineal descendants the lands of Tuttimtarvak, Turnok, Arnot, and Langvale in Strathokel; [3] and in 1366, William, Earl of Ross, Lord of Skye, granted to Paul M'Tyre, and his heirs by Mary of Grahame, with remainder to the lawful heirs of Paul, the lands of Gerloch, within the parts of Argyle, for yearly payment of a penny of silver in the name of blench firme in lieu of every other service, except the forinsec service of the king when required. In 1372 the grant was confirmed by King Robert II.[4]

According to legend Paul M'Tyre "was a takand man," and conquest all that he had through captainry and sword. He "reft Strahocill, Strathavvon, and Fleschillis, with mekill of Sutherland; caused Caithness pay him meikill black maill." It was said that Paull M'Tyre himself took nine score kyne yearly out of Caithness for his black maill, so long as he himself might travel. This Paull M'Tyre had two sons, viz., Murthow Reoche and Gillespick. The said Murthow was sent to Caithness "with

[1] "Fe-leod is on the top of the hill due south of the inn at Kinlochewe, and a mile or two to the west of Glen Docharty, where there is a small lake called Loch Fe-leod. The coach road between Kinlochewe and Achnasheen passes through Glen Docharty. —Mr W. Reid, Isle Ewe.

[2] Fraser's "Earls of Cromartie," vol. ii. pp. 467–468.

[3] Or. Pr., vol. ii. p. 411.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 406.

ane hoist to tak up custom kyne." The country folks assembled themselves together at Spittalhill, and slew the said Murthow Reoch beside the heidloch, betwixt Yule and Candlemes. His brother Gillespick, hearing of his brother's slaughter, left the country and went home to his father, who was founding a house in Creich. He died for displeasure of his son. Thereafter, his friends sent for the said Murthow Roeche, his bones.

"This Murthow Reoch of whom now ye do reid,
Throw tyrannie wes slane as ye hier tell,
The eldest sone of Paull M'Tyre, indeid,
Was buryed in Caithnes quhair the caise befell.
Quhen frendis thairefter tuik theme to counsell,
And send in haist ane young man for his baines,
Quha comming hame with them on Helmisdaill,
Drownit thairin he and they all at aines."[1]

Murdo Reoch appears to have left no legitimate children, as Catherine, the daughter of Paul, succeeded to his estates, and carried them to Walter Ross of Balnagown in 1398.

In the dubious narrative of the Earl of Cromartie, "Murdo Riach" is made to be a natural brother of Murdo Dow Mackenzie; but if the necessary correction is made the paragraph is of some interest. "He was a young man [*i.e.*, Murdo Riach] of a feirce and barbarous nature, loweing warr and action better than peace and queyt, who, contracting a freindshipe with Pawl, sonne to Leod, who wes prisoner, he procured his liberty, from his brother, on conditione he should resigne his tack in M'Kenzies favours; on which termes he wes demitted, and evir after Murdo Riach and Pawl observed a perfect freindshipe, for Paull [Leod's] sonne comeing shortly thereafter to the age of man, he desyred to mak a spoill on some neighbouring country, a barbarous custome, but most ordinary in thes dayes, as thinking therby to requir a reput of valour, and to become formidable, the greatest security amidst ther unhappy feuds. This ther prentice sey or first expeditione wes called in the Irish *creach vachtin* [*Creach mhacaibh*]

[1] Chron. Earls of Ross, p. 52.

the young man's hership.[1] Whither Paull wes incited to this by Murdo Riach or not is not knowen, but assisted by him he wes. The place they pitch on for deprydatione was Caithnes. So levying such force as they could, they obteined peacable passadge through Sutherland, and falling into the brayes of Cathnes they robed the country, drowe away multitudes of cattell, and returned in safety home. After which Murdo Riach never haid his brother's kindness so affectionately as formerly, nor did Paull or he evir resume that peaceable deportment which haid been fitt for good men, but puft up with success they frequently spoiled Cathnes, till at last Murdo Riach was killed at in Caithnes, and his two-handit sword since that tyme keipt by Burb of Tottinga[2] till Kenneth, now Earl of Seaforth, haid it from him in 1688. Of this Murdo Riach are descendit the race called Slight[3] Vurchie Riich [Murchisons?], a people who reteined much of the nature of ther forfather, tho restrained by law and good government, and are numerous in Lochbroom, Cogiach, Sutherland, and Lewis."[4]

According to Sir R. Gordon, "Paul-Mactire wes a man of great power and possessions. In his tyme he possessed the lands of Creich in Suther-

[1] "Every Heir, or young Chieftain of a Tribe, was obliged in Honour to give a Public Specimen of his Valour, before he was owned and declared Govenour or Leader of his People, who obeyed and followed him upon all Occasions.

"This Chieftain was usually attended with a Retinue of Young men of quality, who had not beforehand given any proof of their Valour, and were ambitious of such an opportunity to signalise themselves.

"It was usual for the Captain to lead them, to make a desperate Incursion upon some Neighbour or other that they were in fewd with, and they were obliged to bring by open force the Cattle they found in the Lands they attacked, or die in the attempt.

"After the performance of this Achievement, the young Chieftain was ever after reputed Valiant, and worthy of Government, and such as were of his Retinue acquired a like reputation. This Custom being reciprocally used among them, was not reputed Robbery; for the Damage which one Tribe sustained by this Essay of the Chieftain of another, was repaired when their Chieftain came in his turn to make his Specimen; but I have not heard an instance of this practice for these sixty years past" [*i.e.*, since 1640].—Martin's "Western Islands," pp. 101, 102.

[2] "Budge of Toftingal."—Genealogy of Mackenzies, p. 6.

[3] *Sliochd*, *i.e.*, race, descendants.

[4] There were no Murchisons in Lewis in 1861; they had probably affiliated with the Mackenzies.

land, and built a house ther (called Doun-creich), with such a kynd of hard morter, that at this day it cannot be knowne wherof it wes maid.[1] As he wes building this hous and fortresse, he had intelligence that his onlie sone wes slain in Catteynes, in company with one Murthow Reawich, ane outlaw and valiant captane in these dayes; which maid him decist from further building, when he had almost finished the same. Ther are many things fabulouslie reported of this Paull-Macktire among the wulgure people, which I doe omit to relate." [2]

But it is probable that the architectural genius attributed to Paul, who has been credited, as above, with the construction of vitrified forts, was really due to his father; for Paul MacTyre, when written in Gaelic, is *Pál mac an t-Saoir*, pronounced and written in English Macintyre, and implies "Son of the Artificer." [3] According to the traditions of the Mackenzies the name of Paul's father was Leod, and the "Chronicle of the Earls of Ross" has Leandres, *i.e.*, Gilli-Andreas for Paul's grandfather; but this may have been the clan-name, the modern Gilanders. I observe that "Isac Macgillendres" is a witness, *circa* 1275, to a Beauly Charter, along with William, Earl of Sutherland;[4] and again, in 1278, "Isac Macgillendris" witnesses another charter with William, Earl of Ross.[5] This implies that the Clan Lendres held a high position in Ross or Sutherland,—perhaps in both. Isac seems to have been the grandfather of Paul: and the father of Isac was "Gillandes Macysac" who witnesses a charter in 1231.[6] Tradition tells that—"There where three sons of the King of Denmark, called Gwine [Gunn], Loid, and Leandres [Gillanders], who came by sea

[1] "On the top of the Dun of Criech, a hill of a great height above the level of the sea, and rather jetting out into the Firth, there are the remains of a rampart. The walls have been cemented with a vitrified stuff, something similar to the refuse of iron in a smith's forge. The cement is as hard as a rock. It is said that this rampart was begun to be built in the 12th century, by a *Paul M'Tier*, a branch of the noble family of Ross."—"O. S. A." vol. viii. p. 373.

[2] Sir R. Gordon's "Earls of Sutherland," p. 36.

[3] Of course this is mere conjecture. The Gaelic genealogy has *Pal ic Tire.*—Cal. de Reb. Alb., p. 54.

[4] Batten's "Chartulary of Beauly Priory," p. 61.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 33.

out of Denmark, and landed in the north of Scotland to conquest lands to themselves by the sword. Gwine [Gunn] conquest the Highland brayes of Cathness. Loid conquest the Lewes, of quhone M'Loid hus is descendit. Lendres conquest Bray-chat [Strathcarron, &c.] by the sword; qlk the Earl of Southerland, and the lairds of Duffus and Foulis bruiks now with the parochin of Creich, Stracharron, and Strahoykill, and Friewater; his hall being within Glenbeg, qlk was and is the laird of Balnagoune his heritage."[1]

The form of the name *andreas* is Norse as well as Gaelic, and I suspect that the mythical King of Denmark, who had the three sons, Gunn, Leod, and Gillanders, was the baron-freebooter Svein, who held lands in Orkney and Caithness (and sometime in Man); for Svein was the brother of Gunni, the father of Andreas, and the friend, *vinr*, perhaps relation, of Liotolfr, in Lewis.[2]

In 1331 David II., a child of six years, was crowned at Scone, and Randolf, Earl of Moray, became Warden of Scotland. In the same year the Warden came to Inverness, from whence he sent his "crowner" to Elandonan to prepare the castle for his reception and to arrest "misdoars," fifty of whom that officer put to death, and placed their heads on the top of the castle walls.

"The Wardan,
Off that sycht he was rycht blyth;
And till his court he yhed rycht swyth,
And off the lave that entryde ware
Justyce he dyde evynlyk thare.
Bot hym mystryd noucht to call
Thame, that flowryd sa well that wall:
Feware thai ware noucht than fyfty.
Hevyddis grynnand rycht wgly."[3]

Unfortunately there is no record to whom the heads belonged, nor of their misdoings.

[1] Chron. Earls of Ross, pp. 30, 31. [2] Anderson's "Ork. Saga," *passim*.
[3] Laing's "Wyntoun's Chron.," vol. ii. p. 380.

In 1333 Hugh, Earl of Ross, was slain, and was succeeded by his son William, the third of that name, who had a long reign of thirty-nine years.

In 1342 William, Earl of Ross, granted Kintale to Reginald, son of Roderic of the Isles; but in a quarrel at Perth Reginald was killed by Earl William in 1346, when Annie, the sister of Reginald and the first wife of John of Isla, succeeded to his lands. Thus Kintail was confirmed to the rule of the Macdonalds; yet in 1350 William, Earl of Ross, dated a charter at Elandonan, and in the same year Earl William appointed, at the instance of his nobles, Hugh of Ross to succeed him, if Earl William should have no male heir. About this time Hugh of Ross got in exchange for some lands in Buchan from Earl William, his brother, the lands of North Argyle, that is, Wester Ross, with the castle of Elandonan. But in 1370 Hugh of Ross was dead, without legitimate offspring, and his lands returned to his brother, Earl William.[1]

Earl William had two daughters; the eldest, Euphame, was married to Sir Walter Lesley, and in 1370 Earl William got a new charter of the earldom, giving female succession without division to Euphame and Sir Walter Lesley,—and failing them, to his daughter Joana.

But next year, 1371, Earl William complained to Robert II. that King David had given all his lands and tenements, and also the lands and tenements of his brother Hugh in Buchan, to Sir Walter Leslie without the Earl's consent—that he had been thwarted in his attempts to recover them—that King David had taken the lands into his own hands, but had restored them to the Earl on his making certain concessions to Sir Walter —that his daughter (Euphame) had not been married to Sir Walter with his consent—and that he had neither given Sir Walter any grant of land, nor made any agreement with him respecting the succession down to the day of King David's death.[2]

The reason for this contradiction is not known; it is of course connected with some family division, although the rival of Euphame and her husband is not named. We have here the ground of the insurrection which led to the battle of Bealach na Broige.

[1] Chart. Beauly Priory, p. 50. [2] Or. Pr., vol. ii. p. 487.

In 1372 Earl William died, and Sir Walter Lesley became Earl of Ross in right of his wife, and died in 1382. Euphame, Countess of Ross, then married Alexander Stewart,[1] Earl of Buchan, who, in 1384–1387, appears on record as Lord of Ross. They soon separated, and in 1389 terms were made between them. Between 1394 and 1398 Euphame died, and in the latter year her son, Alexander Lesley, is Earl of Ross.[2]

Sir Robert Gordon, making the entry at the wrong date, states "ther wes ane insurrection maid against the Earle of Rosse by some of the people of that province, inhabiting the mountanes called Clan-juer [Clan-iver], Clantalvigh [Clan-t-aluigh, *i.e.*, Clan-Aulay], and Clan-leajwe [Clan-leaive, *i.e.*, Clan-Leay]. The Earl of Rosse maid such diligence, that he apprehended their captan, and imprisoned him at Dingwall; which so incensed the Highlanders, that they pursued with great furie the Earl of Rosse's second [only ?] sone at Balnagown, whom they took prisoner, and carried him along with them, thinking heirby to get ther captan released. The Monroes and the Dingwalls hearing of this vproar, conveined their forces, and pursued the Highlanders, so overtaking them at a place called Beallighne-Broig [*Bealach na Broige*,[3] Pass of the Brogue] between Ferrin-Donald and Lochbroom, ther ensued a cruell feight, weill followed on either syd. The Clan-Iver, Clantalvich, and Clan-Laive, wer almost vtterlie extinguished and slain. The Monroes and Dingwalls had a sorrowfull victorie, with great loss of their men; and careid bak agane the Earle of Rosse's sone."[4]

The information here contained is supplemented by the following :—

[1] It was this nobleman who granted Melness to the Macleays.

[2] Or. Pr., vol. ii. pp. 487, 488.

[3] Bealach na Broige is about two miles to the north-west of Garbat, at the watershed between the Strathrannock and Garbat rivers (which run into the Blackwater), not far from Inisbac, on the road from Dingwall to Lochbroom. There is a mythical account of "a great battle fought between the Mackenzies and the Dingwalls, when the Dingwalls were completely defeated by a very small number of the Mackenzies who were aided by a little old man who came that way and asked if they would accept of his help. He told them to put the left shoe on the right foot and the right shoe on the left foot, and so the Mackenzies gained the Battle of Bealach na Broige, with the assistance of the little old Bodach, and killed all the Dingwalls."—Mr W. Reid, Isle Ewe, from the information of Mr John Grant, Garbat, by Garve.

[4] Sir R. Gordon's "Earls of Sutherland," p. 36.

"In 1374, some of the vassals of the Earl of Ross rose in arms against him, the chief of whom were the M'Ivers, M'Aulays, and M'Leas. They resolved to surprise the Earl, but their purpose getting abroad, his lordship seized upon their leader, Donald Garve M'Iver, and imprisoned him in the castle of Dingwall, which so irritated these Highlanders that they pursued the Earl's second son, Alexander, and, apprehending him at Balnagown, carried him captive in return.

The Earl, making the Laird of Lovat acquainted with these doings, he raised 200 men of his own tribe, and with a force, consisting of them, the Dingwalls, and Monroes, pursued the enemy and overtook them at a place called *Bealach-na-Broige*, betwixt the heights of Ferrindonald and Loch-broom, where they encamped. A bloody fight ensued, wherein the Clan Iver and Clan Leave were almost all cut off. William Dingwall of Kildun, chief of the Dingwalls, fell in the field with 140 of his name. Lovat [it is a *Fraser* who tells the story] retook the Earl of Ross's son, but the victory was dearly bought, especially to the Monroes, for, besides many of their leading men, the family of Foulis alone lost eleven who were to succeed each other, and the succession to that house opened to a child then in a cradle.[1]

The family historians of the Clan Kenneth misrepresent this affair in their usual manner; with them it was a Mackenzie who was seized by the Earl of Ross. Lord Cromartie in his first account places this skirmish, without naming it, after the Battle of Harlaw, which took place in 1411, and merely states that "Murdo Nidroit" Mackenzie was made prisoner by M'Donald, Earl of Ross, at Dingwall, but was released by exchange

[1] Anderson's "Family of Fraser," pp. 53, 54. Since the above was written Mackenzie's "History of the Clan Mackenzie" has been published. It is stated on page 55 of that volume that "there has been a considerable difference of opinion as to the date of this encounter, but it is now finally set at rest by the discovery of a positive date in the Fowlis papers, where it is said 'George, the fourth laird, and his son, begotten on Balnagown's daughter, were killed at the conflict of Beallach na Brog, in the year 1452, and Dingwall of Kildun, with several of their friends and followers, in taking back the Earl of Ross's second son from Clan Iver, Clan Tarlich or Maclennans, and Clan Leod.'" It has not been thought necessary to cancel the text on such slender evidence.

for Balnagown, who had been captured for that purpose by some of M'Kenzie's faithful servants. His second account is a more extended narrative to the same purpose.

The Letterfearn MS., which was written between 1663 and 1670, has a bardic story concerning the Battle of the Brogues, which may be briefly epitomised thus: Euphame the "Heretrix" of Ross, who had little beauty, wished to have "Mackenzie" for her husband, but he refused, as he was aware that Robert, Duke of Albany, intended to marry her to his second son. She dissembled her grief, but when night came, and he was in his second sleep, she came and lay beside him. Her friends and servants then came in and cried out they were now witnesses that he was Earl of Ross. He resolutely declined the honour; so they put him in prison and tortured his servant, who told them Elandonan would never be rendered by Macaulay the Constable except to him who had the ring that Mackenzie wore. The ring was taken from Mackenzie, and it was presented to Macaulay, who was told that the bearers were to keep the fortress as a pledge that Mackenzie, who was about to marry the Countess of Ross, would not break his engagement. When Macaulay found he had been deceived, he took beggar's clothes and went to Dingwall Castle; he sought alms under the window of the place in which his master was confined. Mackenzie knew his voice and directed him, as a means of getting free, to seize the lady's uncle. This was done, and on the alarm being given the country followed, especially the Monroes and Dingwalls. Macaulay, finding he was likely to be overtaken, sent two men away with his prisoner, while he stood to defend a pass which has ever since been called Bealach na Broige, *i.e.*, the Pass of the Brogues, because the pursuers were forced to cover their breasts with their hide shoes to defend themselves from the arrows of the defenders. When the men who had been sent away in charge of the prisoner heard the noise of the fight, they thought it to be beneath their manhood to stay away, so they bound him to a tree and joined in the fight. But when Macaulay had spent all his arrows, and the country was gathering more and more against him, he was forced to quit the pass. When he found himself clear of his enemies he inquired

after his prisoner, and found him bound in the wood. Macaulay retreated towards Kintail, and met a party of Rosses, who were carrying provisions to Elandonan. These he slew, and taking up their burdens, proceeded on to Elandonan with concealed arms. On arriving at the gate they cried out to those inside to be quick as they were wearied by their burdens, but as soon as they got in they took possession of the castle. Macaulay prepared for a long siege, and then sent word to Dingwall that he would hang his prisoner, the Laird of Balnagown, unless his master was set at liberty, which was done.

From this time we hear no more of the Clan Macaulay in Ross-shire, but they appear to have amalgamated directly or indirectly with the Clan Kenneth.[1]

An excellent account of the Clan Iver was written by Peter Colin Campbell, D.D., Principal of Aberdeen University, in which he endeavours to prove, with doubtful success, the advent of the Macivers in Ross-shire from Argyll in 1296.

The Macleays, who appear to have practised the double art of giving and curing wounds, appear on record till 1511, when their estates passed to the Mackays.[2]

Traditions of the Lewis Macaulays.

We now turn to the Lewis Clan Macaulay, whose name, as a consequence of the genius of one of its members, is known throughout the civilised world. Their traditions begin with John Roy the son of Dugald, the grandfather of Donald Cam, and the latter appears on record 24th July 1610. Angus, who was killed at Aultdearn, 4th May 1645, was the son of Donald Cam, and the grandfather of Mr Aulay Macaulay, minister of

[1] "The natives of the parish [of Kintail] are all MacRaes except two or three families."—O. S. A., vol. vi. p. 243. "When the MacRaes first entered Kintail, there were several clans inhabiting it, particularly the MacAulays, of whom no vestige now remains."—*Ibid.*, note. "One of the Gairloch Macaulays took a wife from Achindrain, Loch Broom, who was said to be of the old stock of the Macaulays."—Mr W. Reid, Isle Ewe.

[2] Or. Pr., vol. ii. p. 705.

Harris; and Mr Aulay was the great grandfather of Lord Macaulay, the poet, historian, and statesman.

These traditions have been drawn from various sources, as is seen in the notes, but the foundation of nearly all of them is the work of Mr Donald Morrison, cooper, Stornoway. He evidently proposed to himself a sort of History of the Isles, under the somewhat ambitious title of "The Conflicts of the Western Highlanders, or the various and repeated Struggles of the most illustrious Heroes in the Isles, comprehending the Isles of Lewis, Harris, South Uist, and Barra, likewise the Mainland and Isle of Skye, Isle of Eigg and Mull, also the various plunders committed by those clans upon the others, and every act thus bravely resented, also repulsed, and ultimately fully retaliated, during a period of 263 years."

The result is a work in nine small MS. volumes, of which unfortunately two, the second and fifth, have been lost. The first volume is nearly filled with the traditions of the Macaulays, but towards the end those of the Morrisons and Macleods are commenced. The second volume is lost, but about one-third of it was a copy of the Letterfearn MS., which is a history of the Mackenzies. Half of the third volume contains the remainder of the history of the Mackenzies; the other half, together with the rest of the volumes, are filled with genuine traditions of the Long Island, Skye, and Mull; but there are a few copies from the "Gaelic Messenger," Brown's "Sketches," &c. The two last volumes are still further interesting, as they also contain translations of genuine Ossianic poetry, which are of course very different from that manufactured by Macpherson.

Although Mr Morrison indulges in constant repetition and needless explanations—which are almost necessary in a bard—his matter is good, and he leads to a climax in his narratives with intuitive genius. The good work he has done can be best estimated by comparing it with the mangled remains which can now be collected, and which most usually only exhibit tradition in decay.

Donald Morrison, although of Lewis descent, was a Harris man by

birth, for he was born in May 1787, at Dirishgil (*i.e.*, Deers-gil), on the south side of Loch Resort, in the wildest part of a wild country. The place is full of high mountains and deep glens, and when Torran Mor is angry the winds roar and howl and hiss, and the sea is white with whirling foam, and the surface of the river-like loch is like a battlefield for mist and tumult. But the boy was soon removed to Errista, Uig, and was afterwards a schoolmaster for five years at Valtos.[1] He then went to Stornoway, and was a shopman with Mr Murdo Macleod, cooper and shipowner. He afterwards commenced business on his own account, failed, and then followed the trade of a cooper. About this time he began, on his own suggestion, to write his "Traditions," in which he was encouraged by the late Rev. W. Macrae, Barvas, and the Rev. J. Cameron, Stornoway.

Although a Morrison by name he was brought up in the country of the Macaulays, which accounts for the greater fulness and reality of his traditions concerning them. Most of this lore he obtained from his stepfather, who was well-versed in the legends of that place.

Donald Morrison married in 1810, had twelve children, and died in August 1824. He was three years writing his books, writing and taking notes from people, with no other desk than a board across his knees.

One of the missing books was lent to Dr Macaulay who died at Liverpool; and the other was taken away by H. R. Macleay, collector of customs, to Sunderland. If, to use the form of advertisement in like cases, either or both of these volumes are forwarded to the S. A. Scot, a reward will be given and no questions asked.

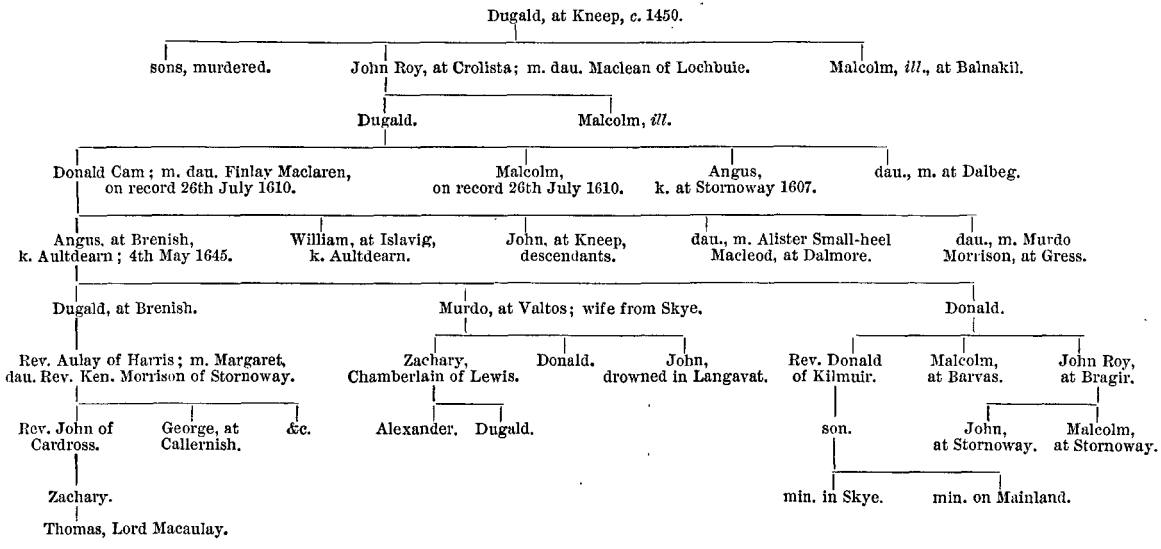
To enable the reader to follow the narrative with greater ease, a genealogical table of the Lewis Macaulays is herewith appended:—

[1] "In Uig he is known by the name of Domhnull Bàn Sgoilear, *i.e.*, Donald Bain, scholar."

GENEALOGY OF THE MACAULAYS OF LEWIS.

Olafr = Amhlaebh = Olave—11th or 12th century (?).

Isabel Macaulay, m. Duncan Macaulay of Lochbroon, *c.* 1300.



John Roy Macaulay.—About August 1460[1] the brother of the Chief of Lewis was Old Norman Macleod, who lived at the island of Pabbay, which lies one mile to the northward of Kneep and Valtos; Norman Oig, his eldest son, had the farm of Balnakil, three miles distant on the shore of the bay of Uig. Macleod, the Chief of Lewis, allowed the whole rental of the parish of Uig for the support of his brother Norman and his family.

It was at this time that the sons of Dugald Macaulay held the farm of Berry or Reef, and the two adjacent farms of Valtos and Kneep. Now it was upon one or other of these farms that Old Norman had to land or embark his cattle and sheep as they passed to or from the island of Pabbay. On one occasion, as Old Norman's cattle were being ferried from Kneep, a cow belonging to the Macaulays happened to be among them. The herdsman of the Macaulays claimed the cow, but the Macleods refused to give it up, saying it was one of their own.

When this altercation was reported to the sons of Dugald Macaulay, they repaired in a hurry to the shore at Kneep, and arrived there just as Old Norman, who was in the boat, had hold of the cow's tether with both his hands. The Macaulays demanded the cow, which Old Norman

[1] This date can only be a tolerable guess on the part of Mr Morrison. Say John Roy was ten years old at the time of the murders, he would have been born in 1450. There were eight generations between John Roy and Lord Macaulay, and, on the theory of thirty years to a generation, Lord Macaulay would have been born in 1690, whereas it was in 1800, a difference of 110 years. Again, if the date 1450 is correct, there is the long interval of 43¾ years to a generation. O'Donovan remarks "from all authentic pedigrees, that more than thirty years, the average standard laid down by Newton, must be allowed for each generation" (p. 101, "Hy. Fiachrach"); and it can be proved to be inapplicable to this family. Starting from 1800, Angus of Brenish should have been born in 1650, but he was killed at Aultdearn in 1645, that is, according to theory, five years before he was born. And the birth of Donald Cam should have been in 1620, but himself and his brother Malcolm are on record 4th July 1610. Assuming Angus of Brenish to have been born in 1600, and forty years to a generation, John Roy would have been born in 1480, and this is probably near the truth. The length of the generations can be accounted for by the great waste of life by war, famine, and disease. For disease compare the vital statistics in chap. x., Seton's "St Kilda."

Roderick Oig, Chief of Lewis, is on record in 1478 and 1494, and was succeeded by his second son, Torquil (who married Lady Catherine Campbell), *c.* 1495.

still refused to yield; they then seized the tether and dragged it with violence from Old Norman, by which he was thrown forward in the boat and two of his teeth were knocked out by striking against a timber.

The old man suffered much pain and loss of blood, and took to his bed when he got back to Pabbay,[1] but, knowing the vindictive temper of his wife and sons, he concealed the cause of his accident, and cautioned his servants to do the same; they, however, disobeyed him.

When the sons returned from the Flannen Isles, the wife, wishing to add fuel to flame, placed on the table before them the two teeth which Old Norman had lost in the struggle. In great exasperation the Macleods landed that night at Reef when the people were to bed, and murdered all the Macaulays they could find. The Macleods sought fiercely for any male of the Macaulay clan, and finding Malcolm,[2] who had at first been hidden by his nurse, they hesitated as to whether they should kill him or not, till one of the murderers flung him over a park wall, by which the child's leg was broken. The murderers jestingly remarked that if reprisals were not made till they were made by that boy they need never be on the outlook.

The screams and shouts occasioned by these savage murders were heard over the surrounding farms, and across the sea to Pabbay; and Old Norman said, "What doleful cry is that ashore at Kneep?" His wicked wife replied that her whelps had now plenty of blood about their teeth, alluding at once to the disaster which had befallen Old Norman, and to the murderous deeds of her sons. When the old man understood what had been done at her instigation, he exclaimed, in great sorrow, "Oh! wicked woman; for the vile murders which you have advised your sons

[1] Pabbay is one of the numerous islands lying in Loch Roag, on the west side of Lewis. Dean Munro, in 1549, writes—"Pabay ane Ile mair nor ane mile lang, ane frutfull fertile mane Ile full of corn and scheip, quhairin thair wes ane kirk [dedicated to St Peter], quhairin also M'Cloyd of Leoyus uses to dwell, quhan he wald be quiet or feirit. This Ile is gude for fishing also, pertaining to M'Cloyd of Leoyus." Sir R. Sibbald's account is an abridgment of the above. For the etymology of Pabbay, and other place-names in Lewis, see Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xi. pp. 472–507.

[2] An illegitimate child.

to do this night a time shall come when they too shall be killed, and none shall escape."[1]

As soon as the news of this outrage reached the ears of the Chief of the Macleods at Stornoway he was struck with horror, and forbade either his brother or his nephews ever again to see his face.

But one of the sons of Dugald Macaulay escaped the slaughter; this was John Roy,[2] who was being fostered by Finlay Ciar Macritchie,[3] at Mealista, at the farther end of Uig. John Roy was now without family or friends, and destitute of all means of defending himself from the rapacious Macleods. But while the desperate condition of John Roy was being considered by his foster-father, a messenger came, with the authority and approbation of the Chief at Stornoway, and delivered himself to this effect. The rash murders which had been committed on John Roy's friends and brothers by Old Norman's sons had incurred his highest displeasure; but, to make some amends, it was the wish of the Chief that his brother Norman should take John Roy into his family and show him every mark of kindness,—the Macleods solemnly binding themselves to protect him from every injury by their arms and persons.[4]

Under these binding and secure obligations John Roy Macaulay came into the family of Norman Macleod at Pabbay. But notwithstanding these plausible engagements of the Macleods, John Roy's foster-father,

[1] "The Gaelic expression, which I remember to have heard a hundred times over, for the writer has very faithfully copied the oral tradition, which from its being often recited has attained a curious fixity of phrase, is *mar a thubhairt b'fhior*, that is, it came to pass exactly as he predicted."—Rev. M. Watt. Another version has: "You devil of a woman, you have kindled a fire you shall never see quenched."—Rev. J. Strachan, Barvas.

[2] His mother is said to have been a Maclean.

[3] There is a tradition that the Macritchies, in Gaelic *Mac Risnidh*, are the descendants of a sailor boy who came to, or was wrecked on, Lewis.

[4] To place him who has received a deadly injury in the family of those who did that injury would seem to be a most impolitic proceeding; but fosterage was thought to give much stronger ties than even blood-relationship, for the Gaelic proverb says—"*Coaltas gu ceúd 's càirdeas gu fichead*," the meaning of which is, that if relationship counts for twenty, co-altship or fosterage counts for a hundred. In the few instances that I am acquainted with, the result of this compromise was unfortunate.

Finlay Ciar[1] Macritchie, was always restless on his account,—doubting the sincerity and the veracity of the Macleods.

When John Roy was thirteen years of age, the Macleods, ever replete with malice, proposed a hunting party to the wild forest that borders upon Harris. It was the month of November, and much snow had fallen upon the hills; towards evening these young men repaired to a hut or shieling, called Tota Kenneth,[2] a Lewis mile to the southward of Ken Resort, a place well known to the author of this narrative. Here they were to pass the night; but, without pity or remorse, the Macleods seized John Roy and bound him hand and foot, then stripping him to his shirt they tied him to a large stone, and left him upon the bare snow, exposed to all the horrors of a dark and bitter night. In vain he entreated these merciless men to spare his life and he would engage to forget and forgive all that had passed before, but they left him there to perish, and turned a deaf ear to his cries and entreaties.

But while this black tragedy was being perpetrated, Finlay Ciar, at Mealista, which is seven Lewis miles from where his beloved and adopted son, John Roy, was lying bound and exposed to the inclemency of the snowy night,—this Finlay Ciar was suddenly warned in his sleep of the hapless situation of his foster son at Tota Kenneth. In great alarm poor Finlay Ciar waked up and told his wife what he had dreamed, but she said that restlessness and anxiety had wrought upon his imagination. He turned himself to sleep, and again a spirit[3] came before him and repeated with greater earnestness the former warning. His wife tried to persuade him that what he dreamed was the effect of his disturbed and anxious mind, and bade him try to sleep. But he had hardly closed his eyes when

[1] *Ciar*, Gaelic, *i.e.*, dusky, dun.

[2] Tota Choinnich, *i.e.*, Kenneth's (deserted) Hut, is on *Clar Mòr*, *i.e.*, the Big Flat, and is marked on the Ordnance Map. A man is still living whose father is said to have been born in it. It was in this district that the beehive houses, which are supposed to be the most primitive form of human dwelling, were discovered, in 1857, to be inhabited at the present time.—Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. iii. p. 127.

[3] This was the *Hamingja*, Ice., or Guardian Spirit of John Roy.—Vig., "Ice. Dic." *sub voce.*

the spirit appeared, and with the utmost vehemence directed him to rise and save his foster son ere it was too late.[1] Finlay Ciar now got up, and made his wife milk the cows, which were in the house, into a craggan, and boil it on the fire; when it was boiling hot he wrapped the craggan in a skin, and on a frosty moonlight night set off for Tota Kenneth. There he found John Roy bound hand and foot, and almost dead from cold and hunger; but he soon revived the boy by a great draught of the warm milk, and, wrapping him in his big coat, he took him on his back and returned to Mealista before daylight.

The sons of Old Norman, although at this time frustrated in their design of extirpating the worthy family of the Macaulays, were still determined to deprive John Roy of life, but his watchful protector, Finlay Ciar, dreading their renewed attempts, sent him away, well armed and clothed, with a faithful attendant to a secluded retreat among the hills, where there was a cave, called Uamh (pron. Oo-ah) Tayval.[2] This cave, besides having

[1] To those who object to the supernatural in this narrative it may be submitted that Finlay Ciar had heard of this hunting expedition, which was often an excuse for something very different, and that he suspected mischief.

The domestic arrangements in this secluded region are shown in "Primitive Dwellings."—Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. vii. pp. 153–195.

The craggan (*krukka*, Ice.) is the most primitive form of native pottery at present in use in the British Isles. Although in general use in the last generation in Skye (Dr Millar) as well as in the Long Island, it is now only made in the west of Lewis. It is in no way different in manufacture from the sepulchral so-called urns of the Stone Age (see Dr Mitchell's "Lectures"); and there are figures of them in "Muir's "Chars. of Old Church Arch." and "Arch. Scot." vol. v., p. 139. They are exactly of the same form as those in use by the Zulus now.

[2] Written in Gaelic, *Taithabhal;* probably *Tæ-fjall*, Ice. = the Hill of Grassy-ledges; from *Tó* = a grassy ledge; and *Fjall* = hill. Tayval, which is 1500 feet high, is 3 miles N.E. of Mealista. The next hill, west of Tayvall, is Mealasval (*Mealasbhal*, Gaelic; *Mel-stad-fjall*, Ice.), 1750 feet high; between them lies one of the most romantic places in Lewis, a corrie or gil, called Raonsgail, *i.e.*, *Ráns-gil*, Ice. = Robber's Corrie, about 1000 feet deep. The sides are cliffy and broken, and I should expect many holes and caves, such as there are at Helsvagr (*Tealasbhadh*, in Gaelic spelling), among its ice-shattered cliffs. I viewed the corrie (*gil*) from the top of the pass, but at that time was not aware of any peculiar interest being connected with it. But there is a cave, Uamha Mhiogiseal, on the east side of Tayval, marked on the Ordnance Map, and this may have been the place of retreat.

The Pictish towers, or dúns, are built by choice on a small rock or islet in a fresh

two entrances by which a ready escape could be made, had a peculiar advantage, for no person could approach it without warning being given by a nicely balanced stone which made a grating noise when it was trod upon; it was called the warning-stone. In this cave the anxious Finlay placed his dear John Roy until a favourable time should arrive for sending him away.

While they were in the cave John Roy and his attendant took it in turns to watch, and they had not been there many nights before the warning-stone gave warning of the approach of an enemy in sufficient time to allow John Roy to escape by the opposite outlet, but his attendant was captured and secured by Old Norman's sons. John Roy fled across the river, but when daylight came John Roy drew near to the Macleods and said: "Allow my servant to return at once, or every arrow that I shoot shall have one of you upon its point so long as any one of you is left alive." The Macleods, knowing well the skill and courage of the young Macaulay, were discouraged; they permitted his servant to rejoin him and gave up the pursuit.

John Roy now got ready to depart from the good and faithful Finlay Ciar. John Roy first went to Harris, thence crossed to Mull, and arrived at the house of Maclean of Lochbuie; here, relating his murderous adventures, he was kindly received, and remained for seven years, greatly loved and esteemed.

In the meantime the chief[1] of Lewis had found out all the mischief his brother's sons had devised and executed; he execrated them for the violation of the solemn promise made through him and other worshipful men; he secretly dreaded their malice as persons in whom no trust could be reposed, and forbade that any of them should come into his presence.

water loch. The approach is by stepping stones, which I have never seen placed in a straight line, but always in a curve, an obvious advantage in defence. It is a general belief that one of the stones, *Clach Ghlagainn*, Gaelic = warning-stone, was balanced, so that it made a noise when trodden upon, and hence gave warning at night, when any one was coming over the stepping-stones.

[1] Chief is not here a translation of *Tighearn*, but of *Uachdaran* = head-man, governor, or captain.

John Roy having now arrived at manhood, Maclean of Lochbuie wrote to the chief of Lewis desiring him to compel his nephews to make restitution of the property belonging to the deceased Macaulays, or that he would send that now accomplished soldier, John Roy Macaulay, to Lewis, to demand his rights by force of arms. The chief of Lewis replied that he was highly incensed at the treacherous conduct of his nephews, whom he believed to be ruthless and incorrigible, and that if John Roy revenged their misdeeds upon the guilty parties he would give him the best farm in Uig free for life.

When Lochbuie received this encouraging letter he called John Roy before him; he tried him in the use of the broadsword and other martial accomplishments, and finding him in every respect a worthy gentleman and soldier, he showed him the letter from the chief of Lewis.

John Roy was ready, even single handed, to return to Lewis and seek revenge upon the murderers of his father's family: Maclean offered men and arms to assist him in his adventure, but John Roy would only accept the services of one attendant, and was landed from Maclean's galley in Harris, from whence he went to Mealista, where he was received with much joy by his foster father, Finlay Ciar; and the same evening he travelled on to Pennydonald,[1] within a mile of Balnakil, the farm of Norman Oig Macleod.

Now it is told by those who narrate this story that, during the seven years that John Roy had been away from Lewis, Norman Oig, betraying his guilty conscience and always dreading revenge, watched for several hours every day at a ravine which is behind the Manse of Uig, called Skor a Choimper.[2]

It was on a Saturday evening that John Roy came to Pennydonald, on the southern shore of the sands of Uig, and it happened that two of Norman Oig's co-alts,[3] *i.e.*, personal attendants, came across the sands the

[1] Pennydonald, *i.e.*, Donald's Penny-land; a penny being the tax due from it on the ancient valuation roll.—Skene's "Fordun," vol. ii. p. 450.

[2] Skor a Choimper, for *Skorar-Kambr* = cleft (in the) ridge; from *Skor*, Ice., a cleft, scaur; and *Kambr*, Ice., a crest, ridge.

[3] *Co-dhalta*, Gaelic, a foster-brother. The fosterage was always in a family of inferior

same evening; both were seized, and in order to save their lives they were made to take an oath of secrecy and to promise that if it should be discovered that John Roy was approaching Uig on the morrow, they would endeavour to hinder Norman Oig from reaching the sanctuary.

About the noon of Sunday the people began to gather for going to the church, and Norman Oig, with his two co-alts, had as usual gone to look out from the Skor, when suddenly he exclaimed, "What tall man can this be who is coming over the sands?" his fellows said it was one of the parish people on his way to church. But Norman Oig continued to gaze with great anxiety, and said, "If John Roy Macaulay is alive it is he!" His co-alts dissuaded him from the idea, but Norman looked ruefully towards the crowd and said, "I shall soon know, for John Roy, whenever he came to a river, always drew his bonnet firmly on his head before he wetted his feet."[1] By this time John Roy was about to cross the river, and, as usual, put his hand to his bonnet. "It is he," exclaimed Norman Oig, and began running to get within the walls of the sanctuary. His attendants tried to hinder him, still he was driving them before him. John Roy observed the struggle and rushed forward. By this time Norman had got clear of his two men and was running for the sanctuary. John Roy, wanting no stimulus, ran fast, and before Norman could leap the wall of the sanctuary John Roy had overtaken him and thrust him through the body with his sword.[2]

John Roy then went on, intending to reach Pabbay that same night, but when he came to Valtos he found that two of Old Norman's sons were on shore there, and both being taken by surprise, one was killed at *Leòb*[3] *Uilleaim*, *i.e.*, William's Rig, and the other at *Tràigh Aileain*, *i.e.*, Allan's Strand. The only son of Old Norman now remaining was one who was

rank. See the trick practised on King Athelstan.—Laing's "Heimskringla," vol. i. p. 310.

[1] So that his hands might be at liberty after he had entered the water.

[2] "*Ag cur a chlaidheamh ri a shròin thubhairt e gu'n deanadh sud a' chùis do Thormad Og.*" A very Zulu-like idea.

[3] *Leob*, in Lewis, a broad rig.—Rev. M. Macphail.

fostered at Lochs, and who had not been concerned in the slaughter of the Macaulays.[1]

John Roy got a boat and went across to Pabbay, and there in scorn and contempt of the wicked woman who had been the cause of all these misfortunes, he ordered her clothes to be cut off from below her waist, and made her fly from the country to her native home in Skye. John Roy then directed that one-third of the cattle and goods should be set aside for Old Norman, and kept the rest for himself. He then went on towards Stornoway to see the chief of Lewis, and on the way was joined by his natural brother, Malcolm, the one who was thrown over the wall on the night of the murders. As they were drawing near Stornoway, at *Cnoc na Croiche, i.e.*, Gallows Hill, who should come right upon them but the only son of Old Norman Macleod, who, as he was not present at the murders in Uig, was permitted to visit his uncle at the castle. The lad knew John Roy at once, and said, "Mercy, mercy, Macaulay." John Roy replied, "I will grant you mercy if the young man behind me will do so." On hearing this the young Macleod ran down the hill to swim to the castle, but before he could cross an arrow was discharged which wounded him in the back of the head. Macleod, the chief, seeing all this from his castle, said, "Let John Roy have the benefit of his shot," and would not suffer his nephew to land: the poor lad turned back to Aird Chlerich and was there killed; thus did Macaulay repay their wicked deeds to the Uig Macleods.

John Roy then entered the castle, when the chief extolled his prowess, and thanked him for ridding the parish of Uig of that murderous family; and he gave him, free of rent, a lease for life of the farms of Crolista and Balnakil. John Roy put his brother Malcolm in Balnakil, and settled himself at Crolista; soon after he married

[1] "There is some confusion here as to the number and the names. I remember just now of only four whose names are associated with particular localities, all of which I know well. There is *Tràigh Ailean*, or Allan's Strand; *Leòb Uilleain*, or William's Rig; *Gleann Raonuill*, or Ranald's Hollow; and *Cnoc Thorcuill*, or Torquil's Hillock." —Rev. Michael Watt, now in New Zealand.

the daughter of Maclean of Lochbuie, who bore to him an only son, Dugald.[1]

These events must have occurred towards the end of the 14th or near the beginning of the 15th century. In 1478 Roderick Oig Macleod is on record; in 1494 he made submission to James IV., and was dead before 1498. Roderick's eldest son, Roderick, was killed at Mull, in the battle of the Bloody Bay, in 1480. The second son, Torquil, was chief of Lewis in 1498, and married Lady Katherine Campbell, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Argyll; and secondly Agnes, daughter of , who was the mother of John. In 1501 Donald Dubh, who claimed to be Lord of the Isles, escaped from the castle of Inchconnel and came to Lewis, where he received the protection of Torquil Macleod. Torquil, in 1502, was charged under the penalty of treason to deliver up the person of Donald Dubh to the Government, and on failing to obey he was denounced a rebel and his lands forfeited. The islanders continuing in rebellion, Torquil Macleod was summoned to stand his trial for high treason, and not appearing, he was solemnly forfeited by Parliament in 1506; the castle of Stornoway was besieged and taken, and the whole island reduced to obedience; but the fate of its lord is uncertain. In 1511 Lewis was restored to Malcolm, the brother of Torquil—he married Christina Urquhart, and died *c.* 1515. At this time John, the son of Torquil, the real but not the legal heir, seized the possession of Lewis. In 1518 the Lewis Macleods took part in the battle of Craiganairgid, in which Macian of Ardnamurchan was defeated and slain. In 1528 John mac Torquil assisted Donald Gruamach—his uterine brother—to expel the Harris Macleods from Trouterness; in 1530 John was one of the "tenants" of the isles, and he died in 1538. In that year Roderic, commonly known as Old Rorie, who was the son of Malcolm, and the cousin of John,

[1] "I need not say that this story, though one of the oldest, is one of the best authenticated which has come down to us from those times. Its romantic and eventful character has made at all times a deep impression on the Uig people, and though ecclesiastical influences have succeeded (and perhaps beneficially) [?] in separating the present from the past, they still point with pride to the descendants of the same John Roy, of the 11th or 12th remove, living among them."—Rev. Mich. Watt.

became chief, and the always troublous times of Lewis became still more troublesome, till they ended by the extinction of the Siol Torquil in the person of Torquil Dubh, the son of Old Rorie, who was decapitated at Ullapool in July 1597, by the order of Mackenzie, and under the direction of his pseudo-brother Torquil Cononach.[1]

A sketch of the history of Lewis at this period has been given in a former paper,[2] and we again turn to the traditions of the Macaulays, which, however, contain no notice of events in Lewis until the time of the capture and betrayal of Torquil Dubh by the Brieve of Lewis.

As stated above, the only son of John Roy Macaulay was Dugald, of whom it may be predicated that he had a fortunate life, for nothing is told about him except that he was the father of the famous Lewis champion, Donald Cam Macaulay, and of two other sons who were hardly less remarkable for their courage.

The Macaulays, after the settlement of John Roy in Uig, became fast friends of the Macleods, and stood by them in their troubles; while the Morrisons—for reasons stated elsewhere—took the side of the Mackenzies. It is strongly to be suspected that "Donald Dow-Mack-Rory[3] (a gentleman of the island)," who assisted the Macleods against the Fife adventurers, was really Donald Cam mac Dugald Macaulay; it is certain that the fame of the latter has sped over all the country, while the name of the former is unknown.

In the fragment of Sir R. Gordon's history of the Earldom of Sutherland, printed in the "Miscellanea Scottica" under the title of the "Conflict of the Clans," it is stated that Torquil Dubh was "accompanyed only with seven gentlemen" when he was captured by the Brieve of Lewis and carried across the Minch to Ullapool, where he was beheaded. The following is

[1] *Cf.* Gregory's "Hist. Isles," *passim*; "Or. Pr." vol. ii. p. 382, and Burke's "Landed Gentry," vol. iv. p. 584. Sir R. Gordon mentions the earthquake which happened on the occasion of this shameful crime; but it is also told in Lewis that, when the murder was committed, the hands of every milkmaid in the Isles became bloody.—Rev. J. Strachan.

[2] Trads. Morrisons (Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xii. p. 511).

[3] Sir R. Gordon, "Earls of Sutherland," p. 271.

the tradition, which, although confused, narrates circumstances of some interest.

Donald Cam Macaulay and Alister Small-heel Macleod.[1]—In 1597 some degree of peace was enjoyed in Lewis under the government of Torquil Dubh Macleod, son of Old Rorie. Torquil Dubh had been fostered in Uig under the guard of Donald Cam and twenty-eight stout Macaulays.[2] Torquil Dubh was hunting for rabbits in his nightshirt, on the sandy holm of Siar-em, a little island opposite Valtos, when a message came from John Morrison, Brieve of Lewis, inviting Torquil Dubh, Donald Cam,[3] and their friends to a feast at Ness, on board a foreign vessel which he had captured. But the Brieve treacherously concealed a party of the best warriors of his clan in the ship, of whom the doughtiest was John Roy Mackay, who lived at North Bragir, in Barvas.

The guests were seated round the table and enjoyed themselves for some hours, their arms having been deposited elsewhere. It was getting dark, and everything being ready, the ship's cable was silently cut and she drifted into the open sea. Presently the ship began to roll; Donald Cam jumped on deck, and, seeing the state of matters, cried out to Torquil Dubh that they were betrayed. He rushed to where his arms had been laid, but they had been removed, and then the Brieve's party, who had been concealed, stood forth with swords and daggers. The gigantic Mackay seized Donald Cam, and, while others stood by with their swords to his breast, lashed him to the mast. Torquil Dubh was bound by another party of ruffians, and the ship was steered for Ullapool, the residence of the pseudo-brother of Torquil Dubh. The prisoners were

[1] The foundation of this legend is in Morrison's "Traditions of Lewis," but it is corrected and enlarged from information supplied by the Rev. Mich. Watt, and the Rev. J. Strachan, Barvas.

[2] At the present time it is not uncommon to find two sons of the same Christian name in the same family, but Old Rorie had four sons named Torquil, and I suspect that, in the legend, Torquil *Dubh* has been confounded with Torquil *Uigeach, i.e.*, Torquil of Uig.

[3] *Càm*, Gaelic, (pron. *karhm*) means blind of an eye. A Gaelic proverb is "*Cha robh cam, nach robh crosda*," *i.e.*, "Whoever is blind of an eye is pugnacious, or ill-natured."

landed; Donald Cam and his son-in-law, Alister Small-heel Macleod,[1] were fettered by a heavy chain to a large block like an anvil, which weighed eleven Dutch stones. It is told that the prisoners were chained in pairs sitting with their backs to the wall, Torquil and another being at the top, and Donald Cam with Alister Macleod were the last. While sitting in this disconsolate manner a man suddenly entered, having in his hand a bunch of twigs of sycamore, in Gaelic called *fior-chrann* (pron. fur-ann). He walked along the row, beginning at the top, presenting the bunch in passing as if he meant that each should help himself from it. Being absorbed in anxiety and despair, they took little notice of the man, and perhaps thought he had come to mock their misery. But when the bunch was proffered to Donald Cam, although he was in as forlorn a condition as any of the rest, he was so irascible by disposition, that he clutched at and snatched away some of the twigs, and Alister followed his example, and they noted afterwards that they were the only two who escaped with life.

While Donald Cam and his companion were brooding over their misfortunes, Alister suddenly remembered that one of his feet was smaller than the other, and that it was the small one that was in the fetter. With little difficulty he extricated himself, helped to place the block and chain on the back of Donald Cam, and both got away.

They lurked in the woods all next day, but the boats were everywhere turned upside down, and not an oar was left outside a house. But the fugitives succeeded in reaching Applecross, and there found an old boat, but so leaky that they had to stop the seams with clay, and their only oars were the bars from the gate of a cattle-pen. They started in the direction of Skye; but by this time Donald Cam was so far spent by misery and the intolerable weight of his chain, that, rendered desperate by his misfortunes, he gave up rowing and baling when but half way across, and sat gloomily down in the stern of the boat.

At this failure on the part of Donald Cam, Alister did not say one word, but awhile he rowed and awhile he baled, till at last they reached Skye.

[1] *Alasdair na saile bige*, Gaelic.

When they got to land Alister asked Donald Cam why he had given up rowing when they were but half way across. Donald said he was so galled by his chains and irritated by his misfortunes that he thought by sitting idle in the leaky boat he would provoke Alister to quarrel, that then they would fight and both would perish together. Alister suspected such was his intention, and, knowing the danger, avoided offending him, and rowed and baled as best he could. They were kindly received at Dunvegan, and a smith took off the chain which was linked round Donald Cam's neck and leg.

The iron chain was kept for many years at Dunvegan as a convincing proof of the strength and endurance of Donald Cam; but once, when Macleod was from home, a blacksmith converted it to some domestic use. The late Rev. Hugh Munro, of Uig, saw the chain at Dunvegan when it weighed eleven (Dutch) stones.

After the adventurers had recruited their strength and procured new arms, they crossed the sea to Harris and came on to Uig, their native place. There was much joy on their safe arrival among their friends and relations, who had had no hope of ever seeing them again.

When the Brieve of Lewis found that Donald Cam and Alister Small-heel had escaped, he hastened home in much alarm, dreading invasion from the Macaulays, and prepared for defence by endeavouring to procure the attachment and assistance of the ablest of the Ness warriors.

John Mor Mackay of Bragir.[1]—When John Mor Mackay came back from Ullapool with John Morrison, Brieve of Lewis, he began at once, from fear of attack by Donald Cam Macaulay, to fortify himself in Dun Bragir,[2] in which he built a hut for himself and his wife. But she was a niece of Donald Cam, and deeply resented the treachery acted towards him by her husband. John Mor Mackay was of such uncommon size and strength as to be reckoned one of

[1] This legend is also corrected from information supplied by the Rev. J. Strachan, Barvas.

[2] It is a ruinous Pictish tower on what was once a small island, beside the main road, in Loch Bragir, in the township of that name. The remains of the Pict's castles in Lewis have been utilised for defence till quite modern times.

the giants of the country, yet he dreaded danger when he heard that Donald Cam had got to Uig, and well he might.

After Donald Cam had returned he mustered all the Uig warriors; he picked out twelve of the strongest, and who were also the best swordsmen, and sent them away to take John Mackay, dead or alive. These twelve, fully equipped, set out for Bragir, and arrived at the shore of the loch by night. They got a boat and rowed to the dun, and without delay entered the hut in which Mackay was in bed. They attacked him furiously, yet he defended himself with advantage against the twelve. They then closed and grappled with him, but their combined strength could not bring him to the ground. His wife then cried out: "What poor fellows! did you never see a boar libbed?" Acting on this treacherous hint they brought him down, and bound him hand and foot. In the morning the Macaulays set off with their prisoner, with his hands tied behind him, and secured (in a cruel manner) by a rope, of which six of the Macaulays had hold in front, and six behind. Nevertheless, when the party was fording the Grimersta river at Linshader, Mackay made a lounge in one direction, by which he overthrew the six Macaulays who were in front, and then by a lounge in the opposite direction he brought down those who were behind; he was unable, however, to make his escape. Soon after they arrived at Kirkibost,[1] in Bernera, and there rested with their prisoner, while information was sent to Donald Cam of the success of their adventure.

The next day all the people of Uig repaired to Kirkibost, and last of all came Donald Cam. Mackay had sent a man to watch the approach of Donald Cam from Ballyglom, and particularly to notice whether he was looking up or looking down. The man returned and said that Donald Cam had his head so bent as if he were seeking for small pins on the ground. When Mackay heard this he said—"The Lord pity my case this day, for by this I know that he has determined on full revenge." When Donald Cam came up Mackay cried out—"Mercy, mercy, oh, son of Dugald!"[2] but he was coldly reminded that he had received no mercy, but had even been treated with unnecessary indignity, when a prisoner on board the ship.

With little ceremony it was decreed that John Mor Mackay should die on that very day, and that every man should give him a cut with a sword. Mackay

[1] In Great Bernera; written *Circabost* on Ord. Six Inch Map; for *Kirkju-bolstaðr*, Ice. = Church-Farmstead.

[2] *Pàis! pàis! Mhic Dhughaill.*

was brought forth and placed upon a hillock, which was named—from a circumstance which will be noticed further on—the Hill of Evil Counsel.

And now occurred the following strange adventure. Every man began to hew and thrust with the sword at John Mor Mackay, but although they struck him with all their might they could make no impression on his body; he was invulnerable, and only a little smoke ascended as a consequence of each stroke. All were amazed; but among the crowd there was a pedler, who cried—"Let the grun (or ground) be cut beneath his feet, and the charm which now renders him proof against every weapon will desert him." When this was done he was instantly killed, and his body was minced by the swords of those who were present.[1]

The Red Weaver.—The grant which John Roy Macaulay obtained from the Chief of Lewis of the farm of Crolista, described it as an Eight-farthings land.[2]

[1] I copy literally Mr Morrison's note on this subject:—"There is something improbable in this anecdote, let the Reader judge for himself the author may do so also. That is the Author for the truth of this part of the Anecdote do not seem very partial to believe in the influence of spells, or charms himself yet Learned and experienced men may or may not." The Rev. M. Watt strongly deprecates this supernatural adventure, and says that it forms no part of the genuine tradition. The reply to that objection is that it is fortunate when folk-lore is recorded by uncultured men, for the incident here related is of great value to the comparative archæologist.

John Mor Mackay is the unexpected survival of a *Berserkr;* he is of gigantic size, equal in strength to twelve men, and impervious to steel. Odin's berserkers or champions fought without armour, were as mad as dogs or wolves, were as strong as bears or wild bulls, killed people at a blow, and neither fire nor iron told upon them (Laing's "Heimskringla," vol. i. p. 221). Twelve of them seem to have formed the chief followers of several ancient kings (Vig., "Ice. Dic.," *sub voce*). In our case twelve men are sent to capture one.

Everyone knows that Macbeth was weapon-proof to ordinary men, and there are many examples of invulnerability in gods, men, and monsters in classic antiquity, but it is here told for the first time, as far as I know, how the protecting charm or magic spell could be broken, viz., by severing connection with the earth. However, this idea is cognate with what is told of Antæus, son of Poseidon and Ge, a mighty giant and wrestler, whose strength was invincible so long as he remained in contact with his mother earth (Smith's "Dic. Myth."). But did the Gall-Gael of Uig get this notion from a classical source? Is it a remnant of the learning of their ancient clergy?

[2] It appears probable that, when the Hebrides were under Norse domination, every house or family had to pay one penny as *skattr*, scat or tribute to the king or his earl; hence the land considered necessary for the support of one household was called a pennyland; but as the population increased many had to be content with a fraction of a pennyland, such as a farthing-land, or even less.

If only one family lived within the township it was a pennyland, such as Penny-

On obtaining it John Roy intimated to the tenants that they would have to remove, as the land was his for life. There was then living at Crolista a man called the *Breabadair Ruadh*, or the Red Weaver, who held the ninth part of that farm, and who was ordered to remove along with the rest. This man went to the Chief at Stornoway and told him that he, the Red Weaver, and those before him, had always been at Crolista, and asked to retain the One-farthing land, which was not contained in John Roy's grant. The Chief directed that the Red Weaver should not be disturbed in his holding.

The Red Weaver, exulting in his success, returned to Uig, and made the same known to John Roy, and ever afterwards the Red Weaver was a thorn in his flesh, and a bitter ingredient in his cup. The Red Weaver was offered the ninth part of the lands of Crolista in one piece, but he insisted upon having the ninth part of every farthing-land in the place, and enclosed each by a dike, the ruins of which may be seen to this day.

Although the Red Weaver gave all this trouble to John Roy, he yet forbore to molest him. The Red Weaver had now become old, and had lain in bed for some years in a house at Kirkibost, Bernera, and on the occasion of Mackay's execution Donald Cam ordered the old weaver, in revenge of the trouble he had given, to be brought out of the house and killed on *Cnoc na mi-Chomhairle* (pron. krokna mi-kourly), *i.e.*, the Hill of Evil or Unfortunate Counsel, which name it still retains.[1] After these tragedies the terror of Donald Cam spread far and wide.

Shortly after this Donald Cam married a daughter of Finlay Maclaran, who had the farm of North Galson, and had several children by her.

Donald; but if the cultivable land was of some extent there would be several families within the dikes or township, and the collective enclosed land would be named from the number of those families, as Five-penny Ness.

The households never had their lands all in one piece, but every year, or it might be every three years, a fresh division was made of all the rigs or plots of arable land within the township, and so great was the litigious spirit amongst the tenants that sometimes no agreement could be arrived at, and the rig or spot in dispute had to be dug and sown in common, and the produce divided among all. This explains how the Red Weaver refused to have his farthing-land all in one place.—*Cf.* "Tribe Communities in Scotland" (Skene's "Fordun," vol. ii. p. 441).

[1] The execution of the Red Weaver is certainly mythical; something very bad has no doubt been done on the "Hillock of Evil Counsel," and it has been fathered on Donald Cam, with the disagreeable weaver for the victim. *Cnocan na mi-Chomhairle*, Bernera is marked on the Ord. Six Inch Map.

The South Dell Tenants.—We ought in our own day to be very thankful to that Divine Providence which has dispelled the barbarous darkness and depression from our land, and shed upon it the light of the Gospel, for there are many things related of the hero, Donald Cam, which are revolting to humanity. It is told that Donald Cam had a foster-mother who used to go about the country begging for meal, &c. She was at one time down at Ness, gathering meal in summer, and she was returning by South Dell, in which there were then six tenants. The tenants, seeing a woman with a bag of meal on her back, agreed with her to let them have the meal till the following harvest, when they would pay it back, and more besides. To this the woman consented, yet when she returned to Uig, and Donald Cam asked her what success she had had at Ness, she complained that the tenants at South Dell had taken the meal from her without giving her anything in return.

Donald Cam went to Ness, and when he came to Dell these poor tenants were in the ebb (foreshore), seeking shell-fish for food, for those were years of great scarcity. Donald Cam waited at the flood-mark till these poor victims came up to him. He asked them no questions, but ordered each to dig his own grave; and when they had done so, he killed all the six, and buried them there.[1]

Starving the Blind Woman.—Donald Cam and the Gow Ban (of whom more anon) were one day walking together at Kneep, close by a small bothy in which an old blind woman lived. Some of the tenants' wives were sitting outside the bothy talking together, and one of them remarked that they need have no fear of an enemy attempting to invade or plunder them, for there were few like Donald Cam and the Gow Ban in all the country. The blind woman from within asked who were they whom they were praising so much? On being told, she indignantly exclaimed: "Had you seen the men who fought the battle of Machir-house (a strand and level spot at Reef); I say had you seen those heroes who repulsed and killed a Danish pirate and crew, you would not say that either Donald Cam or the Big Smith is a man of such valour and prowess." Donald Cam and the smith asked what the blind woman inside was talking about, and when the women told them, they fell to and blocked up the door of the bothy with stones, and threatened with instant death anyone

[1] This tale is certainly mythical, and yet it becomes credible in an age in which a son could set fire to the house in which his mother was sleeping.

who should give food or drink to the old blind woman, so being left to starve she soon died.[1]

The battle alluded to was fought by a Danish pirate who landed his men at Berry or Reef, and who thought to have plundered the country with impunity; but the clans faced the Danes as they landed, and a bloody battle ensued, when all the Danes except three were killed on the spot, and of the three who ran to their boat to save themselves, one was shot dead by an arrow. It was the warriors in this battle to whom the blind woman alluded, and for which she was starved to death.

John Du Chroig.—At a time when the Morrisons, the Macaulays, and the Macleods were somewhat at peace, word was brought that a well-armed ship was at Barra,[2] which it was conjectured had been sent to subjugate the Long Island clans, and to bring the guilty to punishment.

The clans in Lewis held a council of war, with the result that they set off in a body in the Judge's galley and two other large schuyts, and the next day boarded the ship and killed all the crew, except one man, his wife, and their child, who had the Gaelic speech. The boy was John Du Chroig,[3] *i.e.*, Big-fisted Dark John, and it is from him that the Mackinnons of this part of Lewis are sprung. Donald Cam made choice of him as his personal attendant; he was active and clever, and could keep Donald Cam at bay with the small sword, but he had not strength to play the broad sword.

Donald Cam had to betake himself to places of retreat in the most sequestered parts of Uig, in duns, upon islands in the lakes, or in caves, to which he and his friends could resort safe from the invasion of their enemies, or when they did not think proper to engage at a disadvantage.

Donald Cam and John Du Chroig took up their abode on an island in Loch Burravat,[4] a lake a few miles to the westward of the Manse of Uig. There are still to be seen the ruins of a dun upon the island, which was approached on the north side by very large stepping-stones; those which are near the shore are above water, but farther out they are submerged. Those stones which are

[1] Such an event as this has no doubt occurred, but it is hard to believe that it happened in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

[2] This appears to be the piratical seizure, before 1610, of the ship of Abel Dynes, merchant of Bordeaux.—Gregory's "Hist. Highlands and Isles," p. 346.

[3] *Crog*, Gaelic, big-fisted; a paw.

[4] Burravat, for *Borgar-vatn*, Ice. = Castle-lake. This name always indicates the existence of a Pictish tower.

above water are in the same straight line, but where the submergence begins the stones are farther apart, and a large bend or divergence takes place in their direction; this is a stratagem to drown an enemy who should attempt to invade the island in the night-time. Here the two spent some time, living mostly on fish and venison. They had a boat at Gallon Head, which they used to hide in such a way that no enemy could steal or find it.

One day they were out fishing, when John Du Chroig was pulling, and his master was hauling in the long lines. The sea was rather rough, but John Du was doing his best, when his master said: "Pull the boat ahead better." John Du replied: "Better I cannot do, and what I cannot do you may do yourself." Donald Cam let go the fishing-line and drew his dagger; John Du, perceiving this, instantly launched both oars out of the boat, and he himself plunged into the sea.

John Du struck out for the beach at Aird Uig, where he got on shore, went home to the island in the lake, made a good fire, swept the house, and put everything in order. Donald Cam, being deprived of the oars, was tossed about for some time till he was able to get hold of one oar and then the other; he hauled up the lines and went on shore, much dejected at the loss of John Du Croig, whom he supposed to be drowned; but when Donald Cam came in sight of the lake, he saw, to his great joy, smoke ascending from the dun.

When Donald Cam came in he found the house in order and John Du sitting before a roaring fire. After Donald Cam had sat down and warmed himself, he turned to John Du, and said: "You foolish fellow, what made you throw the oars out of boat?" John Du replied that if he had not thrown the oars out of the boat he might as well have remained there himself, and that it was the only way to escape from his senseless fury.[1] Donald Cam said nothing, but smiled, and bade John Du get the supper ready.

John Du Chroig was one summer season fishing in the sound of Shiant, and living on the islands opposite the Park. It was a time of great scarcity, and as there was no provision at home, he had brought his aged mother along with him. She had been there but a few days when she died. John was now in a

[1] It is curious to trace the persistence of family characteristics; for with regard to the passion of rage, I have been told that were I to be fishing in the same boat for a few months with some of the Macaulays of Lewis, I would be able to make a pretty good guess as to what sort of folks their ancestors must have been; peace or war is all one to them. I must add, however, that all those I have had to do with were well-disposed men.

great dilemma, for he wished his mother to be buried at Uig, at the same time he was loth to loose his fishing. To obtain both objects he disembowelled the corpse, and hung it up to dry in a cave, and when the fishing was over he carried the body of his mother home to Uig, and buried it among her friends and relations. This proceeding was rather barbarous,[1] yet considering the times and the want of cultivation in uneducated men, we must excuse John Du Chroig.

The Gow Ban.—One of the best warriors of the parish of Uig was the Gow Ban,[2] *i.e.*, the Fair-haired Smith, who lived at Kneep, quite close to Donald Cam, who was settled at Valtos. The Gow Ban was a stronger man than Donald Cam, but was not so clever with the sword. The smith had a cess of grain[3] from the parish, and when a cow was killed for domestic use, the smith had a right to the head;[4] but Donald Cam had neglected to pay his dues to the smith for seven years.

It happened that a horse belonging to Donald Cam fell over a cliff and was killed. Donald Cam had the head of the horse skinned and sent to the Gow Ban. The smith saw plainly that it was the head of a horse; however, he said nothing about it, but ordered the head to be dried and taken care of. Not long after Donald Cam sent his servants to the smithy with iron to make new, and repair old, work; but the smith put all the iron together into the fire and welded it into one lump; he then told Donald Cam's servants to take the iron to their master, and tell him that he would not do a stroke of work for him until the seven years' dues had been paid.

When the servants were gone, the Gow Ban, as he was no match for Donald Cam with the sword, took the precaution to make red-hot about six feet of a long iron bar. As he expected, Donald Cam was soon seen coming along in battle array, on which the smith came out of the smiddy with the hot iron bar, by which he forced Donald Cam to fall back, and he went home greatly displeased.

[1] The proceeding seems barbarous indeed; yet on the death of the mother of Queen Anne Boleyn her "entrayles were taken owt and buryed accordingle; and the corps was spyced and ceyered," &c., so that after all John Du might have had sufficient precedent.

[2] *Gobha Ban,* Gaelic, Fair (haired) Smith.

[3] See "Traditions of the Morrisons," "Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot." vol. xii. p. 529.

[4] "Before Money became current, the Chieftains in the Isles bestowed the Cow's head, feet, and all the intrails upon their Dependants; such as the Physician, Orator, Poet, Bard, Musicians, &c., and the same was divided thus: the Smith had the head, the Piper had the, &c."—Martin's "Western Isles," p. 109.

The next day Donald Cam returned, and promised to pay the smith all the dues which had been owing to him so long, on which they became friends, and the smith invited Donald Cam to dine with him on the morrow. The smith gave orders to make ready mutton and beef, and also to have the horse's head boiled in a separate pot, and presented as if it had been a cow's head. After that they had sat down to dinner, Donald Cam said: "This beef and mutton are too fat to please me, help me to some of that cow's head." The smith was now at the summit of his design, and handed the dish with the horse's head to Donald Cam. He wrought at it for a good while, when the smith asked him how he liked the head. Macaulay liked the head-beef very well; it was savoury and delicious. "Well," said the smith, "that is the very head you sent me lately from your own house."[1] At this, Donald Cam started up and went home. The smith well knew what to expect, so he went to the smiddy and had recourse to his friend the iron bar, and not before it was time. For presently Donald Cam was seen hurrying over the road, but the smith went out with his hot iron bar, and Donald Cam was a second time repulsed. Yet for all that, when there was any emergency Donald Cam would always have the Gow Ban with him.

Battle of the West Side.—It is told that a ship came to anchor at Esnishgarry, close to Kirkibost, Bernera. Neil Macleod and Donald Cam headed a party of the islanders, boarded the ship, and killed all the crew; they found so much money in the ship that Donald Cam's helmet was used to mete it out.[2] In consequence of this piracy a cruiser was sent to Stornoway, and the castle was occupied, but Donald Cam and his two brothers retook the castle and killed most of the invaders; but one of the brothers was killed at South Beach by a shot from the castle.[3]

On this repulse the King of Scotland gave permission to anyone to conquer Lewis. This encouraged Macdonald of the Isles to invade Lewis with a large

[1] There is something more in this tale than merely tricking Donald Cam into eating his own horse-beef. To eat horse-flesh was a mark of idolatry, and an abomination to the Christian Northmen, and it was a great insult to reproach a man with having done it; so that to trick Donald Cam into eating horse-flesh, was to make him appear as if he was no Christian.

[2] This seems to be a confused remembrance of the capture, in 1610, of the "Priam," Capt. Love, a pirate, who put into Loch Roag.—Gregory's "Hist. Isles," p. 336.

[3] Neil Macleod took Stornoway Castle from the Fife Adventurers in 1607, and in 1610 he again captured their camp at Stornoway, or at Holm.

body of men, on which Neil Macleod called upon the clans to stand up for their country.

At this time there was a tribe of men, called Maclaren, dwelling on the west side of Lewis, who, on the promise that if successful they should hold their lands free, or, if otherwise, they should have lands given them in Skye, had pledged to support Macdonald. So when the Battle of the West Side begun, Macdonald called out: "Separate, separate yourselves, Maclarens; do to-day as you promised yesterday." Then one hundred and forty of the Maclarens, wearing blue bonnets, went over to Macdonald's army. The battle lasted the whole day, but the Macdonalds and Maclarens were worsted. Macdonald himself narrowly escaped, and but few of his men, or of the Maclarens, succeeded in reaching Skye. Instead of lands Macdonald only gave them a cow and a boll of meal, and told them to go about their business, for that he could have no confidence in them as they had betrayed their country and their chief. The Maclarens never had any footing in the island after that memorable battle. [1]

The Burning of the Morrisons in Dun Carloway.—Donald Cam and the Big Smith went one summer season to the Flannan Isles, and the Morrisons of Ness, hearing the Macaulays were from home, came and drove away the cows from the moor, for there was no one to oppose the invaders. When the party from the Flannan Isles [2] came back, the wives told what the Morrisons had done. The Macaulays immediately started in their boats across Loch Roag, to try and overtake the spoil. When they came to the opposite shore, they saw that the cows were grazing near a loch, by which they knew that the Morrisons were in the strong fortress of Dun Carloway.

The Macaulays rested themselves by the shore for the night, and, on the

[1] There is no notice of this battle anywhere else. It is certain that there was no one of the name of Maclaren in Lewis in 1861. The tradition is general that those Maclarens who remained in Lewis, changed their name, some say to Campbell, others to Maclennan.

"There are places in Lewis which still retain the name of the Maclarens, such as *Buaim Chlann Leadharain, i.e.*, the mountain gorge of the Maclarens."—Rev. M. Macphail.

[2] This group, sometimes called "The Seven Hunters" by sailors, is ridiculously misnamed the "Flannel" Isles on the Ord. Six Inch Map. They were dedicated to St Flannan, the patron saint of Killaloe (Reeve's "Columba," p. 227); his stone-roofed chapel is still standing on Eilean Mòr (Muir's "Chars. Old Ch. Arch." p. 180); and there are other primitive dwellings there. The islands are described by Dean Monro ("Mis. Scot.") and by Martin ("West. Isles," p. 15).

morning, as they were exhausted for want of food, Donald Cam[1] and the Big Smith went alone to reconnoitre. When they got near the Dun they saw a large kettle over a fire, and a whole carcase of one of the plundered cows was in it, and a man was lying asleep near the fire. The Big Smith held the man till Donald Cam drew out the beef, and then they threw the cook into the kettle. The smith rolled the boiled beef in his plaid and carried it to his famishing party, while Donald Cam went towards the dun. The Macaulays having come up, Donald Cam stabbed the sentry at the door of the dun, and left the Big Smith there to prevent anyone from coming out. Macaulay then climbed the walls of the dun by means of two dirks or daggers as steps, changing them by turns until he got to the top of this uncouth edifice. The dun tapered, till at the top it was covered by one large flat stone.[2] Donald Cam ordered his men to pull heather and make it into large bundles, which he threw into the area of the fortress, and when it was full he set fire to the heather, and so smothered and burnt all the inmates. Then the Macaulays demolished that old fabric called Dun Carloway, which was built in the fourth century by a giant named Darg mac Nu-aran. There are two other similar duns in the parish of Uig, which were built and inhabited by two brothers of Darg; the one at the Sands of Uig belonged to Knock mac Nu-aran; the other, at Kirkibost, Bernera, where Tid mac Nu-aran dwelt.[3]

[1] "Tradition says Dun Charloway was once taken by an individual notorious in the traditions of Lewis, named 'Donald Caum M'Ciul,' who, by means of two dirks which he constantly carried about with him, one of which he alternately stuck in the turf that covers the outer stone dike of Dun Charloway, raised himself up to the summit of the parapet, from which the inmates were wont to shoot their arrows at the assailing foe. Donald Caum, once in possession of the parapet, made the sleeping inmates easy victims to his resentment during the darkness of night."—N. S. A. Ross, p. 163.

[2] This is generally supposed in the Long Island and elsewhere. The Rev. Dr Joas has explained to me that on his side of the country, the ground cells, which are in the thickness of the wall, have been noticed to be roofed by overlap, until a single flat stone was sufficient to cover the remaining aperture; and then it was inferred that the same method was applied to the main tower, which of course was a great mistake. As I have drawings and descriptions of Dun Carloway preparing for publication, I need not anticipate here.

When at Carloway in 1863, a hale old man came up to talk; so, turning to the dùn, I said: "They tell me the dùn was pulled down by Donald Cam Macaulay." He answered: "I am tenth in descent from Donald Cam." He, when in the militia, had been stationed in the south of England, but much preferred Lewis; he showed me his croft and complained of the high rent; it was twopence per day.

[3] These Ossianic giants will be noticed elsewhere.

Battle of Drum na' Càrnan.[1]—The sons of the Erieve, John Morrison, went to Rona[2] to gather eggs, sea-fowl, &c.; and when this was known at Uig the Macaulays started for Ness to plunder the cattle of the Morrisons. The Brieve was old and blind, and there was no one there to oppose the spoilers, so all the cattle were driven away. The old Brieve sent a man to watch for the return of his sons, and when he heard that they were approaching, he ordered the greatest variety of food to be carried to meet them at the shore; and also the bearers were to observe particularly what the sons would do when they were told of the disaster. When the Morrisons heard what had happened, they did not stay to partake of the feast, but taking a large draught of ale and a lump of beef in hand, they set off in pursuit of the Macaulays. This was told to the Brieve; he then said, "As sure as they partook of the beef and of the ale, they will be hearty and strong, and ere they return they will give cause to many of deep sorrow."

They overtook the Macaulays at Brue, the first village west of Barvas, and attacked them, killing a great many, and their graves are pointed out to this day. The Morrisons encountered the Macaulays again at Arnol, in such manner that only three escaped—Zachary Macaulay,[3] and two of his near relations. The Morrisons pursued them as far as Carloway, and were about to give up the

[1] The account of this battle is founded on information from the Rev. M. Macphail, compared with notes by the Rev. J. Strachan, Rev. M. Watt, &c.

[2] This is North Rona, or *Ronaidh an t-abh* (for *Haf-Roney*, Ice., = Ocean, or Main-sea Rona) to distinguish it from several other islands of the same name. Mr Muir describes St Ronan's chapel there ("Chars. Old Ch. Arch." p. 189; and "Arch. Scot." vol. v. p. 246); for a good account of the former condition of the island see Martin's "West. Isles," p. 19.

[3] This unusual Christian name occurs but four times in the indices of Burke's "Landed Gentry," which contain about 5000 names.

The name is almost peculiar to the families of Malcolm of Poltalloch and the Macaulays of Lewis. As I find that "Zachary M'Callume" was a grand-nephew of the celebrated Rev. Zachary Boyd, the Malcolms may have got the name from him. But I have failed to get any suggestion as to how the name of Zachary got to Lewis. The "Indweller" notes that Iskair (*Sgarr*, Zachary) was the progenitor of the Lewis Macaulays; he is very far astray in respect of his own clan, and his assertions cannot be accepted in either case. Yet there is usually some small substratum of fact in every (real) tradition, and a Zachary may have been affiliated with the Macaulays about the Reformation period. There are several Zachary Macaulays now in Lewis (Rev. M. Macphail); and there is, or was lately, a Zachary Macaulay in Loch Broom (Mr Seton); besides which, the present Chief of the Macaulays, as he himself informs me, bears the name of Zachary.

chase; but, on meeting an illegitimate brother[1] who dwelt there, he persuaded them to follow on to Callernish, as he was sure he knew the place to which the fugitives would retreat. When they got to Callernish he led them to the brink of a rock, below which there was a score, like a bed-place, in which Zachary and his two companions were sleeping, and it is still called Zachary's bed. The Morrisons were for leaving them unharmed; but when the brother from Carloway heard this, he took a dagger in each hand, jumped down upon the breast of the sleeping Zachary, which was crushed by his weight; and he stabbed the other two.

When the Breive heard what had been done he was much displeased, and cautioned his sons to have no dealings with him of Carloway, for his ungovernable passion was not to be trusted. It is told of this wretch that once, when he was leaving Carloway, his child cried after him and was not willing to return home, when the brutish father seized hold of the child and hurled it into the river.

When Neil Macleod fortified himself at Berrisary Donald Cam did the same on a rock to the westward of Uig, which has since been called "Donald Cam's Stack." He was there attended by his daughter, known as "Big Anne," who used to carry to him milk and other provisions over the sharp and dangerous crag which connects the high rock with the mainland. But after a time, so says tradition, he embarked for Ireland, and, having greatly distinguished himself there, he received a pardon for all past offences, and settled down quietly in Uig, where he devoted himself to farming and the welfare of his family, and there died before he became an old man.

The traditions of Donald Cam[2] have usually a foundation in fact, but the dates, and the names of persons and places, are often much confused; these may be corrected, in some degree, by comparing together the parallel traditions from different parts of Lewis. It is to be remarked, as showing the weight of power, that the sinister influence exerted by the Mackenzies on the fortunes of the Siol Torquil is altogether suppressed or ignored; the bards have found it convenient to make their narratives agreeable to the reigning dynasty.

[1] This is the person referred to as the "Wicked Incendiary" in the "Traditions of the Morrisons" (Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot., vol. xii. p. 553).

[2] On the moor, in the parish of Lochs, is a place "that still retains the name o 'Ari Dhoil Chaim' or Donald Caum's shieling. This Donald Caum was a noted character, who resided in the parish of Uig, in this island, seven generations ago."—New Stat. Act. Ross, p. 157.

The first notice of Donald Cam is that he was one of seven persons who were seized, along with the young Chief of Lewis, Torquil Du, by the Brieve of Lewis. Torquil Du was murdered at Ullapool in July 1597; Donald Cam, however, along with Alister Small-heel Macleod, escaped to Dunvegan, and, on their return to Uig, Donald Cam revenged himself on one of his captors, John Roy Mackay.

In 1607 Stornoway Castle was taken by Neil Macleod, assisted by Donald Cam, on which occasion Angus, a brother of Donald Cam, was killed by a shot from the Castle. About this time the ship of Abel Dynes, a Bordeaux merchant, was piratically seized by the Macneil's of Barra, in which transaction Donald Cam and other Lewis men were, it seems, likewise engaged.

In the record of the Privy Council, 24th July 1610, there is: "Warrant to Rory MCleud of Hereiss to keep in his custody until the last day of May next, Donald Cam M'Coull and Mulcallum M'Coull to the effect the Lords of the Council may at that time give such other directions anent them as shall seem most meet and expedient for the quietness of the country."[1] The traditions of Lewis are thus corroborated by Public Record. About this time Donald Cam must have fortified himself on the "Stack" which still bears his name.

In 1613 Neil Macleod was, by a cruel stratagem, forced to evacuate his fortress, and it is probable that Donald Cam then made his peace with the Mackenzies. The story of Donald Cam Macaulay going to Ireland, of his being the hero of the Battle of Beul an Drochid, and, as a consequence, receiving the pardon of the Scotch government, seems based upon a ridiculous confusion. The Battle of *Beul na Trochid, i.e.*, the Battle of the Mouth of the Bridge, was fought in 1495, and a Donald Cam was there, but it was Donald Cam Mac Dounchaid, a chief in Sligo. It is true that in 1595 Rorie Mor Macleod of Harris (Ara) landed at Lough Foyle, with 600 men, to assist O'Donnell, and Donald Cam Macaulay may have been among them; but he would certainly not have received any reward from his own government, and, besides, we find him in rebellion long after that time.

The Fortune-Teller.—One Christmas Angus Macaulay had collected his friends and kinsman to pass the festive season at Brenish. At that time a fortune-teller came to the house while Donald Cam and the rest were enjoying themselves in their room. It seems the fortune-teller, who was in the kitchen, was not pleased with his treatment. He was a palmister, and pre-

[1] Gregory Collections, MS.

tended to foretell events by looking into the palms of his hands; so he foretold to the servants that the master of that house would not live to enjoy many more Christmases after the present.

This prediction came to the ears of the goodwife, and her countenance at once bespoke the trouble of her mind. This was observed by all the guests, and her husband wanted to know what was the matter. She was very unwilling to tell, but as they all insisted on knowing, she at last said that the palmister had predicted a short life to her husband. Donald Cam bade the mistress go to the fortune-teller and ask him how long he (the fortune-teller) had yet to live. The mistress went down and asked the question, when the palmister looked into the palm of one of his hands, and concluded from what he saw that he would have a long life. The mistress returned to the room and reported what the palmister had said. Donald Cam replied that one of the predictions was false, and took hold of the *Chaum*, a name which he gave to his gun. The servants perceiving this, told the fortune-teller to escape, which he attempted to do, but Donald Cam ran after him and shot him near the house at Brenish, at a spot since then called *Leob a Phalmaistear*, or the Palmister's Rig.

Angus Macaulay of Brenish.—The Lewis clans were called out to fight the English,[1] and the Uig contingent, which contained the three sons of Donald Cam and nearly all the able-bodied men in the parish, took boat on their way to Stornoway at *Laimhrig Fir Uige*, *i.e.*, the (natural quay, or) embarking-place of the men of Uig. This place has been avoided and disused ever since, for it was noted that not one came back of all those who had embarked there; John Macaulay having, by some accident, crossed the loch to the opposite side from another landing-place, was the only one who returned. When they got to Stornoway the Uig men, in council, decided that Angus Macaulay, much against his will, should return, that there might be one at least to lead and defend the country in their absence. But his wife was a shrew, and when she

[1] It was not against the English, but against the Royalists, under Montrose, that they went to fight: the vacillating George, Earl of Seaforth, was at that time on the side of the Covenanters. The place, Seaforth, from which the Earl took his title, is now known but to few, nor is it marked on the Ord. One Inch Map of Lewis. It is an unimportant, desolated little farm on the north bank of the *Sjor* (Sea) which gives name to the *Fjörðr* (Firth). Besides having given name to a powerful earldom, the ruin of the cottage is further remarkable as indicating the absence of superstition and of veneration in the builder, for three standing-stones, *in situ*, in the periphery of a small Druidic circle, are built into the walls.

met him at the place now called *Clach Aonghais*, or Angus' Stone, she gave him a contemptuous welcome in Gaelic verse: *Dh'fhalbh na fir agus dh'fhuirich na fideacha-di de*," *i.e.*, "The men have left, and the pigmies have stayed at home."[1]

Stung by this reproach, without entering his house or taking refreshment, he at once returned to Stornoway; and very shortly afterwards Angus, his brother William, and all the Lewis men, excepting only John Macaulay of Kneep, Angus Macleod of Kirkibost, and a West-side man, were all killed at the Battle of Aultdearn.[2]

William Macaulay, the youngest of the brothers, who was settled at Islavik, was so expert as to be able to fight with two swords at once, that is, with one in each hand. William, after all the Lewis men had been killed around him at Aultdearn, with his back to a wooden paling in a gateway, defended himself with a sword in each hand against his enemies; but they climbed into the loft and got above his head, and so killed him.

When John Macaulay and his two companions fled from the battle they were pursued by a trooper, who, as he drew near, roared out furiously: "I am Alister Ower,[3] the Butcher," meaning that he made such carnage that he was called the slaughterer, and he thought that, by giving himself such a terrifying name, the Lewis men would be so dismayed as to surrender at discretion. The Lewis men had but one arrow each, and when they saw the trooper coming, they consulted what they should do. John Macaulay wanted Angus Macleod to shoot, as he was the best marksman. But Angus thought, as John Macaulay was stronger to bend the bow, that John should try to knock the trooper off his horse. By this time the trooper, who was Alexander Macdonald, the famous Argyll warrior, had advanced within bow-shot and was coming forward with his shield held before him, to protect himself against the arrows of the Lewis men; the brave John Macaulay let fly his arrow, which fairly struck the shield of the huge Macdonald and brought him, shield and all, to the ground. Macdonald got up and mounted again as fast as he could; but this time he

[1] Rev. M. Macphail, *Kilmartin*; *to whom I am indebted, as usual, for the correct* spelling and translation of the Gaelic.

[2] This battle was fought on the 4th May 1645, between Montrose, for Charles I., and General Urry and the Earl of Seaforth for the Covenanters. "Seaforth's principal ensign or standard-bearer . . . . . stood to it with some others of the Lochbroom and Lewis men, till they were all killed" (Mackenzie's "Hist. of Mackenzies"), p. 189.

[3] *Odhar*, Gaelic, dun, sallow. Of course, it is the famous Colkitto who is meant.

placed his shield behind him and rode away, exclaiming: "Farewell, Lewis men, I have had as much of your shooting as will serve me this day."

On the approach of night the three fugitives betook themselves to a wood for shelter. While resting there they saw the flash of powder, and heard near them the report of a gun. John Macaulay said: "Surely that gun was fired by a foe," and although the shot had done no harm, he took one of the two remaining arrows, and shot by chance in the direction in which he had seen the flash. They were not disturbed anymore, and the three got safely back to Lewis.[1]

John Macaulay and the Beggar.—John Macaulay was hospitable to strangers, and fond of hearing news. About four years after the battle of Aultdearn a one-eyed beggar from the low country came to Lewis; he went round the island, and at last came to Kneep. John Macaulay gave him his dinner, and then bade him come into his room to give him some news. After a time John Macaulay asked the beggar how he came to lose the sight of his eye. The man said that he was in a wood in which he saw three men, who he believed had fled from Aultdearn, taking shelter; and that, having a gun with him, and influenced by an evil spirit, he fired at those men, although they had done him no harm. He did not know if the shot had taken effect, but presently afterwards an arrow struck him and knocked out one of his eyes. "Well," says John Macaulay, "my right hand discharged the arrow by which you lost your eye." The beggar, on hearing this, exclaimed that he was undone; but Macaulay told him to have no fear, and that he would be a better friend to him for telling him of this adventure.

From John Macaulay, and from his brother Angus, are descended most of the Macaulays that are now in Lewis.

Rev. Donald Macaulay, Kilmuir, Skye.—The Rev. Donald Macaulay, named in Gaelic *Maghistear Domhnull mac Dhomhnuill mhic Aonghais, i.e.*, Mr Donald son of Donald son of Angus, being the grandson of that Angus Macaulay tacksman of Brenish, who was slain at Aultdearn.

Mr Donald distinguished himself in his youth by his strength,[2] courage, and

[1] From Morrison's "Traditions of Lewis," enlarged from notes by the Rev. M. Watt.

[2] The tradition of the strength of the Rev. Donald Macaulay still remains in Harris. He once saw some children picking out periwinkles with a pin, when he told them he would show them how to get on quicker; so taking up a handfull he cracked and crushed the shells by closing his hand. The *Fear Bhreinis, i.e.*, tacksman of Brenish, his uncle, was able to raise a large six-oared boat on end by himself, but the minister could do the same with one hand.

skill in manly exercises, so as to be taken notice of by the best society in the Highlands; and the same good qualities procured him the friendship of some people of note, who, with himself, were finishing their education at the University of St Andrews. Among these were Sir James Macdonald, the laird of the greater part of Skye, and who did not lose sight of Mr Donald until he got him settled as minister of Kilmuir, where his goodness and piety endeared him to all his parishioners.

Mr Donald married a lady who was nearly related to Sir James Macdonald, and the friendship of the laird was continued to his death, which not only caused great grief to the minister, but also brought an unfortunate change in his position and circumstances. Sir James was succeeded by his son, commonly called James Mor Macdonald, who pretended to hold the same veneration and regard for the minister that his father had done, but there were indications in his conduct that his professions were not genuine.

As was observed before, Mr Donald was noted for great strength and skill in arms, and the young laird, who had some claim to the same qualities, was moved to envy by the fame of the minister. Sir James, under prètext of friendship, invited Mr Donald to a feast at his castle of Duntulm, but really for the purpose of challenging the minister. Sir James took an opportunity to propose, as if by frolic, that the minister should wrestle and fence with him, to which a reluctant consent was yielded; Sir James soon found he was no match for Mr Donald, and from that time became his determined enemy; for, some time thereafter, Sir James having again invited Mr Donald to the castle, under the show of hospitality, came to his bedside and was in the act of plunging his dagger into the body of the sleeping minister, when his arm became rigid and his whole body paralysed, so that he could neither move hand or limb. In this posture he continued, with one knee bent under him and his arm upraised, until the minister awoke. Sir James humbly begged that Mr Donald would pray that he might be restored to his natural condition and that his sins might be forgiven; this was done, and Sir James was set at liberty.

As after this adventure Mr Donald had always a suspicion of Sir James, he left Kilmuir and took the parish of Glenelg; and about this time Sir James Macdonald took up his residence at Sleat. Notwithstanding his former warning he continued to bear malice, and to plot the ruin of the good minister. Mr Donald had to preach at various stations of his extensive parish, and, on one Sunday, he left home, taking a man-servant with him, to go to a distant place. He was met by Sir James Macdonald, who pretended that he had come across

from Sleat to attend the preaching at Glenelg. At this time a man came in the way, who had something bulky under his oxter. Sir James hailed the man and asked what he had got below his coat; it was a gallon of *Treas-tarruing*,[1] or thrice-distilled whisky. "Come," said Sir James, "give the parson and me a dram." The man had no proper dram-glass or horn, but he had a half-mutchkin-stoup; well, that would do for a dram-glass, and Sir James and Mr Donald drank the fill of this measure. By this time Mr Donald saw what Sir James would be at, so he said: "Come, never mind that trifling stoup, give us a bottle a-piece so that I may hurry away."

Mr Donald finished his bottle with ease, while Sir James could only manage his with the greatest difficulty, and his head was soon laid upon the ground. Mr Donald left his own servant to take care of him, and then went away and preached. On his return in the evening he found Sir James where he had left him; by the help of the servant-lads he was carried to the manse and cured of his drink. The clergyman gave him suitable advice, and Sir James, finding all his evil plans recoil upon himself, became quite another man, and the steady friend of Mr Macaulay.[2]

The Rev. Donald Macaulay lived to a good old age. He had but a small family, but two of his grandsons were ministers; one was placed in Skye, the other on the mainland.

John Roy Macaulay of Bragir.—The Rev. Donald Macaulay had two brothers —John Roy and Malcolm. Once when John Roy was visiting the minister at Glenelg they were both invited to a feast by Sir James Macdonald at Sleat. There was a cattle-fair in the neighbourhood, and Sir James, with his guests, went to see it. It happened that a certain horse at the fair went mad, and many were trying to catch it, but it defied them all. At last they drove the wild horse to where the minister and his brother were standing, and the men cried out for them to catch it. John Roy Macaulay quite well knew that the crowd expected to have some fun if either himself or his brother attempted to stop the horse; but, for all that, he made a spring at the horse and seized it by the upper jaw with one hand, while with the other he laid hold of the lower

[1] "The air is temperately cold and moist, and for a corrective the natives use a dose of *Trestarig*" (Martin's "West. Isles," p. 2). "*Trestarig, id est Aqui vitæ*, three times distilled, which is strong and hot" (*ibid.*, p. 3). In these degenerate days it is no longer a virtue to be able to swallow a large quantity of alcohol without becoming helpless.

[2] I have omitted much in this legend of what, from a modern point of view, would be considered as profanity.

jaw, and wrenched it out of joint. "Now," said John Roy, "that horse will continue to mock you Skye men from this day; and if you have any more mad horses send them to me." Sir James, after this, offered John Roy a good farm in Skye, but he preferred to return to Lewis.

John Roy had from Seaforth the farm of both Bragirs, which are said to be equal to one-sixteenth part of Lewis. John Roy gave his brother Malcolm a third of this land. They married, and all went well for a time, but John's wife was often rude to Malcolm and his family, although the brothers had the greatest affection for each other.

At one time the bulls belonging to each brother fought together, and Malcolm's bull was the conqueror. After this, John's clamorous wife never ceased scolding her husband, till it ended by Malcolm removing to Barvas. But the separation was painful to both the brothers, and Malcolm only survived the change for two years, when he died of sheer grief. John Roy equally fretted at the absence of his brother, and now that he was dead he deeply regretted having yielded to the importunity of his wife.

However, next year, when grinding at the mill with one of his tenants, John Roy Macaulay fell asleep. While the other man was watching, he saw the form and likeness of the deceased Malcolm enter the mill and stoop down over his sleeping brother. The man who saw the apparition was not in the least frightened or alarmed, and soon the phantom disappeared. After some hours John Roy awoke, and then he told his companion that he had dreamed his dear deceased brother had come into the mill and kissed him. "Well," said the man, "if you dreamed *that* while you were asleep, I saw it at the same time when I was perfectly awake." The tenant told Macaulay that there would be no harm done if he should see to his affairs, and advised him to lose no time in making his will. John Roy agreed to follow that advice and settled his affairs before night, and it is told he died on the following day.[1]

Zachary Macaulay was chamberlain of the Lewis at that time, and these two brothers were his cousins; he greatly lamented their deaths, and composed this elegiac stanza on Malcolm :—

[1] The belief in phantoms, second-sight, &c., is almost universal in the Isles; many an obsolete superstition lingers there, which, if noted down, would be of great importance to the comparative archæologist. Those only which are connected with the Macaulays are printed here.

" B'e Calum cruineached nam fear ;
Bha e lum-a-lan, de ghean 's de mhuirn ;
Leannan milis agus graidh
Aig gach fear a thàr ort uigh."

Malcolm was the wheat of men,
He was brimful of good humour and tenderness ;
A sweet and dear companion
To each person of his acquaintance.

Of this Malcolm came John and Malcolm Macaulay, both now (or were) merchants in Stornoway, besides four brothers on the mainland ; all of whom are highly esteemed.

The Glamour of Loch Langavat.—Murdoch Macaulay, the father of Zachary, Chamberlain of Lewis, held the lands of Valtos, Reef, and Kneep, and a vast extent of moor on both sides of Loch Roag.

One summer Zachary went to visit his father's family, who at that season were living at Strome, to which place the milk cows had been brought. Zachary, with his brothers, set off to fish for trout in Loch Langavat, which is seven miles distant. The three young men, with their servants, began fishing opposite to an island in the loch, when presently John saw a deer grazing upon the island. John Macaulay considered how he could carry his gun dry while he was swimming to the island, and succeeded in doing so. But the deer on seeing him disappeared in an instant. John searched for the deer throughout every foot of the island, but could find it nowhere, and, wondering what had become of it, he swam back to where his brothers were fishing. He told them how he had missed the deer, when all the party looking up, saw the deer grazing in the same place as before. The brothers charged John with negligence in his search, and Donald said, "I'll go along with you this time, and then the stag shall not escape us both."

The brothers swam to the island, when the deer was again instantly out of sight, and although they hunted for it everywhere it could not be found. John Macaulay now began to be very sick, and to shiver all over, when his brother gathered a heap of heather, and, putting fire to it, it was soon in a blaze. John warmed himself at the fire, and the shivering ceased, but he said to Donald, "Brother, this is the last time I shall warm myself." "The last time?" said Donald ; "Oh yes," said John, wishing to put his brother out of suspicion of

the thought which was in his own mind, "the last time upon this island." In a little time they both took to the water to swim ashore, but ere they had got half way, Donald, in some alarm, called out to his brother that he was swimming too deep and slow; but John only answered, "Dear brother, save yourself, for I am gone," and sank from sight.[1]

Donald got ashore, and, with Zachary and the servants, returned to Strome. Their mother inquired for John,—at first they said he had gone to look after some horses, but after a while they told the truth. A boat was dragged from Loch Roag across the moor to Loch Langavat, and before long all that remained of John Macaulay was taken out of the water. The death of this young man caused many tears in Lewis; and every Wednesday, which was the day on which he was drowned, his mother, for a whole year composed an elegiac song about her lost son. The lady was from Skye, and was largely endowed with the poetic temperament.

Zachary Macaulay, Chamberlain of Lewis.—Zachary Macaulay was the great-grandson of the hero Donald Cam. Zachary studied to be a minister at the University of St Andrews, and passed the divinity hall before he left College. The professors there, finding he possessed great genius, took much interest in his education, and he likewise made the friendship of a young nobleman, whose influence was afterwards of great service to him—William, Earl of Seaforth. When Zachary left college and returned to Lewis he raised such a favourable impression in Earl William that he was made Chamberlain (or Factor) of Lewis. He continued in this situation for twenty-seven years, and during all that time gave entire satisfaction both to the Earl and his tenants.

Zachary Macaulay was an excellent Gaelic poet, and some of his poems, which have been copied into Gaelic song-books, are still greatly admired.[2] In one of these he speaks in a sublime strain of a young lady with whom he was in love, comparing her to a most brilliant star, diffusing light and comfort to all inferior and surrounding objects. In other poems he speaks of the creation and of

[1] Mr Millbank's gamekeeper, Murdo Macaulay, told me that when the body of the lad was recovered a figure of a flounder was noticed upon the abdomen. For some of Murdo Macaulay's stories see Rev. G. Hucheson's "Reminiscences of the Lewis," p. 233.

[2] Macaulay is the author of "Ioram na Truighe," a poem written in honour of Mackenzie, the Laird of Kildun; and of "Gliogram Cas," the air of which, under the name of Liggeram Cosh, was a favourite with Burns.—Fraser's "Earls of Cromartie," vol. i. p. 39, note.

animated nature, all testifying to the infinite wisdom which does nothing in vain. Zachary was respectably married, and had two sons, Alexander and Dugald.

When the first Pretender made a vain attempt for the British crown Earl William joined his standard, and, in consequence, he had to fly to France and his estates were forfeited. Zachary Macaulay was summoned to Edinburgh to give the Council an accurate account of the rental of the Seaforth estates. When before the Council he was asked whether he knew that Earl William intended to join the Pretender, and whether he advised him not to do so. This he refused to answer. He was then asked if he had remitted any money to Seaforth after he had gone to France. Macaulay replied that as Seaforth's factor it was his duty to send him money or anything else he wanted, and he hoped he should not be restricted from supplying him with the means of supporting himself in a foreign land. A copy of the rent-roll was then asked for, and produced. He was ordered not to send any more money to Earl William, but Macaulay said the whole north of Scotland would rise in rebellion if Earl William was kept in want. At last it was agreed that he might send him a little money, and that the Council would correspond with Macaulay after he got home. One of the Council asked Macaulay where he was born and brought up. It was in Lewis. "Oh, well," said his lordship, "your mother did a good turn on the day in which she brought you into the world.

After a time Macaulay received instructions to send one-half of the rents of Lewis to the Earl, but the whole rents of the mainland estates, and half of those of Lewis, to Edinburgh. Macaulay sent Colonel Murchison the first year from Kintail to France with supplies for Earl William, and the next year he sent Murdo Du Mackenzie, Tacksman of Lochs, who was grandfather of Kenneth Ban Mackenzie, the famous swordsman. Colonel Murchison and Murdo Mackenzie went alternately to France, and while they had the money upon them they travelled only at night and rested all day.

Earl William was in France for seven years, when he was allowed to return, principally at the intercession of two distinguished noblemen whose friendship Mr Macaulay had gained when at the University of St Andrews. Earl William was received at Brahan Castle by all his friends, among whom was Zachary Macaulay; and the Earl often said that he owed the happy position of his affairs to the able management of his factor, who continued in the management of the Seaforth estates till he died at a good old age.

This tradition of Zachary Macaulay is made up of truth and fiction; that he was considered a good Gaelic poet, and that he was Chamberlain of Lewis, is

undoubted; but that he was permitted or directed to send half the Lewis rents to Earl William is incredible. Many traditions connected with Earl William, but which are apparently fabulous, are recorded; as they have nothing to do with the history of the Macaulays they are omitted.

The Battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on Sunday, 13th November 1715, and it was a virtual defeat to the Earls of Mar and Seaforth. In February 1716, Lewis was reduced by Colonel Cholmondly, when the Earl fled to the mainland, and afterwards to France. The Earl of Seaforth was attainted on the 7th May following, and his estates forfeited to the crown.

In March 1719, Seaforth was again in Lewis, crossed to Loch Alsh, and in May fought the Battle of Glenshiel, where the Earl was wounded; although not defeated, the insurgents immediately disbanded, and Seaforth again escaped to the continent.

On 12th July 1726, Seaforth received a "simple pardon" from George I., and George II. made him a grant of the arrears of feu-duties due to the crown from his estates while forfeited. From this time he appears to have lived quietly on his estates, until he died on 8th January 1740, and was buried in the church of Eye, in Lewis.

Although the Seaforth estates were forfeited in 1716, the rents, or a portion of them, continued to be remitted to the exiled Earl. The tradition of the part borne by Colonel Donald Murchison in this affair is told at length in the recently published History of the Mackenzies, and its truth is generally substantiated in the report of General Wade. The position of affairs as regards Lewis is lucidly described, up to 1721, in the following letter of Zachary Macaulay, which also contains interesting information concerning Lewis at that date :—

"STORNOVA, *February* 22nd, 1721.

"GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 16th January I received upon the 8th of February. It's not practicable to conveen the tennents of the Lewes att such a season as this; but I shall take care that the contents of your letter be communicated to them all att their respective dwellings. I beleive ye know, without my information, that my Lady Dowager of Seaforth meddled with the cropt one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, and Colonel Alexander M'Kenzie[1] with cropts one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, seventeen,

[1] Of Applecross. "He joined the Earl of Mar in 1715, and was lieutenant-colonel in Seaforth's 1st Regiment, for which he was attainted of high treason, and the estates forfeited to the crown." His son, Roderick, "in 1724, re-purchased the estate of

eighteen, and nineteen, either by himself or his doers. None has meddled with cropt one thousand and twenty.

"For the ordinary method of payments of the Lewis rents, please know that the rental consists of four branches (whatever mistake Glenkindy may have been in), viz., money, meal, butter, and mutton. The three last branches were punctually received in their seasons. As for the money branch, ther was very little of it paid in cash. But in the monthes of October and November, cowes were raised and slaughtered, and the beefe sent to such mercats as the managers thought fit. Then in January, February, &c., aquavity was received for a considerable pairt of the money rent. In short, there was hardly anything the ground produced that was not received in its season, and after all, a Whitsonday clearance, even for one cropt, was never yet gotten in the Lewes.

"I know no effects now in season (or that can be expected before May or June) but meal or some aquavity, and for the meal, being it's a little dangerous to leave it in the hands of the tennents, and that others more responsable may need it, I'le make bold to raise as much of it as the tennents may handsomely spare, and be answerable att a day for it. The aquavity they may delay to your own arrival. The nixt product is milk cowes in the month of May. These for the most pairt may be sold within the island. Thereafter, in June and July, driveing cowes. How to dispose of them, yee know much better than I.

"As for resistance or disobedience, ther is no danger att all, ther being no spot of ground in Great Britain more effectually disciplined into passive obedience than the poor Lewes Island. But I assure yee shall find one rugged hag that will resist both King and Government, viz., Poverty.

"It's possible that this account from a person in my circumstances may seem disingenuous; but I only intreat that yee intertain no wrong impression that way but suspend your judgements till time and your own experience determine that matter, and accordinglie pass your verdicts upon the report of, Gentlemen, your humble servant, ZACHARY M'AULAY."

"To Mr William Ross of Easter Ferne and Mr Robert Ross Baly of Tane."[1]

Murdo Du Macaulay the Robber.—This Murdo Du was of the Clan Macaulay in Lewis; he was a man of violent temper and dissolute habits, for which he

Applecross from the Court of Enquiry for £3550."—Mackenzie's "Hist. of Mackenzies," pp. 444, 445.

[1] Original Letter in Seaforth Forfeited Estate Papers in Register House, Edinburgh.—Fraser's "Earls of Cromartie," vol. i. pp. xxxix., xl.

was obliged to leave the island, when he associated with a band of highway robbers, with whom he continued for seven years. During this time he met with many hazardous adventures, as may be supposed. It was the custom for the robbers to go in pairs; and the two robbers took day and day about to plunder on the highway, unless the number of the travellers or the prospect of a large booty required that both should fight.

On a day Murdo and his companion were looking out from the brow of a hill, from which they had a clear view of the high road, when they saw a young man coming along with a wallet on his back. Murdo said to his companion: "This is your day for plunder; go and see what that young fellow has got in his wallet." "No, not I," said the other robber, "he is not likely to have anything worth having in his wallet; besides he may be a widow's son;[1] at any rate I will not molest him this day." But Murdo, although it was not his day for plunder, ran down the hill and said to the young man: "Stop; what have you got in your wallet?" "Nothing of yours," was the answer. "But I must see what you have got there." "Not while I have a sword to protect myself and my goods," said the young man. They drew their swords, and fought, but the fence of the young man was so superior that he quickly drove the sword out of Murdo's hand and brought him to the ground. Murdo begged for life; the young man drew the back of his sword along Murdo's neck, and said, "Now, villain, I might have your life, but I despise taking it, though I do not think many would let you go." By this time Murdo's companion had joined them, when they all sat amicably down to take refreshment; the young man told them he was the son of a widow, and that his wallet contained a small venture of goods which had been advanced to him by a merchant at Perth.

During the time that Murdo was with the robbers they took shelter one night in an unoccupied wintering-house, in which there were deers' horns stuck into the walls to serve for pegs to hang clothes and other things upon. The robbers struck fire, and killed a goat which they had brought with them for their supper, and when it was cooked the meat was divided among them. One of the party was endowed with a supernatural instinct, by which he could divine the future by looking through a shoulder-bone, and he, after a searchful gaze at the shoulder-blade of the recently killed goat, called out that before the goat's flesh was all eaten one of the party present would be dead. On hearing this, one of the robbers, who had not eaten all his allowance, but had hung up what

[1] I suppose there is a superstition that it is "uncanny" to injure a widow's son.

he did not then want upon a horn, rose up and said he would make sure of eating his share; but he tripped against a stone in rising, and falling against a deer's horn, a tyne pierced his eye to the brain, and he fell dead.[1]

Murdo Macaulay after his defeat by the widow's son came back to Lewis. Zachary Macaulay was then Chamberlain of Lewis, and he allowed him to build a house at *Buaile na Cuaich, i.e.*, Cuckoo-Park, or the Cattle-fold of the Cuckoo. A pedlar came to Stornoway, and he engaged Murdo Du, as guide, to go round the country with him, but the pedlar was never seen in life again. Mr Zachary made the villain flit from Cuckoo-Park, when he went to Enaclet, by Loch Roag, and there he married. John Oig Mor Campbell was then tacksman of Scalpay, in Harris, and he had a large herd of cattle on the moor. The herdsman missed one of them, and Mr Campbell, taking twelve strong men with him, went in search of it. They followed the track of the cow as far as Gislay, on the west side of Loch Roag, where Donald Bain was the sole tenant at that time. They searched his house, but nothing was seen to raise suspicion, although the track of the beast could not be traced any further. Murdo Du lived at the next farm, and thither they went. When they entered the house Murdo was away, but his wife was there. Mr Campbell said he was going to search the house for his cow. On hearing this the wife went and placed herself in the doorway of the barn, and declaring she was pregnant, she said they would have to pass over the dead body of herself and unborn child before they should enter the barn during the absence of her husband; and she threatened them with a fearful retaliation if she sustained any injury. Mr Campbell did not force his way, but went on to Kneep, to the house of a respectable man, Murdo Macaulay, otherwise *Mac Mhurchaidh Chaoil*, who made him welcome. Mr Campbell told of his adventure, when Mr Morrison said that Murdo Du was such a desperate villain that, although he had stolen the cow and had it in his barn, yet it was likely he would come there to avenge the affront of attempting to search his premises. Macaulay then looked out for a strong staff and laid it by him where he sat. At length Murdo appeared at the door and saluted the company. Mr Macaulay, to whom he was related, asked him if he was going to sit down. But he had come there to avenge on Mr Campbell the offence which had been put upon his wife, and attempted to spring on Mr Campbell across the fire. Mr Macaulay, however, stopped him with the strong staff, and ordered the villain out of the house or he would have him banished out of

[1] *Cf.* Brand's "Popular Antiquities," vol. iii. p. 339.

Scotland. Murdo made for the door, but turned and said that before Campbell and his party got back to Harris he would make them pay dear for their trip to Lewis. But in order to avoid Murdo, Mr Campbell and his men were ferried over to Linshader, and in that roundabout way got back to Harris without molestation.

The Rev. Aulay Macaulay, Minister of Harris.—This reverend gentlemen was the fourth in descent from the renowned Donald Cam. Mr Aulay's father was Dugald, whose father was Angus, who was killed at the Battle of Aultdearn. Dugald is known in tradition as *Fear Bhreinis*, *i.e.*, the Man (Tacksman) of Brenish, and many songs and stories are told of his feats of strength, such as that he could rear a large six-oared boat on end by himself.

The Rev. Aulay Macaulay was no doubt born at Brenish in 1669, and died in Harris April 1758. He was admitted minister of Tyrie and Coll, 24th July 1702; of Harris, 6th October 1712. He married Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Morrison, Stornoway, 5th September 1718, by whom he had fourteen children; she was born 13th May 1702, and died March 1771.[1]

Mr Aulay was much esteemed for his piety, benevolence, and conduct, but as he was rigorous in administering church-censure without distinction of rank he was sometimes crossed by the delinquents. One of his parishioners, Donald Macaulay, was accused of paternity by a woman in Harris, but he thought, as he was the friend (that is, relation) of the minister, that he would not be put to the shame of sitting on the stool of repentance; but Mr Aulay would not show any lenity in his case, and Donald had to submit to the disgrace in the face of the whole congregation.

On the Sunday on which Donald had to undergo church-censure there were five women who had likewise to stand at the same time and place as Donald. The minister directed all these women and Donald to stand up, and addressing Donald, he said: "What have you done that has caused you to be subjected to the scandalous situation in which you find yourself this day?" But receiving no reply, he repeated the question in a more determined tone of voice. "Answer me, sir, what is the crime which has been the cause of your standing before

[1] Genealogy of the Macaulays, MS. The Rev. Aulay Macaulay is named in the scandalous Rev. John Lane Buchanan's "Travels in the West Hebrides," p. 76. There is not the least reason for supposing that there ever was any connexion between the Lewis Macaulays and the Macaulays of Ardincaple. The latter appear to be descended from the family of Lennox, and are now largely represented in Ulster. *Cf.* Hill's "Macdonnells of Antrim," and "Plantation of Ulster."

this congregation?" "What crime?" exclaimed Donald; "why, the very same crime for which your father and grandfather have had to stand in a like situation;" and turning to his paramour, he said, "Come by me, woman, for if there are any strangers in the church they might go away and tell in Lewis, or in Uist, or in Skye, that I had been guilty with the whole five." This speech so disconcerted the minister that he quickly closed the proceedings.

Mr Aulay had a kirk-officer who was called Tormod Cleireach, or Norman the Clerk, a Maciver from Uig, who was a clever man and a good poet. Whenever Mr Aulay went to visit his friends in Uig Norman went with him. Once when they were going there Mr Aulay walked very fast, and Norman got tired with keeping up with him, and of carrying his bag, so Norman pretended to be ill, when the kind minister relieved him of the bag. Soon Norman was unable to go any farther and laid himself down on the ground. As night was coming on Mr Aulay took him on his back and carried him a mile and a half. They were then within half a mile of the house at Brenish; Norman then confessed he had played a trick on the minister, and hoped it would cause him to walk a little more leisurely in future. Mr Aulay merely told him not to say anything about it.

When they were turning home to Harris again they both got very tired with their long day's travel, and towards evening sat down to rest by a spring on the hill of Luskentire. They were both very hungry, and as Norman had some *graddan*[1] in his bag, which his mother had sent to his wife, he mixed some with a little water and made two large lumps. They began to eat with much eagerness, and when Mr Aulay had made tolerable progress with his *cnap*[2] (lump) up jumped Norman and addressed some advancing travellers with "Your most humble servant," and "How do you do?" Up sprang Mr Aulay in a hurry, throwing away the remainder of his *cnap*, but there was nobody there. Mr Aulay set off home as fast as he could, and the next day remonstrated with Norman about his tricks; but he excused himself by saying that he was

[1] "Graddan" (Martin's "West. Isles," p. 204). "I have often seen the above speedy mode of making bread of what was only standing corn a very short time before in Harris, and both bread and meal are much sweeter to the taste than what is kiln dried, which is called *mín an tireadh*, or *min thireal*, or corn-meal,"—MS. In Shetland it was called "bustin-meal," and the bannock I tasted of it seemed as if it had been made of sawdust.

[2] It is still a custom to give a *cnap* to a poor and hungry visitor; sufficient water is mixed with oatmeal to form a lump; *voilà tout.*

afraid the minister was wasting time, and he wanted him to proceed on his journey.

There was a meeting of Presbytery at the house of Macleod of Bernera, Harris, which was attended by the Rev. Aulay Macaulay and his faithful kirk-officer, Norman Clerich. The ministers' servants had a room to themselves, and got beef and broth for their dinner. There was then the custom of *Lettrimaid*,[1] that is, the beef and broth were both placed on the table together in the same large dish or bowl. It happened that Norman was one day late in coming to dinner and his greedy messmates had eaten all the meat, but they had not begun on the broth for it was scalding hot. Norman came in, and finding that his share of the beef had been eaten he lifted the large bowl of broth and poured it over them. The screams of the scalded lads brought everybody to the spot, but Norman went off and hid himself under some hay in a barn. The next day Norman left his retreat, and defended himself before the assembled clergymen with so much spirit that he was excused. Mr Aulay was afraid he would still go on with his tricks, for, being born a bard, he was allowed to do almost anything he liked.

Norman Clerich was retained as kirk-officer till Mr Aulay died, and the minister on his death-bed desired that his much beloved friend and servant should, when he died, be buried beside him ; and the two rest together immediately within what was the door of the church, and on the right hand side as you enter. Mackay, the late kirk-officer strictly enjoined his son to preserve the memory of the spot where the old minister was buried, that he might be able to point it out with certainty to those who might wish to know it.

The history of the leading family of Macaulay, from this time, is easily accessible in the volume of Sir Charles Trevelyan, and in many other sources. We have traced them here from lawlessness and bloodshed to the peaceful ministrations of Christianity ;—and a little further on they are holding high positions in our eastern empire or in England. And so it has been with nearly every Highland clan : forced by an economical necessity to leave the lands of their ancestors, they have distinguished themselves in arts, but more particularly in arms, until their names are familiar to all the world. It is not long ago that a clan was a community of which its chief had all the power of a king ; the *Daoine-uaisle*, or

[1] I cannot find this word elsewhere.

gentlemen, were the aristocracy; and the *Tuathanaich*, or tenants, were a class too indolent to work without compulsion, and too ignorant to know that they were oppressed. Each was necessary to the other, for there was no right but might, no law but force. All that is changed now. Let anyone look over the valuation roll of the Highland counties and they will see how few of the families retain their ancestral properties, and the class of gentry who held their lands under the chiefs, is altogether gone. Even the tenants and crofters are on the move, and when education is diffused among them they will no longer be content with the life of weariness and poverty they now endure. Various causes have brought about this unfortunate condition in the Highlands and Isles, but although they cannot be passed by without regret, no room is left for their discussion in this already lengthy article on the "Traditions of the Macaulays."