by a knot of narrowest ribbons, in harmony with the other colours. Two of these pincushions, which I saw at a bazaar, were as follows: — A poppy-head painted a rich heliotrope or pansy, trimmed with ribbons and cushion of primrose silk; another painted a dark slate-colour with crimson accompaniments. Bronze-green and pale pink would also look well.

A linen cover for a tea-cosy is a useful article to make in these days when a cosy itself is often a costly and elaborate piece of work, only fit to serve for "state purpose," and too precious to be lightly used. How well do I see with my mind's eye one such perfect piece of work on satin, water nymphs and riverside scenes in painting and embroidery mixed, too beautiful for fingers to touch! A choice cover for such a thing of beauty, keeping it a "joy for ever," may be made by taking pieces of white linen, slightly larger than the cosy sides it is to fit over, and working thereon a design in Mont Mellick embroidery, which is now so popular, and rightly too. The pattern may be worked with white linen thread, or white mixed with light blue, and the cover made up in the ordinary way. Of course this will wash and retain its new appearance.

Readers who have friends in far-away lands over the great and wide sea will be glad of a hint of something which is often acceptable, and is so light in weight it can travel in the home-letter. It is a name, worked in satin stitch on a little band of silk, suitable for stitching inside an overcoat or other garment. I have made many for a brother in the far West, and they have been always appreciated.

ELEANOR E. ARCHER.

# THE LAND OF LORNE.*

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S., ETC.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

THOSE who laughed with Professor Aytoun over the "Glenmutchkin Railway" thirty years ago may see the realisation of the project which then excited their mirth, as they are whirled across Argyllshire and through the Land of Lorne. The objective point of the railway—although it is not now known as the "Glenmutchkin" line—is Oban, variously called the Charing Cross of the Highlands and the Brighton of Scotland. To most tourists Oban is known only as a halting-place for the night, and a starting-place for somewhere else. All the lines of Highland coaches and steamers radiate from Oban, which during the season, at early morn, and again at dewy eve, is daily the scene of almost frantic bustle and excitement, as train upon steamer, and steamer upon coach, pours its stream of tourist-life upon the shores of the beautiful bay. But we go not with these, who in the haste to cover distances and to complete a programme of tour miss all the bountiful harvests that a quiet eye may reap in dallying by the way.

What is the nameless charm which binds for ever to the West Highlands anyone who has once felt its influence? It is not altogether one of scenery, although that is magnificent. It is not altogether one of physical sensation, although the atmosphere is invigorating and the mountain odours are delicious. It is not altogether one of climate, although even the mists and rains are dear to the healthy lover of Nature. It is all these, and something more. There is a psychic spell, an irresistible spirit of the past, which pervades the present and suffuses the whole region with romance. Even the shriek of the locomotive as it rushes down the winding incline of Glencruitten—to the disturbance of the soul of Professor Blackie—cannot break for us the mystic charm which envelops these Western hills and lonely moors and wine-dark waters. Perhaps the flying steam-ribbon, as it undulates down the mountain-side and along the valley, might provoke the enthusiasm even of the phlegmatic Boswell, who has little more to say of Oban, where he and the great Doctor halted during their famous tour, than that it has "a good inn."

A good inn! what would the shade of the amiable "Bozzy" think if he were to re-visit this place now, and find no fewer than thirty-two fully equipped hotels, some of them of enormous size? It is a town of inns and lodging-houses, for, as Professor Blackie sings in his joyous fashion:—

"Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands."

But old Samuel Johnson felt none of that nameless charm to whose spell we succumb. He saw no beauty in these mountains; he looked at the rivers only to see if they held fish for food, not for sport; he compared the royal stags with the English fallow-deer; he even spoke disrespectfully of the size of the waves; and while he praised the politeness

* The illustrations to this paper are engraved from photographs by Messrs. Valentine and Son, Dundee.

of the Highlanders, he condemned their language as the rude speech of a barbarous people, who have few thoughts to express, and are quite willing to be misunderstood. The worthy Doctor believed in grammar, but not in tradition. He acknowledged the Gaelic language as a fact not to be disputed, but he obstinately refused to believe in Gaelic poetry, which is the fount and essence of Gaelic romance. The glamour of the land where Fingal lived and Ossian sang was not for him. And as for the language—well, Samuel Johnson may have been right, but it is well to remember that another lexicographer gravely wrote that "in the islands of Argyllshire every word is pronounced just as Adam spoke it."

This was said with much assurance, but it has been more than once seriously contended that Gaelic was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden, and, of course, everybody knows the proud boast of the Macnab Clan, that at the time of the Deluge they had a boat of their own.

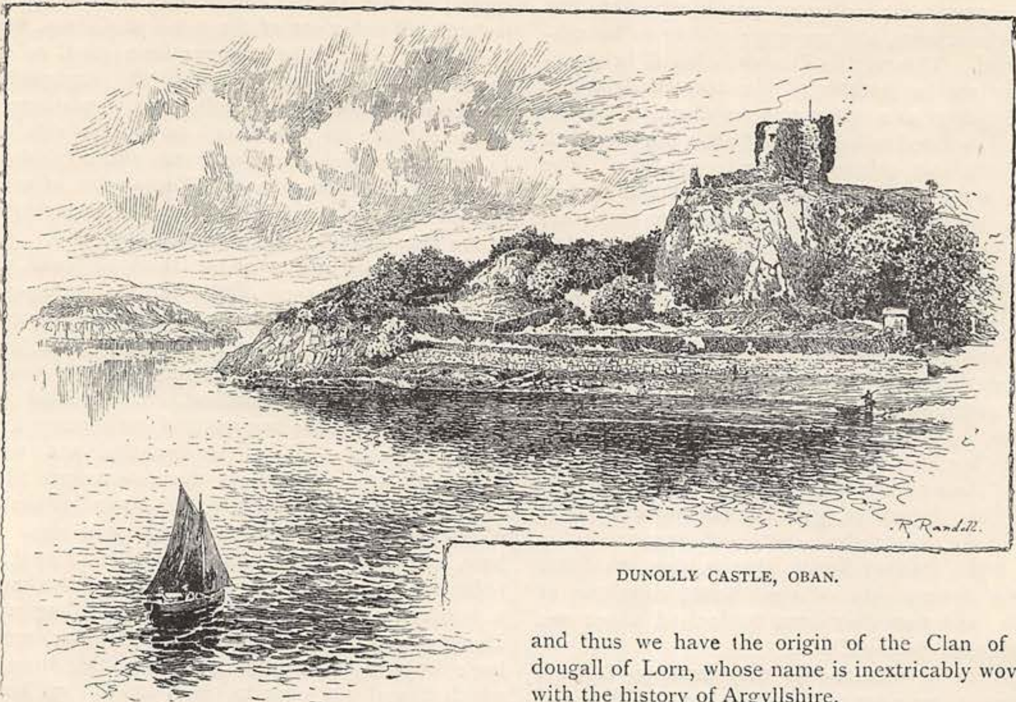
The Eden theory is, perhaps, not so wild as it seems, if we accept the traditional account of the origin of the Dalriad Scots: that is, that the Scots were the descendants of one Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, and that they came to Ireland about one thousand years before Christ.

Whenever or whence-ever they came to Ireland, they began to ooze out and dribble over to Scotland early in the Christian era. But the first definite settlement of a colony of Scots in what is now Scotland, but was formerly Alban or Albion, was in the year 503 A.D. Then it was that Fergus, son of Erc, left Erin, and with his two brothers, Lorn and Angus, settled in the western portion of Argyllshire. They parted the land among them, and to Lorn and his sons fell the district still called after his name. The capital of the Dalriad Scots was on Dunadd, the isolated hill rising out of the moss at Crinan, which the tourist sees as he changes from canal to swift steamer at that famous junction. The stronghold of the Lorn tribe was at Dunolly, at the northern entrance of Oban Bay, where still an ivy-clad ruin adds to the picturesqueness of the scene, and reminds one of the days that are no more. These ruins, of course, are not those of the Irish-Scot, but of the stronghold of the Macdougalls, who succeeded him.

The historical interest of the Land of Lorne, then, is that it was the scene of the earliest settlement of the Scots in Scotland. And over the whole territories called Dalriada, Lorn and Fergus reigned jointly until the death of the former, and thus Lorn was one of the first kings of Scotland. Oban itself is a modern place—in the beginning of last century it had only one house—but in this beautiful and world-renowned bay—beloved of yachtsmen and adored by poets and artists—Lorn had his boats and the huts of his followers nearly fourteen centuries ago. And here, too, must for a time have lived Fingal, the father of Ossian, the King of Morven, and the hero of a hundred songs—for in the avenue leading up to Dunolly Castle you may, even to this day, see the huge isolated pillar-rock called the Dog-stone, to which Fingal was wont to chain his famous hound, Bran.

Pass on to the heights of Dunolly, and from there, as you gloat over the incomparable beauty of the surrounding scene—the spreading waters of the Firth of Lorne, the stately outlines of the hills of gloomy Mull and misty Morven, the verdant slopes of long Lismore, "the garden island," the woods and hills of

SHEPHERD'S HAT AND SOUND OF MULL, OBAN, BY MOONLIGHT.



DUNOLLY CASTLE, OBAN.

Benderloch, and the gem-like setting of the bay below you closed in by the island of Kerrera—you may recall a thousand legends and romances. It was up this spreading Firth that the mighty sons of Uisneach sailed, with their ships and followers, to make a new home for themselves on the shores of Loch Etive, just round the point on our right. This was a second Irish invasion of Scotland, but it was a peaceful one, for with the heroic chiefs came the lovely Deirdre, who has been well called the Celtic Helen, whose memory greets you everywhere in Celtic poetry and in the place-names of this romantic region, and whose story is one of the most beautiful of the traditions of that dim and distant past. Deirdre is the Darthula of the Scottish Celts, and the invocation of Ossian at her tragic death is beautiful :—

"Awake, Darthula, awake ! thou first of women ! The wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, O Sun ! The daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty, she will not move in the steps of her loveliness."

These ruins beside us are said to be twelve hundred years old ; but tradition is vague. Some time in the twelfth century, however, there came sailing down the Firth from the north the Norwegian fleet of Somerled, Thane of Heregadiel, with whom were his two sons, Dugal and Reginald. What had become of the descendants of Lorn we know not, but Somerled settled here, and gave to Dugal a territory on the mainland, of which the capital was Dunolla. Dugal's sons, after the Celtic fashion, became Macdougalls, and thus we have the origin of the Clan of Macdougall of Lorn, whose name is inextricably woven up with the history of Argyllshire.

Looking up the Sound of Mull yonder, we gaze in the direction of Ardtornish Castle, although we cannot see it. Those who have read "The Lord of the Isles" do not need to be reminded that the opening scenes of that romantic drama occur in Ardtornish, and that among the leading characters are the Chief of Lorne and the fair Edith, "Maid of Lorne."

Between us and Mull, and near the end of Lismore, is a remarkable rock projecting out of the water. It was to that rock that the cruel Maclean of Duart, whose castle is just beyond, chained his wife, a daughter of the Chief of Lorne. After the rising tide had, as he thought, drowned her, he invited her clan to a mock funeral. But they had rescued the Lady of Duart, and waited for vengeance. Thomas Campbell tells the story in his poem of Glenara :—

"O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier."

The lady's kinsmen came, and they followed the coffin in silence, much to the chief's annoyance.

"Why speak ye no word ?" said Glenara the stern.
But when they reached the burial-place—

"O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn

"'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream.'

"In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn."

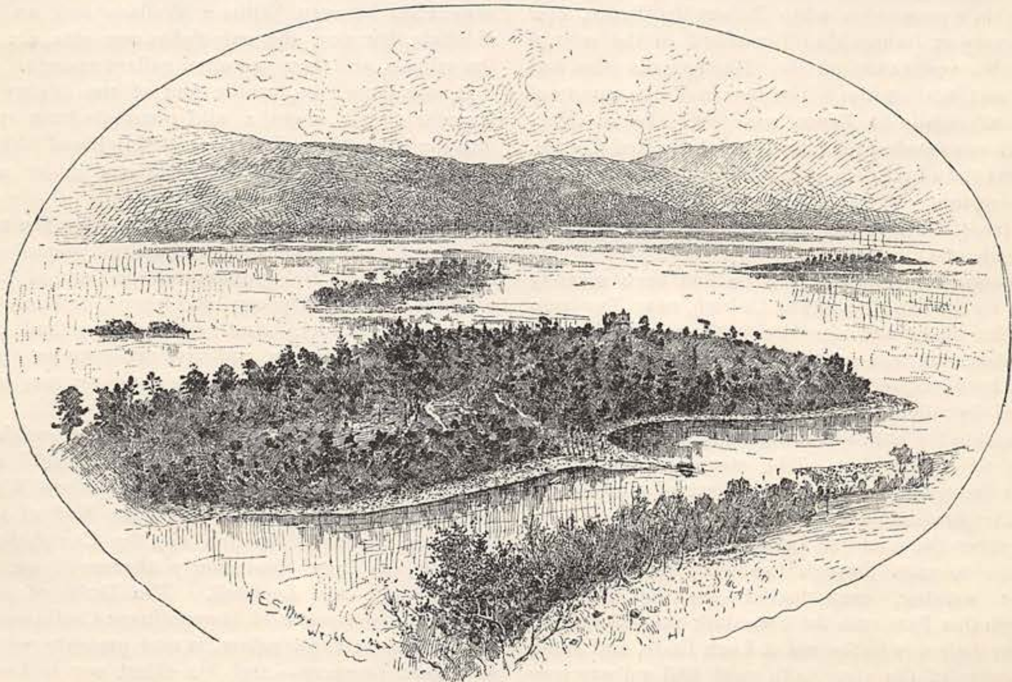
Down this Firth of Lorne, also, once came sailing Alexander II. of Scotland, on his way to subdue the Western Islands. A storm came on, and shelter was sought for the ships under the lee of the island of Kerrera. There the king fell ill, and was carried ashore to the island, where he died in a hut, the site of which is to this day known as *Dalri*, or the King's Field. The story goes that when the king lay sick, three men appeared to him in a vision—one in royal robes, with red face and a terrible aspect; the second young and beautiful, and magnificently dressed; the third of immense stature and fierce countenance. These were St. Olave, St. Magnus, and St. Columba, who came to demand the king's intentions about the islands. On hearing that he meant to conquer them, they advised him to return home; but he neglected their warning, and of course died. Then his body was carried away to the Lowlands, and was buried at Melrose Abbey.

The Land of Lorne is bounded topographically by Loch Leven on the north, and Loch Melfort on the south, but Loch Etive divides Lorne from Upper Lorne. What is now generally meant by the Land of Lorne is the district between the long stretch of Loch Awe and the sea, the northern border of which we may roughly take to be the Pass of Brander, the River Awe, and the shore of Loch Etive from Ben Cruachan to Dunstaffnage Castle.

Dunstaffnage is just round the point, a couple of miles or so from Dunolly, and is both a beautiful and a comparatively extensive ruin. The traditions about this pile are endless. By one account it was built in the first century of the Christian era. By another, it was the site of the capital of a kingdom long before the Romans came—of a land where the kings lived in great splendour, surrounded by Druids, and poets, and physicians, and men of learning. Perhaps these kings are mythical, as Skene the historian asserts, but at any rate Dunstaffnage is believed to have been once the seat of some Pictish and Scottish princes or kings. Whether or not it was the palace of the first kings of Scotland, here, it is said, was formerly kept the famous coronation stone, "the palladium of Scotland." From here it was taken by Kenneth II. to Forteviot, in Perthshire; from there to Scone; and from Scone it was carried by Edward I. to Westminster, where it may still be seen.

If the Westminster stone be really the Dunstaffnage stone, then its history is a memorable one. According to the Celtic tradition, this stone was Jacob's pillow when he slept on the road to Padan-Aram. From Syria it was carried to Egypt, and was there used by Gathelus as a judgment-seat in the time of Moses. How it got out of Egypt traditions do not agree, but the most popular story is that Scota, Pharaoh's daughter before mentioned, brought it with her to Ireland. There the Irish kings were crowned on it hundreds of years before Christ, and on the hill of Tara it stood for centuries as the "Stone of Destiny."

Afterwards, it was brought by the Dalriad kings to Albion, and placed in Dunstaffnage, where, according to the story, it must have remained for over a thousand years. The later tradition—for it cannot be a Celtic one—is that wherever this stone is found a



THE ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE.

PASS OF BRANDER.

Scottish sovereign will reign, and this prediction is supposed to be verified in the case of her present gracious Majesty, who, by the female side, is a descendant of the House of Stuart.

At what period Dunstaffnage became a stronghold of the Macdougalls of Lorn is not quite clear, but it was in their possession when Robert the Bruce, after his victory at Bannockburn, marched to the west to wreak his vengeance on the Macdougalls who had taken part against him. The reason of the enmity of the Macdougalls to Bruce was that Allaster Macdougall was married to a daughter of the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce—an incident utilised by Scott in the opening of "The Lord of the Isles." Bruce drove back the Macdougalls and took possession of the Castle of Dunstaffnage.

Previous to this, however, Bruce had been severely beaten by the Macdougalls at Dalrigh, near Tyndrum —on the bleak and desolate high ground beyond Loch Awe. It was on this occasion that The Bruce was so hard pressed by the Highlanders that he only escaped by unloosening his plaid and leaving brooch and plaid in the hands of a wounded Macdougall who sought to capture him. The story is told by Sir Walter Scott, and is made the subject of a minstrel's lay in Ardtornish.

To enter the Land of Lorne from the outer world, one has to pass through the wild, dark—and, in gloomy weather, even fearful—Pass of Brander. Through this Pass rush the deep dark waters of Loch Awe, on their way to the sea at Loch Etive, and along the margin of the river both road and railway now run. And just where the railway now crosses the river, Robert the Bruce in 1308, in his invasion of the Land of Lorne to revenge the defeat at Dalrigh, met the Macdougalls, and utterly routed them in a bloody battle. From here he passed on and laid siege to Dunstaffnage.

There is also a tradition of a terrible combat in this very Pass between William Wallace and an Irish chieftain, but now the only fights one sees are with the salmon, and these are often gallant enough.

It was here, too, at the foot of the mighty Ben Cruachan, just where a wild mountain-burn rushes into the River Awe, that Scott's "Highland Widow" lived. See, there is the very old oak under which Elspat sat!

Here we are in the dividing land between the magic beauty of Loch Awe, with its hundred wooded isles, and the wildness and grandeur of the Land of Lorne, with its glamour of poetry, and legend, and romance, and tragic history. And yet we have had but a glimpse of its wonders, and have not even yet arrived at Loch Awe. Perhaps another time we may return to this lake of legend and loveliness.

In conclusion, we should add that the lordship of Lorne remained in the Macdougall family until about the middle of the fifteenth century, when Walter, Lord of Lorne, exchanged it with the Earl of Argyll for more territory. In this way the Campbells got the title, as they also shortly afterwards got both Dunstaffnage and Lochnell. The Duke of Argyll is hereditary Keeper of Dunstaffnage Castle—which, as an ancient royal palace, is now properly regarded as Crown property—and his eldest son is Lord of Lorne.