



TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VI.

1876-7.



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*Evelyn Stewart Murray,
from her Mother*

Jan. 1st 1888

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THE GAELIC SOCIETY
OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VI.,
YEAR 1876-7.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailean a' Cheile.

PRINTED FOR THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS,
BY THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER AND PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY (LIMITED),
AND SOLD BY JOHN NOBLE, JAMES H. MACKENZIE, JAMES MELVEN, AND
WILLIAM MACKAY, BOOKSELLERS, INVERNESS;
AND MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

1878.

PRINTED AT "THE HIGHLANDER" OFFICE, INVERNESS.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Office-bearers for 1877	vii.
Constitution	viii.
Introduction	xiii.
Fifth Annual Assembly	1
Reasons why Gaelic should be Taught in Highland Schools— H. C. Gillies	23
Annual Dinner of the Society—Annual Report—Speeches by Professor Blackie, Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., Wm. Jolly, M.A., H. M. Inspector of Schools, Charles Stewart of Brin, John Macdonald, Charles Innes, solicitor, Colin Chisholm, H. C. Macandrew, John Murdoch, Rev. Mr Maclachlan, &c.	27
The Authenticity of Ossian—Rev. Dr Hatley Waddell	63
Remains of Ancient Religion in the North—R. G. Tolmie	88
The Collecting of Highland Legends and the Necessity for Collecting them now—Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltearn	102
The Cosmos of the Ancient Gaels in its relation to their Ethics—Donald Ross, M.A., H. M. Inspector of Schools	120
Gaelic Competition at Drumnadrochit	149
Early History of the Glen and Castle of Urquhart—Wm. Mackay, solicitor	152
The Clearance of the Highland Glens—Colin Chisholm	174
Honorary Chieftains and Members	189
List of Books in the Society's Library	199
Gaelic Song —Mrs Mary Mackellar	205

The Gaelic Society of Inverness.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

YEAR 1877.

CHIEF.

Professor Blackie.

CHIEFTAINS.

Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road.
Colin Chisholm, Broadstone Park.
Hugh Rose, Solicitor.

HONORARY SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor, Church Street.

SECRETARY.

William Mackenzie, "Free Press" Office, Inverness.

TREASURER.

Geo. J. Campbell, Solicitor, Castle Street.

COUNCIL.

John Murdoch, "The Highlander" Office, Inverness.
Lachlan Macbean, Hill Street.
Charles Ferguson, Raigmore.
John Noble, Castle Street.
James Fraser, C.E., Castle Street.

LIBRARIAN.

Charles Ferguson, Raigmore.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Alexander MacIennan.

BANKERS.

The Caledonian Banking Company.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an run a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanama iomlan 'sa' Ghailig ; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd ; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad ; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd ; coir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion ; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn, agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh :—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an chomhthoirt ; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhì dligheach, feumaidh trì buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Phaidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' Cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, trì far-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Runaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn ; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects, admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and if he or she have a majority of votes, and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachdain o thois-each an Deicheadh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-ladeg o thois-each Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'Si a' Ghailig a labhair-each gach oidheche mu'n seach aig a chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh⁷iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun acntachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas a t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic speaking Members on the roll ; but if any alterations be required due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth ; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

IN issuing the present Volume, the Publishing Committee avail themselves of the opportunity of congratulating the members of the Society on the success which has attended the Society's labours during the past year. At the same time, they observe, with pleasure, that they have now many able coadjutors in the Celtic field in different parts of the country—more especially in the large cities of the South.

The work in which the Society has been engaged during the period that has elapsed since Volume V. was issued to the members has been crowned with all manner of success. The Annual Assembly and Annual Dinner have been everything that could be desired—large and enthusiastic audiences gathering on each occasion to honour themselves by patronising the patriotic meetings of their country.

The establishment of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University is now almost an accomplished fact. The sum of £10,000 which Professor Blackie set himself to collect has been in his hands long ago; but before taking steps towards the appointment of a Professor it was thought desirable to raise £2,000 additional—to have a capital of £12,000—in short, to have such a capital as would yield a salary of from £500 to £600 per annum to the Professor, independent of fees. That sum will soon be raised, and it is believed the Celtic Professor will be discharging his duties during the session of 1878-9.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., has succeeded in getting the Education Department to place Gaelic on a more equitable footing in the Schools of the Highlands. Since he entered Parliament he made special efforts every session to get Gaelic recognised in the Scotch code of Education; but until the session of 1878, he was

unable to attain that desirable object. Since the publication of the code of that year, he has prepared a statement relative to the concessions made, and we cannot do better than give it here. It is as follows :—

Tenor and Effect of the Scottish Education Code for 1878, as regards the Gaelic Language.

“Formerly the only reference in the Code to the Gaelic language was in these words—‘In districts where Gaelic is spoken the intelligence of the children examined under any paragraph of his Article (19) may be tested by requiring them to explain in, Gaelic the meaning of the passages read.’ Practically this came to nothing, for the teacher getting no remuneration had no call or object in teaching Gaelic.

“In the Code for 1878, there are two additions. First, Article 17 (i.) bear that ‘The income of the school is applied only for the purpose of public or State aided schools ;’ but it is explained in a foot-note thus :—‘This may include part of the salary of an organizing teacher, or a teacher of Gaelic, drill, cooking, or any other special subject, employed by the managers of several schools.’

“The effect is, that the ordinary school funds and rates may be applied by the School Boards towards paying teachers of Gaelic according to the importance attached by the Boards to instruction in that language, and which will, no doubt, vary according as Gaelic may or may not be the prevailing language.

“Second, Under the head of Government grants for attendance to day schools, Article 19 c. 3, there is attached a foot-note—‘Gaelic may be taught during the ordinary school hours, either by the certificated teacher or by any person specially appointed for the purpose.’

“There is no limit to the time per week within which Gaelic may be taught. This is left to the discretion of the School Boards, who should deal with each school separately, and fix times suitable and appropriate. Supposing that in the matter of hours, equal to one day out of five is devoted to Gaelic, one-fifth of the Government attendance grant, varying as children pass Standards 2 and 3, or all up to 6, would then be earned by Gaelic.

“It is to be hoped that as the concessions now made were attained with difficulty, all School Boards where the Gaelic language prevails, will at once proceed to work out the amended Code, and give the subject full and fair trial.” “C. F. M.”

We have also to add with pleasure that the Messrs Nelson, of Edinburgh, are issuing their "Royal Readers," beautifully illustrated, in Gaelic and English combined, to suit the requirements of the new Code.

Celtic books are appearing from time to time, in different parts of the country. Mr W. F. Skene, has now published two volumes of his learned and exhaustive work, "Celtic Scotland." Professor Rhys, of Oxford, has just issued a volume of Celtic Lectures, which has been cordially received by the English press.

Celtic music is being cultivated with enthusiasm. Mr Logan of Inverness has published two collections of *Ceol Mor* and other Highland music both of which have met with a ready sale. Mr H. C. Gillies, in 1877 published a small collection of Gaelic songs with music in the sol-fa notation, which, we are informed, sold well. During the same year Mr W. S. Roddie, A.C., and Mr Lachlan Macbean, Librarian of our Society, published a collection—"Orain agus fuinn Ghaidhealach"—of Gaelic songs with translations, and music also in the sol-fa notation. The edition was a very large one, but in about six months it was all bought up. *The Highlander* gives a Gaelic song with music in the sol-fa notation every week; while the *Celtic Magazine* presents one monthly with music in the old and new notations. These facts are ample evidence of the present popularity of Highland music.

Altogether, the Committee have every cause to congratulate the members of the Society on the present flourishing condition of the Celtic World.

21 UNION STREET, INVERNESS,
March, 1878.

TRANSACTIONS.

FIFTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Fifth Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness took place in the Music Hall, on Thursday, 13th July, 1876, and was one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The hall was crowded in every part; and, as the audience assembled, the piper of the Society, Pipe-Major Maclellan, discoursed Highland music on the bagpipe in excellent style. Professor Blackie, Chief, presided, and was supported on the platform by—Provost Simpson, D. Davidson of Tulloch, Bailie Macbean, Bailie Davidson, Bailie Noble, Bailie Macdonald, Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Inverness; Dr Stratton, Devonport; Messrs Donald Davidson, Drummond Park; W. Jolly, H.M.I.S.; Alexander Dallas, Town-Clerk; Colin Chisholm, Namur Lodge; D. A. Macrae, Fernaig; D. Campbell, representative of the Ossian Club, Greenock; D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; and Dr Forbes, Viewfield.

The Chief stated that apologies for absence had been received from various gentlemen, and he called on the Secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, to read their names. These were as follows:—Dr Charles Mackay, Professor Masson, Major Lyon-Mackenzie, Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness; Captain Macdonald, Ben-Nevis; A. Mackintosh Shaw, London; Colonel Mackenzie of Parkmount; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; D. Cameron of Clunes; H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.; General Sir Patrick Grant, Bart.; D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore; W. Mackenzie, Ardrross; J. F. Campbell of Islay; G. Malcolm, Invergarry; Cluny Macpherson; Colonel Ross of Cromarty; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart.; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Prof.

Geddes, Aberdeen; Captain Fraser of Balnain; C. S. Jerram, Oxford; John Mackay, C.E., Shrewsbury; K. Murray of Geanies, and Principal Shairp, St Andrews.

Principal Shairp wrote:—

“There are few things I should have more enjoyed than to have taken part in your gathering on the 13th July. But I regret to say that I have engagements which will make it impossible for me to go north at that time. I hope that your Society, besides stimulating patriotic Celtic feeling, aims at doing something intelligent and deliberate towards preserving the natural spirit of the Highlands and adapting it to the altered circumstances of modern life. With regard to economics, might not something be done by the Society towards preserving or rather restoring small or moderately-sized farms throughout the Highlands—such farms as the more industrious of the native population might occupy, instead of having the whole country made over to a few vast sheep walks, possessed by Lowland and probably absentee farmers, with here and there on the shores and loch sides and moors, fringes of half-fed native crofters? Your Society might not be able to do anything directly. But if they would try to turn men's thoughts that way, and to show how more of the native people might be maintained, in comfort to themselves and benefit to the country, by a better and more considerate distribution of holdings, this in time would have a practical effect. The views I advocate are those which I learnt long ago from the Rev. Dr Macleod of Morven, than whom no man has a larger knowledge of the Highlands, and a deeper love for the Highlanders. There are many other objects which I have no doubt your Society promotes—such as the preservation of the vast stores of native music and collection of the Gaelic lyrical poetry. Another very interesting question is the religion of the Highlanders, as it was from the days of St Columba all through the middle ages; and the changes which it has passed through since the Reformation. This wide and deeply interesting field which your Society has before it, I hope it may be enabled to cultivate wisely and well.”

A party of young ladies, led by the Honorary Secretary, sang “Air faillirinn illirin uillirin, O,” and were cordially encored. Thereafter,

The Chief addressed the Assembly. On rising he was received with enthusiastic cheers, which were again and again renewed. After a few preliminary observations, he said—It appears to me that, if the Celtic societies and Gaelic clubs of Scotland are to

exist in any style that goes deeper than kilts, and dinners, and after dinner speeches, or vespertine addresses that they ought principally to aim at three things—(1) They ought to declare war most distinctly and emphatically against that monstrous and abnormal system of managing Highland property, which has created so much misery in these trans-Grampian regions, a system of which, judging by its results, the grand inspiring principle seems to have been that a country is then to be considered most prosperous when the population of the rural districts has been reduced to the minimum, and the facilities for non-resident proprietorship raised to the maximum. Whoever acts, or has acted, on such principles, by whatever motives induced, whether from that eagerness to gather gold, which is willing to snap all social bonds and disown all social obligations; or from the perverting influence of narrow theories of political economy, placing the prosperity of nations in the amount of accumulated material wealth, rather than in the physical and moral health of the inhabitants; or in any other way from the general habit of over-riding and crushing the weaker part of the community, which is the besetting sin of the strong—for all majorities are apt to be tyrannical—from whatever cause in any district the systematic depopulation of whole tracts, and desolation of our most beautiful glens, has proceeded, or may be now proceeding, in the Scottish Highlands, we hold it our most sacred duty in the name equally of humanity and religion, and Celtic patriotism, and British policy, to protest against such high-handed selfishness, and such pernicious infatuation. We know how the Divine command originally sounded—*be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it!* and we are not able to understand why this command should be applicable to all parts of the world, only not to the Scottish Highlands. We are perfectly aware that the Highlands of Scotland are comparatively a poor country, and cannot be expected to maintain a flourishing peasant population to the same extent as the more favoured fields of the south. No doubt, also, there exists in the heart of the Highlands, as in most mountaineers, a passionate love of country, which may have led them sometimes to prefer starving in their own country to becoming rich in Canada or New Zealand. We consider it, therefore, a duty of landed proprietors to make such regulations in regard to the tenure of property as will render an excessive subdivision of small farms, and a creation of a pauper peasantry impossible; as it is also the duty of the Government, in co-operation with the local proprietors, to establish such a machinery as will enable a certain portion of the population to hive off,

when it has become impossible for them to live in comfort at home. But emigration is one thing, and depopulation another. A wise forester thins the trees ; but it is the hot sirocco that dries up their juices, and the rude blast that tears up their roots. We believe that a substantial peasantry is the backbone of a nation's strength ; we know that no peasantry, whether in the peaceful fields of labour, or in the bloody strife of the battle, ever behaved with more loyalty and more manfulness than the Highlanders. We glory in the character and in the achievements of our Highland regiments—regiments which, in the days of their most brilliant exploits, were made up mainly of the sons of our Highland peasantry ; and we must weep, not only as Highlanders, but as men, and as members of society justly feel indignant, when we see that the sons and grandsons of these noble defenders of our national interests, and worthy representatives of our national character, have not always been kindly cherished by their natural protectors, as they ought to have been, but, in not a few cases, rather neglected and disowned ; flung away like weeds, carted off like rubbish, and, sometimes, even systematically exterminated. Of course we are too wise to indulge in vehement declamations against any class of society ; we know that the greatest social evils are often caused by a combination of unfortunate influences, which bear people along like an under-current, causing them not only to ruin other people without meaning it, but even to commit suicide on their own best interests. But we know also from history that in the movements of great classes of men there has always been manifested a tendency of the strong to trample on the weak ; and we say that somehow or other, since the unfortunate flash of misguided loyalty in 1745, the strong have trampled down the weak in many parts of the Scottish Highlands, and the results are what we see—the Highlands without the Highlanders ; the kilt without the body ; the body without the soul. Now, it is against this sad state of things that the Gaelic societies of Scotland are called upon to protest, and not only to protest, but to use their influence by effective word and deed, wherever they may have opportunity ; and I hereby do, in their name, solemnly protest against all manifestations of such anti-social tendencies from whatever quarter they may proceed. We desire to send it forth with no uncertain sound that we consider it the first duty of every proprietor to maintain upon his property as great a population as is consistent with their comfort and with the rational management of property ; and with this view to map out his estate in such a way as that by the due admixture and just balance of large and small farms with

their natural complement of crofters, all the elements that belong to a healthy rural society shall be preserved; and we make this protest, not as sentimentalists or speculators, but as practical men in the interest of the British nation, which will be the worse and not the better for the extermination of the Celtic peasant; in the interest of our Army and Navy, which was always best served by heather bred men; and in the interest of the labour market, which is now suffering not a little under the action of a diminished rural population. And we make this protest, as we hope, at a particularly favourable moment, when we are beginning to feel, in not a few ways, the pinch caused by the infatuation under which our great proprietors have too often acted; and at a moment when that right noble gentleman, the Duke of Sutherland (God bless him!) is showing to the world on a Titanic scale, that whatever others do he, for one, will act on the conviction that the existence on his property of a numerous and prosperous peasantry will surround his head with a halo more glorious than that which encircles the brow of the brightest saint in the calendar. There are some land improvers who, when any project for the good of the district is laid before them, in the first place always ask will it pay? and if the scheme is not likely to pay, that is to yield profit to them immediately in the shape of base gold, they will have nothing to do with it. Such questions may, with propriety, be put by land merchants and land speculators; but our aristocracy have special representation in the House of Lords, not as land merchants, but as protectors and cherishers of the population. The Duke of Sutherland plainly knows this, and acts as a man who feels that two per cent. return, with the love of his people and the respect of all wise men, is better than ten per cent. with the curses of one class and the contempt of the other. But while the Gaelic Society looks upon the peasantry as the main strength of the Highlands, it is very far from looking with jealousy on the rights, privileges, and rational recreations of the upper classes. I, for one, have always been an enthusiastic advocate of field sports of all degrees, from the boyish delight of burn-trouting to the aristocratic triumphs of deer-stalking. If the existence of a numerous and hardy mountain peasantry contributed in so great a degree to the fame of the British soldiers all over the world, the practice of grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and other field sports contributed no less to the education of the British officer. There were deer forests in the Highlands before the '45, and those who loved the Highlands best—as Duncan Ban, for instance—were

generally the best deer-stalkers. But what I, as an individual, object to, and what I think all Gaelic Societies should emphatically object to, is that deer-forests in any district that historically supported a happy human population should be so extended, so cultivated, and so protected, as to make the maintenance of a peasantry a secondary consideration, or rather a thing by all means, in every decent way, to be got rid of. We assert with emphasis, not only as Highlanders, but for the public interest, and as a matter of plain policy, that the care of all Highland proprietors in districts which are not absolutely wild, bare, and incapable of improvement, should be for the people in the first place, and only after them for the deer and the grouse. As little have I, as an individual, or the Gaelic societies in general, any unconquerable aversion to sheep. Sheep are the best stock in certain places; and it was a wise policy which introduced sheep farming on a more extensive scale into the Highlands; but what we object to, exactly as in the case of deer-forests, is that this particular method of Highland farming should have been pursued to such an excess, with such a headlong speed, and such a blind infatuation, as to have, in not a few places, actually annihilated the object for which all Highland farming exists, viz.—the existence of a well-conditioned and well-distributed Highland peasantry. We will not believe that mutton cannot be provided for Glasgow merchants and Edinburgh lawyers except by the expatriation of all our honest Highlanders, and the farming out of whole districts to a south country sheep-merchant who does not belong to the country out of which he sucks his wealth. We do not believe in the economical benefit of a few gigantic farms without population; and as to absenteeism in every shape, we hold it to be a plain dereliction of duty in those who habitually practice it, and the bringer of blight and barrenness to those unfortunate districts which by such dereliction are deprived of the superintendence which naturally belongs to them, and the fostering care, which from the dependent position of their inhabitants, they are entitled to claim. The second thing to which the Celtic societies in Great Britain ought to devote special attention is the moral and intellectual improvement of the Highlanders; and in this department, also, we shall find that blunder has been heaped on blunder, and offence upon offence, even more glaring, and if possible even more pernicious, than in the domain of physical well-being and material interests. All who have considered this important matter seriously—and I wish that our zealous improvers of the breed of cattle and sheep would look a little more closely into it—must be

aware that the postulate of all good, intellectual and moral training for Highlanders, lies in the wise use of their mother tongue, combined with a thorough study of English. The necessity of the first element has from time immemorial been loyally recognised within the elevating region of the Christian pulpit; as long as Gaelic sermons are preached in Highland parishes the Highlanders will have good reason to say that they are a peculiar people, and not grudged the enjoyment of that spiritual nutriment which suits them. But as a citizen of the British Empire, every Highlander was entitled to claim that he should be thoroughly trained in the general language of the Empire, the language of business, and a language which, when acquired, would unlock to him the highest treasures of knowledge to which he was entitled to aspire. To afford this advantage to the poor Highlander situated in remote and unfrequented parts of the Empire, a liberal and well appointed school machinery would have been necessary; but it is a known fact that in this department the Government and governing classes of this country so shamefully neglected their duty, that it was practically impossible for a great number of Highlanders to be able to read either their Gaelic or their English Bibles. In not a few places no teaching was provided; what could be got was got not from the authorities—but from the extraordinary exertions of apostolic ministers and benevolent ladies. In some places English was learned as Latin is learned in bad classical schools; it rumbled about the ear, but never stirred the heart, much less took any grip of the brain. This arose partly, no doubt, from the inefficiency of ill-paid teachers, being, in fact, the necessary result of hasty and superficial work; but it arose also from the systematic neglect of the modern tongue, which was neither used as the natural avenue to the hearts and brains of the pupils, nor as the most effective stimulus to the intellectual acquisition of English. The notion indeed that the mother tongue is of no use in school training, and should be altogether discarded in the region of intellectual culture—however inconsistent with any true ideal of a Highland education—has prevailed to a large extent among the Highlanders, and has done as much harm to their moral and intellectual character, as the illegitimate intrusion of deer-forests into the natural domain of the crofter, or the mania for monster sheep farms, has done to their physical well-being. And if in the matter of deer-forests and sheep farms, it may seem natural for the Highlander to mutter his curses chiefly against the Lowland stranger (though I do not think that these curses are in all cases levelled against the prime offenders), it

is on the other hand undeniable that for the neglect of the teaching of their own language in schools, and for the disgraceful fact that a great proportion of Highlanders can read neither their Gaelic nor their English Bibles in any proper fashion, the Highlanders themselves are the party principally to blame; and the Highlanders of all classes, I fear, from the highest to the lowest. It is to be regarded as a great social misfortune that so very few of the Highland proprietors take any thought of the pleasure and privilege of being able to speak in the kindly accent of the mother tongue to the people, by the sweat of whose brow, and the labour of whose hands, they hold their position in the social economy of the country. It is a well known fact, that so far from doing their natural duty in this matter, and cultivating a close and familiar relation with the tenantry, not a few of the best proprietors—perhaps the majority of them—systematically taught their children to avoid the mother tongue lest they should corrupt their English! And when in addition to this would-be genteel snobbery, teaching them to disown the kindly accents of their mother tongue, the organ in which so much noble lyric poetry has been expressed, and even now is being expressed, they got into the habit of sending their sons to England for education (at a time, too, when education in English schools and colleges was as shallow and as hollow as it possibly could be!), it was only natural that the future lords of the inheritance of the Macleods and Macdonalds should return to their Highland homes with nothing Highland about them but the kilt on a show day, and a piper with naked legs and puffed cheeks strutting before the door at stated hours. The upper classes in the Highlands were, with a few noble exceptions, systematically denationalised; and the middle classes, where a middle class existed—for the old tacksmen wisely took flight when they saw that they were to be overwhelmed by the invasion of the shepherd kings from Tweedside—the middle classes, with the flunkeyism which in an aristocratic country naturally clings to them, were not slow to follow their example. Even the ministers of the Gospel who, one might have thought, should have been above such worldly-minded views and such aping of the fashions of the rich and powerful, were found in their own manses teaching their Highland daughters to sing to the piano, anything rather than the patriotic strains and the manly sentiments of their own great bards. Gaelic was vulgar; Alastair Macdonald was not known in Belgravia; and Tennyson was fashionable; and the minister's daughters had an ambition to be, not what God made them, noble Highland women,

but fine London ladies, and that was enough. Even the ministers themselves—some of them at least, I fear—were base enough to wish Gaelic dead, in order that they might have a better chance for a rich Lowland living, and not be laughed at when they went up to Edinburgh, on account of the use which Highlanders sometimes make of their nasal organ in speaking! With all this baseness and servility and lack of a healthy self-esteem among the upper classes, it is no wonder that the poorer classes, though they still cling obstinately to the Gaelic, and love to say their prayers only in the mother tongue, became in many cases practically indifferent to their Gaelic Bibles, and were content to submit to have the Highland soul sucked out of them by a Lowland schoolmaster who had been at the University forsooth, and could spell through an ode of old Roman Horace in a lame sort of way, but who knew no more of the Gaelic Bible and of the Gaelic Bards, and of everything that a Highland teacher ought specially to know, than he did of Chinese. Thus Gaelic was gradually extruded from its natural place in Highland schools; and the Lowlander, who believed only in himself, and the supposed divine mission of the Teut to trample out the Celt on all the public platforms of Highland life except the pulpit, triumphed gloriously. But we have not yet come to the worst. The death warrant which the Highlanders had been thus preparing for their own language and literature, was to be signed by the law; and the mother tongue, which before had only been fashionably neglected, was now to be legally banished from the schools. A code for Highlanders, proposed by a conclave of red tape educational *doctrinaires* in mighty London, could not be expected to recognise such a vulgar thing as a Gaelic Bible or a Gaelic song-book. Red tape is not fond to recognise local feelings or local rights; it delights in the monotony of a central rule. Mighty Metropolitan Nimrods, indeed, who swarm in the Houses of Commons and Lords, might easily obtain from the highest imperial authority a recognition of deer in glens where men used to be, and of grouse on the unfenced moors; but a recognition of the right of the poor Highland cottar to be taught to read his own Highland Bible in his own Highland school was never dreamt of. The law protects the rich; but the poor protect themselves, and go to the wall. That was the plain English of the matter. By the Education Code a bribe was held forth to the poor schoolmaster that he should teach English and not teach Gaelic, even when he was able. And thus we may certainly say that the London Code—for it was forged in London, though it has

now put a Scotch coat on for the nonce—and the Scottish School Boards, which carry out its principles, are burying the Highlanders alive, whence death will necessarily follow ; for a people never can live when the language has been taken from them in which all their heroic traditions and all their noblest inspirations are embalmed. Without Gaelic the Highlander will be a Highlander no longer ; he will not only be lost as a special type of the Briton whom history and poetry combined to honour, but he will be humiliated and degraded, as in fact he has been in a great measure already. His education, divorced from the fine emotional inspiration that flowed from his rich popular poetry, will become hard and square, and unlovely—what we are accustomed to call utilitarian—that is, an education useful for the acquisition of things external—the material and tangible and bodily—but useless for reaching those fountains of living water from within, which, when properly stimulated, pour themselves forth in streams that irrigate and fertilise and make fragrant and beautiful our best men. What then, we are now bound to ask, can the Highlanders do, now that their language and their nationality have been systematically disowned by the educational authorities of the country ? What can the Highlanders do—those of them at least who believe in themselves, and have not already become diminished and degraded editions of John Bull ? What can they do to keep themselves alive a little longer, and, if they must die, at all events to die standing, and like true Highlanders ? There is only one device to save them from total obliteration. What the Government won't do for them, let them do for themselves. If schoolmasters must be bribed in this mercenary age and in this mercantile country, let us bribe them to be good Highlanders. Let all Gaelic societies set apart annually a portion of their funds for an increase of salary to the schoolmasters who teach Gaelic, and for prizes to the best Gaelic readers. This could easily be done. But the way will not be found unless there be a wish and a will—a warm wish, and a firm will, and a will altogether—there lies the difficulty. If the best half of the Highlanders are already in Otago and Canada and Melbourne, and if one half of the other half is altogether Saxonised or in various ways sold to the Saxon, what can the poor remaining half of the residuary half do ? That is your province to consider. I am a Lowlander, and can only give advice. If you are not fit to lead yourselves in this matter, you are not worthy to be led at all. The third and last matter to which the Gaelic societies should direct their attention is the proper equipment and

utilisation of the Celtic Chair about to be established in the University of Edinburgh. This Chair, for which the subscribed funds now amount to above £8500, is sure to be set at full work in a very few years, if it were only by the natural increase of the paid up fund; though I must say in passing, now that a Celtic Chair has already been founded in Oxford, with £600 a-year as salary, it will be a thing not particularly creditable to the Caledonian intellect if this event do not take place within a twelvemonth from the present date. But, however that be, the practical result of the established Chair will depend very much on the determination of the Highlanders themselves to do justice to the exertions of the professor in expatiating scientifically on the language, poetry, history, and antiquities of the great Celtic family in these islands. One thing that the professor will have to do is to see, in the first place, that the preachers of the Gospel destined for Highland parishes shall be trained to the idiomatic and elegant use—after the model of the great Macleod, the author of the *Teachdaire*—of the language of the people. Another important matter is that the same class of persons, viz., the ministers, shall be taught to estimate the poetry and literature of the language in which they preach in a more liberal fashion than they have done hitherto, and from what I hear, have been accustomed to do. There must be no narrow-minded preference for sermons, and *Dan Spioradail*; no illiberal squinting at Duncan Ban because he was a gamekeeper, or Alastair Macdonald, that he was a Papist. Then the young men who study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, must be taught that their own Gaelic is in many respects, as a language, not less worthy of attention, and particularly presents a most interesting array of linguistic facts that have not yet received the attention which they deserve from the comparative philologers. A similar training will prepare the Highland schoolmaster for the more effective discharge of his duties; for there cannot be a doubt in the mind of an intelligent educationist that a scientific knowledge of the mother tongue will be an instrument of the most admirable power, in the hands of a teacher, who is teaching Highland young persons, English or Latin, or any language. In this as in other matters judgment is formed by comparison; and the mother tongue in this regard presents a large and rich and an accessible field of culture, which nothing else can compensate, and which only a shallow sciolist, or a narrow pedant will despise. And in order to achieve these results which will naturally proceed from the Celtic Chair, it will be necessary to

attach to the professorship some half dozen of bursaries—scholarships, or fellowships, as they are called in England—to enable destined schoolmasters and preachers to travel, and study not only in the Highlands, but in Wales, in Ireland, and in Bretagne, and the Isle of Man, whatever belongs to the topography, antiquities, poetry, traditions, and history of the various Celtic peoples; and at the same time to acquire by studying under the great foreign scholars a standard of excellence in philology far transcending what they have been accustomed to be satisfied with at home. All this will tend to restore to the Celt in some degree that position in the intellectual world which, by his own neglect and misfortune, rather than by the fault of others, has been hitherto denied him. One other remark I wish to make in conclusion. I think if the Highland Societies mean to do anything effective in the way of stimulating Highland life, Highland sentiment, and Highland prosperity, they should unite and form one great association for the purposes of common action. I borrow this suggestion from a series of admirable papers in the last year's volume of the *Gael*, entitled "Levers to Elevate our Peasantry," signed Machaon, which I recommend to the serious consideration of all true lovers of the Highlanders. What such an association might achieve, I am not wise enough to prophesy; but I know that union is strength; I know that combination and organisation have done great things in other domains; and if the Highlanders are not altogether depressed, dispirited, and degraded, I do not see why it should not be able to do something for them also.

During the delivery of his address a Gaelic telegram from Mr Mackay, Shrewsbury, congratulating the meeting, was handed to the Professor. The telegram was read among the plaudits of the audience—the Professor adding that John Mackay was "one of the noblest and best men alive." The Professor was frequently cheered as he delivered his address, and resumed his seat amidst deafening cheers.

Miss Maclernan sang, with her usual good taste, "The Flowers of the Forest." The Highland Fling was then danced most gracefully and vigorously by Mr Angus Gordon, Abernethy. Mr Donald Graham, Glasgow, followed with a Gaelic song, "Beinn Nibheis," and elicited the warm applause of the audience, an *encore* being demanded and responded to. Miss Westland next appeared, and sang "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" very sweetly and pleasantly.

Mrs Mary Mackellar, Edinburgh, the Bard of the Society, was then introduced. She recited, amid cheers, the following poem composed by her for the occasion :—

“ COMHRADH EADAR AM BARD 'S A CHLARSACH.

“ *Am Bard.*

“ A chlarsach ghaoil, O ! c' uime nochd,
Nach cluinn mi uat ach osna throm ?
'Nuair b' aill leam luinneag bhi gu binn
'Seirm feadh gach coill, is machair lom.

“ O mosguil, a Chlarsach na Tuath !
Cha b' e do dhual' chas caoi-ran broin,
Is toinnidh mis' umad iadh-chrann,
Min-fhraoch nam beann is canach loin.

“ Is tric a mhol thu le h-ard phone
Na mic shonna a thoill do rainn,
Duisg is seinn do 'n Chomunn chaomh
A tha an diugh na d' aobhar cruinn !

“ Is iomadh sar bhios cruinn a nochd,
'S an comhradh ard mu thir an fhraoich,
Tir nam beann 's nan gleanntan aigh
Is tric a dh' araich na sar-laoich.

“ An comhradh biun mu chainnt nam Fiann
Leam is miann bhi 'g eisdeachd riu,
Is pioban tartrach le binn cheol
A' toirt na tim a dh' fhalbh dhuinn dlu—

“ A' dusgadh fearalachd 's gach sonn ;
Is baintighearnan, le fonn neo-ghann,
A' deanamh gairdeachas le h-aoibh
An cuimhneachan nan saoi a bh' ann.

“ *A' Chlarsach.*

“ A nighean ghaoil, gur mor mo run
Do Chomunn ur nam fiuran treun ;
Mar bhata do laimh an fhir aosd'
Tha comhnadh nan laoch dhomh fhein—

“Iad dhomh mar bhraonaibh ciuin a’ Mhaigh,
A bheir caoin-bhlath air lus is geig ;
Mar ghathan soluis na coinnle,
A bheir drills’ air soillse na leug.

“Mar aiteal grein do’n duine thinn,
Mar chopan fion do’n chridhe fhann,
Tha na Comuinn so, toirt beath as ur
Do chlarsach bha tursa feadh bheann.

“Ach cha sheinn mi luinneag a nochd,
’S air caithream ard cha dean mi luaidh,
’S ann tha mi ri mulad ’s ri caoidh
Mu thir mo ghaoil ’s mu chlann mo shluaigh.

“Thig leamsa gu Beinn Nimheis ard,
’S a ris gu Beinn Fhuathais an fheoir,
Is ma tha faireachduinn na d’ chri’
Chi thu na bheir uat do threoir—

“Na bothain chleachd bhi air gach raon,
Is gu dlu mu thaobh nam beann,
’S fuar an teallaich ’s fad air faontraidh
An dream ghaolach chleachd bhi annt.

“Far am biodh mnathan caoin-gheal, grinn,
A’ togail am maothrain a suas,
Gu ceatharna fhoigheantach laidir,
Bu ro mhath a phaigneadh an duais.

“Gu ursannan catha nach geilleadh,
Ged a bhiodh an eiginn cruaidh ;
Bu smior iad an cnaimh nan ceann-feadhna.
Ged ’se nochda sgeul mo thruaigh !

“Nach fhaicear an clann air na raoin,
No ’n oigridh na’n sgaothan ’s na glinn ;
Is luinneag buana, bleothain, no luaidh
Cha chluinnear o ghruagaichean grinn.

“Dream mhor gun fheinealachd, gun cheilg,
’S na’n rioghalachd bu choma leo
Ged a mharbht’ an teaghlaich ’s iad fhein
Na’m biodh an cinn-fheadhna beo !

“ Cha chluinn mi ’nochd an tìr an fhraoich
 Ach coin is caoraich, ’s glaothaich Ghall,
 ’S cha ’n ioghnadh mis’ a bhi ri’ caoidh
 ’S mo theud a bhi gu h-aobhneas mall.

“ *Am Bard.*

“ Is ioghnadh leam fhein do chainnt,
 A chlarsach ghrinn nan teudan oir,
 Ged is sgapt’ tha sliochd nam fear
 A thogadh creach ’s a leanadh toir.

“ Cha choir ga d’ phone-sa a bhi tursach,
 Is uaibhreach a dh’fheudas tu seinn,
 ’S lionmhor, ainmeal feadh an t-saoghail
 Sliochd na laochraidh bha na d’ ghlinn.

“ Cha’n eil ni bh’ann ri m’ linn fhein
 Do ghnìomh euchdach, a sheinneadh Bard,
 Anns nach robh pairt ga d’ chloinn air tus
 A’ cosnadh cliu is urram ard.

“ Bha Sir Cailean le Ghaidheil threun’
 Riamh buadh’ar ’san streup mar bu dual,
 Le ’m pioban ’s am brataichean sroil
 ’S an claidh’an mor is goirt a bhuaill !

“ Ach cha ’n ann ’sa chogadh a mhain
 A choisnear deadh chliu le do shuinn,
 Ni mo ’s ann a direadh nam beann
 A shealg an daimh ’s na h-eilid duinn.

“ Ach an cogadh a mhaith ris an olc,
 Na’n treun ghaisgich churanta mhor,
 A’ claidh luchd fairneart anns gach tìr,
 ’S a’ cumail neart ri luchd na coir.

“ A’ giulan soluis gu duthchan cian
 ’S a measg fhineachan a b’ fhiadhaich greann,
 Mar ghathan oir troimh na dubh-neoil
 An casan gloir-mhor air gach beann.

“ An t-ollamh Duff sa chiabhan liath
 Na ’n coron sgiamhach air an treun,
 Sar ghaisgeach an cogadh na firinn—
 ’S tha am mili’ ud leat fein.

“S am Muileach, Daibhidh Mac Dhunleibhe,
 Mar reul na maidinn 'san tìr chian,
 Thriall e troimh neoil is deuchain gheur
 A dh-innseadh gu'n eirèadh a' ghrian.

“Mar abstol ard bha e do'n t-sluagh
 Nach cuala mu fhlaithneas no Dia,
 Is bhriseadh leis cuibhreach an trailh
 Mu'n d'fhalbh e gu Parais an Triath.

“Dh' fhag e mar dhileab g' a dhuthaich
 Cungaidd a chur ris a lot chruaidh,
 Slabhruidd an truaghain a bhristeadh
 'S a thoirt gu meas a measg an t-sluaigh.

“S an t-oigfhear a chaidh mach 'na lorg
 Feadh fineachan borba tìr na grein,
 Is Camshronach o Lochaidh e,
 Meangan ard dhe d' chraobhan fein.

“S tha air do chul na dh'innseas deas
 Do bhuidhean 's a sheasas ard-chuis
 Do dhaoine, do dhuthcha 's do cheol,
 O'n Bhanrigh mhoir is caomha gnuis.

“S Ceann-feadhna gaoil a Chomuinn aigh
 A sheinn sinn, a chlarsach nan teud,
 An t-ard-fheallsanach, Blackie nam buadh,
 Ceannard uasal measg nan ceud !

“Nuair tharruingeas e 'chlaidheamh le smachd
 Is niarachd mac bbios dhuit na namh ;
 Is ge b'e labhras foil mu d' thir
 Bheir e chri' dha 's a dheas lamh.

“Mìle failte do'n Cheann-fheadhna !
 'S do Chomunn greadhnach tìr an fhraoich,
 Tìr thuathach nam fearaibh laidir
 A bhios, mar bha iad riamh, na'n laoich !”

The party of young ladies then appeared and sang the old favourite boat song, “Fear a' Bhata.” And here it may be mentioned that the ladies forming this party were :—Miss Young,

Huntly Street; Miss Forbes, Clachmaharry; Miss Mackintosh, Douglas Row; Miss Sharp, High Street; Misses Mackintosh, Drummond; Miss Flora Matheson, Denny Street; Miss Mary Macrae, Hill Street; Miss Macdonald, Castle Street, and Miss Mackay, Drummond.

The next speaker was the Rev. Alexander Macgregor. He said—Fhir-shuidhe Urramaich,—Cha bleag an toil-inntinn, ach a's mo na sin a' chomain a bhuilicheadh air Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so, le bhi ga d' fhaicinn a' cur maise air a' chaithir sin, air am bheil thu 'n ad shuidhe air an fheasgar so. Tha 'n dainhealas, an cairdeas, agus an deagh-rùn leis am bheil do chridhe air a dheachdadh a thaobh nan Gaidheal, 'n an nithe air am bheil deagh-fhios againn uile—agus 'n an nithe a ta 'dusgadh suas teas-ghradh a' Chomuinn so do d' thaobh! Ged tha fuil nan Gall 'n ad chuislibh fein, gidheadh, tha thu 'deanamh gach spairne 'n ad chomas chum an fhuil sin a dheanamh ni's deine agus ni's deirge, le deagh-fhaile fallain agus fìorghlan nan gleann agus nan garbh-chrìoch Gaidhealach. Ged nach deachaidh agad fatasd air saill, no sult, no reamhrachd a chur air na enamhaibh cruaidh sin a rugadh leat, gidheadh, tha thu ullamh, ealamh, susbainneach, subailte, chum gach cuis agus cleachdadh a bhuineas do na Gaidheil athleasachadh. Is mor am feum a ta aca air Fear-tagraidh co *dich-iollach, dian, dealasach*, ris-san a ta co freagarrach 'n a shuidhe air an ceann an nochd. Saoghal fad' agus deagh-bheatha dha! Is solasach an ni gu'm bheil an Comunn so, bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a' dol ann am meud. Tha na buill aige a' fas, a chuid 's a chuid, ni's lionmhoir'; tha na ruintean agus na cuspairean a ta aige 'san amharc a' soirbheachadh ceum air cheum—agus tha gach deagh-run agus dochas a nochdadh air tus m'a thimchioll, air am fireanachadh eum na cuid a's fhaide. Cha'n 'eil an diugh cinneach fo'n ghrein a's airde eliu na na Gaidheil. Gun ghuth a thoirt aig an am air an gaisge, an euchd, agus an treubhantais ann am builsgan gach cruadail anns an robh iad anns gach cearnuidh dhe'n t-saoghal—tha na Lunnainich fein a' toirt dearbhaidh a nis air a' mheas a ta aca air danaibh, ceol, agus bardachd shliochd nam beann! Faicibh gach cruinneachadh a bha o cheann ghoirid ann am Priomh-bhaile na rioghachd, far an do lion an Comunn Gaelach cridheachan nam bantighearnan Sasunnach le toil-inntinn gu'n choimeas, 'n am doibh a bhi 'g eisdeachd ri "Gu ma slan a chi mi mo chailin dileas, donn" agus ri oranaibh eile dhe'n ghne sin! Tha sin uile taitneach, agus ro thaitneach do 'n Chomunn cheanalta againn fein, a rinneadh suas le buill a ta

measail agus uasal, treibhdhireach, agus cliu-thoilltinneach ! Gu robh buaidh leo, oir tha na cuisean cianail agus cruaidh gu'm biodh na Gaidheil a bha riamh co dileas agus treun ann a bhí 'dionadh na rioghachd anns gach linn, air an sarachadh agus air an claidh, mar a tha iad air an la 'n diugh. Tha iad air an greasadh leis na Goill ann an crìochaibh cumhann ; agus tha na machraichean agus na glinn anns an d' aruicheadh iomadh curaidh gaisgeil agus calma, air an fagail a nis aig na feidh, agus aig na cearcan-fraoich ! C'ait am faighear a nis an laochraidh gharg, agus na fir chuimear, chalma, cheanalta sin, a bha 'nam milltibh ann an aireimh, deas aig gach gairm, gu dol a mach fo 'n ceannardaibh crodha, a chogadh an aghaidh naimhdean na rioghachd ? C'ait am faighear iad sin a nis ? Ma shiubhlar air feadh nan gleann agus nan garbh-chrìoch anns an d' aruicheadh na seoid sin nach tionndaidheadh an cul ri caraid no ri namhaid, ciod a chithear an diugh ? O an sealladh bronach ! Cha'n fhaicear a thall agus a bhos, ach aos-laraichean nan aros anns an d' rugadh iomadh treun-ghaisgeach, air an lionadh leis na cluaranaibh, an eanntagach, agus le brogan-na-cuäige ! Sealladh gun teagamh bronach ! Am fann agus an ialtag a' gabhail comhnuidh ann am fardaichibh nam flath sgiamhach, a chuir an teicheadh air gach naimh an aghaidh an deachaidh iad riamh a mach. Togaidh gach cearnadh dhe 'n t-saoghal fianuis air fearalas agus euchd shliochd nam beann Albannach. Cha dichuimhnichear gu brath an gaisge anns an Eiphit agus anns na h-Innsibh—anns an Spainn agus an Fhrainge—agus anns gach crìch dhe 'n talamh, anns an robh iad ullamh, ealamh, mar ghrad bhoisge an dealain, chum na naimhdean a sgiursadh gu braighdeanas no gu bas ! Ach, mo thruaigh ! tha na cuisean air an atharrachadh. Tha'n laochraidh so a nis air an ruagadh mar na cearcan-coille air na beanntaibh, agus air am fogaradh do thiribh cein. Tha na feidh agus na caoraich bhana an diugh ag ionaltradh air na raointibh far an d' aruicheadh gaisgich a bhios iomraideach am feadh a mhaireas eachdraidh an t-saoghail ! Tha gach Comunn Gaidhealach a' deanamh an dichill chum na truaighean so at-leasachadh, ach cha'n 'eil an obair soirbh. Tha'n *t-Ard-Albannach* fein a' dol gu 'dhulan le' bhonaid leathainn 's le bhreacan-an-fheile, chum a luchd-duthcha a theasairginn. Tha caraid dian eile 'sa bhaile so le leabhnan miosail fein, co treun 'sa dh'fheudas e air taobh nan Gaidheal. Tha e co tairis, cruaidh as an leth ris 'v' chabar-feidh sin a ta aige mar shuaicheantas. Tha'n leabhnan aige a' boisgeadh soluis a mach mar shradan teine á cloich chum a luchd-duthcha a theagasg, agus a shoillseachadh le Gailig agus le Beurla ! Agus

am measg nan Galla fein, gheibhear cuid aig am bheil speis agus eò-fhulangas da'n taobh; ach cha'n 'eil a h-aon 'n am measg gu leir a ta co dian, deethasach, daimheil, ris an Ollamh Blackie, ar Fear-suidhe urramach air an fheasgair so! Tha oibre-san follaiseach, agus mairidh iad an uair a bhios sinne gu leir 'n ar duslach agus 'n ar laithre. Is Uachdaran Gaidhealach an t-Urramach foghluinte, oir cheannaich e seilbh-fearainn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd agus bu ro mhaith leis a bhi 'na Cheann-cinnidh—ach cha'n 'eil fios agam ciamar a thigeadh e dha breacan-an-fheile a chur uime, agus osain ghearra a spadaidh air na casaibh caela sin. Tha eagal orm gu'm bheil a' choluinn agus na calpanna mò's cael—ach biodh sin mar a dh' fheadas, tha'n cridhe ceart, agus air an oighreachd aige-san cha'n fhaicear fiadh no fireach. Gu robh buaidh leis-san, agus leis na Gaidheil da'm bheil mor-speis aige, oir—

“Tha iad rianail, runail, dileas,
Is seasmhach, sìobhalt, coir;
Tha iad daimheil, cairdeil, fir'neach,
Fearail, fialaidh, mòr!

“Cha'n 'eil eolas ac' air mì-run,
'S cha mhi-ghean leo a' choir;
Bunailteach a ghnath do'n fhirinn,
'S air ceartas dian an toir.

“'S binn, ro bhinn, a' chanain ghrinn ac',
Gu'n choimeas 'n tir fo'n ghrein;
Canain ghlan, a gheibh 'san linn so,
Gach cuideachadh a's speis.

“Tha luchd-daimh nan Gaidheal lionmhor,
Is dian an cairdean treun;
Blackie 'n aigh! 'se fein an dion ac',
Ni's treis' na cach gu leir!

“Gu siubhlach, subailt, susbainneach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, geur;
Gu cliarach, briathrach, cuspaireach,
Gu fìor-ghlan mar an seud.

“Gu robh e son', gu robh e buan,
Gu robh e beo, gu'm faic
E caithir na Gailige gu luath,
Air 'steidheachadh le taic!

“ O ! togaibh iolach gairdeachais,
 Do Bhlackie, 'n t-Olladh caomh !
 O ! furan 's failt 's an ait' so dha,
 Mar Cheannard air bhur taobh ! ”

The address was attentively listened to, and cordially applauded.

Mr Finlay Cumming, Ross-shire, then sang “ Mo Mhaili Bheag Og.” Mr W. G. Stuart thereafter appeared in the comic sketch “ Turus Eachainn do Phaisley,” and, in answer to an encore, he recited “ A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair,” by Professor Blackie, which gained the high commendation not only of the audience but also of the author of the poem. During a brief interval Pipe-Major Maclellan discoursed several pieces of music on the bagpipes.

Tulloch then spoke briefly. He concurred entirely with the remarks of their Chief as to the evils of the depopulation of the Highlands, and lamented them as much as any man. For himself he had never turned a man off his estate without cause given. He begged to say that while in the Highlands there were some who will not consider the rights of the peasantry, yet there were others who would not entertain the idea of depopulating the country. But it might be it was not in their power to carry out the schemes sketched out by the Chairman. The Duke of Sutherland was placed in a position to do so. He could say to this man go to the right and he did it, and to that other man go the left and he also did it ; and there were others quite as willing to follow his example. but, as he had said, they lacked the power and means. After some other remarks, he concluded by saying that it should be to them a feeling of great gratification that this Society had a man so able for their Chief—a man who was doing his best to dispel the mists which surround the Gaelic language, its literature and traditions, and was also doing what he could to allow the sunshine of knowledge to break forth so as to enlighten and instruct his fellow-countrymen on Celtic subjects.

Mr Donald Graham then sang “ Failte Bhraidalbann ” in excellent style, and having been encored, gave “ Moladh na Landaidh.”

The next speaker was Mr D. Campbell, Vice-President of the Greenock Ossian Club. After alluding in very complimentary terms to the services which Mr Fraser-Mackintosh rendered in Parliament to the cause of Gaelic, Mr Campbell went on to say—Professor Blackie has succeeded so well with his project—the Celtic Chair—that apparently little is necessary for him but to

crown his noble enterprise by securing the proper man to fill the Chair. Valuable though the Chair be, the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools is still more so—it is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the people and to the prosperity of the Highlands. Questions will arise as to where we shall get men able to teach Gaelic grammatically, or at all, or where we shall get inspectors who can examine the schools. The answer is, offer adequate incentives to the study of the language, and there will be plenty of candidates to undertake the task. I cannot believe that Highlanders have less love for their own language than Lowlanders have for theirs. As for the inspectors, I question if we have not already enough of them for the whole Highlands. There is Mr Macleod, an early school-fellow of mine; and there are Mr Sime and Mr Ross; and if these be not enough, I would say, take Mackinnon out of the hands of the Edinburgh School Board and make an inspector of him. All these are Gaelic scholars, as well as able men otherwise. It may be asked what is the use of making such a noise about Gaelic when so many of the Highland glens and straths are being depopulated. I would answer by referring to the work which the noble Duke is carrying on in Sutherlandshire, and I would say, take courage, what the noble Duke is doing there, others can do on a smaller scale elsewhere. Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart., who has always been a generous landlord, will follow the Duke's example, because he has a great deal of land on his vast estates which could be profitably improved. The noble Duke's example cannot fail to tell upon others; and as it does, the glens and straths which are now reserved for wild animals, will soon be re-occupied by a virtuous population, and peace, contentment, and happiness will pervade the Highlands, and Celtic literature will flourish as the outcome of noble minds well supported and well cultivated. Perhaps I may suggest before sitting down that this Society should correspond with other Highland Societies, to make suggestions and work together in furtherance of those objects for which your Society was established. This would be "Clanna nan Gaidheal ri guaillibh a cheile" with double effect.

Mr A. Gordon then danced "Gille Calum," and thereafter the ladies sang "O theid sinn, theid sinn, le suigeart agus aoibh." They received a hearty encore, and sang a few stanzas of "Mairi laghach."

Provost Simpson said he rose with great pleasure to propose a vote of thanks to their Chief and Chairman. To-night the Chief had almost exceeded himself, and his address had been one of the

greatest pleasures they had ever listened to in that room. They would all agree that the Professor was indeed what he called himself some time ago—the Chief of all the Chiefs. He did not know of any man who more deserved their gratitude, not only for what he was doing in promoting the Celtic Chair, but also for his efforts to raise and elevate the character of the people, and in endeavouring to bring the times of the past back, when the Highlands will not only be a place for sheep and deer but for men. He trusted the Chief would live to see this realised. On the call of the Provost, the audience rose *en masse* and heartily cheered the Professor.

Professor Blackie in a few words replied. He moved a *vote* of thanks to the lady singers and other performers, remarking that if any of those barbarous and obfuscated persons who talk contemptuously of the Gaelic had been there and heard the ladies sing, it would have softened their hard faces and melted their flinty hearts into wax. The time was coming when he would have to hoist the flag of surrender, and whether he was laid near his Oban estate or elsewhere, his desire was that the inscription on his tombstone should be in Gaelic, not long winded, like some Gaelic sermons, but simply—"Here lies *Ollamh* Blackie, the friend and the advocate of the Gael."

The proceedings, which were very happy and successful throughout, closed about half-past eleven with the National Anthem in Gaelic.

2D NOVEMBER, 1876.

A meeting of the Society was held on this date, but the business was of a routine character.

16TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected :—Messrs H. C. Gillies, Culloden ; D. A. Campbell, Englishton Muir, Bunchrew ; Simon Mackenzie, Kildonan, Lochbroom ; M. Macdonald, Denny ; Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Invenness ; and Charles Ferguson, Raigmore, Inverness.

Some discussion took place as to what form the winter re-union of the Society should assume. Some members were desirous of holding a social meeting or *conversazione*, whilst others were in favour of adhering to the old order of things—a dinner or supper. Ultimately, a motion to remit the matter to the Council for their consideration was carried. There was no other business of importance.

23D NOVEMBER, 1876.

At this meeting the following new members were elected :— Messrs Roderick Ross, 23 Rushford Street, Middlesboro-on-Tees ; D. J. Macrae, Invershiel, Kintail ; Evan Macrae, Braintra, Lochalsh ; and John Stewart, Duntulm, Dunvegan.

The Secretary read the minutes of Council relative to the remit to consider what form the winter re-union of the Society should assume. The Council, by a majority of seven to one, recommended that no change be made, and that as hitherto a dinner or supper be held. Mr William Mackay, solicitor, moved that the recommendation of the Council be adopted. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, seconded. Mr Lachlan Macbean, *Highlander* office, moved as an amendment that instead of a dinner or supper the re-union take the form of a social meeting, to which ladies would be admitted. Mr W. A. Smith seconded. After some discussion the motion was carried by a majority of 13 to 2.

On this date Mr H. C. Gillies read a paper entitled—

“REASONS WHY GAELIC SHOULD BE TAUGHT
· IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.”

Unfortunately, Mr Gillies subsequently mislaid the paper, and the Publishing Committee regret they cannot therefore give more than the following summary, which appeared in the *Free Press* of November 27, 1876 :—

“The first reason he gave was that the Gaelic was pre-eminently the language of nature. Any person who would devote a little time to the study of it could discover this. It was full of the class of words which in pronunciation expressed the idea involved. All languages had those words in some degree, but the Gaelic was full of them. It was this that strengthened the claim of its antiquity, and gave to it, above all other languages (with perhaps one exception), its character as the language of poetry and eloquent expression. It placed itself alongside with nature, and reflected ideas as they were really conceived in the mind, “with the precision of the most finely polished reflector,” and left not a jot unexpressed in the most intricate feelings of the heart. And having inherited such a language were they to throw it away as not worth the having? Certainly not. It struck a person as very peculiar how a Highlander, with perhaps no education or instruction what-

ever, could express himself in his native tongue so pointedly and so happily, as if the heart itself spoke its thoughts, whilst the Englishmen of equal standing must have recourse to cant or slang, in order to express the commoner thoughts with ordinary intelligibility. This was because Gaelic was a natural language to the Highlander. A Highlander needed not the trumpet of cultivated speech to give effect to the voice of nature, since nature herself spoke by him in the simplicity of his native tongue, with a voice surpassing anything uttered by her handmaiden—Art. The Englishman was not so fortunate. Nature to him was not so prodigal. He had to study his language from his very birth, and even by study itself, to the comparatively few was it decreed that they should ever attain a marked power of expression in it, and these, when they did turn up, were called geniuses—a name which they deserved. Another reason which Mr Gillies gave was the peculiar suitableness of the Gaelic to the nature and character of the Highland people. After referring to some authorities on this point, Mr Gillies said—We see the peculiar suitableness of the Gaelic language to the nature of the Highland people, and how can we, while a fragment of this nature remains with us, express our ideas but through the language which gave them birth? When the Gaelic would fall into oblivion, the Gaelic race must pass away with it. Another reason for retaining the language was, “that as Highlanders, it is the language of our life and a part of our nature, a part without which we would dwindle into an inconceivable race, without a language and without a name.” Imagine, he said, the Highlanders of Scotland, a race who have indelibly left their mark on the world’s history, forgotten and unknown! Think of it, and say whether this language, which even the mountain streamlet seems to murmur, and the cataract to roar, is not worthy the attention of its sons and daughters! The fates, however, were apparently against the perpetuation of the Gaelic language; and let them, then, be up and doing, and, realising rather than believing that such an extinction is to be the fate of Highlanders and their language, they should make a strong effort to lay the foundation of a new Celtic life on the pure germ of the Scottish Gael. The Highlander could have no difficulty in learning the Gaelic, because it was inherent in him. It was not like learning a new language, where he had to cram word by word. So far as Gaelic was concerned, the young Highlander’s vocabulary was already fairly stocked, and his ear might be his grammar for all practical purposes. He thought Gaelic should be taught in Highland schools,

because, as he argued, children would much easier pass their examination in Gaelic than the special subjects now taught under the code. Another reason was that by and through Gaelic, and Gaelic only, could we have rational, intelligent teaching in Highland schools. At present Gaelic was not much used, and the result was that boys and girls left school knowing nothing of man or of the world in which they were about to enter. They went forth, their only recommendation being ignorance of what they should know. This was our education, and it would remain so as long as the native language was not used as a means of culture, and an instrument for teaching. The understanding of a Highland child could not be reached without using the Gaelic as a medium for that purpose. Mr Gillies then dealt with the common belief that Gaelic interfered with the pronunciation of English. He contended that it did not—that it only enriched the style of speaking English. Speaking of his own education, he said—The method adopted of teaching English was the ruin of my judgment and of my reason. I grew up in darkness of the fact that I had a mind at all, till some lucky day in my early manhood, when I had become a fair scholar, I accidentally discovered that I could think and reason, and here began my education, which should at the time be far advanced. When I should be taught how to reason, I was lost in the mazes of a monosyllabic constitution. Another reason for teaching Gaelic was that we might preserve our Highland music. Milton described his ideal music as abounding—

In notes with many a winding 'bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden chain of harmony.

Surely, he said, Milton must have heard some Gaelic songs sung, for this is just a perfect image of their airs. He advocated the teaching of Highland music in Highland schools, and stated that he taught his own pupils to sing the songs of our country. As to the practical part of the subject, he said he wished Gaelic taught as being the only medium whereby a Gaelic-speaking child could acquire a speedy and thorough knowledge of English. He therefore wished to see Gaelic used in Highland schools as a medium for teaching English in the junior branches, and Gaelic as a special subject under the Code, occupying a position similar to English

literature, taught to the advanced classes. The intelligence of the children should be treated by means of Gaelic on the day of examination, and this would necessitate a knowledge of Gaelic on the part of the inspector or his assistant."

30TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

The Society met on this date, but the business was of a routine character.

7TH DECEMBER, 1876.

On this date Mr Wm. Bain, *Courier* office, Inverness, and Mr D. Macpherson, 3 Union Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members.

Further arrangements for the annual dinner were made, and thereafter Mr Lachlan Macbean, *Highlander* office, read an interesting paper on "Celtic Sentiment and Sentimentality," which he declines to publish.

14TH DECEMBER, 1876.

At this meeting Mr Charles Macdougall, writer, Lombard Street, Inverness, was elected member of the Society. Some further arrangements were made for the annual dinner.

11TH JANUARY, 1877.

After the meeting had made the final arrangements for the dinner, Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor, read a paper on "Highland Minstrelsy," for which he was awarded a vote of thanks. As, however, Mr Rose has not yet (May 7) been able to prepare it for the printer, we hope to give it at the end of the volume.

12TH JANUARY, 1877.

On this date the

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY

took place in the Station Hotel. There was a large and influential attendance. The chair was occupied by Professor Blackie, Chief of the Society, who was supported by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart. ; Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn ; Mr H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire ; Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools ; Mr A. Macdonald, wine merchant, Inverness ; Bailie Davidson, Inverness ; Mr William Mackay, of Messrs Innes & Mackay, solicitors ; Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, &c. The croupiers were—Mr Chas. Stewart of Brin ; and Mr Charles Innes, solicitor, Inverness. Among the general company were—

Rev. Messrs Macgregor and Maclauchlan, Inverness ; Rev. Mr Macrae, Carloway ; Messrs John Colvin, solicitor, Inverness ; Roderick Macrae, Beaulay ; Fraser, Mauld ; Macdonald, Station Hotel, Inverness ; Alexander Fraser, accountant, Inverness ; Charles Mackay, builder, do. ; James Fraser, C.E., do. ; Sime, H.M. Inspector of Schools ; G. J. Campbell, solicitor ; Murdoch, of *The Highlander* ; Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine* ; Robert Grant, of Messrs Macdougall & Co. ; James H. Mackenzie, bookseller ; Alexander Mackenzie, wine merchant, Church Street ; William Couper, Highland Railway ; Alex. Mackay, contractor ; Jonathan Ross, draper ; A. Maclean, commission agent ; Macdonald, live stock agent ; Hood, commission agent ; Andrew Fraser, cabinetmaker ; W. B. Forsyth, of the *Advertiser* ; Burgess, factor for Glenmoriston ; Simon Fraser, banker, Lochcarron ; Alex. Macleod, grocer, Bridge Street ; Macdonald, grocer, Exchange ; Wm. Mackenzie, draper, Bridge Street ; Donald Campbell, do., do. ; D. Whyte, photographer ; Macrauld, sheriff-officer ; John Mackenzie, Telford Road ; Charles Ferguson, Raigmore ; Charles Macdonald, fletcher, Union Street ; Donald Davidson, solicitor ; F. Macgillivray, do. ; D. J. Mackay, do. ; Cumming Allanfean ; A. Ross, architect ; D. Middleton, coal merchant ; A. Macdonald, fletcher, New Market ; James Fraser, Lombard Street ; Æneas Fraser, Church Street ; George Macbean, Union Street ; W. G. Stuart ; H. C. Gillies, Culloden ; Macpherson, carpenter ; Dr Mackechnie, District Asylum, Inverness ; Deas, Church Street ; D. A.

Campbell, Englishton Muir, Bunchrew ; Hugh Fraser, Huntly Street ; Wm. Mackenzie, secretary ; Barron, *Inverness Courier* ; Bain, do. ; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness ; J. M. Duncan, *Highlander* office ; L. Macbean, do., &c.

Rev. Mr MacLachlan said grace, and thereafter an excellent dinner was discussed. The following was the bill of fare :—

CUILM NAN GAIDHEAL.

SUGHAN—

Mhaigheach, creamha, agus
Cheann Chaorach.

IASG—

Glas-iasg 's leannra eisirein,
agus adagan friochte.

SOITHICHEAN TAOIBHE—

Iseanan earr-bhruichte,
Muil-fheoil ghearite,
Coineanan cuirichte,
agus Taigeis.

FEOIL—

Mairt-fheoil agus muil-fheoil
(Roiste agus Bhruich),
Ceann caorach.

MILSEAN—

Marag phlumbais,
Ubhlan deasaichte,
Sughan mheas agus ciathan,
Cruaidh-thaoisean 's ubhlan milis,
Aran agus caise,
Measan.

SOUPS—

Hare, Cock-a-leekie,
Sheep's Head.

FISH—

Cod and Oyster Sauce,
Fried Haddock.

ENTREES—

Poulet Soute,
Mutton Cutlets,
Curried Rabbits,
Haggis.

JOINTS—

Beef and Mutton
(Roast and Boiled),
Sheep's Head.

SWEETS—

Plum Pudding,
Apple Tart,
Jellies, Creams,
Pastry and Pippins,
Bread and Cheese,
Dessert.

The Rev. Mr Macrae, Carloway, Lews, returned thanks, after which Mr W. Mackenzie, the Secretary, read the following apology from Cluny Macpherson :—

“Caisteal Chluanaidh, Ceann-a'-Ghiusaich,
“January 5, 1877.

“A charaid ionmhuinn,—Fhuair mi do litir chaoimheil. Thoir taing uam do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach air son a' chuiridh fhialaidh a thug iad dhomh gus an dinneir a tha gu bhi air an dara

la diag dhe'n mhios. Abair riutha, le mo bheannachd, gu'm bheil mi duilich nach urrainn mi bhi aig an dinneir, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil coinneamh mhor gu bhi againn fhein air an dearbh latha sin faisg air a' chaisteal, 'nuair a tha suil agam ri moran de m' chairdean a choinneachadh aig a chluich-bhall. Ach feumaidh mi crìoch a chur air an litir so. Ni mi sin le bhi 'guidhe a h-uile soirbh-eachadh do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach. Tha mi 'guidhe bliadhna mhath ur dhuibh uile, agus moran diubh. Slan leibh. Is mise ur caraid dileas,

“CLUANAIDH, Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Chatain.”

The Secretary also read the following extract from a letter received by him from Mr C. S. Jerram, Surrey :—

“My only claims, such as they are, for being noticed by *Clann nan Gaidheal*, rest upon the translation I made of Dr Smith's *Sean Dana* (Dargo and Gaul), which, I was glad to see, was so favourably received in Scotland, notwithstanding the imperfections in the performance, of which I am only too conscious. In the Celtic Chair, of course, I take a great interest, and was glad to do something last year in the way of collections for this object. My only fear at first starting was, that it might possibly become too much devoted to the interest of the Scottish Gael, to the exclusion (comparatively) of Irish, Welsh, and other Celtic branches. I thought the fact of the Chair being established in Edinburgh, and its being partly designed for the instruction of Gaelic students for practical purposes, might tend to such a result, just as I should have feared a preponderance of Welsh or Irish Gaelic, had the Chair been fixed at Carnarvon or Dublin. But Professor Blackie has assured me that *all* branches of Celtic are to have their due prominence—indeed, I know he is quite angry with those who speak of a ‘Gaelic’ instead of a ‘Celtic’ Chair, a mistake I have often heard made in England, and which I never fail to correct. And I think we may all safely trust the cause in the hands of such a man as Blackie, who has richly deserved all the encomiums that have showered upon him, both in public and private, since his noble exertions first began to bear fruit.”

He also intimated that he had received apologies from Mr Mackintosh of Holm ; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. ; D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P. ; E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore ; D. Davidson of Tulloch ; Provost Simpson ; Mr Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail ; Mr O. H. Mackenzie of Inverewe ; Surgeon-Major General Mackinnon,

C.B., Aldershot; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; Major Lyon-Mackenzie; Rev. Messrs A. Macrae, Clachan, Kintyre; W. Watson, Kiltearn; A. Macgregor Rose, Evie; and A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan; Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Dr Buchan, Inverness; Dr Macnee, do.; Bailie Noble, do.; Messrs A. Dallas, Town-Clerk, do.; T. D. Campbell, do.; P. G. Wilson, do.; Fraser Campbell, do.; Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park, do.; John Grant, Cardiff; D. Maclachlan, publisher, Edinburgh; John Macfarquhar, do.; A. A. Carmichael, Creagorry; A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; D. A. Macrae, Fernaig; D. J. Macrae, Invershiel; Ewan Macrae, Branitra; W. Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall; C. C. Glass, St Andrews; Robert Macleod, Leith; Peter Mackintosh, Grantown; D. Macrae, Inverness; S. Chisholm, Flowerdale, Gairloch; D. Maccaskill, Dunvegan; Macdonald, Dunphail, &c.

The Professor then proposed the health of the Queen, now the Empress of India. She had, however, he remarked, an older and nobler title, for she reigned not only over the heads but over the hearts of her subjects. About the Prince of Wales, the Professor said he knew nothing at all, and he did not intend to indulge in commonplaces. He knew something about the Queen, for she had given him £200 for the Celtic Chair, and he hoped that the Prince would grow up to be a son worthy of his father. Speaking of the Army, the Professor declared that it was the pride and redemption of Britain. Had it not been for our soldiers, the curse that falls upon mere merchants would have fallen on us, as it did upon Tyre and Sidon. He hoped that the army would long preserve Britain from mere utilitarianism and money making and mammon worship; and that the Celtic spirit which led Wellington to his victories would long flourish unimpaired. Captain Chisholm replied for the Army, and Major Macandrew and Captain Grant for the Volunteers. In the course of his remarks, Captain Grant said—The force has a local as well as national character that conduces to its permanence and efficiency; and especially is this the case in the Highlands, where every district has associations and traditions that cannot fail to influence and stimulate the martial spirit of its local corps. We may perhaps take the Inverness-shire Volunteers as fairly representative of those of the other northern counties, and we find them largely composed of the descendants of rival clans; and although a large proportion of these men are now citizens of Inverness, many of them still cherish traditions and recollections of their native straths and glens that render them not less worthy

citizens nor less loyal subjects, and certainly not less reliable subjects, and we may safely assume that a force of this composition, commanded as the two bodies of Inverness-shire Volunteers are—the one by one of the best known and most popular gentlemen in the county, and the other by the most Highland of Highland Chiefs—would in defence of their hearths and homes prove themselves not unworthy descendants of the men of whose valour the world has heard so much. In such a representative meeting as this, I may be allowed to say in connection with this toast that neither clans nor the spirit of clanship are yet extinct in the Highlands. I know a strath within a day's easy march of the Capital of the Highlands, * where they still exist to a greater extent than many are aware of; and where the present Chief could in case of need, in a few days, or even hours, still raise a regiment of genuine clansmen, the direct descendants of men who for many centuries held their lands against all comers, and for generation after generation lived and died on the same soil.

The Secretary then read the Annual Report, which was as follows :—

“At a meeting such as this, I believe the briefer the Annual Report, the more it will be relished by those present. I will, therefore, be as brief as in the circumstances I can. As to the general work done by the Society during the year, I beg to refer you to our volume of Transactions. The progress made by the Society during the year has been such as should give satisfaction to all who interest themselves in its affairs. Our total income has been £117 17s 9d, and our expenditure up to this date £48 2s 11d, leaving a balance at present in our possession of £69 14s 10d. Against this sum, however, must be set some liabilities amounting to about £60. These are incurred in connection with the publication of our Transactions, management of the Society, and Gaelic competition in schools. Four gentlemen commuted their Honorary Membership into Life Membership. The number of new members who joined during the year was as follows :—1 Life Member; 6 Honorary Members; 55 Ordinary Members; and 3 Junior or Apprentice Members, making a total of 65. The total number of Members on the roll is now 390.”

Professor Blackie, in rising to give the toast of the evening—“The Gaelic Society of Inverness”—was received with loud cheer-

* It is understood this refers to Strathspey and the Earl of Seafield.

ing. He said—Gentlemen of Inverness, members of the Gaelic Society—accustomed as I am to public speaking, it is not without a feeling of trepidation, or at least discomfort, that on this and almost every other occasion I open my mouth to speak. (Laughter.) There is a responsibility which attaches to any man who speaks in public which he ought to consider—which I don't always consider—(Renewed laughter)—and besides I am very much afraid of not speaking enough of truth, and sometimes of the greater danger of speaking too much truth. I am very much afraid also of the reporters—(laughter)—who, if I fling out any nonsense—and it comes out, I believe, in an instinctive way—are perfectly sure to report it; whereas if I measure out wisdom by the yard, these gentlemen either don't understand it, or they misunderstand it—(Laughter)—sometimes to my knowledge they positively misrepresent it. However, I believe there is no danger in Inverness. I am told you have here a peculiarly wise and judicious race of reporters—(Laughter)—and if a man says anything he ought not to say—if he uses any phrase too emphatic or too strong—they always smooth it down and shave off the angularities. (Laughter and applause.) If, therefore, I say anything out of joint, or anything too strong, it is perfectly sure not to be put in the superlative degree by the reporters of the *Inverness Courier*. (Renewed laughter and applause.) As chief of this Association, I must also confess to a feeling of discomfort or incongruity. There is surely some incongruity in putting a Hellenic capital on a Gaelic column. It is like a Highlander with a hat—(Laughter)—and a Highlander with a hat is an inconceivable monster. (Laughter.) If a man be a Highlander let him look like my heroic friend here (Captain Chisholm), who looks just like Agamemnon, whose remains were found the other day at Mycenæ, and proved to be those of a giant hero, as he was. (App'ause.) If a man dresses like my friend he cannot put on a hat—(Laughter)—but of course if he Lowlandise himself, he may put anything he likes to hide from the world that he is such a noble animal as a Celt. (Laughter.) But I have one comfort, and that is that I never meet with greater sympathy or more cordiality or genuine feeling than at meetings of this kind; and for myself on such occasions, “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” (Cheers.) I consider it one of the proudest days of my life, when I was elected as Chief—though only for a year. (Laughter.) However, the memory of it will continue as long as I live, and perhaps it will be inscribed on my tombstone. (Laughter.) If

any university should confer on me the degree of D.C.L.—and they have not done it yet—(Laughter)—I should not esteem it half such an honour as having been Chief of the Gaelic Society. (Applause.) Now, since 1745 I do not think the Highlanders have done justice to themselves; and they require associations of this kind to make them feel that there is no shame but rather glory in being Highlanders—that they have something to conserve and preserve—something to look back upon with pride, and to make them look forward with hope. (Applause.) This Society shows that there is a consciousness in the Highlands that they have a right to walk God's earth as a peculiar people, like the Jews. (Laughter.) Don't laugh. To the Jews we owe religion, to the Greeks wisdom, and to the Celts sentiment, chivalry, and valour, and the most brilliant pages in our history. (Cheers.) I am proud to think that the Highland people are now thoroughly conscious of themselves, as metaphysicians would say; and that they are not to be stamped out or smoothed over to please fellows in Edinburgh, who would even wipe Edinburgh out of the map of world, and go to Oxford to be made scholars and prigs—(Laughter and applause)—who want to forget that they are Scotchmen, and to extinguish broad Scotch, that they may lisp “ha, ha” English—and who are unable to sing a Scotch song in the right way with a regular thumping heart. (Applause.) There are Celts and Scotchmen both who want to extinguish old recollections and aspirations, and in the name of civilisation to assimilate themselves to John Bull from the top of the head to the tip of the toe. I don't believe in that. I don't think centralisation is a British peculiarity or a virtue of British policy. It belongs to France and Prussia and despotic countries; but Britain has grown strong by its local peculiarities and local liberties. One of its distinctive peculiarities is the existence of a Celtic people, with its chivalry, and poetry, and general Celtic spirit; and I object to have that race or language blotted out, although it may die, as John Bull himself must die some day. The Gaelic language will die; and I venture to prophecy, whatever Mr Murdoch may say, that it will be dead in 200 years. (Mr Murdoch—“No.”) I will tell you why. It is impossible that a people, so few in numbers, and with a literary inheritance so comparatively small—a people who must advance in the world, and Anglify themselves in spite of themselves—a people subjected to the inroads of English dons and swells with money—it is impossible for such a people with all their heroism, to preserve themselves distinct for more than 200 years.

I predict that, but don't suppose that I want to hasten it. No; I respect the language, and would cultivate it. Am I to kick my grandmother into the grave because she is old? No, I will respect and reverence her; and learn from her lips more tenderness and perhaps more wisdom than from the most recent school-book, bound with red tape, and patronised by Her Majesty's Inspectors. (Laughter and applause.) It is a very great thing to preserve unity at the centre of a nation, and also strength in the limbs. No doubt it is difficult to accomplish both. Germany developed such enormous strength in the provinces that the central unity broke down. There was no empire or emperor except in name; but numerous states existed, and with all the evils of disunion, there were some countervailing advantages. Each prince had his capital—at Dresden, at Hanover, at Cassel, and so on; and if the princes sometimes taxed the people heavily, and spent a good deal of money, and were not particularly wise men, still they had their own universities, their own libraries, and their own literary circles, thus forming numerous centres of culture, so that there was more culture in Germany than in any other country. By centralisation France lost a great deal of variety and richness of life, and also, what is the main thing, the power and energy of her people. Let us try to avoid both extremes. There should be not only a strong pumping heart, but ganglia over all parts of the body—centres to redeem the provinces from that stagnation and servility both in moral and intellectual action which belong to a people who receive education and impulse from the capital and the capital alone. (Applause.) I am sure the Inverness Gaelic Society aims at supporting the local and provincial life, character, dignity, and vigour of this part of the country, and will long continue to do so. Allow me to say a few words in reference to the Gaelic. If the language is to die speedily, the fault will mainly be with the Highland people themselves. You do not cultivate Gaelic. In Wales, there are several newspapers in the native tongue, and you find Welsh staring at you at every railway station; whereas, our friend Murdoch has a great deal to do to get up a column or two of the Gaelic, and some people want him to give it up altogether. The Highlanders, like the Israelites of old, have gone a whoring after strange gods, and must pay the penalty. (Laughter.) Why, one requires to go about with microscopic eyes to find a Gaelic inscription on a tombstone; while in Wales you will find native inscriptions in every churchyard. Nevertheless, Gaelic cannot be neglected by any man who wishes to play the part of an educator,

or to wield a direct moral influence over the people. No doubt the Celt is a British citizen, and ought to be taught English. That should be placed in the foreground ; but, unless circumstances are very unfavourable—unless he is ill-treated by others or ill-treats himself, and looks only to what affects his pocket rather than to what makes his bosom swell with noble emotion and sentiment—he ought not to neglect his mother tongue ; and he is a monster if he does not love it. (Applause.) He may have the misfortune to have a father who told him to avoid the mother tongue, and who sent him to Eton or Harrow to learn to read Horace and to be licked into an Englishman—(Laughter)—and who did not know that the best thing for a Highland laird was to be familiar with the language of his own people, and the history and traditions of his ancestral glens. (Applause.) Gaelic is not vulgar—Nature never can be vulgar—(Cheers)—and the worst vulgarity is that which apes what comes from the West End. (Applause.) Moreover, the comparison of the mother tongue with other languages is one of the greatest instruments of training. In our classical schools English is constantly compared with Latin and Greek, so as to set the mind a thinking on the meaning of words, and make the word of one language express, by a fine natural shade of distinction, what the other language does not contain. It is impossible to let the Gaelic child know through the intellect and heart what the meaning of English is except through the mother tongue, because the mother tongue has a character and significance that does not belong to the acquired. Certain Scotch words, for instance, such as *sonsy* and *canny*, have a meaning of their own which cannot be transferred into English ; and this is the more evident when you consider that the English language is a mixty-maxy—a kind of hodge-podge—a mere devil's soup brewed up of all materials which came from nobody knows where. (Laughter.) It would require the most learned man in Germany—perhaps half-a-dozen of the most learned men—to make a good etymological English dictionary. The words have no meaning except to a man who knows Latin and Greek, and sometimes Gaelic. To a poor Highland boy what significance will the word “publican” in the Gospels convey ? The only kind of publicans he knows are those of a kind which my friend Mr Macgregor does not like to patronise—(Laughter)—but he would make a great mistake if he thought they were the publicans mentioned by Luke. But if the boy opens his Gaelic Bible he will find the word *cis-mhàcr*, and knows at once that this is a man who gathers the taxes. (Laughter.)

Another thing struck me the first time I read the first chapter of Genesis in Gaelic. The first verse in English is, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What idea do you attach to the word create? Go back to the Latin, Greek, or even the Sanskrit, and you will not learn; all that you arrive at is that it signifies "doing or acting." In Gaelic the same verse runs—*'S an toiseach chruthaich Dia na neamhan agus an talamh.* The Professor slowly spelled the third word *chruthaich*, and continued—you see I can spell even Gaelic; though Gaelic has been said to be a language which few persons can read and nobody can spell. (Laughter.) Now, strike off the termination and see what you have—*chruth*. That word means shape or form, and there you have the key to the whole Platonic philosophy, and the Gospel philosophy too. To give form to the formless is one of the prime functions of creation. Having made that boy a philosopher by the help of Gaelic—(Laughter)—I ask, how can any man despise and trample it under his feet as a language of savages? If any man dare say that it is a barbarous language, he is either a fool or a savage himself—(Laughter)—he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity—of course in a philosophical sense. (Renewed laughter.) Let such a fellow come before me, and I will smash him to powder. (Cheers and laughter.) Let a man be ever so mighty, truth is mightier; and nothing but gross ignorance or prejudice can explain the hostility of those people who would stamp out the Gaelic. If they dare to come to the front before me, whose Gaelic is only of yesterday, I will squelch them into jelly. (Great laughter.) I once received an epistle from a gentleman who refused to subscribe to the Celtic Chair, and attributed all the evils of the Highlands to two causes—the one being Gaelic, and the other Feudalism. Now, Feudalism never was in the Highlands except in the shape of law-deeds; and such things only show the insolence of John Bull, who knows of nothing beyond the Grampians except grouse, and deer, and ptarmigan. I don't like to use big sentences, for they are generally used by men who like to seem mighty and are weak; but I could mention several things that have ruined the Highlands. Their own folly in rising in '45 helped it. Even Lochiel saw the danger at the time, and yielded to mere sentiment. Next to that, two things have done mischief. One is absenteeism, or the possession of property by persons who do not perform the duties which belong to a proprietor in all well-organised societies; and the second is selfishness masked in the words of a political economy, which regards the product

only and not the producer, which measures the wealth of nations merely by the amount of external products which they gather together, and not by the real well-being of the people who belong to the country—a political economy divorced from human love and evangelical morality, and also from the best maxims of a sound policy. (Cheers.) Not to detain you longer, let me say that if you wish this Society to prosper, and if you wish yourselves to be respected as Highlanders and as men, you will cultivate your Highland traditions and the Gaelic language along with your noble Gaelic sentiments in all your schools. (Loud cheers.)

Mr G. J. Campbell sang “Mairi laghach,” which was enthusiastically received, the company taking up the chorus with spirit.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, then proposed the toast of “Celtic Literature.” He said—Two days ago I happened to mention to a gentleman, whom I am glad to see here this evening, that I had been requested to propose this toast. “I suppose,” said he, with a knowing smile on his countenance, “your first and most difficult duty will be to prove that such a thing as Celtic Literature exists. Now, gentlemen, taking my friend’s words as my text, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to show not only that we have a literature, but also that it is one which is ancient, and not altogether worthless. The subject is, however, so wide, that, so far as the rich literary remains of the Cymric branch of the Celtic nation are concerned, I shall merely allude to them in passing. Some of them, as old as the sixth century, you may find in Skene’s “Four Ancient Books of Wales.” We of the Gaelic branch are more immediately interested in the literature of our ancestors of Scotland and Ireland; people who at one time were in constant communication with each other, and thought no more of crossing the stormy sea which separated them than we Invernessians do of crossing Kessock Ferry to visit the good people of the Black Isle. Perhaps the oldest piece of pure Gaelic writing now in existence is a verse in Dioma’s Book, a manuscript copy of the Gospels made for St Cronan, of Roscrea, in Ireland, who died in the beginning of the seventh century. From that time down to the sixteenth century, Gaelic writers wrote to an extent which is quite amazing to those who, looking to the scantiness of the Saxon literature of the period, assumed that the Celt must have been infinitely in the rear. Among ancient Gaelic manuscripts discovered in Scotland are the Book of the Abbey of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, a manuscript of the ninth century, now published by the Spalding Club; the Bethune manuscript of date 1100; the

Lament of Dearduil, dated 1208 ; and the Dean of Lismore's Book, of the sixteenth century, containing upwards of 11,000 verses of Gaelic poetry by Ossian and other ancient bards. As to the Gaelic manuscripts found in Ireland, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Brussels, and other continental towns, they are legion. Large portions of those manuscripts have been published under the superintendence of O'Curry, O'Donovan, Skene, Sullivan, the Royal Irish Academy, and the Royal Commission for publishing the Brehon Laws ; but, in the opinion of Professors O'Loony and O'Mahony of Dublin, there were, in 1875, still not less than one thousand volumes of unpublished Gaelic. The contents of those manuscripts are as various as the subjects which exercised the minds of the learned of the ages in which they were written—history, poetry, romance, law, medicine, and even mathematics and astronomy. The poems and romances are remarkable for the vivid glimpses which they give of the every day life of our remote ancestors ; the scientific treatises are curious in so far as they unfold to us the views of the ancient Celt on subjects which command attention in our own day ; but by far the most valuable are the annals and historical tracts which, in many cases, were written at the times of which they speak. Skene carefully studied them, and made capital use of them in his "Celtic Scotland" just published—a work in which he has completely demolished the fabulous fabrics raised by Fordun, Bæce, and other so-called historians of ancient Scotland ; and in which he narrates the true history in a remarkably lucid and entertaining manner. And it is not alone to him who would be historian of Scotland that those remains may be interesting. Do they, for example, throw any light on the topography and early history of the town in which we are met, and the surrounding districts ? We have continually been told that Loch-Ness, the river Ness, and Inverness, all derive their names from the Fall of Foyers—*an Eas*—but the Tales of Clan Uisneach, composed, according to Professor O'Curry, anterior to the year 1000, lead me to discredit that theory, and to believe that the loch, river, and town, owe their names to *Naois*, the son of Uisneach, who, with his loved Dearduil (pronounced Jardil), fled from the court of Conachar Macnessa, King of Ulster, to Scotland, where they sojourned for a time. In those tales I find mention of *Uisge Naois* (the Water of Naois, which I take to be Loch-Ness), and *Inbhernaois* or Inverness. The prominent vitrified fort on the south shore of Loch-Ness is to this day known as Dun Dearduil, and in the Gaelic Manuscript of

1208, which I have mentioned, Dearduil, on her return to Ireland, sings farewell to Scotland and a favourite glen there, in the following strain :—

“ Beloved land, that eastern land,
Alba with its lakes ;
Oh ! that I might not depart from it,
But I depart with Naois.

Glen Urchain ! O Glen Urchain !
It was the straight Glen of smooth ridges
Not more joyful was a man of his age
Than Naois in Glen Urchain.”

Now, on the north shore of Loch-Ness and opposite Dun Dearduil we have the beautiful Glen of Urquhart (in Gaelic, *Gleann Urchudain*), and there can, I think, be little doubt that that is the glen of which Dearduil sang. Without leaving Glen-Urquhart, I may mention that Anderson, in his “Guide to the Highlands,” supposes that the ancient temple which stood in the immediate vicinity of Temple Pier was the same as the church of *Maolrubha*, built about 600 ; but in the Annals of Tighernach, who died in 1088, the place in which that church was erected is called Apurcrossan, which certainly is not Glen-Urquhart, and may be Applecross. Few intelligent Scotchmen are, I presume, ignorant of the fact that Scotland was at one time divided into seven provinces, but I venture to say that there are not many who are aware of another fact recorded in a Gaelic verse quoted by *Gillecaomhan*, who died in 1072, that this arrangement had its origin in the division of Alban among the seven sons of *Cruithne*. The Picts, whose king in the time of Columba had his palace in the neighbourhood of Inverness, are frequently mentioned, and at a later period we have the murder in our vicinity of the “Gracious Duncan,” of Shakespeare, by Macbeth, the Maormor of the ancient, and for a long time independent, province of Moray, in the very centre of which we now are ; the career of Macbeth as King of Scotland ; and the wars in which the Celts of Moray were from time to time engaged in defence of their ancient rights, until at last the bloody tale ends with the significant words, under the year 1130—“Ar fer Muriamb in Albain”—(the slaughter of the men of Moray in Alban). I have now endeavoured to indicate the extent and value of our ancient written literature. I need not tell

you of the mass of oral literature which we possess in the shape of beautiful tales and stirring ballads, a great part of which has been collected and published by Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, nor of the "Poems of Ossian" which, no matter by whom they were composed, were sufficient, when published, to send a Celtic thrill through the intellect of Europe, nor yet of the numerous Gaelic bards who have flourished within the last two centuries. For an account of all these and the progress of Gaelic literature generally, I refer you to the works of Dr M'Lauchlan, Professor Bourke, and our own chief. At no other time within the history of the Celt did his literature receive such attention from Celt and Saxon as it now does. Success then let us drink to it; in prosperity may it more and more increase; and may the time be not far distant when no Briton shall deem his education complete without some knowledge of the ancient literature of his native land. Let me couple the toast with the name of the Rev. Mr Macgregor, one of the oldest and raciest of the Gaelic writers of our day. His beautiful translation of the Apocrypha, undertaken at the request, and published at the expense, of that eminent Celtic scholar Prince Lucien Bonaparte, is sufficient to hand his name down to posterity as a Gaelic scholar; but perhaps he will live more in the affection of his countrymen as the genial "Sgiathanach" and "Alasdair Ruadh" of our Highland magazines and newspapers. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr Macgregor replied in Gaelic. At the outset, he alluded to his great love for his mother tongue—A' chainnt bhinn bhlasda a bha ann o chein—mar a thubhairt am bard—

"Bh'aig Adhamh 's aig Eubha,
Roimh fheum 'bhi air aithreachas,
Mun d' chiontaich iad an Eden,
Gun eucail, gun smal orra;
Air olc mu'n robh iad eolach,
Gun chomhdach, gun ath' orra;
Do'n pheac' gun bhi na'n traillean,
'S o'n gharadh gun charachadh."

He then proceeded—Ann an neo-chiontas chum ar ceud sinnsre comhradh binn agus caidreach ri cheile 'sa chanain sin a thainig a nuas air feadh gach linn gus an d' fhuair i tuineachas air morthir na Roinn-Eorpa. An sin bha i 'na steidh no 'na bunait do'n Ghreugais agus do'n Laidinn, agus do chainntibh eile. As an Roinn-Eorpa, an deigh linntean dol seachad, thainig a' Ghailig

lurach a nall thar chuan, agus fhuair i fàsghadh ann an Alba, agus Eirinn, 's an Eilean Mhanainneach, 's an Odhailt, agus ann an cearnaibh eile. Uime sin, tha Ghailig urramach fathast sgrìobhta ann an ainmibh gach beinn agus bealach, gach slochd agus cnochd, gach amhainn agus allt, gach ruidh agus rudha, cha'n e mhain air feadh Alba gu leir, ach mar an ceudna air mor-thìr na Roinn-Eorpa. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d' ionnsaich Ceann-feadhna Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis am mor colas aige air a Ghailig, o bhì faicinn gu'n robh i 'na steidh, 'na bunait, agus 'na freumh do'n Ghreugais agus do'n Laidinn air am bheil e co fiosrach. Is miorbhuileach an durachd a ta lionadh cridhe ar Ceann-feadhna chum a' Ghailig eiridinn. Leis an strìth a rinn e, tha Caithir na Gailig a cheana air a trì cosaibh. An sin, suidhear air a' chaithir sin duine foghlumte eigin, a bhios a' craobh-sgaoileadh gach fiosrachaidh mu'n Ghailig eadar bhun agus bharr air feadh gach cearnaidh de dh-Alba, agus d' an rioghachd air fad. Is miorbhuileach an dìchioll a rinneadh leis an Oilamh urramach, Blackie fein, chum na crìche so, an uair nach 'eil boinne a dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal 'na chuislibh ! Ach tha e cianail, maslachail a bhì faicinn mar a ta a' Ghailig air a druideadh a mach as gach tigh-sgoile ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an oigrìdh air am fagail co aineolach ri lothaibh nan asail fiadhaich air cainnt am mathar fein. Cha'n 'eil na h-ard chumhachdan a shuidhich na sgoilean sin, a' toirt aon chuid comais no duais do'n luchd-teagaisg chum Gailig a thoirt idir do'n oigrìdh, agus air an aobhar sin, cha'n urrainn iad Focal an Tighearna a leughadh ann an cainnt am mathar fein ; agus is nar an gnothuch e ! Tha e taitneach, gidheadh, gu'm bheil gach Comunn Gaidhealach anns 'n rioghachd air fad a dh-aon inntinn chum so ath-leasachadh, agus tha na Comunn sin lionmhor. Cha mhor baile ann am Breatunn anns nach 'eil Comunn Gailig. Tha iad ann an Lunainn, Duneideann, Glaschu, Grianaig, Cillribhinn, Dundeagh, Abaireadhan, agus ann am bailtibh eile. Agus c'ait am bheil Comunn ni's rianaile, dillse, durachdaich, agus deine na Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis ? Tha buill a' Chomuinn so a' dol gu'n dulan chum gach reachd agus cleachd a bhuineas do na Gaidheil a chumail air chuimhne, agus chum gach riaghailt agus innleachd a ginnathachadh chum sliochd nam beann ath-leasachadh a thaobh nithe aimsireil agus spioradail. Tha 'n Comunn gu mor air a chuideachadh chum na crìche so le da thi ro chumhachdach anns a' bhaile so fein, agus labhrar umpa a reir an inbhe agus an aois. Tha againn, an toiseach, an *t-Ard-Albannach* coir, agus is diùlnach laghach e. Ged is iongantach e ri radh, cha'n 'eil e ach air eigin ceithir bliadhna dh'

aois, gidheadh, chithear e, le bhonaid leathainn agus le bhreacan-an-fheile, a' siubhal o bhaile gu baile, o chomunn gu comunn, a' labhairt, ag eisdeachd, a' teagasg, agus a' sparradh nithe iomchuidh chum a luchd-duthcha a sheoladh air an t-slighe cheart chum an leas fein. Gu robh gach deagh bhuidh leis. Ach tha oganach treun agus deas-chainnteach eile againn ann am prìomh-bhaile so na Gaidhealtachd, agus cha'n 'eil e fathast ach beagan thar bliadhna dh' aois, gidheadh is comharraichte tapaidh am balachan e. Is e *Mios-leabhar Gaidhealach* (Celtic Magazine) is ainm dha. Tha deagh fhiaclan aige a cheana, leis an gearr agus am bearr e gach ni, ann an cumadh freagarach chum maith a luchd-duthcha. Is iongantach an stòras eolais a tha aige air seann sgeulaibh, eachdraidhean-ceilidh, faisneachdan soilleir, agus nithe eugsamhla eile. Gheibhear 'sa *Mhios-leabhar* so, eachdraidh chuimhir air gach deasboireachd mu bhàrdachd Oisein, far am bheil comas labhairt aig luchd-dionaidh agus luchd-aicheadh a' bhaird urramaich sin. Tha mòr speis aig an "Sgiathanach" do'n dithis oganach so, agus gu ma fada a bhios iad le cheile air an caomhnadh chum cuideachadh le Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so, agus leis gach Comunn agus cuideachd anns gach cearnachd dhe'n rioghachd. Ach tha *Gaidheal* eile ann an Duneideann, a ta beagan ni's sine na'n dithis a dh' ainmicheadh, agus is treun an t-oganach e. Is taitneach leis an t-seann "Sgiathanach" agus le "Alasdair Ruadh"—a bhi cuideachadh leis a reir a' chumhachd a thugadh dhoibh. Cha'n iognadh an "Sgiathanach" a bhi liath-cheannach oir tha dluth air da fhichead bliadhna on chunnacas e anns na turasaibh aig "Cuairtear nan Gleann" agus "Fear-tathaich nam Beann." Ach buaidh le Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so. Cha'n fhada gus am faic agus gus an cluinn iad an dian-dheasboir foghlumte sin an t-Ollamh Waddell a' cur smuid ri luchd-aicheadh Oisein, agus a' dearbhadh le iomad comhdachadh soilleir gun robh Mac-Mhuirich co eucomasach air Dain Oisein a dhealbhadh, ri balachan 'san Oil-thigh rioghail againn fein, chum dain Homer an Greugach, no Virgil am Feudailteach a chur an altaibh a' cheile. Deich mìle beannachd aig na Goill—Blackie, Sharp, agus Waddell—oir aca-san fa leth tha cridhe Gaidhealach ann an cochull Gallda.

Mr D. Campbell, Bridge Street, proposed "The Members of Parliament for the County and Burgh." Lochiel, he said, was widely known and admired as a member of Parliament and a Highland gentleman. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh was also well-known as perhaps the only member of Parliament who knew and could speak Gaelic.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch was received with loud

cheers, and in proposing the toast of "Highland Education," referred to the disinclination of the Education Department to recognise in the Highlander's mother-tongue a valuable instrument of education for the Highlander. He considered that in other respects the educational interests of the Highlands had been well cared for by the Government, and that among the specialities of Highland education the cardinal point that remained to be dealt with was the introduction of Gaelic into the school curriculum. In the frequent discussions on primary education, it had seemed to him most extraordinary how seldom the speakers regarded education as dealing with anything but the intellect, and more especially was this remarkable when the provision of educational means was held to be a duty of the State. What interest had the State in the matter, unless to make better citizens, by seeing the youth of the country brought up to recognise and observe the law of sound duty, and to fit themselves for its performance? To society the moral side of primary education was surely as important as its intellectual one. It might no doubt be said that the cultivation of the intelligence laid the foundation of morals, since your duty to your neighbour was but an intelligent appreciation of your own self-interest; but, though this principle might suffice to frame an ethical code, the intelligence of the mass of humanity would never induce them from pure selfishness to love their neighbour as themselves. The sanction for laws of social duty was to be found in an underlying religious sentiment, and while the State wisely declined to assist a sectarian education, it could not afford to ignore or depreciate this religious instinct which gave to the moral code the force of law. Hence, it seemed to him that where Gaelic was the medium of instruction from the pulpit and of devotional exercise in the family, where all the promptings of faith in the Unseen, and every aspiration after a nobler and more self-denying life took form in this language, it would be most unwise, or even unsafe, to displace it by a side-wind in the course of imparting a secular education. Even those who hold Gaelic to be an obstruction to education might well take thought whether, in rooting up what to them seemed tares, they might not be in danger of rooting up the wheat with them. He had drawn their attention to this view, from the moral side of the question, because Professor Blackie did not happen to have noticed it in the paper contributed to the November number of the *Gaidheal*. In that paper the Professor had shown convincingly that Gaelic literature was a study fitted to impart a natural culture to the Highlands, and that the Gaelic

language properly used, was an important auxiliary to the teaching of English. The Gaelic Society of Inverness had long felt the force of these and similar considerations, and had petitioned the Government to allow the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. But the Society's efforts had hitherto been fruitless, because though agreed in principle they were not agreed on details. Generally speaking, Highland teachers would say it was preferable that children should be taught to read English before Gaelic was introduced at all, but though so far united, they were not at one as to the position Gaelic should occupy in the schedule of results for which payment was to be made. Room for still wider differences of opinion lay, however, in the question whether, after all, elementary instruction should not always be commenced in the mother tongue. The system of teaching in State-aided schools had been modelled for the use of English-speaking children, but it had been most carefully elaborated for its purpose, and was acknowledged to be in every way excellent. Yet, neither under this system nor under the system in use in the secondary schools of this country was it now-a-days ever attempted to give precedence in the order of teaching to a foreign language over the vernacular, unless the vernacular were Gaelic. It was impossible to believe there was anything in the nature of Gaelic to justify this special treatment, and his own observations had led him to the conclusion that the common system of teaching nothing but English to children who knew nothing but Gaelic produced very miserable results. It must be borne in mind that these purely Gaelic-speaking children were to be found chiefly in the Islands and West Highlands. Poorly fed and poorly clad, living in an inhospitable climate, often at a considerable distance from school, very regular attendance could not be expected from them till they attained an age and strength when too frequently their services were needed to aid in the maintenance of the family. Such children seldom got far enough advanced to retain what they had learned at school. They did not understand the English they pretended to read, and they could not read the Gaelic they might have understood, and were of course unable to express themselves in writing in any language whatever. It seemed to him that if their education was commenced in their own language, their intelligence would be quickened, they would learn more quickly and retain more easily what they learned, and they would feel an interest in their school work, and make some effort to overcome the obstacles to their continuance at school past the prescribed age of 13. Under this system the Highland child

would not only receive instruction in its own language, but might be expected to leave school with such a knowledge of English, both colloquial and literary, as would form a good equipment for its life-work. He would not detain them longer, but wished to impress upon them that it was essential this subject should be thoroughly ventilated on all sides, so as to secure thorough unity of opinion and action. It was not enough that this Society should be united. They must carry with them the Highland teachers and the Highland people, and if they could only do this, he did not believe they would have any difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Education Department. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector.

Mr Jolly, in replying, remarked that although the question of teaching Gaelic had been largely discussed, there was no certain consensus of opinion regarding it. The general view, however, was coming to be that they ought to begin with English—the staple language, the language of the country, of literature, of commerce, and of common life. There is no objection, he said, to begin with Gaelic if we had time to do both; but as time is short, we have to consider which is the better course. The more I look at the subject, the more I am convinced that the true way is to begin with English, but to use Gaelic as a medium for the culture of the child's intelligence. It is hard enough for any child, Highland or Lowland, to acquire a written language; and if you lay a double portion on the Highland child—if you ask him to acquire two languages—you immensely increase his difficulties. At the same time, the vernacular should be used to cultivate his intelligence, and to secure that the Highland child shall become acquainted with the rich and varied literature of the Gaelic tongue. I assure you that the failure of children to understand what they read is not peculiar to Highland schools. The culture of intelligence along with the reading has so far been a rare matter, and depends upon the teacher, not upon the language. The great thing is to come to Government with sensible, practical, and temperate demands; and, I think, to get Gaelic placed in the code with Latin and Greek as a special subject, would really be practical and satisfactory.

Mr Stewart of Brin proposed "The Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the High'ands." He said he was not going to maintain that the commerce and agriculture of the country could be best carried on in the language of the Celt; but he believed many of their Celtic brethren would be able at the Muir of Ord or the Corn Exchange to make as good a bargain as their English friends.

He then referred to the past agriculture of the Highlands ; to the trade of Inverness and its connection with the western districts and islands ; to the opening up of the Highlands with roads, and the construction of the Caledonian Canal ; and lastly, to the introduction of steamers and railways. There was one article of commerce in Inverness, he said, which was very successful, and which has very much fallen off—I mean the salmon fisheries. It is a curious fact that in 1794 the fisheries of the Ness—the Four Cobles—were let at a rent of £211 each, the whole being nearly £900. The leases of the tenants (which were for fifteen and sixteen years) contained this stipulation—that in November and December the tacksmen should be obliged to furnish 50 salmon a-month to the inhabitants at the price of 4d a-pound ; during January, February, March, and April, 150 salmon per month at the same price ; and during all the rest of the year as many as the inhabitants required at 2d per pound. I am afraid there is very little chance of recalling those times, however much we might desire it. As a contrast, I may add that during the ten years, from 1843 to 1853, the fisheries that produced £211 in 1794 only realised an annual rent of £17 11s ; and this was paid not by tacksmen to send the fish to market, but by persons coming to angle in the river. What the cause of this deterioration was I am not going to inquire. My own opinion is that stake nets and other nets in the estuary had something to do with it ; and others think that when the Canal was made a great many fish entered it and were destroyed. The Canal was opened about 1823 or 1824. Down to that period the trade of Inverness was carried on principally by smacks, four of which plied between Inverness and London. Before 1800 the mails were carried round by Aberdeen, partly on horseback and partly by one horse cars. In 1808 the Caledonian coach for the first time left Inverness, and performed the journey to Perth in two days. The old smacks sometimes took a long period to get to the end of their voyage. I have been told of the case of a relative of mine who was going to attend the medical classes in London, and who left in the middle of October, hoping to reach his destination in the beginning of November. He was, however, six weeks on the way, and this was by no means an infrequent occurrence. About the end of 1825 a steamer began to ply between Inverness, Aberdeen, and London. Finally came the railways ; and we ought to be deeply grateful to the gallant men who have constructed 400 miles of railway at an expense of about four millions of money. It seems a small thing now, but I know that great risks were run.

I knew one honourable baronet who was asked to sign a bill for £50,000 or £60,000, and who replied—"Oh yes, any amount you please—a million if you like; I am in so deep already that the amount does not matter." If it had not been for the interposition of credit by Ardross, the Duke of Sutherland, I think also the gentleman who sits at your right (Sir Kenneth Mackenzie), and others, this great work would never have been accomplished. The construction of railways has been our greatest achievement in the North, and I need not say how much it has contributed to the development of our material and social welfare. He coupled the toast with the names of Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, Inverness, and Mr Cumming, Allanfearn.

Mr Macdonald, in replying, said he was sure that every trader in Inverness would bear him out in saying that their business connections with the inland districts were of as much pleasure as profit to them. He did not agree with those who thought the Society had little to do with the commerce and agriculture of the Highlands. Very properly at present the language and literature of the Celt occupy a great measure of attention, but the Society would never succeed until they took notice of, and grappled with, some of the difficulties attending the commercial and agricultural interests of the country. We can have no commercial prosperity unless we have an abounding population busily employed, and the Highland proprietor who could so arrange that two families can live where only one does at present would be a benefactor to his country. We have, he said, a labour question in the Highlands, not a matter between master and men, but a want of labour. A great amount of good would be done if the large amount of labour at present lying idle could be employed.

Mr Cumming returned thanks, remarking that he was glad to see so much interest was taken in agricultural matters, and trusted the agriculturists would continue to merit the praises bestowed upon them for their enterprise.

Mr Innes proposed the "Celtic Chair." The founding of a Celtic Professorship, he said, has been one of the primary objects of more than one Scottish Society. Though the original constitution of the Highland Society of London, the parent of such associations as this, which at first was called the Gaelic Society, and founded about 1780, included the establishment of such a chair among its objects, its members do not appear at any stage of its history to have over-exerted themselves in an endeavour to carry out that object. The present Gaelic Society of London, which sprang

into existence in 1830, made various attempts—notably in 1835 and 1839—to induce the Government of the day to endow a Chair, but when the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter year very naturally suggested to them that the Celts of Scotland should first show their interest in, and belief in the necessity for the Chair, by getting together a portion of the amount required to endow it, promising that if that were done the Government would consider whether they would not grant an equal sum, the Society took fright, and the agitation was dropped. In 1869—that is, after the lapse of 30 years, the matter was again taken up by the same Gaelic Society. The Highland Society was approached, but they, to say the least, were not enthusiastic. Articles appeared in the newspapers; the Celts of Inverness took a part in the discussion; and the General Council of the University of Edinburgh took the matter up, appointed a committee and a secretary, and in the usual way made appeals by sending out circulars to the people who were thought likely to subscribe—the result of the appeal then made being, if I remember rightly, than one subscription of £1 1s was magnanimously promised. The name of the man who thus patriotically stepped forward should be preserved. For one or two years Professor Macgregor annually wailed out his report to the General Council, and in the end, need it be wondered, resigned. Well-wishers of the movement were in despair, but not for long, for when the prospects looked very black indeed, our heroic friend, Professor Blackie, did not step, but leaped to the front, and vowed he would raise £10,000, or perish in the attempt. As became a Professor of Greek, he foresaw that to attain success it was necessary to follow the Demosthenic plan, and do three things—namely, to agitate, agitate, and yet again to agitate; and what has been the result of his agitation? Why, he has, within about two years got together, what no one but he could have got, the handsome sum of £9000. To obtain this sum, he has had to eat about as many dinners as it would, on a mild calculation, have taken to destroy the digestive organs of an ordinary Highland regiment. (Laughter.) He has had to deliver lectures, addresses, and speeches, the mere contemplation of which is sufficient to take away the breath of even a Gaelic society. He has appeared in furtherance of his object on the stages of theatres, as also on the platforms of music-halls innumerable, and if not in the pulpit, at anyrate in the preacher's desks of several churches. The question has often been asked, how comes it that the Professor, a Saxon born and bred, takes such an interest in the establishment of this Celtic Chair?

There have been many theories broached on the subject ; allow me to tell you mine. In olden times—before our Chief was born—certain little people inhabited these northern lands. They were called Sithichean. Now, these little people, out of mere mischief or frolic, occasionally, when a fond mother was asleep, changed the little darling by her side and substituted another and a different child. That, gentlemen, accounts for the number of people living in our midst bearing Highland names, and whose origin is taken to be Celtic, but who neither possess any of the characteristics of the race, nor any particle of the feeling and sentiment by which its true sons are animated. That, too, must, I firmly believe, have been the misfortune which overtook our friend, soon after his birth. Now that he has been restored to his kith and kin, and shown the stuff of which he is really made, there is no mistaking his origin or his race, and no man will ever convince me that that man is not a born Celt. Consider the characteristics by which he is distinguished. His enthusiasm, his love of country, his clannishness, his genuineness, his determination, his pluck, his fearlessness. These are characteristics of the Celt, and one or other of them is at all times found in representatives of the race, while in Blackie the concentrated essence of all is combined. He is a Celt all over, and as Chief of a Society such as ours we could not have a better or more representative man. Having now referred to the Professor, I fear, however, in far too feeble language, considering what he deserves at our hands, let me say a few words of the Chair. I have heard that Chair more than once called, and in this very town among other places, the Gaelic Chair. Now, I take it in a meeting of a society like this, I need hardly remind you that the Chair is to be far more than a Gaelic, for it is to be a Celtic Chair. As you know, the Celtic family is divided into two great branches—the Gaelic and Cymric, the former being the oldest and embracing the Gaelic of Scotland, the Irish, and the Manx, while the Cymric embraces the Cornish, the Welsh, and the Bas Breton. With the Gaelic of Scotland we are all familiar ; during a recent run through Ireland, though I made the attempt, I could get no reply in pure and unadulterated Irish to my oft repeated Gaelic *Cia mar tha sibh*. That was my misfortune ; because there are many thousands of Irish-speaking people in the Emerald Isle. Never having visited the Isle of Man, with the Manx, as a spoken tongue, I have no acquaintance. Having on several occasions been in Cornwall, you may be sure I considered it my duty to make some inquiries as to the old Cornish language. A MS. vocabulary, 800 years old, is

still preserved in the Bodleian Library. English was first used in a Cornish church, in the reign of Henry VIII., but by the beginning of the 18th century, the language was only spoken in the west of the country; and in 1778, just a hundred years ago, Dolly Pentreath, who was the last person able to speak the language, died. As every member of the Gaelic Society should, I felt I was bound to pay a visit to the churchyard in which her remains repose. A memorial tablet has recently been erected to her memory by that well-known Celtic scholar, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The inscription is in English and Cornish. Old Dolly, who was a "puir fisher body," was determined the language would live as long as possible, for she only consented to die at the respectable age of 102. The village in which she lived is now called by the contemptible name of Mousehole, which, I believe, is a barbarous corruption of Môz Hêl, or Maiden's River. This is a specimen of how our beautiful Celtic names are corrupted by coming in contact with the unimaginative English. Peter Pindar has the audacity to say—

"Hail! Mousehole, birth-place of Old Doll Pentreath,
The last who jabbered Cornish."

Fancy talking of the sweet and soft language of Cornwall in that way—a language which can only be compared to the sighing of the wind, or the roll of the blue waves as they wash the shores of Kinsance Cove! My experience of the Welsh language is limited, for it is really fearful. I had words the length of my arm with whole bushels of consonants thrown at my head for two days, and then escaped. Not that the length of the Cymric words is anything to be compared with that of words found in Sanskrit, for, some time ago, in reading one of Sir William Jones' translations, I came across a compound word which had, if you please, only 152 syllables. After some remarks on comparative philology, Mr Innes went on to say—We Celts are notoriously proud of our ancient descent and long pedigrees, but have we been, are we, as proud of our language as we ought to have been and ought to be? Many centuries, ay, countless centuries, before the oldest parchment by which our most ancient existing families hold their lands was manufactured, our race and our language lived and flourished. Nearly 500 years before Christ, Herodotus, the father of history, referred to the Celts as an ancient people, but only in such a meagre way as makes us wish he could have said more. Existing

as we have, as a distinct people for so long, and having as yet kept fast hold of our language, are we now like our cousins of Cornwall going either from indifference or supineness, or worse still, from positive or affected dislike, to allow our beautiful descriptive language, which has left its mark on the topography of Europe, to decay, if not die? Oh! if you are true Celts, as I believe you to be, surely you will say never! and agree with the Celtic poet when he sings—

“Sweet tongue of our Druids and bards of past ages!
 Sweet tongue of our monarchs, our saints, and our sages!
 Sweet tongue of our heroes and free-born sires!
 When we cease to preserve thee our glory expires!”

The Celtic Chair is intended to foster and encourage the culture—the scholarly culture—of the Celtic language, its dialects, and literature. By the way in which you have been pleased to receive my remarks, I cannot but see you approve of the sentiments to which I have attempted to give utterance. That being so, I hope you will not think I am taking a liberty when I announce that I am now going to borrow a hint from our Latin “connections,” by applying to you what they would style the “argumentum ad hominem.” It is usual at gatherings of the Highland Society and other kindred associations to send round at this stage of the proceedings what is metaphorically called the “hat.” Now, we have not hitherto done that here, but this is an exceptional meeting. We have here with us to night occupying the chair in his capacity of our Chief, one who has, as I have already said, taken an infinity of trouble in gathering together a sum to enable him to found what really is, or should be, our Chair. He has come a long way to oblige us; do not, therefore, let him go away empty handed, but let us present him with a handsome sum, as our collective contribution to the Celtic Chair Fund. I am aware some of the gentlemen present have already subscribed, as I have myself done, but I hope they will feel as I do, that a special effort is now necessary to make up the total sum required, and if we, the members of the Gaelic Society of the Celtic Capital of Scotland, will not untie our purse-strings, how can we possibly expect people at a distance to do so? I have brought with me here several subscription-lists, which, with your permission, will now be sent round the tables, in order that all may have an opportunity of inscribing their names, and the amount of their donations therein. You must all remember the

story of the Quaker, who, at a charity meeting, was annoyed by speaker after speaker getting up and saying how much they sympathised with the movement, without saying whether or not, and if so, how much in £ s. d. they were prepared to subscribe. He himself got up at last, and said "I sympathise £5." Following that very worthy precedent, I am glad to say my friend Mr Macintosh of Holme, who has always taken a warm interest in everything Celtic, authorises me to say he sympathises £5 5s, and though I have already given as much as I thought my income warranted my doing, I feeling, as I have said, that a special effort is necessary, and that our good name as Celts is jeopardised if we don't get our Chief out of the hole in which he has managed to fling himself, I beg to say I also sympathise £5. When the lists have been returned to me, I will then, in your name, have the pleasure of presenting them to Professor Blackie, and asking you to drink with more cordiality than I can expect from you at this stage, his health and success to the Celtic Chair. (Applause.) The subscription-lists were then handed round, and Mr Innes intimated that £53 14s 6d had been subscribed. He then asked the company to drink success to the Celtic Chair and Professor Blackie. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Here Mr Hugh Fraser then sang "Chunna mi 'n damh donn 's na h-eildean."

Professor Blackie, in replying, said—I did not know that this was to be done, but it was a right thing for you to have done, because the University of Oxford has already anticipated us by establishing a Chair. The sum already subscribed is above £9000, the sum paid up is £8500, the greater portion of which has been laid out at 4½ per cent. on heritable security. Did every Highlander give his mite, we will soon have the sum of £10,000, but to be pleased with that sum would not be gentlemanly—would not be Celtic. We must have £12,000. (Cheers.)

Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, in proposing the toast of the "Highland Regiments," said—A dheadh Phriomh, a Thighearna Ghearrloch, a dhaoine uaisle agus a bhraithrean, chuireadh mar iarrtas ormsa gu'n cuirinn mu bhur coinneimh, sibh a dh'ol deoch-slainnte nan Reisimeidean Gaidhealach. Tha duilichinn orm nach do thagh an Comunn duine bu mhion-eolaiche air doighean 's air euchdan an airm na mise. Cha 'n 'eil mi eolach air geur lagh eagnuidh na h-armailt, agus cha mho tha mi deasbhriathrach gu liomh mhath a chuir air eachdraidh dhaoine a choisinn meas 's urram do gach duine agus bean a bhuineadh dhoibh air

feadh an t-saoghail gu leir. Mur toilich na th'agam ri radh airson an airm Ghaidhealaich sibh, tha mi 'n dochas gu'n gabh sibh an toil an aite a' ghnìomh. Mar bhonn teagasg their mi beagan mu'n Reisimeid Dhuibh. Tha sia fichead bliadhna agus sia-deug-'ar-fhichead mu Bhealtuinn so chaidh bho 'n fhuair am Freiceadan Dubh an t-ainm Sasunnach ris an abair sinn a nise Reisimeid—ged nach fhaigheadh iad fhathas e bu beag an diobhail. Bha iad feumail mar bha iad, agus bhitheadh iad ro fheumail do'n Ghaidhealtachd na'm bitheadh iad air fuireach mar bha iad fo'n t-seann ainm, agus, anns an t-seann nadur fad leth-dusan bliadhna eile. Ach bha iad a nise fo bhrataich an Rìgh, 's cha robh an uine fada an deigh sin gus an robh iad fo theine an Fhrangaich ann am Fontenoi nan trom-bheum 'us lotan basmhor. Am measg nam fich-eadan de mhiltean saighdear bha ann aig cath gailbheach Fontenoi, cha robh daoine idir ann a dhearbh am misneach, an cruadal, am buadhan 'san euchdan coltach ris an Reisimeid Dhuibh. Iomadh uair fad an la ghearr iad bearn 'us bealach am broilleach treun arm ionnsuichte na Frainge. Ach mar bha 'n cruaidh fhortan air an “fheoladair,” Diuc Uilleam, chuir e am Freiceadan Dubh car fada air falbh a thilleadh sgiath an airm Fhrangaich. Anns a' cheart am sin dh'iarr an Seanalair Frangach (Saxe) orra thogail air each, 'us iad ga ghiubhlann roimhe sin air cradh-leabaidh. Bha fear air gach taobh ga chumail air an each. Am priobadh an roisg chunnaic an seann laoch gu'n do lagaich Diuc Uilleam a chuid airm leis mar sgaoil e iad, ghlaodh Saxe air Morair Chlair, 'se sin an ceannard treun a bh' air cheann feachd Eirinn san uair sin fo lagh na Frainge—“Ma bhitheas sibh aithghearr” thubhairt Saxe “cuiridh sibh an ruaig air an namhaid mu'n tionail e chuid daoine.” Ann an tiotadh bha na Frangaich agus gach Albannach 's gach Eirionnach a bha san uair sin fo bhrataich Fhrangaich na'n cruinn-chomhlan a' deanamh dìreach air Diuc Uilleam. Thuig an Diuc gu'm bitheadh an tubaist air. Chuir e dh'iarraidh na Reisimeide Duibhe, ach chunnaic e an namhaid a' tighinn mar bheum-sleibhe, 'us 'nuair chual e seann iolach cogaidh nan Eirionnach thar e as 's dh' eibh e an t-each a b' astaraiche. Thachair an Diuc agus a chairdean, feachd na h-Olainte —'s ruith nan cailleach leis a' bhruthach aca—ris an Reisimeid Duibh; dh' iarr fir a bhreacain air tilleadh air ais ris an namhad, ach 's e nach tilleadh. “Mur till thu rithid ris an namhad dean air do shocair,” thuirt na fir ris; “bheir sinne an aire ort.” Chuir an Reisimeid Dhubh agus Howard's Regiment an aghaidh ris an namhaid 'us bha gu leoir aca ri dheanamh pìoc-aichean Eirinn, beigealaidean na Frainge agus claidheamhan nan

Albannach a chumail a leth deiridh an “fheoladair” gus an d’thug iad a cunnard e. Sin agaibh mar dhearbh am Freiceadan Dubh iad fhein ri aghaidh a’ cheud teine. Bho ’n la sin gu la Choom-assie cha ’n ’eil ach an t-aon teisteanas ri thoirt orra, cliu ’us meas dhoibh fhein ’s gach aon a bhuineadh dhaibh agus mor-onair dh’ an rioghachd a dh’ araich iad. Tha naoidh Reisimeidean Gaidhealach fo chrun Bhreatainn tha coig dhe na Reisimeidean so ag caitheamh an fheile-bhig agus ceithir Reisimeidean air an eideadh le triubhais. Cha’n ’eil aon lide an leth-fhocail a thuirt mi mu’n Reisimeid Dhuibh nach bu mhiann leam uiread a chantuinn mu gach aon dhe na h-ochd Reisimeidean Gaidhealach eile. ’S coir an aire mhath a thoirt air na th’againn de Reisimeidean Gaidhealach, oir a reir coltais, cha’n fhaic duine tha beo an diugh Reisimeid eile air a togail anns a’ Ghaidhealtachd, ni’s lugha na chuireas iad airm air-caoraich, feidh ’us gearran. A reir mo bharrail-sa agus cho fad ’s is fiosrach mi tha na Reisimeidean eile a cheart cho toilltinneach air an cliu agus air an euchdan innse ris an Reisimeid Dhuibh. Ach tha mi ’faicinn dhaoine uaisle mu’n bhord so nach tuig mi, a’ gabhail sgios dhe bhi ag eisdeachd na Gaidhlig. Cha ’n e mo choire-sa nach tuig iad mi. Bhitheadh e cho farasda dhaibh-san a Ghaidhlig ionnsachadh ’sa bha e dhomb-sa Bheurla ionnsachadh; ach bheir mi mhodh dhoibh gu ’n leig mi leo an leoir Beurla shlugadh a nise.

“Lionaibh suas gach cuach gu ’m barr,
 Bitheadh iad lan de’n deoch is fhearr,
 Sguabaibh as i fuar no blath,
 Air deadh shlainte arm an aigh.”

Na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach !

The toast having been cordially responded to, Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn rose and said—Fhir urramaich ’s fhoghlumte a tha ’sa’ Chathair, a Mhaighstir Siosal, agus a mhuinntir mo chridhe uile gu leir—Tha mi ’g eirigh le moran toil-inntinn a thoirt tainge air son na doigh dhuineil thlachdmhoir, ’s an d’ thug Mr Siosal dhuinn Deoch-slainte nan Reisimeidean Gaidhealach, agus air son na doigh chridheil shunndaich leis an do ghabh sibh ris an Deoch-slainte so. Ach ’s mor mo dhiachuinn nach ’eil mo ghreim air a’ Ghaidhlig ach lag ’s gur beag mo chleachdadh air a bhi labh-airt air beulaobh lan tighe de dhaoine-uaisle, mar a th’ againn an so a nochd. Air an aobhar sin, cha ’n ’eil e na mo chomas freagart cho grinn, glan, agus gasda ’s bu mhath leam, agus a bhiodh freagarrach air son Deoch-slainte a tha cho measail aig Comunn

Gaidhlig Inbhirnis. Ach gabhaibh mo leisgeul—bho'n a tha fios agaibh fhein 's aig an t-saoghal uile, gun do choisinn na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach gloir, cliù agus ard-mholadh anns a h-uile cogadh, bho Fhontenoi gu ruig Coomassie. Agus, an am na sìthe, bha iad ainmeil air son deadh-oilein,—le bhì coir, ciuin, caoimhneil agus cliuiteach, na'n duthaich fhein, agus ann an duthannan eile. Agus, mar a rinn iad, nì iad. Oir ma dh' eireas cogadh a rithisid, eiridh spiorad luchd-nam-breacan, agus cha bhì gaisge ar luchd-duthcha air an la-an-diugh, dad air dheireadh air gaisge nan laoch a dh' fhalbh. Ach mo thruaighe nach 'eil riaghladairean an airm a' riaghladh nach bitheadh ach Gaidheil 's na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach, Sasunnaich 's na Reisimeidean Sasunnach, agus Eirionnaich 's na Reisimeidean Eirionnach; mar sin, bhiodh neart, treuntas, agus spiorad gach saighdeir air a bhrosnachadh gu end, gu ainm, agus cliù a dhuthcha fhein a chumail suas. Ach a nis, tha luchd gach rioghachd an measg a cheile, ann an rathad nach 'eil Reisimeid Ghaidhealach, Eirionnach, no Sasunnach ann idir,—'s tha eud, fein-speis, spiorad, agus cuimhne gach duthcha, air chall air na saighdearan againn. Bheir mi nise, ma's e bhur toil treiseag bheag air a' Bheurla.—Having said so much in Gaelic, I shall now, with the permission of our most excellent and learned Chief and Chairman, conclude in English. Thirty-five years ago I had the honour of a commission in the 42d Royal Highlanders, as a reward for my father's services at Waterloo and the capture of Paris. When I joined the "Forty-Twa"—"Scotia's darling corps"—the "Black Watch" was composed of real as well as loyal Highlanders. The officers were all Scotch except one, but he was educated at the Edinburgh University. The men were all Highland or Scotch except one—a Yorkshire born manufacturer—but he had the redeeming name of Munro. Well do I remember when the first English officer joined us, and the little frolic we had after mess transmogrifying him into a Scotchman. And how do you think we managed it? We made him eat and swallow a live thistle, prickles and all, and I must say he performed the operation like a man, and washed it all down with a *quaich* of real mountain dew. We then received him as a brother Scot. Is it not a pity and a shame, and a great mistake that our Highland Regiments are not kept *exclusively Highland*, or at least national. The Royal warrant of King George II., issued for regimenting the Black Watch companies, contains the command that "Recruits for the 42d Royal Highlanders were *always* to be raised in the Highlands of Scotland, the officers and men to be natives of that country, and

none other to be taken." Why, then, should English or Irish be taken into Highland Regiments, and dressed up in kilts, dirks, and feather bonnets? Why should not the true martial Highland spirit of these regiments be left unalloyed, instead of having regiments composed of different nations mixed promiscuously? If we are to have Highland Regiments why are they not composed of Highlanders, men and officers? men who would understand the notes of the war-pipe, which penetrate the inmost fibres of the heart and frame, and rivet the whole action of the soul to one point. It is thus that a charge to battle sounded in *piobaireachd* absorbs all the distracting cares and selfish sensibilities denominated fears, inflames the courage to enthusiasm, and renders a common man a hero. (Applause.) The sound of that martial instrument transports the Highlander with joy, in common circumstances, and renders him insensible to danger, and invincible in the conflicts of war. I again thank you all for having so heartily drank to the toast of the Highland Regiments.

Mr Macandrew gave the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness." Referring to Macaulay's statement that Inverness in former times was "a solitary outpost of civilization in a region of barbarians," he contended that this was not the case, and that our ancestors were far from barbarians.—

"I lately," he said, "came across a letter-book which belonged to a Mr Grant, a merchant who lived in Inverness in the year 1746. The letters were addressed some to people in Bordeaux, others to Holland, and consisted of orders for goods; and in them the writer insisted that he would pay for nothing that was not thoroughly good. His wine must be of the very best. Now, that wine was intended for the gentlemen who lived in the Highlands, and this circumstance shows that they were so far civilised as to know what was good and what was bad in wines. (Laughter and applause.) What I was struck with chiefly was the order from his wife, with which he supplemented his own order for goods. In his wife's order there were 'two dozen finger glasses,' and some 'table-napkins;' indicating that in this burgher's house there was some degree of comfort and refinement."

Mr Macandrew said that in those days Inverness was really the capital of the Highlands, the centre of Highland life; and he thought it might still be made a place where Highland gentlemen would like to reside, and to send their sons for education.

Bailie Davidson replied to the toast, observing that the town had recently spent £80,000 for a water and gas supply. A plenti-

ful supply of good water had thus been obtained, which would prove a great benefit to the inhabitants.

Mr Murdoch, of *The Highlander*, in proposing "Kindred Societies," said that from what he knew of them it would take him a long time to speak of them in detail. He would not, however, at that late hour, even attempt to name them. There were two things which he would say of them, that the societies which were prospering were characterised by genuineness and usefulness. Those which were true to themselves, standing forward as Highlanders in speech and sentiment, were always triumphant. So were the societies which did not exist merely for their own small selves; they thrive by the very work of doing good beyond themselves; just as this Society never was so prosperous, and never commanded such respect as when it was pressing the subject of Highland Education on the School Boards of the Highlands. If these societies bore this in mind, and acted accordingly, there was no danger of Gaelic dying in 200 years or in 2000; and we should soon have Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's self-evident ideas carried out in regard to that language in schools. If the societies were true and active, the opinion which Sir Kenneth expressed so well, and which we all knew to be the correct one, would be the opinion of the country, and become the law of the land. It was no longer a thing to be argued with inspectors or schoolmasters; it was simply to assert the conviction as that of true men, and the inspectors and the teachers would just have to learn to do what their masters told them. And so with every other question. He was to couple this toast with the name of Mr Ross, President of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, a young society which was not wasting its time discussing such questions as who was worse, the Miser or the Spendthrift, or who was the greater general, Wellington or Napoleon. It did not look to other men and other lands, but looked directly under our own feet and around us here for scientific, literary, and industrial resources; and its success had already abundantly justified its wisdom, and went to supply one of the greatest wants in the locality—an acquaintance with and reliance upon our own resources.

Mr A. Ross, President of the Inverness Scientific Society, replied, and remarked that if some of the archæological papers read before his Society were published in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, they would add much to the interest of the volume.

Professor Blackie then rising, declared that in modern Europe there were three despots—the Roman Pope, the Emperor of Russia,

and a Highland Chief—(Laughter)—and by his authority as Chief he wiped out three toasts—Non-Resident Members, the Ladies, and the Press.—

“I wipe out the Ladies with the blood throbbing over every inch of me—(Laughter and applause)—and I wipe out the Press because there is a press of business—(Laughter)—and because I have a special enmity towards them for the way in which they report me. (Laughter and applause.) The next toast is the Croupiers.”

Mr Stewart—“Wipe that out too.”

Professor Blackie—“No, I am despotic.” (Laughter.)

Mr Stewart—“Well, we humbly appeal to you.” (Laughter.)

Professor Blackie—“I am despotic; there is no appeal.” (Renewed laughter.)

The Rev. Mr Macgregor proposed the health of the “Croupiers,” which was replied to by Mr Stewart and Mr Innes.

Rev. Mr MacLachlan then proposed “The Chief.” He said—
Fhir na caithreach, 'sa dhaoine-uaisle—Tha dleasanais air iarraidh orm a chur an guiomh air an fheasgar so, tha gle dhuilich a choimh-ionadh anns an doigh 's am bu choir dhomh agus a bu mhaith leam. Gun teagamh tha deagh cheann-teagaisg agam: ach 'si bhochduinn gu bheil e cho maith 's gu bheil e cunnartach gu'm mill mi e. Ach c'ar son nach d' earb sibh e ri Alastair Ruadh a bheireadh dhuibh Gaidhlig ghlan gu ceann seachduin, na 'n togradh sibh? So deoch-slainnte Ceann-feadhna a' Chomuinn so, agus ceann-suidhe na cuirme—an t-Ollamh urramach, gleusda, blath-chridheach—an t-Ollamh Blackie. Tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh gur h-i so ann an aon seadh deoch-slainnte shonruichte an fheasgair so; agus bu mhiann leam labhairt uimpe le teangadh dhaoine 's ainneal; ach 's eagal leam nach 'eil mi ach mar umha ni fuaim, no mar chiombal ni gleangarsaich. Cha 'n aon duine cumanta a th' againn 'sa chathair a nochd. Dh'fheudainn labhairt uime mar Ard-Sgoileir—

Ard iulair na fileachd 's gach seud
Bh'air ealaidh na Greig 's na Roimh,

Fear eolais gach cainnte measg sluaigh
Sar thuigsear gach buaidh fo'n ghrein.

Ach b' fhearr leam a nis labhairt uime mar charaid nan Gaidheal. Nach iongantach an ni e gur h-e Blackie an t-ainm a's ainmeile am measg ar sluaigh air an la 'n diugh air feadh g'harbhlaichean 's fhir-

ichean na Gaidhealtachd, air feadh mhachraichean uaine agus bhailtean mora na Galldachd, an measg shneachdan Chanada no measg choiltibh fasail America, New Zealand, agus Australia? Bheil sibh a' smaointeachadh gur h-e duine suarach no leibideach a b' urrainn a leithid sin a chliu a chosnadh o chearn gu cearn de'n t-saoghal, o eirigh gu ruig luidhe greine? Agus am b'e duine gun bhuidhean arda do'n tugadh an Comunn uasal so an t-urram suidhe sa' chaithir mhoir aig a' chuirn bhliadhnaile so? Ach 'se tha deanamh a' ghnothuich cho iongantach nach Gaidheal idir tha 'san neach tha mar so cho urramach ann an suilean gach Gaidheil tha deigheil air a dhuthaich, a chainnt, agus na daoine o'n d' thainig e. Cha'n fhios domhsa gu bheil aon bhoinne de dh-fhuil Ghaidhealaich a' ruith tre 'chuislibh; agus air an aobhar sin feumaidh gur duine mor da rìreadh e—an inntinn agus cridhe, mu'n d'eirich e chum na h-inbhe so 'nar duthaich. "Cìod e a rinn e, mata?" tha thu feoraich. "Cìod e a rinn e?" "Cìod e nach d' rinn e?" tha mise freagairt. O cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean bha Ghaidhealtachd againn air a dunadh a suas o choigrich; agus bha ar coimhearsnaich 'san taobh Deas, an Sasunn agus an Eirinn cho aineolach oirnn fein, air ar duthaich, agus air ar cleachdainnean, 'sa bha iad air Abyssinia, no air bodach na gealaich. 'S ann a bha iad a' smaointeachadh gur h-e a bh' annainn daoine fiadhaich, a' ruith ruisgte, no le badan bochd crioslaichte mu ar leth-deiridh, agus air ar comhdachadh le fionnadh tiugh mar ghabhar nan creag no mar dhamh dearg an fhrith. Ach dh' eirich duine ainmeil a suas ris an abair iad an Ridire Walter Scott, agus le pheann finealta, easguidh, sgaoil e an sgleo bha cuairteachadh na Gaidhealtachd agus air an la 'n diugh chi thu teachd do'r duthaich, luchd-cuairt o gach tìrfo'nghrein—Sasunnaich chaola, chruaidhe; Americanaich ladarna; Eirionnaich dheaschainnteach, 's gach seorsa beathaich a shiolaich o'r ceud pharatan. Thubhairt an Scotach riu:—

"An t-oigh leat na beanntan mor,
Cruachan 's na neoil gu h-ard;
Coireachan, frithean, dachaigh an fhìreoin
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gair?"

Far am faic thu an ceathach a' snamh,
'Sa' lubadh mu shìos nan cruach,
'Sa ghnath na m' aire bhiodh fonn na mara
Ga m' thaladh gu foisneach gu suainn."

Ach ged a rinn Scot ar tir ainmeil, gu de am feum a tha an luchd-turais so a' deanamh do'r duthaich? Tha iad a' fagail an airgiod 's na tighean-osda; agus gun tamh ri falbhanachd o aite gu aite mar chirc ag iarraidh nid, a' siubhal 's a' rannsachadh gach sgriodain, gach sgairnich, 's gach oisinn. Cuid diu le ord beag ladhach a' sgealpadh criomanan as gach creig is cloich. Ach tha na daoine so falbh dìreach mar a thainig iad gun suim no speis a ghabhail do'n luchd-aiteachaidh, no do'n cainnt. An sin dh'eirch neach eile rinn obair cho maith ris an Ridire a dh' ainmich mi, a thug air coigrich amharc, cha'n ann a mhain air ar beanntan 's ar gleanntan, air ar 'n uillt, 's ar cuain, ach air na Gaidheil fein mar bhraithrean 's mar pheathraichean; mar dhaoine treuna agus calma; mar dhaoine dligheach cairdeil. Agus thug 'e orra amharc mar an ceudna air an cainnt mar chainnt bhuaidhmhoir, bhoidhich, mhilis a' sruthadh mar chir mheala o theangaibh ar baird agus ar sluaigh. Co an duine rinn so? Sin agaibh e shuas air ceann na cuirme. Nach 'eil e air mìltean punnd Sasunnach a chruinneachadh chum caithir Ghaidhlig a steidheachadh ann an Oil-thigh Dhuneideann agus tha dochas againn gu'm bi an sgillinn ruadh mu dheireadh fo ghlais am poca a bhriogais mu'n tig an t-am so 'n ath-bhliadhna, 's gun tig gu luath Linn an Aigh mu bheil am bard a' labhairt:—

“Nuair bha Ghaidhlig aig na h-eoin,
Bha'n bainne air an lon mar dhriuchd,
A mhil a' fas air barr an fhraoich,
A h-uile ni cho saor 's am burn.”

Gus an d' thainig ar Ceann-feadhna bha na Gaidheil mur gum b' ann 'nan suidhe laimh ri aimhnichibh Bhabiloin, an clarsaichean crochte air na crannaibh seilich, a' gul 'nuair a chuimhnich iad air tir an cridhe, tir an eolais, tir an oige. Ach thainig Blackie agus ghabh e a chlarsach na 'laimh, ruith e a mheoir thairis air a teudan, dhuisc e gradh do'n na h-eilthirich, ann an cridhe na rioghachd— agus ma dh' fheadte gum faic sinn fhathast ann an aite na luachaire caoil, na coinnich uaine, agus na h-eanntaig glais, tighean nan daoine coir ag eirigh, agus an ciobair stiallach Gallda toirt an tìge air do'n duthaich as an d' thainig e. Mile beannachd leis! An sin chi sinn na glinn mar a b' abhaist:—

“S gum b' iad sud glinn an orain,
Glinn an ime, glinn a' bhainne,
Glinn chruidh-laoigh air airidh bharraich,
Far am bi 'n damh dearg a' langan.”

S ma tha aon neach beo bheir mu'n cuairt e se 'n t-Ollamh Blackie. Ach a nis cha'n fhaod mi bhi gar cumail ni's fhaide. Ach mu'n suidh mi dh' iarrainn oirbh amharc air an duin-uasal—air aghaidh fhathail, gheir, ghloin, agus fhalt liath ceallach a' tuiteam o cheann. Cha 'n urrainn domh gun chuimhneachadh air briatharan a' bhaird, ged a's ann mu mhnaoi a labhair e :—

“Gur gile mo leannan na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
No cobhar na tuinne 's i tilleadh bho'n traigh,
No blath-bhainne-buaile 's a' chuach leis fo bharr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach ga fhroiscadh mu'n lar.”

Ged tha cheann cho geal tha chridhe eutrom, og fathast, 's tha 'n duanag gu tric ri cluinntinn o bheul. Dh' eadar-theangaich e 'n la roimhe cuid de dh-orain ar sluaigh, agus feudadh mi radh mu thimchioll a rithist ann am briathar Smeorach Chlann Lachuinn :—

“Tha'n uiseag 's an smeorach feadh lointean nan driuchd
Toirt failte le'n orain do'n og-mhaduinn chiuin,
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheolta 's an smeorach gun sunnd
'Nuair 'thoisicheas m'eudail air gleusadh a ciuil.”

Do chuid de dhaoin' ainmeil tha daoine togail carragh-cuimhne ; tha cuid eile a' togail carragh-cuimhne dhoibh fein le'n sgriobhaidhnean ; mar a thubhairt am bard Romanach “Exegi monumentum aere perennius, &c.” Ach mairidh an t-Ollamh Blackie beo gun charragh-cuimhne cloiche, ann an oisinn bhlath ann an cridhe gach fìor Ghaidheil. Gu ma fada beo e, agus ceo as a thigh. Agus 'nuair a dh' fhagas e sinn, co againn nach cuireadh clach na 'charn ? A dhaoin-uaisle, lionaibh ar cuachan gu'm barr, agus sguabaibh as gu'n grund iad, ag ol deoch-slainge an fhìor dhuin-uasail, an t-sar Sgoileir, agus Caraid nan Gaidheal, an t-Ollamh Blackie.

The toast was enthusiastically drunk, and

Professor Blackie, in replying, said—Men and brethren, as Saint Paul says—(Laughter)—I am seriously reminded of the saying, “Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.” (Laughter.) But perhaps the woe does not apply, for men have not always spoken well of me. I thank you for your reception of this toast, and I have also to thank the gentleman who proposed it, for having spoken in Gaelic. For although I followed almost every sentence, I did not—perhaps because it was after twelve o'clock at night—comprehend fully what he said. (Laughter.) I got only occasional

glimpses, and therefore I have to thank him, for he saved me from blushing. (Laughter.) I have to make one remark, however. I did not wish to have this affair of the Celtic Chair put on my shoulders. I accepted it only because there was no other person that would take it up; I accepted it, too, because I considered it would be cowardly and mean-spirited if, when such a thing was conceived in connection with the University of Edinburgh, everything possible were not done for its realisation. (Applause.) I accepted it because, in these circumstances, it was my duty—(Applause)—and I confess that I had not otherwise the slightest desire to be encumbered with this business. I have since found that, if you do the work which God gives you to do, you will find that your pain becomes changed into pleasure—(Applause)—and your labour becomes a triumph. (Renewed applause.) Do what God sends you to do. This is the maxim that has carried me through life. I thought I heard Mr Maclachlan use the words of the bard, Ewen Maclachlan—

“Gur gile mo leannan,
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh;”

and I thought they referred to these beautiful white hairs of mine, in which I take some pride—(Applause)—for I think there is a beauty in them. (Applause.) Well, the way to get through life, to the attainment of such locks, is not to choose your lot, but to show by your actions that it is right to do what you are called upon to do. (Cheers.) Do it rightly, and do it pleasantly, and good will certainly come. (Applause.) Do it thoroughly—not by halves, for no good can come of that—do it altogether. (Applause.) This is the spirit in which I took this work in hand, and though the labour of the Celtic Chair has taken up much of my time, and has prevented the publication of some of the most splendid books ever written—(Laughter and applause)—it has brought me up to those Celtic regions in which I had no proper business to be, and which I now love so well. (Applause.) One benefit which I have gained—a benefit which I prize more than all the Greek and Latin I ever learned—is that my labours have made me acquainted with my own country—(Applause)—and with the very best men in my own country. (Renewed applause.) Aristotle says—and it is always right to accept Aristotle, contradict Blackie and *The Highlander* as you like. (Laughter.) Blackie may be despotic—(Laughter)—but he may be contradicted; but contradict Aristotle, and there is no hope for you. (Applause and laughter) Well, he

divides all men into two classes—those who are given to giving, and those who are given to getting. You well know that the majority are more given to getting—(Laughter)—but the minority are generally better and nobler; and in good and noble matters—in lofty ideals—in right conduct—the minority are always in the right and the majority in the wrong. That is Aristotle and Gospel, and contradict these two if you dare. (Applause and laughter.) In this mission I and you were long in a minority, but we pressed on, and proved triumphantly that we were in the right. (Applause.) And I have at last got an immense amount of cash which I value much, and an immense amount of love which I value more. (Loud applause.)

As the Professor spoke he turned and threw his arms round Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, giving him a hearty embrace. This action was received with loud cheering and laughter, and when the enthusiasm had subsided, the Professor gave good-night, and the proceedings came to an end. During the evening, it should be mentioned, Pipe-Major MacIennan, the Society's piper, was in attendance, and played selections of Highland music on the great Highland bagpipe.

The proceedings, which were throughout most successful, came to a conclusion about one o'clock.

18TH JANUARY, 1877.

The following new members were elected at this meeting, viz. :—Messrs John H. Forsyth, Inglis Street, Inverness; William Gunn, draper, do.; Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg; James Melven, bookseller, Inverness; D. Middleton, coal merchant, do.; Æneas Fraser, writer, Church Street, do.; and Simon Finlayson, 1 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.

Thereafter office-bearers for the ensuing year were nominated.

DR HATELY WADDELL ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN.

On Wednesday evening, January 24, the Rev. Dr Hately Waddell, of Glasgow—well-known as the editor and biographer of Burns, and more recently as the author of "Ossian and the Clyde"—delivered a lecture on Ossian in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the Society—Provost Simpson presiding.

Dr Waddell, on rising, was received with applause, and in proceeding to the discussion of his interesting theme, said—It may

seem hardly necessary to inform the audience that the object of the present lecture is to vindicate the authenticity of Ossian as represented in Macpherson's translation; but the lecturer, being by birth and education a Lowlander, does not presume in any way either to criticise or to explain the original Gaelic edition of 1807. He wishes this to be distinctly understood; and shall confine himself exclusively to the defence and illustration of the magnificent works known by the name of Ossian, as they appeared in Macpherson's hands. In prosecuting this subject, we shall have to inquire in the *first* place as to the credibility of Macpherson's own claim as the avowed translator; in the *second*, as to the possibility of his having fabricated such poems as *Fingal* and *Temora*, from certain alleged originals among Irish mediæval ballads; and, in conclusion, to present a sort of summary, or brief critical estimate, of the most important, intellectual, and moral characteristics of Ossian, as he appears in the translation—than which characteristics, in the lecturer's opinion, nothing truer or sublimer; at once more natural or wonderful, is anywhere to be found in the whole range of Epic literature, since the days of Moses and Homer.

I. MACPHERSON'S CLAIMS.

According to this arrangement, then, it is with Macpherson himself, in the first place, we are chiefly concerned; with the possibility or impossibility of his having been the actual author of these magnificent poems; and the first most obvious question, in this long-veiled argument, is as to the moral character of the man himself. Had anything been proved against him to invalidate his own declaration that the poems of Ossian were translated by him from an original, or rather from several originals, in the Scottish Gaelic language, in his hands? Was he previously known to be a liar? Had he ever been guilty of fraud? Had he ever done anything dishonest? Had he ever imposed upon his friends, upon his patrons, upon the public? Had he done anything of a sort to forfeit his claims to their confidence, or to destroy his claims to respect and honour as a student of divinity, and an aspirant to the functions of the Church? Nothing we know, or ever heard of. His worst crime was poverty, and one of the most honourable actions of his life was to requite in old age, by the offer of payment an hundred fold, the unknown obligations of friendship that had been conferred upon him in his youth. Why, then, should this man be suspected or accused of a long, intricate, and difficult series of unblushing im-

postures on the world before the age of twenty-four? Because Le was ambitious? But he was not more ambitious than Burke or Canning, Brougham or Disraeli—who have never been accused of literary fraud or falsehood. Because other young men, like Chatterton for example, have made attempts of the kind to impose upon the public? But Chatterton, at that date, was only a child. He might afterwards, indeed, have emulated Macpherson, but Macpherson could not possibly have emulated him. Besides, the very essence of Chatterton's imposture was the production of forged documents, whereas, the most serious charge against Macpherson was that he did not produce a document at all. Is it because in earlier youth he had attempted poetry of his own? Then the sort of poetry he so attempted affords the most conclusive evidence that he could never have been the author of what subsequently appeared. Is it because he afterwards enjoyed political patronage, and obtained a Government appointment, where he accumulated a fortune? In this he was no worse than any other political aspirant of his day; but even if he had been, Ossian was published long before. Is it because he threatened retaliation by violence, when he was denounced as a ruffian and a cheat? Any man of spirit in the circumstances, much more any Highland man, would have done the same. (Applause.) Is it because he refused to produce his MS. when demanded? That question comes nearer to the point. But he did produce it, and left it with his publishers for a twelvemonth to be inspected by his accusers, who had neither the courtesy, courage, or common sense to look at it. Is it because Johnson denounced him for a cheat and a ruffian? Pinkerton for a gifted fabulist? Laing for a cunning plagiarist? and Campbell, of Islay, for a magnificent myth? The reply is easy. Johnson in this, as in many other matters, was a prejudiced dogmatical boor; Pinkerton himself was a convicted fabulist; Laing was a worshipper of Parliament House, and bound to display his own learning; Campbell, of Islay, is a modern rival collector in another field, and does not choose thoroughly to examine the subject. And is James Macpherson to be eternally defamed with fraud and forgery, because lexicographers and critics who did not understand the subject, and will not so much as condescend to look at it, persist in so defaming him? It seems incredible as a mere question of honour, of honesty, of common sense; much more incredible as a question of fact, when the issues which depend upon it are considered. Under the same head, Dr Waddell further inquired, why then should these extraordinary productions be looked upon as frauds,

if there was nothing in the translator's previous life to suggest it? Because the style was too lofty? the characters too grand? the events too wonderful? the morals too pure? the history too sublime? the achievements too heroic? the incidents too romantic? the sentiments too tender? the pathos too touching? the pictures of life too splendid? the revelations of humanity too profound? For what? for whom? for when? For types of a race that defied and defeated the Romans? For a poet who spoke with authority in the ear of kings? For a period of transition between native civilisation on the brink of ruin, and foreign civilisation itself on the verge of decay? Between the opposite extremes and representatives of two antagonistic worlds? Too lofty, grand, wonderful, and pure? too sublime, too heroic, too romantic, too tender, too touching, too splendid, too profound?—for an era like this, and for men like these? Yet not too lofty, grand, wonderful, pure, sublime, heroic, romantic, tender, touching, splendid, or profound for a young, half-educated, unsuccessful student of divinity—who must have been a liar and a thief, a beggar and a cheat, a hardened rogue and a brazen impostor, from the age of eighteen till the end of his life; who must not only have concocted and composed the whole of it in fragments, and interwoven, dovetailed, and jointed it together by mere words and syllables not hitherto detected for a hundred years, and apparently not known to himself; who must have borrowed his style by assiduous labour, according to Laing, from 88 different authors, and manufactured 22 epic poems out of 966 words or phrases—certain of these poems containing 3, 6, and 8 books; and who finally located his heroes and localised his scenes, on this hap-hazard process, so exactly, that the very footsteps of the one and the outlines of the other may be traced and identified at this hour, scores and hundreds of miles distant from the regions and localities where this youthful, imaginative, unprincipled, unscrupulous, half-educated, and practically ignorant impostor fancied them; who did not know the rocks, the rivers, or the mountains, the lakes or seas, the islands or the continents, the regions or the airts, the very points of the compass, to which his own supposed forgeries related! The supposition is impossible, incredible, absurd—(Cheers)—impossible alike in fancy or in philosophy, in forgery or in fate. Such a concurrence of falsehood with fact, beyond the knowledge of the liar himself, is inconceivable. No necromancer on earth could have accomplished it; much less a poor student of divinity, who had failed for the Church and had failed in the press; who had published poems of his own before, which nobody but his enemies

remembered, and a translation of Homer afterwards which covered himself with ridicule. Yet this is the alternative which his accusers must adopt, rather than believe that Ullin was Ulster; that Inisthona was Iceland; that the Carun was the Carron; that the Clutha was the Clyde; that the kings of the world were the Romans; that Fingal lived, and that Ossian sang, fifteen hundred years ago; that there was a poet then and there, as well as in Greece or in Italy, capable of representing humanity!

II. MACPHERSON'S ALLEGED RESOURCES.

Having thus, in general terms, and from all reasonable ordinary points of view, considered the credibility of Macpherson's own claims, we are bound, in farther prosecution of the subject, to consider also the character and extent of his alleged resources; and whether it was possible that from these—such as they are said to have been—anything like the poems of Ossian could ever be constructed. Honest or dishonest, gifted or not gifted in himself—did materials known to Macpherson anywhere exist, from which *Fingal*, *Temora*, and the other poems ascribed to Ossian, could by human possibility—by any imaginable process of human invention, have been fabricated? This department of our inquiry, it is obvious, will include much beyond the mere theft of appropriate language from distinguished authors, or even of figures and filling-up pre-supposed. Some theme on which the language was to be employed; some frame-work, like a web, into which the figures were to be woven; some outline, on which the filling-up was to be done—these must also be discovered or alleged, before the possibility of such forgeries can be admitted. Fine words and phrases, magnificent figures of speech, and a redundant style, *might* have been adopted at random from a variety of authors—from Moses, for example, or from David; from Homer and Virgil; from Shakespeare and Milton; from Pope and Dryden; from Gray and Thomson—as Laing alleges, and has tried to prove; but how were they to be employed? “Many words,” however fine, “will not fill a bushel:” but where is the bushel itself they were to fill? Even horses and chariots, shields and helmets, swords and spears, might have been borrowed from the Romans in the process of translation; but how were they to be introduced? All varieties of national character and costume, of national virtues and vices, of incidents, accidents, and events, might be collected and arranged with time and patience; but where or when? At home or abroad? by sea or by land? in

Scotland, Ireland, or Iceland? At the beginning of the Christian era, or in the middle, or towards the end of it? In the days of Caractacus or of King George? All this requires now to be settled; and the ground-work of these magnificent so-called fabrications—the web of lies, and the outline of forgeries—his adversaries exclaim, were the mediæval traditions of Ireland. Scholar, antiquarian, and collector; critic and philologist alike—who believe not in fact, but rely wholly on conjecture—exclaim, The mediæval traditions of Ireland! To the mediæval traditions of Ireland, then, let us turn; and the only additional remarks on the use of language, &c., we have now to make, before doing so, are as follows:—(1) That, when it suits their own purpose, this very language of Ossian, so sublime and beautiful, and said to have been stolen from the most gifted authors in the world, is described by the same objectors as intolerable bombast, or monotonous moaning; and (2), that although Gœthe's *Faust*, the most wonderful work of a century, in Europe, occupied its illustrious author from the age of twenty-one till the age of eighty-two—that is, sixty-one years in composition, the Poems of Ossian, the most wonderful work of their sort in the world, are supposed to have been not only concocted out of words and phrases in English, but translated out of English into Gaelic by Macpherson, beginning at the age of eighteen, or thereby, in less than ten years. (3) As for the figures and filling-up—such as horses and chariots, shields, helmets, swords and spears, &c., &c.—as represented in Ossian, there was no need to borrow them from any one at the date in question. We know from the Romans themselves, and from the oldest authorities in Great Britain—which are accessible to everybody—that such warlike accoutrements, of a very formidable description, were in possession of the Caledonians; and must therefore have been known to Ossian if he ever lived, as well as to the Romans, or to any antiquarian now living; and if Ossian's reputed heroes had been represented without something of the kind, the representation would have been false—and what is more, the deficiency would have been insisted on as a blemish, by the very critics who now object to the fact. Everything is now too minute and splendid, for savage kings and Celtic warriors—it cannot be believed; yet if a single point had been omitted, or a detail overlooked, it would have been a blunder on the one hand, or a proof of falsehood on the other. The details are wonderful, no doubt, and the equipments are splendid; but it is only on princes they are conferred; the rank and file have no such advantages. Besides, it is the eye of a poet

which sees, and the son of a king who describes them. They were all wonderful and glorious to him, and he so represents them—as a young exultant warrior bard, himself a principal actor, might be expected to do ; whereas, a mere student of antiquities, who was conscious of fabrication at the moment, would have hesitated ; would have misplaced such properties, or apologised for their appearance ; would have compromised or betrayed himself in every word of his dishonest description ; and would have been either challenged or condemned accordingly. We might as well object to the truth or the authenticity of Babylonian or Egyptian masterpieces of decorative art, in pyramids and temples, because they represent kings and heroes going out to the chase in full dress, or so accoutred, at least, as no modern huntsman would ever think of—transfixing lions with arrows like boat hooks, and displaying their own ambrosial beards and plaited locks as smooth and trim in the conflict, as if rampant lions were flies on a window pane, and barbed spears were bodkins or darning needles. However grotesque such representations may now seem to us, they are nevertheless genuine, and such as the favoured artist knew would be agreeable to his demigod the tyrant ; and no man now desiring to represent such scenes or subjects, would ever think of departing from them. In comparison with such representations, the word painting of Ossian, although a little poetically exaggerated, as the case required, is like nature itself in truthfulness and beauty ; yet all the thanks the translator receives for reproducing it as it was—is that he was a blundering liar, who overcrowded the subject with ornaments, and overloaded the actors with leather and steel !

And now—I. As for the Irish traditions, in mediæval ballads and romances, so much, and so constantly relied upon, fully to understand the absurdity of believing that Macpherson could have concocted such poems as *Fingal* and *Temora* out of these, it would be necessary to have the ballads themselves before us. Does any one now present (said the reverend lecturer) happen to be acquainted with them ? Then it will be needless for me to explain to such a hearer the outrageous absurdity of that supposition ; and for the audience at large, it must suffice to say that the ballads themselves are not only manifest forgeries—false as to matter, time, and place ; incoherent in their own details, and absurd in their very conception ; but that they are wearisome, inane, pitiful, outrageous, and often indecent absurdity, which it is penance for anybody to read, and impossible for any human being in his senses to believe, must be evident to anyone who knows them. The only

useful purpose on earth they can ever serve, is to illustrate the intellectual condition of the Irish people in the middle ages, and to demonstrate by comparison the infinite superiority of Ossian. There are the same or similar names, indeed, both of men and women, in connection with certain places, but thousands of miles and hundreds of years go for nothing in their calculations and recitals; and both the men and the women represented by such names are so utterly metamorphosed in these egregious compositions, that they are no longer recognisable as the same human beings. Fingal, for example, or Finn-Mac-Coul, as he is called, captain of the Irish Militia, is, according to most of them, a sort of lumbering, lascivious, bloodthirsty old dotard; and Grania, his wife, an ill-behaved, half-bewitched or lightheaded young woman—betrothed against her will to Finn, who might have been her grandfather; elopes immediately afterwards with one of his generals, and careers about the country with that young gentleman for an indefinite period of time, pursued by Finn with thousands of his Militia, till her paramour is slain, and she herself brought home again in disgrace. This, according to them, was the light of Cormac's race; this is the woman that should be Ossian's mother! Ossian himself, in the meantime, is represented as a married man and a father—a widower, in fact, who undertakes to conduct the courtship for his own father! and ultimately degenerates, according to other ballads, into a half-drunken, sensual, maundering old rhyming rascal, disputing with St Patrick about heaven and hell, being then presumably about 250 years old! On the same principle, Oscar, Cuchullin, Fillan, and Gaul, are either clowns, or boors, or blockheads, or idiotic monsters on one hand; or superhuman prodigies of wisdom and courage on the other—for there are half-a-dozen editions of every character; and their battles, their adventures, their romances, as a matter of course, correspond in style as well as in substance—being either prosaic commonplace, or unmitigated vulgarity intermixed with oaths, or intolerable bombast—wearisome or offensive, in the very best translations. Yet, this is the sort of material from which Macpherson is supposed to have created the Fingal, the Roscrana, the Oscar, and Malvina of Ossian's poems, at the age of eighteen or twenty! If so, then his intellect, his diligence, his tact, his creative power, his moral nature, and his poetic genius, must have been in proportion. He had to create a new Fingal, a new Roscrana, a new Oscar, a new Malvina, and a new everybody else. Above all, he had to create a new Ossian, and to put into his head a new world, into his heart

a new moral universe, into his mouth a new language, into his harp new melodies of song. He had to re-arrange the relationships, from first to last, among all these abnormal personages, and a hundred others besides, impossible and revolting, connected with them; to occupy their time, their strength, their faculties, their very hands and feet, on another principle; to allocate new scenes of adventure, to describe new battles, to record new events, to bring about new issues, to prepare new catastrophes, to celebrate new triumphs, to lament new sorts of defeat; in short, to create a new world for new inhabitants, and to re-adjust all conditions for their new existence; to invent new genealogies, new destinies, new descents, new births, marriages, and deaths; new lives and new histories—a work ten times more difficult and elaborate than Goethe undertook in transforming the old devil-mongering Faust of Europe into the new, and which took him sixty-one years to finish. Yet all this, according to Johnson, Pinkerton, Laing, Macaulay, and Campbell, the lad seems actually to have done in the course of a year or two, and did not himself know either how or where he did it, is bewildered in total ignorance of the whereabouts of his own incredible achievement! The Irish themselves are in equal ignorance about the scenes of their romances—the very romances which he is supposed to have followed. The only thing they are agreed about is that Fingal was an Irishman, and the Captain of Irish Militia; but whether it was at Dublin or at Drogheda, at Rome or at Jerusalem, he was chiefly employed with his miraculous troops—in pursuit of the enemy, or in pursuit of his wife, with all the witches and magicians in the Island to help him, in vain—they are *not* agreed. The only thing, on the other hand, as regards Ireland, that Macpherson seems to see is that the scene of his hero's exploits must have been somewhere in the Province of Ulster—between Derry, perhaps, and Antrim or Armagh. In point of fact—setting all this ignorance and all these idle conjectures aside—the only region directly covered by his own translation is between Larne and Belfast, where every position may be identified, and every movement traced, in defiance of his own opinion! Yet all this contradiction; all these miraculous absurdities; these palpable, self-evident impossibilities; these suppositions of falsehood which confute themselves, and charges of dishonesty which baffle comprehension—his accusers would rather believe and reiterate, than believe the lad's own explicit declaration that there was a Scotch Gaelic original before him, and that the Irish mediæval romances were corruptions of that very text. Surely “the force of folly can no farther go!”

II. To do the editors and collectors of these Irish ballads justice, however, they do not claim either Ossianic origin or historic value, or even common sense for the whole of them. They do not affirm that they were written by Ossian, which indeed they could not be, unless he had lived till the age of Methuselah; but only that they were *ascribed* to him by their own authors, and related to exploits in which he, and his son, and his father were understood to be concerned. They do not maintain that they are *all* reliable historical documents, but only some of them—and these, perhaps, a little exaggerated; and finally, they admit that many of them are “romantic” in their sense of the word—that is, purely imaginative, which, in *our* sense of the word, would mean incredibly foolish, in the way of fiction. And just to show that I have not been misrepresenting these remarkable productions, let us take a specimen or two of the three different sorts.

1. Of the historical so-called :—It has been alleged, for instance, that the poem of *Fingal* was plagiarised from the *Lay of Magnus the Great*, because there is a resemblance between them in certain points. There *is* a resemblance in mere words to the extent of about 20 lines in 3196; and a sort of resemblance—a sort of upside-down resemblance, in two characters out of some six dozen or more; but the resemblance even of these is that of a noisy dwarf in giant’s clothes to a full-grown man, both grand and eloquent. It has neither body nor mind, place nor position, age nor action, speech nor figure, to correspond; and although *Fingal* could never have been plagiarised from *Magnus*, *Magnus*, in its dwarfish pomp, might very easily, by corrupt tradition or recital, have been plagiarised from a scrap or two of *Fingal*. As for details, in *Fingal* every mile may be identified; in *Magnus*, not an inch; in *Fingal*, a term corresponding to *Magnus*—the Great Man—occurs once in application to Swarran, and if Macpherson had been an impostor it would never have occurred at all; but being so found in Ossian, and misinterpreted by the Seanachies, it became the foundation of their tale about Magnus. In *Fingal*, a demand is made by Swarran for Cuthullin’s wife and dog, in token of submission, in nearly the same terms in which a similar demand is made in *Magnus* by Magnus himself against Finn. But Cuthullin’s wife is expressly said by Ossian to have been in Skye at the time, and so also apparently was his dog. Therefore, the demand could never have been complied with by the one, although it might have been by the other—a difference which Macpherson, if he had been an impostor writing down the very words, would certainly have avoided or ex-

plained, for his own credit. But in point of fact, Magnus never made any such demand—had neither time nor opportunity to make it. He landed with a small company on the coast, with a view to examine the country, but he was surrounded in an ambuscade by the Irish, and cut to pieces on the spot. Finally, *Fingal* purports to be of the third century, and every word corresponds. *Magnus* also purports to be of the third century, but not rehearsed by Ossian till the end of the fifth century, and the event itself, which is celebrated—namely, the death of Magnus—did not occur till the beginning of the twelfth century!—that is, it was written by Ossian 900 years and more *before* the event happened, and about 200 years *after* Ossian himself was dead; so that falsehood and forgery throughout are manifest on the face of it. This is one of their greatest historical epics, from which *Fingal* is supposed to have been plagiarised!

In like manner, it is alleged that there is a suspicious resemblance between a certain part of *Temora* and the *Death of Oscar*. There is not the slightest resemblance in any way—in language, place, or time, except that Oscar is mortally wounded by Cairbre, and that Cairbre is killed by Oscar before he dies. Those who have read *Temora*, as delineated in “Ossian and the Clyde,” will know how the assassination of Oscar happened—when and where, on the low road between Larne and Connor, or in the valley there. In the Irish ballad, it was not an assassination at all, but a fair fight on the field of Gavra near the palace of Tara, in Meath, after a great deal of preliminary slaughter on both sides—and the style of it was this:—Oscar, before he falls, cuts off with his own steel blade 100 champions, 100 stout heroes, 100 keen archers, 100 stalwart spearmen, 100 illustrious chiefs—500 in all, the most of them in armour, or protected at least by sword and shield like himself. After these exertions—by which Samson himself would have been slightly exhausted—he receives through the body, “sheer through his manly frame,” a poisoned dart of “seven blunt barbs,” which ultimately drinks up his life blood; but whilst agonised by this wound, and with the dart projecting through his body, he first strikes Cairbre, his assailant, dead, by a blow on the forehead with his “nine barbed steel,” and then Cairbre’s lieutenant with another dart, through the sounding mail. The remnant of the discomfited hosts on his own side then bear him to his grandfather Finn’s house, on their spears, where Finn himself arrives unexpectedly—either from Rome or from the south of Ireland—it is not quite certain which—where (that is, in the south of Ireland) he

was performing the annual feat of jumping over a dreadful chasm, in fulfilment of a vow to some lady who had fancied him in his youth ; and which nobody in Ireland but himself, although he was then a grandfather, could do. Arriving thus in time, he proposes to heal Oscar by the application of salves ; but Oscar objects to this as needless, and so dies. Now, this is not only what is called epic history—like our own Chevy Chase, but is part of the history of of one of the most important battles said ever to have been fought in Ireland—in which the rebel Fenians under Oscar were utterly routed, and their power in the kingdom abolished. It was fought 296 A.D. ; and the story is rehearsed by Ossian to St Patrick, who flourished in Ireland 450 A.D. ; so that the poet himself—poor, blind, pitiful, and discontented—no wonder ! must have been then about 250 years old, being above 80 years old when it happened. This, we repeat, is not only quoted, but relied on as history ; and there is a great deal more of the same sort of history in the ballads.

2. Let us now take a specimen of what may be called historical romance. At the Chase of Slieve-na-man, besides Finn and his sons, there were 3000 chiefs of the Fenian race, in satin vests, polished mail, helmets inlaid with gems and gold, shields of bright and emerald green, with two glittering lances each, and a blade of tempered steel ; each of these gentlemen had also two dogs—that is, more than 6000 dogs in all ; and each of these dogs, in a few hours, from a herd of deer beyond number on the mountain, brought down a couple to his own share—that is, 12,000 odds. They then go in pursuit of the boars, which assemble in such multitudes—the old ones outside, the younger ones inside—and show such ferocity that many of the huntsmen themselves are discomfited and destroyed, besides hundreds of dogs, before the carnage of the brutes is effected ; and all this in the course of one forenoon apparently, on the side of a single mountain ! This is a specimen of historical romance, and is also rehearsed to St Patrick :—3000 men, 6000 dogs assembled ; 12,000 deer slain, as many wild boars apparently, and multitudes of men—all on *one* hillside, and all in *one* day before sunset ! The only wonder is, how, among so many dogs, deers, and wild boars in the same country-side, human beings could survive at all !

3. Of foolish, or what is politely called mythical fiction—which, however, seems to have been very highly relished—we may take the following specimen in brief, from the *Chase of Glenasmol*. Finn, in that ballad, accompanied by his friends, and by the Fenians, of course, with their dogs, unleashes his own supernatural

hounds—two human beings, in fact, brother and sister, in the shape of dogs ! They start a hornless doe, black as night on one side, and bright as light on the other ; the doe flies, the dogs pursue ; and the entire pack, with the exception of Bran, is immediately destroyed. At this crisis of consternation, Finn and his friends are invited by a lady of surpassing beauty to advance, which, with some trepidation they do. They are then confronted by a hideous giantess, who, with a fleet behind her of a thousand ships, and an inconceivable store of satins, silks, and shining ore, with many a cask of rosy wine, and many a spit with haunch of deer—represents herself to be the Princess of Greece, and demands Finn on the spot—who is always much in request among the ladies—for a husband. This the wary chief, however, who suspects that she is the Doe in a new form, declines to accede to ; and the giantess then proceeds, with magic cruelty, to the indiscriminate slaughter of his friends, by scores and hundreds, and tens of hundreds at a time. This process continues for several days, till three thousand men or more have been despatched by the lady, till she herself is ultimately despatched by Gaul and Ossian together, who come often to the rescue in such cases, when Finn himself, who seems to be a great, cowardly, hulking villain, can do nothing. This, again, is a specimen of their romance, properly so-called, and there are nine-tenths of it of the same character, with a good deal that is indecent and unreadable besides.

Now, if Irish antiquaries and critics can accept such history and extol such romance, it would be in vain to reason with them. They must be allowed to exercise their own privilege of selection and admiration at pleasure ; but when they insist that we shall accept such history, or admire such romance, the case is different. Above all, when they maintain that such poems are the ORIGINALS of Ossian ; that Macpherson by stealth obtained possession of them, and out of such unspeakable rubbish manufactured the sublime epics of *Fingal* and *Temora*—we must confront them sternly, and demand once for all, in the hearing of the world, if they take us to be fools or madmen ? And it is the more necessary to do this, because certain critics among ourselves, who seem not to be able to distinguish between the sublimest fact and the supremest folly, or are perversely bent on substituting folly for fact, support this egregious calumny, and expect intelligent readers to believe it. If such an idea were conceivable at all, then Macpherson at the age of eighteen or twenty, with Irish MSS. in his hands, did more than all the Seanachies, of all the Provinces of all Ireland, for more than

500 years together, could do ; and yet on their own admission (the admission of his detractors, English and Irish alike), Macpherson could not read a word of Irish Gaelic, and could not have translated a word of it correctly, if he had had the world for a recompence ! On the other hand, is it not manifest that these childish fables or atrocious lies are the shameless corruptions of more ancient and really heroic traditions, falsified and interlarded with outrageous nonsense to gratify the taste of the vulgar ; and then ascribed by their own degraded authors to Ossian, because Ossian was known to be a poet, and had once visited the region, and because it was desirable to convert both himself and his people into Irishmen? It was desirable, above all, to make him a Catholic, and to give St Patrick, with his Psalm-singing crew, the honour of his conversion. That is the simple, natural, and indubitable explanation of it ; of all which Macpherson was as innocent, as if he had not yet been born.

4. The only Irish traditions of any value whatever, in connection with the authenticity of Ossian, are the "Historical Remains of Tighernagh" and the "Four Masters ;" and these are valuable in the way of confirmation, by indirect circumstantial evidence alone. By carefully collating their contents with the text of Ossian, the clearest corroboration of his narratives, in many essential particulars, may be obtained. But so far was Macpherson from knowing anything about this, that the most scholarly Irishman, from the days of the "Four Masters" themselves, was not aware of it. Dr O'Donovan himself, the editor and translator of the "Four Masters," must have traversed with his own feet, again and again, the very ground where Fingal fought, where Oscar fell, and where Ossian sang, and yet never recognised it ! The Irish themselves in that neighbourhood, at the present moment, are as comfortably ignorant, and as provokingly unconscious of the fact as anybody else ; and a tourist, with *Ossian* in his hand, may visit the scenes of the oldest and most romantic events in their history, with far more ease and certainty than by listening to their most eloquent, most obliging, and most bewildering *misdirections* on the subject, and on the very spot !

III. CHARACTERISTICS OF OSSIAN : INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL. CONCLUSION.

I.—1. On the supposition then that Macpherson himself did not fabricate these poems on the one hand, and that they could not

have been fabricated out of Irish mediæval ballads on the other ; but must have been translated from some original extant in the eighteenth century, although now apparently lost, or at least imperfectly preserved—to whom ought the authorship of that original to be ascribed ? To WHOM ? To the man assuredly whose name it bears on every second page and in every poem ; who describes himself as the son of a king, as the grandson of a king, as the great-grandson of a king, as the great-great-grandson of a king ; as the representative of a race of kings and heroes, himself a hero and a king ; above all, as the king of songs—the type, the voice, the musical embodiment ; the vital history, the perpetual light and glory ; the last conscious remnant of his race, blind but beatified ; and the living monument, sorrow-stricken but immortal, of his people. Such an outline alone of the man—of his personality, of his function, and of his fate ; of what he was, and did, and claimed through all coming ages to be—is proof enough of his identity, of his authorship, of his works, to anyone who knows how to read or how to interpret human life and action. Claims like these, rehearsed in a catalogue, might *possibly* have been invented ; but claims and characteristics like these, with words to correspond—wrought into the very fabric of his speech in so many coherent syllables, in scattered yet consistent intimations ; reiterated, yet not obtruded ; shadowed forth and yet incorporated, in the long-continued strain, from year to year and from poem to poem—were beyond the reach, beyond the conception even, of any mere inventor ; must have been the natural and spontaneous outcome of the life itself that was so embodied, the speech of the man that was so represented, the record of the soul that was so inspired. If there had been a flaw anywhere, it would be noticed ; if there had been an incongruity, it would be suspicious ; if a contradiction could be proved, it might be fatal. But there is no flaw, no incongruity, no contradiction. It is all one long, lofty, melodious, profoundly sad and proudly melancholy monologue ; interrupted only by apostrophes to the sun, to the moon, to the stars, to the winds, to the souls of heroes ; relieved only by the lingering radiance of a love that was once supreme, and of a heroism once unrivalled ; sustained only and always by the prophetic assurance of an immortality co-equal with the heavens. It was Fingal always that he idolised and worshipped ; it was Roscrana always, that queenly mother, he adored ; it was Oscar always, that dear lost son, he lamented ; it was Evirallin always that he loved ; it was Malvina, for her own and for Oscar's sake, that he always cherished ; it was

his brothers, and his brethren in arms, that he always eulogised ; it was his noble enemies that he honoured ; it was courage and magnanimity he extolled ; it was moral grandeur always that he revered ; it was the worthy alone he celebrated—and it was himself alone, the sole survivor of all this magnificence, he bemoaned in his blindness and solitude. [Compare apostrophe and lament in *Berrathon*, “ Bend thy blue course, O stream,” &c.] Fingal had been for him as the sun in the firmament, the concentrated effulgence of heroic light for centuries—but Fingal had departed. Oscar might have been another such—an emanation of his own—but Oscar, alas ! had been quenched in the shadow of premature death, although not without glory in the gloom. Malvina herself, who in a daughter’s place had been his solace hitherto, “ with all her music and with all her songs ”—she also was now gone. The rest, who had been all like separate sunbeams—tender and bright, or fierce and dazzling as the case might be—they, too, were gone ; they were all gone ! and there was no power known, in heaven or on earth, to restore them. For him these had irradiated the world—but they had been removed ; and his own eyesight had followed, as if in sympathetic darkness. He looked for them wistfully, through the long dark-brown years—but they came not, would never come ; it was midnight and eclipse now, for himself and for his people for ever ! and this to such a pitch of shade that it involves the very heavens. The sun himself may fail, and the moon may fade, because Fingal had faded, and because Ossian followed ; and the poor, pale, green-eyed children of the sky may yet obtain a brief supremacy, because the sons of little men should succeed in the room of such heroes ! [Compare again apostrophe to the sun in *Carthon*, “ O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! ” and to the moon in *Darthula*, “ Daughter of Heaven, fair art thou ! the silence of thy face is pleasant.”]

This grief, which assails the skies, might be excessive, but it was not fictitious ; this despair, which clouds the earth, might be selfish, but there was no relief ; it may be oppressive sometimes even to hear it, but it must be heard. Those who prefer other themes—such as the hunter’s song, or the festive chorus—are not to be condemned ; but exalted sorrow like this is for the world’s most solemn hearing. Deer-stalking at your leisure on some Highland hillside is one thing ; to meet the conquerors of the world in arms on the open field, or Scandinavian pirates by hundreds and thousands on the storm-beaten shore, was another. To see a stag fall to your own rifle on Ben Dorain is one thing ; to see son after son, brother

after brother, mother, wife, and daughter sink in blood, by the sword, by the spear, by the bow of your triumphant adversary—was another and a very different thing; and gifted critics of the present day, who prefer less sorrowful subjects, should try to understand the difference before they underrate the so-called monotony of Ossian. Ossian was without father and without mother; without son, without daughter; without people, without prospect; without God, and without hope in the world—when he uttered the most melancholy of his strains. His only refuge then was with the spirits of his kindred in the clouds; and Macpherson with all his alleged power of lying could not, for his life, by any trick of translation have made Ossian speak otherwise than thus.

2. But Ossian's SPEECH implies much more than this. This accumulated sorrow was by no means all his own; this profound melancholy was not for himself exclusively. It was the accumulated sorrow of races already extinct, with melancholy forebodings superadded for a race now rapidly disappearing; which he had preserved and arranged as it reached his ears in fragments; and which he recited for the instruction, or the consolation of others, in sympathetic cadence. It was the growth, the echo, the rehearsal, and manifold musical articulation of eventful centuries. It came, and it still comes to us thus, like a sonorous river of many streams, with sorrowful murmur through desolate continents of mist and clouds, where long-bearded bards assemble, and the ghosts of the mighty condole. It is swollen with affluents of melancholy music—with dirges, and with songs of death—through deserted glens; and with tingling torrents of victory from the verge of rocks, where the eagle screams and where thunders roll. It murmurs hoarse through mazes of moorland strewn with slaughter, or exults in briefer and higher notes, among straths in the fitful sunshine, which seems to be always passing away. Crowded with armies on its brink, and tinged with blood, it echoes sad among the caverns of the dead, and surges at last above the din of battle, like the triumphant sea. Snow-drifts, in the meantime, from Iceland and Norway, are whitening its banks, the rumble of earthquakes is heard underneath, and the shriek of discomfited demons mingles with the wail of its waters. Its accompaniment throughout is the chime of harps, and the deep gong at midnight signalises an epoch in its history. Yet, in all this multitudinous combination of sounds there is but one voice—distinct, unmistakable, supreme—the voice of the King of Songs, the voice of the Bard of Cona; all which could no more be a work

of fiction—a feigned, or fictitious rehearsal—than the sound of an Eolian harp, or the sighing of the wind among the woods at midnight.

II.—1. But not alone is his voice significant: his EYESIGHT, and the loss of it alike, are alike characteristic and remarkable. His own power of vision, with intense distinctness of perception whilst the faculty lasted, and his power of realising also vividly what others had been and described, are beyond the ordinary range even of poetic seers; and when eyesight failed, his power of recalling and reproducing, in pictorial terms of the strictest accuracy, what he had once seen, is unrivalled by anyone since the days of Homer. Only in one solitary case, so far as I can now recollect, does he confess himself at fault; and in the poem referred to a slight indistinctness as to certain features of the scene seems indeed to supervene. Darkness comes down on the horizon, in spite of him; the outlines of the landscape seem to fade from his view; “the vision grows dim on his mind;” and he lays the harp aside at last, in sorrow and vexation. And no wonder that this should have been the case, for the date of the tragedy in question—*Conlath* and *Cuthona*—was in his early manhood, and the scene had been surveyed by him then only in passing. Yet the scene can be identified at this moment [see “Ossian and the Clyde”] with almost as much certainty as any other in the range of his writings, which implies an amount of truthfulness and accuracy in description that no impostor in the circumstances could ever have attained, if any impostor in his senses could either have imagined or admitted such circumstances at all. What liar would first confess that he could not see, and then proceed to describe a scene which he never saw, because it never existed; which, nevertheless, could be identified a hundred years afterwards by his own description, because it really did exist and corresponded exactly? The very idea is preposterous, and transcends anything we have yet attained to in the way of spiritual clairvoyance and necromancy. For places “to be and not to be;” for men to see and not to see, at one and the same moment—“these are the questions!”

2. By means of this wonderful faculty in Ossian before it was impaired, we have geographical outlines supplied to us of a double range of coast, extending from Ireland to the Orkneys, including all the most important features—such as islands, lochs, friths, rivers, and indentations, with mountain ranges and sequestered valleys—on the line; and we have topographical landmarks in addition, for the most interesting points alluded to in the poems

which refer to the region, so exactly given that mistake about their identity or whereabouts is impossible. With most of these he seems to have been personally acquainted ; of others beyond, as in Iceland and Norway, he had obtained and embodied equally graphic accounts from his father, from his son, from his kinsfolk and companions in arms ; and, upon the whole, whether from his own observation, or from the description of others embodied by him, these geographical outlines have been found so absolutely true to nature, both as it now is, and as it then must have been, that they may be all accepted with as much confidence as the details of a gazeteer or the measurements of a surveyor. In the whole of which survey we find that earthquakes have been travelling since he was there, and that volcanoes have been opened ; that the land has risen, or that the sea has fallen ; that friths have dwindled to rivers ; that islands have ended in peninsulas ; that lakes have disappeared in valleys ; and that fertile straths are now expanding, where it was once the rolling sea—insomuch, that without the aid of Ossian the west coast of Scotland and the north of Ireland ; the Voes of Orkney and the face of Iceland, as they then were, would not be recognisable at the present moment. Ossian, in short, although he knew it not himself, and although Macpherson knew it not, was the father of modern geology ; and rightly understood, is still the most important geological authority extant in Great Britain. Murchison, Lyell, and Miller never realised his revelations ; and the students of that science, if they wish to understand it thoroughly, must take the poems of Ossian at last for their oldest reliable guide. To say that all this was imposture is surely worse than foolish. The Clyde and the Solway themselves must be liars, if Macpherson invented all this ; Lough Larne and Lough Neagh, with all between them, must be a delusion, if *Fingal* and *Temora* be false ; Arran must be a mistake, if *Berrathon* be a fable ; and Iceland should have no volcanoes, no geysers, no exhausted fountains, no burning soil, if Oscar was never in Inisthona !

3. It is at this point, perhaps (Dr Waddell continued) I should now observe, before passing on, that the great weakness—the self-contradiction, in fact—of a certain half-and-half theory maintained by some distinguished modern critics, who would like to unite the two opposite extremes of truth and falsehood, if they could—displays itself. I allude to the sort of compromise these gentlemen wish to establish between the opposite extremes of an honest translation on the one hand, and downright audacious forgery on the other, by a supposed interlarding of poor original scraps with grand

poetic interpolations, or the patching up of fine original fragments with mere links of modern invention. It would be desirable if those who maintain this theory—who thus affect to believe, and yet not to believe in Ossian, at one and the same moment, and so damage his authenticity from beginning to end—would put their finger on some of the passages so introduced, and show, once for all, where such forgeries appear. If the passages in question be the splendid ones, then according to their own account they could not be the work of Macpherson, for he was no more able to produce such passages or anything like them, they admit, than to compose the Prophecies of Isaiah, or to create the Island of Skye. If they are mere verbal links to hold the important pieces together, then what is the use of making such an ado about them, or of discrediting the whole for their sake? You will find the same sort of links in Genesis, in Exodus, in Job, and even in Isaiah; yet nobody seriously doubts their authenticity.

But I deny that Macpherson introduced either splendid passages or petty links; for a single passage so introduced, by a man who knew nothing of the ground work, would have obliterated the geography not only of any entire poem where such interpolation was made, but of all other poems connected with it. But the geography of every poem now within reach, and in relation to every other poem, is as perfect, I repeat, as the details of an Ordnance Survey; and what is yet more to the purpose, certain of these poems—*Berrathon*, for example, and the *War of Inisthona*, just referred to—where the geography is as easily traceable as if the scenes in both had been photographed, have no Gaelic original now extant at all*. Yet the Gaelic scholars in question seem to maintain that we have the originals of Ossian now all before us; and yet that these very originals so-called are but a piece of cunning patchwork, of which they themselves can tell neither “head nor tail”; and from which a still more cunning translation, with no end of glosses, fine flourishes of fancy, and grand interpolations to set it off, has been executed by an unscrupulous rogue—although you can see almost every inch of the many-sided field reflected till

* There are, in point of fact, eleven entire poems, besides fragments, many of them most important, and easily identified, for which no Gaelic has yet been found—including War of Caros, War of Inisthona, Battle of Lora, Death of Cuthullin, Darthula, Songs of Selma, Lathmon, Oithona, Berrathon, Cathlin of Clutha, and Sulmalla; one-half in point of number, although certainly not in extent, being only more than a third, or as 117 to 315 pp. of the whole.

this hour, on the face of Scotland, Ireland, and Iceland—tens and hundreds of miles distant from where the rogue imagined it to be ; and in regions where the rogue himself never set either finger, foot, or eye : and this to such an extent of ignorance on his part, that although he had actually claimed in face of Europe to be the author of these poems as they now stand, one could prove him to be thus a liar out of his own mouth. He was never at Ferad Artho's Cave, he was never at the Pass of Gleno ; he was never at Malvina's grave ; he was never at Balclutha ; for anything we know, he was never even on the Clyde ; he certainly was never on the Kelvin at Colzam, or on the Bonny Water at Comala's Rock ; far less was he ever at Carriethura in Orkney, or at the head of Reikum Bay in Iceland—or if he was, he did not know them. Yet all these points, and a hundred more, have been described with such minute topographical accuracy in his text, that only an eye-witness of the events which occurred there, or one who had an account of the regions from other eye-witnesses, could possibly have been the author of the original ; and what is more remarkable than all that, is that half-a-dozen wrong syllables in any one of these poems would have destroyed the geographical identity both of such poem itself, and of almost all the rest of them. What then (asked the rev. gentleman) are we to say about the alleged "high-handed dealing," and the "grand interpolations," which nobody can name ? or about the fancy links of lies which connect whole continents together, but which nobody can see ? The very idea of such intermeddling is absurd. One might as well say that the reliques of Priam, or the treasures of Agamemnon, were purposely hidden by Dr Schliemann at Troy or at Mycenæ, that Dr Schliemann himself might afterwards discover them. I have no such reliques, it is true, no treasures of gold and silver to assist me in this Ossianic investigation ; but I have the reliques of nature herself, and the reliques of nations now no more, equally significant, to support me. I have the caves and the hiding places, the tombs and the monuments, of kings, of heroes, of princes, and princesses ; I have magnificent Caledonian oaks and fragile Roman pottery, and stone-hammers and canoes—entombed, one may say together, among sea sand in the very heart of a great city ; I have the surf of the retiring sea itself, and the crumbling banks of decaying rivers ; I have the very beauty spots and scars on nature's own face, and the ravages of fire in her bosom—all hitherto unknown, hitherto unsuspected—to bear testimony to the truth of my position ; and I claim now to be thus doing for Ossian what Dr

Schliemann has done for Homer and Æschylus—the only real difference being this, that because it is at your own doors and before your own eyes, and with reference to the oldest and one of the most glorious types of your own national existence, you, the people of Scotland and the representatives of Ossian, will only half-and-half believe it. You cannot, it seems, realise your own privilege; and would rather have a lying Macpherson, just clever enough to cheat you, to your own disgrace, than a genuine, gifted Ossian, heaven-taught and truthful, to your eternal honour! (Laughter and applause.)

4. But what Ossian imagined is not less remarkable than what Ossian said and saw: his IMAGINATION, however, differed from that of almost all other poets, inasmuch as for himself it was the highest spiritual reality. It consisted not, either in mere figures of speech on the one hand—which are common to all poets; or in fabulous exaggeration, or lying invention on the other—which are peculiar to some. He uses figures of speech undoubtedly, but these were only as similes and superlatives of the loftiest sort, to represent more vividly what he saw. They implied no effort of imagination on his own part at all, but were the mere exuberance of eyesight, so to speak, converted for the moment into speech. Far less did he indulge in flights of creative fancy, as the Irish Seanachies incessantly did—to describe what never happened, to relate what he never saw. We have no monsters, no magicians, no giants or ogres among his *dramatis personæ*; no incredible achievements, no mythical stories, no impossible events; no outrageous adventures, no contradictions of nature, no burlesques upon fact: not one of these. The most wonderful of all the achievements related in his text were scientific realities only half-understood, and recorded in the language of poetry—as where Fingal, for example, is said to have dislodged with his spear the demon of electricity in a thunder-cloud at Carrichthura. The region where Ossian's imagination displayed itself was the atmosphere—the region of the clouds, and of whatever was beyond the clouds; and this region, more than any other man that ever looked at it, he has made his own. His fancy dwelt and revelled there with a kind of creative prodigality, and peopled it for himself with such an assemblage of glorified beings, that to this day it seems to be tenanted exclusively with his immortal kindred. This occupation of the heavens by him was of a piece, so far, with the invisible world of the ancients, but it was fresher and finer, and could never have been borrowed from them. It was the transformation of actual atmospheric

phenomena within sight of the earth—of clouds and vapour, and flakes of fire, and wandering sunbeams in their endless variety of outlines—into spiritual entities having moral and emotional affinities with earth, surveying its inhabitants with affectionate interest, directing their actions, inspiring their courage, lamenting their failures, and rejoicing in their successes. To mere materialistic readers this may all be a dream, but for Ossian it was a vital faith; for Ossian it was a divine reality. Not a drift drove over him, in which he did not see some glorified array of the departed; not a cloud hovered nearer the earth, from which some sympathetic ghost did not bend, in pride or sorrow, over the funeral pyre or grave of some fallen relative; not a wreath of mist unfolded its bosom, in which the face or form of some lost loved one—of sister, daughter, mother, wife, or bride—was not revealed, ineffably tender, interceding for the vanquished, or lamenting the dead. Not a vista in heaven was opened, or a recess in the distance illumined, that was not thronged with an assemblage of heroes—among whom the demigods of his own race were supreme—in council for the advantage of their children. When the thunder shrieked, it was a warning from them; when the red fire ran along the hill, it was a message from them; when the lightning flashed, it was help from them; when the clouds dispersed in glory, it was triumph among them!—a faith in which he so far resembled David, with this important difference—that whereas to David's eye it was all an actual revelation, or direct interposition of the Deity; to Ossian's, it was but the result of natural affinities expressed by atmospheric means. The atmosphere, in short, was heaven for him, where the highest forms of human existence were developed and embodied; for David, it was the nearest dwelling-place of the Most High God: a difference between him and David which Macpherson, if he had been a liar, would never have allowed to appear. Yet so far was Macpherson from realising this, that he did not even understand it; and some of the finest, most delicate, and touching, as well as sublime, manifestations of Ossian's genius, in this very region of poetic faith and vision, have been misrepresented by him in consequence.

III.—In conclusion, what may be called the HIGHER MORALITY of Ossian was founded upon, or identified with the approval, with the will, with the sympathy of this aerial world—where all human deeds were to be judged of, and to which only the noblest and the purest spirits could rise. His common morality, so to speak—that is, the code of life and manners he represented among his people—

has been often enough quoted and relied upon indeed, as a mere poetic reproduction of the morals and manners—of the civilisation, in short, of the eighteenth century, which could never have existed in the third ; and therefore as a proof of falsehood, or of fiction at least to that extent, in the translation of his remains. But if by civilisation in the eighteenth century, we understand the civilisation of the Georges and their contemporaries ; and by Christian morality of the same era, the Christianity of nine-tenths of Christendom—such as then prevailed, for example, under every Government, and in almost every Court of Europe, from St. Petersburg to London—including slave-dealing, press-ganging, kidnapping, and indiscriminate outrage ; commercial knavery ; public, private, national, legal, and ecclesiastical blackguardism of every type and dye ; political despotism, culminating in revolutions that shook the earth ; a political serfdom that degraded humanity to the level of the brutes ; and revelations of indecency in domestic life, from the palace to the pavilion, that shocked the very heavens—if this is the sort of morality referred to, one may thank God honestly that Ossian and his people, with all their paganism, knew nothing about it ; had nothing like it ; could not imagine it ; would not tolerate it ; and that not a syllable—I say it advisedly—not a syllable is to be found, from beginning to end of his text, conniving at or excusing it. Where conflicts are rehearsed with praise, they were in a fair field ; where victory is proclaimed, it is with mercy and even with honour to the vanquished ; where assassinations, from jealousy or anger, occur, they are lamented, condemned, and punished ; where adultery or misconduct is proved, the parties separate, and the wife takes the wealth away with her that she brought. Honour, magnanimity, truth, and love are everywhere extolled as the foundations of human greatness, prosperity, and happiness ; falsehood, meanness, trickery, selfishness, cowardice, and fraud, are simply reprobated as contemptible everywhere and for ever ! That was the sort of morality taught by Ossian ; and would to God the spirit of it were a little better realised in what we now call civilisation, both among Christians and Turks—at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, at Constantinople, at Rome ; among the frequenters of the Bourse at Paris, among the members of the stock-jobbing fraternity of London, and the Railway-Rings at New York : it would be better for us all, both in Europe and America. But the principle of morality itself—the guiding principle of human life—by which all actions were to be regulated, and by which the highest perfection was to be attained, was conformity of life and motive to

the characters, to the example, to the hopes and wishes, to the yearning love and sympathy, of all the best and bravest who had gone before ; who were seated there among the clouds, in anxious council for the welfare and happiness of their descendants ; who shone forth resplendent in the light of heaven, as examples of glory to their children ; who followed them with wistful eyes from above, in every combat and through every danger, to see that they acquitted themselves like honourable men ; who exulted in all their triumphs, where their triumphs were generous and brave ; and who opened their aerial ranks at last, to receive and welcome them when they fell in glory ! It was thus that human greatness was cherished by Ossian ; thus that human virtue was taught by him ; thus that human sorrow was consoled in his sad but sublimest strains ; and thus that human self-devotion was consecrated and encouraged for the honour of the people, and for the practical salvation, if that were still possible, of the race. Heroes in their lives accepted this as the rule of their actions, and heroes already departed ratified it in heaven with their approval. "Angels ever bright and fair," are not more truly now a part of our faith in the nineteenth century, than this grand poetic ideal of moral perfection in the clouds, with aerial embodiment there, was a part of Ossian's faith in the third ; before Christianity was known, or a Divine Intercessor within the veil had been proclaimed in Western Europe. As truly then might the poor Celtic heathen in his darkness say—who had only Ossian, and not the Apostle, to teach him—"Seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that may most easily beset us ; and let us run with patience the race of self-sacrifice that is set before us," in all heroic deed and in all manly daring, that our fathers may behold and rejoice ! Yet teaching like this has been called the teaching of a liar ; morality like this, the morality of a ruffian and a cheat ! One might as well say that the dream of Joseph realised in Egypt, the triumph of Esther, and the reward of Ruth ; the visions of Ezekiel, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, or the Expostulations of Job, were mediæval additions to the Bible ! (Cheers.)

A cordial vote of thanks was awarded to Dr Waddell on the motion of Mr Jolly ; and a vote of thanks was also awarded to the Provost for taking the chair.

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25TH JANUARY, 1877.

At this meeting the Rev. John Fraser, Free Church Minister of Rosskeen, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. The election of office-bearers for 1877 was the principal business before the meeting.

1ST FEBRUARY, 1877.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary, in behalf of Mr P. G. Tolmie, 3 Great Woodstock Street, Nottingham Place, London, read the following paper in Gaelic on

REMAINS OF ANCIENT RELIGION IN THE NORTH.

CHA 'n eil ach tearc de dh-iarmad nan amanna cein mu thim-chioll am bheil beachdan dhaoine foghlumte ni's eas-aonaichte na mu chuid de na h'aitreibhean cloiche tha ri fhaicinn, cha 'n e a mhain air feadh na tire so, ach anns gach cearna ach beag d' an chruinne-che. Tha iad sud a dh-iomadh seorsa—am measg am faodar ainmachadh a' chrom-leac, a' chistbhan, a chuaiirteag no 'n clachan, an carn, 's mar sin sios. Agus tha sambuil againn dhe gach aon dhiu so 'n iomadh aite air feadh na duthcha.

Tha caochladh barail am measg arsairean mu dheighean na crich araidh air son an do thogadh cuid dhiubh air tus. A reir breth iomadh, bha dluth-cheangal aca ri crabhadh an t-sluaigh ; air chor 's nach 'eil iad an teagamh bhi ag radh gur ann o sin tha a' *chrom-leac* toirt a h-ainn—an leac fa chomhair an robh muintir a' cromadh, no *chlach-shleuchdaidh*—agus tha iad gu cumanta ag ainmeachadh na cloiche so, cho maith ri prìomh-chlach na cuairte, mar altair, no leac-iobairt ; agus uime sin 's minig a bnitheas mac-meanmna sealltainn orra mar gu'm b' ann a' sruthadh sios le fuil dhuine 's ainmhidh. Ach cha 'n 'eil e idir lan-shoilleir gu'm bheil an sin, an cuid mhor, ach dealbh-inntinn gun bhonn. Tha e cheana fìor gu'n robh a' *chlach-sheasaimh* agus gu h-araidh an *cluchan* a' deanamh an gnìomhaich mar aitean-aoraidh ; ach cha 'n 'eil e dearbh-chinnteach eadhon mu'n deighinn-san gu'm b' ann air son so a chaidh an cur suas an toiseach.

Tha e na aobhair doilgheis nach 'eil seann eachdraidh duthcha sam bith fa-leth a' laimhseachadh nithe mar so ach mi-thoirteil ; no toirt iomraidh air seann ghnathan an t-sluaigh, anns na linnean chaidh tharais o chionn fhad, cho soillseach 's bu mhiann leinn—

gidheadh, le bhi tional 's a' cnuasachadh chomharraidhean 's rabhaidh-eolais tha tachairt ruinn thall 's a bhos, tha e comasach dhuinn, le beagan diehill, a bhi faotainn soluis cuimsich air a' ghnothach, agus a thaobh cuid a phuingean, a bhi ruigsinn, maith a dh' fheudta, sar-chinnteis.

A nis, gun bhi gabhail os laimh an drasta bhi toirt mion-chunntais air gach aon air leth, faodair a radh an coitchiontas, gu'm b' e 'n t-aobhar sonruichte air son togail a leithid so dh'aitreibh air tus (a chuarite amhain an leth a muigh) gu bhi na'n comharraidh-cuimhne —'s e sin ri radh, gu bhi mar fhianuisean faiesinneach, bho linn gu linn, air gnìomharan fiuthail, air buaidhean iomraiteach, air tubaistean craidhteach, no air tuiteamais iongantach sam bith. Tha e car duilich dhuinne 's an la 'n diugh, cleachdte mar tha sinn ri sgrìobhaidhean is leabhraichean, bhi meas air mhodh iomchuidh, ce cho feumail 'sa bha innleachd dhe leithid so gu bhi gleidheadh cuimhne air nithibh airidh, air feadh linntean tur-aineolach air leughadh, agus gu bhi toirt cion-fath do na seanachaidh bhi ag aithris do 'n oigridh gnìomharan agus cleachdainnean an athraichean. Agus is amhuil mar sin tha Oisean a' toirt fo 'r comhair oganaich a' feoraich d'an t-sean mhuinntir mu 'chlach-chinn fhein—

“ Labhraidh e mu chloich an raoin,
 Agus freagraidh an aois r' a iarraidh—
 So an liath-chlach thog Oisean nach faoin,
 Sar-cheannard nu 'n d' aom na bliadhna.”

Bheireadh so air an oganach os-barr bhi feoraich, Co e Oisean bha 'n sin ? agus ciod e mu dheighinn-san ? agus mar so toirt cothroim do 'n t-sean duine gu bhi 'g ath-aithris sgeul an laoch 's a' toirt lan-iomraidh air a bheatha 's a bhudhan.

So cuideachd an dearbh reusan, mar tha sinn a' foghlum bho 'n t-seann Tiomnadh, tha Iosua toirt d'a mhuinntir fein air son a bhi togail charragh ; gu bhi mar mhathair-aobhair dhoibh a bhi ag ath-aithris sgeul an athraichean do 'n cloinn, 's mar sin a' toirt seachad eachdraidh a' chinne bho al gu al.

Ach gu bhi cail-eigin ni's eagnuidh, thugamaid fainear a' *chlach-sheasaimh* no 'n carragh. B' i so, a reir coslais, a' cheud aitreibh a chuir duine suas a bharr air tigh-comhnuidh, 's tha i uime sin anabarrach sean. Agus tha mi deanamh dheth nach 'eil fath teagainh nach ann mar chomharradh air ni-eigin ion-chuimhneachail a chaidh a cur suas an toiseach. An cursa tiom, thainig i gu bhi riarachadh mar ionad-aoraidh, no *seapail*. Na bitheadh e

idir neonach leibh bhi ag radh *seapail* ri aon chloich. Oir cho fada 's bha 'n sluagh tearc an aireimh, sgapte air aghaidh na duthcha, gabhail comhnuidh fad o cheile, agus mar sin, bochd is anfnann mar chinnich, cha robh e na 'n comas ni's mo na bha e na chleachdadh aca bhi togail arois sgiamhach air son feum crabhaidh. Agus a bharr air sin, bha iad gu cumanta coimblionadh an dleasanais dhiadhaidh mu thiomchioll an teallaich. Oir cha bu ghnath dhoibh bhi tional cuideachd gu aoradh coitchionnta, agus ge be aite bha iad a' cur air leth mar aite naomh, bha gach neach a' dol leis fein dh' ionnsuidh an ionaid choisrigte sin le iaratas no le buidheachas, uair sam bith a thigeadh fodha—air choir 's gu'n deanadh aon chlach an gnothach mar aite comhdhail cho maith ris an teampul bu riomhaiche. Agus bha aobhar araidh eile air son an robh aitean aoraidh fosgailt ri aghaidh nan speur, dha 'm bi sinn a toirt an aire gu h-ath-ghearr.

A nis ged nach robh anns na clachan so air tus ach comharaidhean, tha e furasda bhi tuigsinn cia mar thigeadh muinntir, an uine ghearr, gu bhi saoil sinn gu'n robh iad a' sealbhachadh bhudhan sonruichte annta fein, dluth-cheangailte mar bha iad na 'n cuimhne ri nithe comharraichte, agus gu bhi 'g amharc orra mar ionadan aig an robh lathaireachd a chuspair-aoraidh a comhnuidh air mhodh araidh—agus uime sin far am biodh aoradh ni bu taitniche dhasan agus ni bu bhuanachdaile dhoibh fein, na 'n aite sam bith eile. Agus mar a dh' fhaodar a shaoil sinn, o bhi cur eifeachd as leth ni corparra, cha robh 'n uidhe ach goirid bu bhi meas an ni fein mar dhearbh chuspair-aoraidh. Tha lan-dhearbhadh againn gu 'n robh ar seann luchd-duthcha cleachdadh a bhi slenchdadh fa chomhair nan clachan-seasaimh, agus aig aman, a' tairgseadh ofrail bhig de thoradh na talmhuinn, gu bhi faotainn an iarrtais ni b'ullaimh bho spiorad-gleidhidh an aite. Tha fianuis againn air so 'n Sasunn am measg iomadh eile ann an reachd le righ Chanuit (Canute), 's an aon-ceud-deug, anns am bheil e toir-measg a cheachdaidh gu h-iomlan. Ach 's fada 'n deigh sin a bha e mu 'n deach an cleachdadh suarrach.

Tha clach chomharraichte dhe leithid so an sgire Srath 's an Eilean Sgiathanach, carragh garbh ris an can iad "Clach-na-h-Annait," laimh ris am bheil fuaran dha 'n ainm Tobar-na-h-Annait, tobar a bha muinntir na duthcha, nuas ach beag gus an latha 'n diugh, meas ion-eifeachdach gu leigheas gach gne easlainte. Bha a' chlach so ma tha choisrigte do 'n bhan-dia Annat a thathar ag aithneachadh fo chaochladh ainm an caochladh aite—fo ainm Bhrìd an eilean Ile, agus Shony ann an Leoghas. Tha Oisean a dean-

amh iomraidh air a leithid so chloich gu minig—mar so—“ Chlach Loduin nam fuar thaibhs ”—B'i sin clach a bha coisrigte do Loduin, mar bha clach-na-h-Annait do dh-Annat. Agus a rithist :—

“ Bha rìgh Chraca
An crom Bhrumo nam mor thom.
Bha 'n sonn an cainnt ri clach nam fuath.”

'S e sin, bha 'n sonn a' guidhe, air neo 'g iarraidh taisbean o thaobh “ clath nam fuath.” B' i chlach-sheasaimh comharradh-aoraidh na greine agus mar sin samhladh Apollo, ughdar faisneachd, agus esan a bha toir, eolais do dhaoine air nithe diomhair. Oir mar tha ghrian le gathanna soilleir a fuadach dorachadas na h-oidhche, soillseachadh aghaidh naduir agus a' toirt gach ni am follais, 's amhuil mar sin a bha 'n dia soillseachadh na h-inntinn 's a' toirt roimh-aithne air nithe ri teachd. Agus uime sin, bhithid a taghal air a' charragh gu bhi faotainn taisbean, gu h-araidh ma bha fuaran laimh ris.

Tha na clachan so lionmhor air feadh eileanan Alba, Wales, agus Chornwall agus iomadh tir eile, ach gu h-araidh anns na cearna dhe 'n Roinn-Eorpa anns an robh cinnich Ghaidhealach a' gabhail comhnuidh.

Tha e soilleir dhuinn cuideachd gu'n robh fineachan Arabia cleachdadh a bhi deanamh aoraidh, nuas gu am an fhaidh Mohammed. Agus ged bu mhor ughdarras-san na'm measg, cha robh e na chomas, re a la, an t-iodhal-aoradh so chur fodha gu h-iomlan. Agus tha e feuchainn dhuinn cia cho deacair 's tha e do mhuintir a bhi gu builleach ga 'n sgaradh fhein o chleachdaidhean crabhach, eadhon an deigh dhoibh an seann chreideamh a threigeadh, gu 'm bheil fuigheall dheth air a ghleidheadh fathast an teampull Mhecca. Is e so gun teagamh am fìor bhun-sinnsir aig a' chloich dhuibh san teampull ud, a tha luchd-leanmhuinn Mohammed a' cunntadh cho ion-luachmhor, ged a tha iad a' toirt tuar-sgeil eile mu deigheinn an diugh. Agus, os-barr, 's fiu a thoirt fainear gur ann o 'n chloch so tha iad a' gairm an teampull, Beit-Allah (Bethel—Tigh Dhe). Agus is amhuil mar an ceudna bha iad a' goireadh nan clachan seasaimh an Eirinn o shean *Bothail*, 's e sin, tighean Dhe. Tha 'n t-Ollamh Lee (the late Dr Lee, of Cambridge), ag radh gu'n robh iad o chionn ghoirid a' leantuinn a' chleachaidh cheudna am fagus do Edrisi, ann an eilean air taobh shìos nan Innseachan, far an robh e mar gnath aca bhi coisrigte na cloiche le oladh, dìreach mar a rinn Iacob a' chlach a chuir e suas air

machair Luz, 'nuair a bha e dol air fogradh—'n trath sin mar chuimhneachan air a dheadh ruin, ach dhe 'n d'rinn e bliadhna 'n deigh sin tigh-aoraidh dha fein agus d' a theaghlach na dheigh, agus dha 'n d'thug e mar ainm Bethel (Tigh Dhe).*

Tha 'n Seann Tiomnadh a' toirt fo ar 'n aire gu minig, e' arson a chaidh carraigh a chur suas an toiseach am measg nan Eabhruidheach—agus a' leigeadh ris dhuinn cia mar thainig muinntir gu bhi dha 'n cur am mi-bhuil. Bhathar ga 'n togail gu bhi na 'n combharraidh-cuimhne 's na 'm fianuisean air nithe cudthromach do na h-ail ri teachd. Ach thainig iad, an tamul beag, gu bhi na 'n cion-fath iodhal-aoraidh do 'n t-sluagh, ga 'n taladh gu cleachdaidhean saobh-chriabhaidh, ris an do dhian-lean iad gu am na braighdeanais, a dh-aindeoin gach bagraidh lagh 's earalachaidh faidh. Agus cha 'n 'eil mise faicinn aobhair airidh sam bith a bhi comhdhunadh gu 'n robh ceud-toiseach ionann aitreibh air dhoigh eugsamhui' am measg fhine sam bith eile.

A nis mu thiomchioll na crom-lic, 's na ciste-bain, 's an carn—tha iad so uile 'ghnath a chomharrachadh aitean adhlacaidh. Cha 'n 'eil eadar-dhealachadh sam bith eile eadar a' chromleac 's a' chiste-bhan ach so, gu'n robh a' chiste-bhan air a folach fo 'n talamh, co dhiu a b' ann fo thom no fo charn, agus a' chromleac an comhnuidh air uachdar an talaimh. B' e an t-ordugh suidhichte ceithir chlachan seasaimh, air an cur ceithir-chearnach agus a' *chromleac* na luidhe os au cinn. Ach 's e 'n riaghailt a bhathar a' leantuinn gu cumanta 's an duthaich so, tri chlachan seasaimh, ged 'bha 'n uaigh math gu leor le dha.

“Da chloich gu an leth anns an uir,
An coinneach fo smuir air an raoin”—

mar tha Oisean ag radh an *Carthonn*.

Tha mion-chunntais againn o chionn ghoirid bho Fhrangach foghlumte bha siubhal an Algeria, air aon aite anns an d' thainig e air corr 's ceithir fichead dhiubh, a chuid mhor na'n seasamh fathast, air blar mu mheud deich no dusan acair. Agus bha iad uile air 'n aon doigh, ceithir nan seasamh agus leac air an uachdar.

* Note from Dr Ruppell's travels in Abyssinia, 1828.—“I had an opportunity of noticing a curious relic of old pagan worship, women from the neighbouring villages assembled in considerable numbers at a spring which gushed up under a clump of trees—washed their hands and feet in the water; then *prostrated themselves before a rough-hewn cube of freestone*. . . . I could get no satisfactory explanation of the ceremony.”

Gun teagamh sam bith is e aite adhlacaidh bha 'n sin. Ach tha 'n leithid ceudna lionmhor anns na h-Innseachan, an Arabia, 's an Siria. Agus tha so a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu'n robh, o chian, fineachas dluth agus aonachd ghnathan 's bheacadan ead ar cinnich 'tha 'n Jiugh fad o cheile agus eu-cosmhail 'n creidimh 's an cleachdaidhean.

Is ann a mbain do dhaoine inbheach 's do ghaisgich anmeil a bhthar a' togail uaighean maireannach mar so, gu bhith cumail an cliu 's an iomraidh fo sgaoil. 'S uime sin tha Conall ag radh an *Carthonn*, na'm faodadh e bhith gu'n tuiteadh e 's a' chath:—

“ Ach togsa m' uaigh,
Chridh-mhor nam buadh. Biodh liath-charn
'Us meall de 'n uir air taobh nan stuadh,
A chur m' ainm 's mo chliu troimh am.”

Bhathar a' tiodhlacadh laoch le 'n armachd, agus a' cur na'n cois nithe sam bith eile 'bha miaghail aca, no 'bhuneadh air leth do'n dreuchd. So cleachdadh a bha moran fhineachan a' leantuinn. Arsa Ajax, an deigh dha chladheamh a thiomnadh dha mhac:—

“ Theid m' armachd eile fo 'n uir mar rium.”

—*Soph. Ajax.*

'Sann ri so tha 'm faidh aig amharc 'san earruinn so (Eseciel 32.27). “ Agus cha luidh iad leis na cumhachdaich, a thuit do na neothiomchioll-ghearrta, a chaidh sios do ifrinn (*i.e.*, do 'n uaigh) *le 'n armaibh cogaidh.*” Tha e coslach cuideachd gu 'n robh na h-Eabhruidhich a' coimhead a' chleachdaidh so na 'm measg fein uair-eigin; a reir mar a tha e air a radh mu Iosua (Ios. 24.30). “ Agus dh' adhlaic iad e ann an crich oighreachd fein ann an Timnat-Serah.” Ach tha 'm Bioball Grengais (the Septuagint) a' cur ri sin, mar so—“ Agus chuir iad an sin maille ris anns an uaigh anns an d' adhlaic iad e, na sgeanan cloiche leis an do thiomchioll-ghearr e cloinn Israel aig Gilgal. . . . Agus tha iad an sin gus an la 'n diugh.”

Bha cinnich nan duthcha tuath gle churamach a bhì mar so ag onorachadh an curaidhean 's an cinn-fheadhna inbheach, agus a' togail thuama mora dhoibh. (*Wormius. Dan. Monuments*)* Bha

* “ Harold employed a whole army and a vast number of oxen in dragging one huge stone to adorn the monument of his mother.” *Borlase Ant. of Cornwall.*

meudachd na tuama, mar ghnath, an coimeas ri inbh an neach a dh' fhalbh.

Bha 'n carn, am measg nam fineachan Greugaich amhuil mar am measg nan Eabhruideach, na chomharradh-maslaidh, agus mar sin a' nochdadh far an deach closach eucoireach uamhair air choir-eigin a thilgeadh, mar bha *Achan*, agus *Laius* a mharbhadh leis an tubaisteir *Edipous*, mar gu 'm be fear-reubainn a bh' ann. Tha sean-fhocail na 'r measg fathast a tha feuchuin nach robh an cleachdadh so neo-aithnichte am Breatuinn—mar so, “Fear air charn” (an outlaw)—“B' fhearr leam a bhi fo charn chlach, &c.” Ach ann an Wales, cha 'n 'eil mallachd a' tighinn a beul duine is oillteile na so—“Carn air do cheann.” Ach is ann air chuimhne neach inbheil no ceann-feachd urramach bha cinnich nan tirean tuath gu cumanta togail charn. Agus is ann o sin a tha an radh so againn—“Cuiridh mi clach air do charn”—is e sin, bithidh mi, mar bu dual dhomh bhi buintinn ri duine coir, a' cur ri do chliu an deigh do bhais.

Ach cha b' ann an aon la chaidh an carn ni's mo na baile na Roimh, a thogail. B' e dleasannas gach neach a rachadh seachad a bhi leasachadh an torr gu h-araidh am fad 's a bha cuimhne air a mhathair-aobhar, air neo bha e coltach nach b' fhada gus am bitheadh aithreachas air air son a mhi-thoirt. Oir b'e am beachd gu 'n robh taibhse an duine mhairbh a' taghal a ris agus aig iadhadh mun 'charn, gu h-araidh an dubhar na h-oidheche; agus uime sin, gu'm b'e gliocas an fhir a shuibhladh ni-eigin a chur air. Tha maighstir Armstrong, ughdar an Fhoclair Ghaidhlig, ag radh gu 'n robh an fhaoineachd so cho suidhichte na 'inntinn 's nach do ghabh e air riamh a dhol seachad air carn, a bha 'm fagus d' a aite-comhnuidh 'n uair bha e na ghuillan, gu h-araidh 's an anmoch, gun chlach a thilgeil air 'n a chabhaig.

Ach a rithist—bhathar aig aman a' togail charn an onair nam fear a thuit am blar, 's a chaidh fhagail, co dhiubh 'b ann le eiginn no 'thaobh tuiteamais, dh'easbhuidh adhlaidh; air eagal 's gu'm bitheadh anman nan laoch chion fois, air faontradh mu'n cuairt na 'n tacharain chianail mar bha taibhse Thrathuil, a reir a' bhaird—

“Ach 's leir leat, a sholuis an la,
Taibhse Thrathuil na cheo glas.”

Oir 'dh easbhuidh caradh ciatach agus tiodhlaiceadh freagarrach an

uaigh, 's coslach nach bitheadh am fois samhach, sitheil. 'Sann ri sin tha 'm bard aig amharc 's an rann so, an *Temora* :—

“ A Charuill, chinn-fheadhna nan lann,
 Gabhsa bard, 's tog an uaigh :
 A nochd bidh Conal fo phramh
 'N a thigh caol gun leus an suain.”

Agus, os-barr, mas bitheadh anam aon dhe na laoich a thuiteadh “ air seachran an ciar na gaoithe,” tha e 'g radh :—

“ Tog clachan fo bhoillsge 'tha fann
 Doibhse uile thuit thall 's a' bhlar,”

oir so leibh mar thachair do chuid a chaidh dhearmad :—

“ O na neoil tha dluth mu'n cuairt,
 Chithear tannais nan sonn a dh'fhalbh.”

A nis ged nach 'eil e furasda bhi comb-dhearbhadh gu soilleir ciod am beachd a bha aig ar seann-sinnsir mu chor an anaim an deigh bais, bha iad a' lan-chreidsinn gu 'n robh e an comas aog an neach a dh'fhalbh a bhi tighinn air ais, 's a' tathaich mu'n uaigh fada 'n deigh dha falbh. Bha so, ma's a fìor, a feuchainn gu'n robh ni-eigin a' cur luasgain air, no gu'n robh cuis-ghearan aige 'dh'fheumadh e bhi comb-phairteachadh ris na beo mus faidheadh e fois. Is e so bun-sinnsir a bheachd sin tha bitheanta fathast am measg nan Gaidheal, gu'n robh tasg an duine mhairbh, tacan mu'n d' eug e, na dhearbh-chruth 's eugasg, a' dol roimhe dh' ionnsuidh na h-uaighe, a' caoineadh gu cianail, amhuil mar ghnomhan an eugnaich, agus aig uairean a' toirt sgàl ghoirt a bheireadh oillt air na chluinneadh e. Agus is fada nan cian o'n bha beachd mar so measg mhuinntir ; oir tha Homer ag radh mu dheighinn suinn a thuit an cath :—

“ Chaidh 'anam le geur sgread sìos mar cheo do'n uaigh.”

Is ionann mar sin a their iad gus an la diugh an taobh tuath Shasuinn—an aite bhi 'g-radh gu'm fac na gu'n cual iad an tasg, 's e their iad, “ chunnaic mi *waff*” (that is, without doubt, the *whiff*, or the *last breath*)—an ceo glas.”

Bhitheamaid a nis a' tionndaidh ar 'n aire car sealain ris a *chuarite*. Dheth uile aitreibh ar sinnsir, is i so air iomadh doigh

is ro-iomraidiche agus is mo tha 'n comhnuidh dusgadh iongantais 's a' brosnachadh sgrudadh sgoilearan. Agus, co dhiubh 'tha 'n t-ainm ceart no dochair, thathar a nis le co-aontachadh cumanta ga gairm, "Teampull Dhruidh." Tha feadhainn dheth na teampull so ion-chomharraichte air son meud agus ailte na togalaich, mar tha Carnac am Brittanë—Stonehenge—Calernish an Leoghas—Stennis an Arcamh—a' taisbeanadh seoltachd mhoir agus ealantas air taobh nam fear ceairde 'thog iad ; air uthart 's gun robh muinntir an linntean an aineolais dearbhte gu'm b' ann le buidseachd, no le cobhair an deamhain chaidh an togail.

Bha chuairt a' riarachadh caochladh gnothaich. Is ann aice bha ard-chomhairle a chinneadh a coinneachadh agus a cur ghuothaichean riaghlaidh an ordugh, agus a bhathar cuideachd a frithealadh ard fheillean solaimte na bliadhna. Agus, mar tha rannachadh arsairean o chionn ghoirid a cuir thar teagamh, bha a suidheachadh an comhnuidh air run a bhi na h-inneal cuideachaidh do *speur-eolas*. Agus 's ann o dheas-ghnathan comh-cheangailte rithe dh'eirich na faoin-bheachdan 's fhaide tha mairsinn am measg an t-sluaigh agus na cleachdaidhean 's deireannaich a tha iad a' leigeadh dhiubh.

Bha chuairt air mhodh sonraichte, na h-ionad naomh, coisrigte do aoradh an teine no, mar a theirear, aoradh na greine—do bhrìgh 's gur i ghrian am foillseachadh is aluinne 'san domhan dhe maiteas an Fhreasdail, agus an samhladh as oirdheirce dhe 'n t-solus neo-chruthaichte. Agus 's ann air son sin 'bha i fosgailte ris an athar, agus togte air fireach no air blar reidh, gus am bithid a faicsinn eirigh agus luidhe na greine o meadhon. Bhathar mu dheireadh, an aitean, ga dunadh 's a cuir mullaich oirre.*

'Sann aig a chuairt a bha reachdan ur dha 'n cuir a mach, 'bha laghan dha 'n deanamh follaiseach, 'bha rìghrean 's flaithean dha'n taghadh agus a' gabhail seilbh gu follaiseach air an dreuchdan. Tha Dr Clarke, na thuras an rìgheachd na Suain, a' toirt iomraidh air cuairt mhor a tha laimh ri Upsal, seann phrìomh-bhaile na rìgheachd, do 'n ainm *Morasteen* (Clachan a mhonaidh) agus ag innseadh dhuinn gu robh rìghrean na duthcha 'ghnath air an taghadh agus air an an coisrìgeadh an sin, a nuas gu am a tha faisg dhuinn. Agus bha an rìgh, an deigh dhoibh a roghnachadh, a gabhail a sheasaimh air a' chloich mhoir am meadhon na cuairte, 'n lathair a' cho-chruinneachaidh na 'n seasamh tiomchioll agus an

* The Pantheon at Rome, consecrated to Christian worship in the eighth century, and the Temple of Vesta, were originally circles like Stonehenge, devoted to sun-worship. A few round churches still remaining in England had probably a similar origin.

sin a toir nan geallaidhnean dligheach 's a' gabhail ughdarrais riaghlaidh o laimh an t-sluaigh. Agus tha 'n cleachadh ceudna air doigh, air a chumail suas fathast, gur dad a dh' atharrachadh 's an Eilean Mhanainneach. Oir cha 'n 'eil stath an lagh no 'n achd gus an teid a leughadh a mach gu follaiseach aig Cuairt Tinwald, am meadhon an eilein, an lathair a' phobuill comh-chruinnichte mu'n cuairt di. Agus, ged nach ann 's a chuairt a tha i o chionn fhad, is fiu a thoir fainear gur ann air clach a tha righrean Bhreatuinn air an crunadh—*clach-na-cineamhuin* a thainig o Eirinn a dh-Alba, agus o Alba do Shasuinn. Tha seann bheul-aithrisan Eirinn mudeighinn, a' cumail amach gu 'm bitheadh i toir fuaim neonach 'nuair a bhitheadh fear de fhior ghineal nam Milesianaich air a chrunadh oirre, ach fo chois fear sam bith eile, bha i cho samhach ri cloich.

Mar so, ma tha, bha chuairt na h-aite coinneimh chomhairliche—'na tigh-seallaidh reul-eolais—'na talla-moid agus, gu h-araidh, 'na teampull naomh, far an robh gach deas-ghnath a bluireadh do aoradh na greine air a h-ordachadh, am modh aoraidh is farsuinge a sgaoil riamh am measg a chinneadh-dhaoine. Agus cha 'n e an t-aobhar iongantais is lugha an greim teann a rinn e air aig-nidhean a luchd-leanuinn.*

An tomad 's am morachd, tha Carnac a' toirt brrrachd air na h-uile 's aithne dhuinn. Cha 'n e a mhain gu'm bheil a' chuairt fein anabarrach, ach cho maith ri sin, an cruinneachadh fuathasach de chlachan mor a tha mu 'n cuairt dhi, cuid dhiu corr as tri fichead troidh air airde agus mu cheithir-deug air leud. Ach ged tha iomadh ni mu deighinn an iom-cheist, tha e lan-chinnteach gu'n robh i na h-ionad seallaidh reul-eolais agus na h-inneal-tomhais aimsir. Agus tha 'm beul-aithris a tha fathast am measg mhuinntir an aite, mar ghne dhearbhadh air sin—gu'n robh iad o shean a ghnath a cur clach ur ris an aireimh na h-uile bliadhna, am meadhon an t-samhraidh, an deigh tein'-aighear (no mar bu choir a radh, teine-Bhaal) a' dheanamh an oidhche roimh sin. Agus ma tha sin fìor, 's ann gun teagamh gu bhith cumail cunntais cheart air aireamh nam bliadhna bha iad 'ga dheanamh. Agus cha 'n 'eil e mi-choltach nach 'eil bunchar firinn aig an t-seann-sgeul so, 'n uair a bhithear a' toirt fainear aireamh fhuathasach nan clachan, —corr a's ceithir mìle.

* The Druidical remains in the Decan are precisely like those in Britain and France—the exact counterfeit of Carnac, Stonehenge and Kits Cotty-house, as in other parts of India.—*Captain Taylor, in Irish Academy Transactions.*

Tha saobh-sgeul eile ann anns am faodar bhi 'g aithneachadh faoin oidhirp mac-meanmna an deigh dhoibh eachdraidh fhior na togalaich a chall—is e, gu'm 'b'e obair nan *Crion* bh' innte gu leir—obair dhaoine crion, na fir bheag, bheag, dha 'm bu ghnath bhithional 's a' dannsadh mu'n cuairt oidhchean araidh dhe 'n bhliadhna. Ach mo thruaighe leir am fear-astair a thigeadh tarsuinn orra 'n trath sin—gu dearbh bhithheadh a leoir dannsaidh aige mu'n tigeadh a' mhaduinn.

Ach co am fear, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, a dh'eisd ri sgeulachan na seann mhuinntir mu'n teallaich air feasgair geamhriadh, beagan bhliadhnaidh roimhe so, nach 'eil eolach gu leir air fineadh nam fear beag—air an teintean 's an dannsadh, air mullach chnoc a's thoman? Agus cha robh sin iongantach; oir bha an teine so na ni aig an robh dearbh bhith mu dheireadh na h-ochd-ceud-deug; agus faodar a bhith cinnteach nach robh an dannsadh air di-chuimhn.*

Cha robh 'san dannsadh, air a' chuid is mo ach righligeadh le ceum cubhaidh an cuartalan mu thiomchioll an teine, na mu chlachan na cuairt, ma bha iad sin am fagus—cha robh 's a' chleas o chionn fhad ach measgan de dh-abhacas agus de sheann nosan. Is ann aig tionndaidh na greine, am meadhon an t-samhraidh, a bha iad a' beothachadh teine Bhaal air na cnuic an Eirinn; agus tha e coslach gum b' e sin an t-am ceart, ged a b' ann air ceud la a' Cheitein a bha iad a coimhid "La buidhe Bealtuinn" an Albainn. Tha cuimhne mhaith aig cuid fathast air cleachdadh a bha cumanta 's a' Ghaidhealtachd m'an d' thainig an t-inneal-beothachaidh sin, *lucifer matches*, an cumantas. Bhithheadh feadhainn a' leigeadh an teine as an oidhche roimhe, agus moch air maduinn Bealtuinn a' dol do thigh nabuidh a dh' iasachd *tein'-eiginn*, nach bithead iad an comhnuidh faighinn le deadh ghean; air egal 's gu'm bitheadh iad a' toirt ni's mo na 'n teine leo. Is e bh' anns a' ghiseag so fuigheall dhe 'n t-seann chleachdadh a bhith cuir as an teine aon nair 's a' bhliadhna co dhiu, agus ga bheothachadh as ur le fior theine-eiginn, a bha naomhachadh na teallaich re na h-ath-bhliadhna. Ach mar bha e rud-eigin doirbh a bhi beothachadh tein'-eiginn, bhathar a' deanamh a' ghnothaich le teine Bhaal o na cnuic gu bhith ag ath-bheothachadh teine 'n tige; ged tha Dr Martin 'g radh gu 'n robh iad 'a deanamh tein'-eiginn 'san Eilean Sgiathanach an ann a thurais an sin. Agus bha iad a' meas a' cheud bhurn a

* Hayman Rook, writing in 1786, says that the custom of lighting the Paal-fire at the Druid temple near Harrogate, on the eve of the Summer solstice, was regularly observed at that time.

rachadh a ghoil air an teine ur na ioc cumhachdach gu gleidheadh an spreidhe o phlaigh no tubaiste, agus air son sin, chrathadh orra. Agus 's math tha cuimhne aig feadhainn fathast air cleachdadh eile 'bha ri fhaicinn 'san Eilean Dubh. Air maduinn La Calluinn, moch roimh eirigh na greine, bhithid a' losgadh gheugan aiteil anns a' bhathaich 's a' smudadh a' chruidh leis an toit fhallain, air son an aobhair cheudna. Dh' eirich na nosan so, maille ri iomadh eile, o gnath nan Druidh, a bhi glanadh gach creutair beo, duine 's ainmhidh, le teine, aon uair's'abhliadhna air a chuid bu lugha. Agus o dheas-ghnath an ath-ghlanaidh so tha 'n radh so againn—"A' dol eadar da theine." Bha iad an Eirinn ga chunntadh gle shealbhach a bhith leum troimhe 'n teine.

Is coslach gu'm b' ann an siorramachd Pheairt bu deireannaich a bhathar a' beothachadh teine Bhaal an Albainn, air mullach cnoc Tulaich-Bhealtainn an Auchtergaven, dluth dha 'm bheil teampull Dhruidh. Bithidh mi 'n so a' giorrachadh a' chunntais a tha Pennant a' toir air a' chleas. Air dhoibh an teine bheothachadh agus comaidh de mbin, 's uibhean, 's im &c., a dheasachadh air, thilg iad pairt bheag air an teine mar iobairt-dibhe. An deigh sin, a' seasamh mu'n cuairt le an aghaidh ris an teine, ghabh gach neach mir na 'laimh 's a' briseadh spiolgaig dheth, thilg e sid thair a ghualainn do fhear gleidhidh no fear millidh a mhaoin 's a gradh—"So dhuts', a mhadaidh-ruaidh, seachainn mo chearcan is m' uain. Sodhutsa, chlamhain riabhaiche, 's bi caomhain air na h-iseanean &c." Bha iad a rithist a' cuairteachadh an teampull naoidh uairean 's an deigh sin ag ith 's ag ol 's a dannsadh. Bha beagan atharrachaidh air an doigh-so aig Calasraid—an aite bhi tilgeil nan criomanan arain air an cul-thaobh, bha iad an toiseach a' dubhadh aon dhiubh le guailleann, 's ga 'n tilgeadh troimh cheile am boireid. Agus bha 'm fear an tharruingeadh a mir dubh cois-ripte do Bhaal, 's bhithheadh aige ri leum tri uairean troimh 'n teine mar gu'm b' ann ga iobradh.

Laimh ris an Eaglais-Bhric, bha na maighdeannean a' dol a mach moch air maduinn Bealtuinn a thional an dealt na 'm bois 's ga thilgeadh thair an gualainn mar thabhartas reiteachaidh gu bhi faighinn suiridhich. Ach 's ann a bhithheadh fortanach te a ghla-cadh seilcheag air adharcean an trath sin (*Stat. Account of Scotland 1826*). Bha cuid mhaith de nosan diadhachd nan Druidh comhsheasamh an tabhartais, dheth 'm faodar a bhith lorgachadh cuid fathast, mar tha "Deoch na Gruagaich." Is rud so mu dheighinn nach 'eil e furasda bhith toir iomraidh chinntich, do bhrigh 's nach eilear a' cordadh mu'n Ghrugaich, co 'bho innte. B' e a tabhartas

sileag bhainne 'bha bhanarach a' dortadh dhi an deigh bleoghan a chruidh. Ged a tha an t-ainm a' filleadh gu'm b' e boirionnach a bha innte, tha cuid a cumail a' mach gum b' i'n t-aon ni i ris an *Uruisg*; mun 'bha 'n *Uruisg* gle gheocach air bainne. So leibh bodach a bha taghal air uillt 's glaic aonaraich; ach mu dheireadh an fhoghar a bha fas ni bu chaidreamaich 's ag ealadh mu'n bhaile. Agus mun bha e cho miannach air bainne, bha banaraich a' fagail sileig dha, gu bhith ga chumail air ghean. Aig an fheasgar, bha iad a' fagail suidheachan falamh dha ri taobh an teintean, agus cha d' thoirleadh an saoghal air neach suidhe an sin, air eagal a bhi cur stuirte air an *uruisg*—oir 's e an daighear bha ann na 'n tig-eadh braghadh air.

Na'm bitheadh neach a lathair aig an robh an da shealladh dh' fheudadh e bhi faicinn na h-uruisg, an coslas leth-sheann duine, aigeannach, sultmhor, an deise chlar-ghlas, falt buidhe, dosach tuiteam mu guallainnean, boineid mhor, leathann air a ceann, agus cuaille tapaidh na dorn. Is gann a bha tigh mor sam bith uairegin gun uruisg bhith taghal air. Agus 'n uair a thigeadh fodha bheireadh e srann air obair an trath a bhitheadh muinntir eile na 'n suain chodail. Tha Milton a' cur so gu h-aillidh anns an dan *L' Allegro*.

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glitpse of morn
His shadowy flail has threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength.

An uiread so mu'n *uruisg*—Ach tha cuid eile dearbhadh gu'm bitheadh sinn ni bu phoncail le bhith tuigsinn na Gruagaich mar fhleasgach og deadh-mhaiseach, le dualan donn, bachlach a' tuiteam na 'n tuinn mu mhuineal, agus uaithe sin a comh-dhunadh nach bu ni sam bith eile e ach a ghrian, no Apollo nan dual riomhach neo-bheartha, dha 'bu shloinneadh am Breatuinn, *Grannus*, ged chaidh an t-ainm car air iomrall na ath-chumadh. Agus tha mi deanamh dheth gur e so am beachd is coslach; oir tha e dearbhtha gu'n robh seann fhineachan Bhreatuinn gu leir 'a leantuinn aoradh Apollo—agus mar sin gu'm b' ann do n' ghrein a bha na banachagan a' toir an dibhe bainne, ge b' e dealbh sam bith a bha na 'n inntinn fein, no 'n smuaintean muinntir neo-fhoghlumte an coitchiontas.

Tha Mr Mac-Cuinn a bha na mhinisteir an Cille-Mhuire 'san Eilean Sgiathanach (1770) ag innseadh gu'n robh iad cho deidheil air a chleas so ann an earuinn dheth 'n sgire, 's gu'n robh e na uspairn chruaidh dha bhi gu 'n aomadh gu a leigeadh dhiubh. B' abhaist dhoibh na h-uile la, an deigh bleoghainn a' chruaidh, a bhi fagail dileig bhainne ann an lagan air mullach cloiche do 'n Ghruagaich, mar thabhartas buidheachais. Agus faodaidh sinn a bhi creidsirn gu'n robh a' Ghruagach a' gabhail ris an ofrail, oir cha b' fhada bitheadh a ghrian a' sughadh suas 's a' tiornachadh dileag bhainne, gu h-araidh air la teth samhraidh.

Tha sinn uile eolach air cleachdadh eile tha fathast cumanta air feadh na duthcha sin 's am bheil iad, aig deireadh an fhoghar, an deigh ceann a chur air a' bhuaibh, a' ceangal dorlach dhiasan 's ga 'n tasgadh suas ann an tigh a *Bhaintighearna-ARBHAI* no *mhaighdean* mar their iad rithe an Sasuinn. Mar-ri sin bithidh seann tuathanaich a' cur dorlach ghrainn ann am pocan 's ga chrochadh suas air an doigh cheudna. Is e bha 'n sin o chian, ofrail ceud thoradh na talmhuinn do Apollo La Liunasduinn—agus tha “siubhal a Ghabhair Bhacaich,” cleachdadh neonach eile 'bha o chionn ghoirid cumanta 's an taobh tuath, a' cur gne chombdhearbhadh air so. A' cleud fhear a chuir ceann air a' bhuaibh, bha esan a' ceangal sguabaig 's ga toirt an laimh gille luath-chasach, a's ga chur leatha dh' ionnsuidh a nabuidh a bha air dheireadh 's bha am fear so a rithist, air dha crìoch a chur air a' bhuaibh, ga cur air adhart gus an ath-fhear a bha air dheireadh leis, &c. Ach cho luath 's a liubhradh e an “Gabharr” bha aige ri chasan a thoirt-as—oir cha robh 's a' chleachdadh mu dheireadh ach gne' raiteachais gu bhi cur an tuathanaich an cuimhne gu'n robh e ro-mhall air obair an fhoghar. A nis tha earrann an eachdraidh Pansanias, seann sgrìobhaiche Greugach, a tha mi am barail a tha deanamh ciall agus tus a' “Gabharr Bhacaich” soilleir dhuinn; agus a' dhearbhadh gu 'm bheil an so againn gne atharrais air an rian 'san robh ar sinnsirean a' cur an tiodhlaic naomh a dh' ionnsuidh eilean Delos, do Apollo—ga chur o threubh gu treubh gus an ruigeadh e an t-eilean. So-leibh mar tha Pansanias ag radh. Is co math dhomh chur am Beurla. “The Hyperboreans sent the holy offering to the Arimaspi, they sent it on to the Isidoneans, these sent it to the Scythians, and these again to Sinope, whence the Athenians transported it to Delos.”

Tha Calimachus cuideachd a' deanamh luaidh, no laoidh an onair Delos, air a leithid ceudna 's ag radh gu'n robh gach cearna dheth 'n domhan a' cur ofrail a cheud-thoraidh gu Delos.

Ach mar-ri sin, bha ar n-athraichean, amhuil mar na fineachan eile, toir aoraidh do chumbachdaidh Naduir, agus do Spioradan-gleidhidh aitean air leth. Is e sambuil dhaibh so ofrail Shony an Leoghas, air Oidhche Shamhna. Gu bhi deanamh sgeula fhada goirid, bha iad an sin a' cruinneachadh gu aite freagarrach 's a' taghadh fear dhe 'n chuideachd le tuiteam-chrann, 's bha esan a' dol sìos gu mheadhon do 'n Lhuir, le cuach leanna na laimh 's ga thaomadh air an uisge, an deigh dranndan atbhuinge ri Shony gu bhi cur pailteas feamuinn thun na traighe air a gheamhradh.

Co-ionann ri sin bha "Leabaidh Bhright" ann an eilean Ile 's an Colonsa. Bha iad an sin a' deanamh suas sguabag arbhair 's ga cur seachad am bascaid, agus, an deigh focail failte do Bhright, dol gu fois, an duil gu'm faighteadh an lath 'r na mbaireach lorg coise Bhright anns an luath air a' chagailt, ma ghabh i ris an ofrail le gean math. Agus bha sud mar cnomharradh dhoibh gu'm bitheadh iad a' faotainn an iarrtais, an fhad so.

Tha muintir fathast beo aig am bheil cuimhne air cleachdadh nì-eigin coslach ri so a bha cuid a' leantuinn 'san Eilean Dubh. Ann an teaghlach 's an do chaochail neach bbitheadh iad oidhche Challuinn, a' racadh na griosaich dheth na chagailt, a cur na luath comhnard, min, agus air maduinn na bliadhna uir gheibhteadh, ma's a fìor, lorg coise an neach a dh' fhalbh air an luath. Ach cha 'n 'eil e furasda bhi deanamh mach cìod e bu bhonn na bu chiall do 'n chleas. Ach is iomadh nis a's cleas a' bhfhearr na so a chaidh o chionn fhada gu tur air dhi-chuimhne le ar mi thoirte, agus mu 'm bu mhath leinn an diugh mion-chunntais a bhi againn.

8TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

At this meeting the Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltarn, read the following paper on

**"THE COLLECTING OF HIGHLAND LEGENDS AND
THE NECESSITY FOR COLLECTING THEM NOW."**

WHILE undoubtedly a great deal has of late years been done in the way of encouraging the study of the Celtic language and literature, especially in reference to the departments of mythology and folk-lore, I cannot but think that much more could be accomplished in the way of collecting legends by our scholars, who are scattered over all parts of the Highlands, if only they directed their attention to the subject.

This being my opinion, I had little difficulty in determining on what subject to write when this large and well known society did me the honour of requesting me to prepare an essay with the view of its being read here, and so I venture to make the following remarks on "the Collecting of Highland Legends and the Necessity for Collecting them now."

I.—A preliminary question meets us on the very threshold of our subject, viz., are there any legends to gather? are we sure that they have not all been collected already?

(1) This question, I think, scarcely requires an answer. Every one who has in his youth lived in a Highland country parish, and who in his after years became a student of the language and customs of his people, knows, or thinks he knows, that a tithe has not yet been collected of what might have been. The language is to its very greatest depths saturated with legends, while its modern surface is tattooed (if we may use the expression) with those mythological images which have descended from the days of yore. In all countries men cling with extraordinary tenacity to the customs and to the thoughts of their ancestors. In this respect all races are conservative; for example, we read of Icelandic kings, like Hægli, who having been converted to Christianity, trusted in Christ, except when they got into any difficulty or when they were about to put out to sea and incur the dangers of the great deep. Then they invoked the aid of Thor, the god of their forefathers.

What we might call the most glaring of the legends, the most sensational, have, generally speaking, found their way into print; but there are whole hosts of modest, unobtrusive, shy stories which are yet pure in their native element. Nature does not wear her most useful lessons on her sleeve; and nothing can be more natural than that these retiring, shy legends should have escaped the observation of collectors, while the more vigorous, forward and highly coloured succeeded in exalting themselves into the high places of literature. But it does not follow that those legends which have hitherto escaped notice are less interesting, or would give less information or would throw less light upon the past than their fellows. In the physical world the more boisterous agents are generally, if not always, the weaker. The sunbeam is stronger and more useful than the volcano, and gravitation is more powerful than the thunderstorm; for while the latter may hurl down a few buildings, or wreck a few ships, or lash the ocean into fury, the former guides worlds as they roll in their orbits and

rules suns as they travel through the immensities of space. The same law holds true in the realms of language. What appears strong language, what is called strong language, is invariably weak in comparison with the calm deductions of reason, or the almost still small voice of the demonstrative sciences. And, may it not happen that those legends which, on account of their timid bashfulness, have hitherto escaped the printing-press, as the silent force of electricity eluded for ages the grasp of the students of natural philosophy, will turn out to possess far more beauty and far more energy than other legends which, at the first blush, appear strong,—indeed than any one would be inclined to give such modest legends credit for, before a thorough examination of their details and history had been made? To all the sciences, but especially to the science of language we can apply the immortal words of the poet Gray :—

How many a gem of purest ray serene ,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Have we in our Highland straths and glens no students who will put themselves to the trouble of collecting the gems which are scattered in our language? Some of our Highland friends may be unable to separate the valuable from the valueless, but let that not prevent them from collecting the ore since other scholars can perhaps be found who will distinguish the grains of gold from the heaps of sand.

(2) But let us suppose that the idea of there being uncollected legends still floating in the language of our people, is a false one ; let us suppose that not only has every legend been gathered, but also every scrap and edition of every legend ; that every local name and peculiar expression, every ancient custom and fragment of poetry, every riddle and proverb has been collected ; and having supposed all this, let us ask, what good can it do to direct attention to the collecting of them now ?

I put this question in as strong a form as possible, because there are persons in this country, who are not slow to tell us that all that could be done in this department of science has been already done.

The answer to this is very simple, viz., that we have no more proof that the collection has been so thorough, so complete and so searching as is here indicated, than that a dream casts a shadow. It is easy to make strong statements but not, by any means, so

easy to verify them ; and even were all legends gathered it would be no small boon to the Celtic student to have a clear proof that they were gathered.

The botanist is not satisfied until he knows that he has examined all the flowers and plants in the district in which he resides, and so the real student of language cannot rest contented until he is convinced that all the legends, &c., of his country have been collected and classified. And as the botanist examines the most common grasses and worthless weeds, as well as the most gorgeous flowers and towering trees, the student of the science of language brings the lens of criticism to bear on the most childish fable as well as on the most soul-inspiring poetry.

For a long time many enthusiastic men wasted large portions of their lives as well as treasures of wealth in the search of the so-called perpetual motion ; and it is said that there are men still engaged in this barren investigation, under the delusion that the perpetual motion is a lost but recoverable invention, and that our Government some years ago laid aside a great reward to be bestowed on the successful re-discoverer. Is it no small boon to the scientific world to be convinced that the perpetual motion is impossible ? This allows many an enthusiast to direct his energies into another and more useful channel ; while, the very assumption of the principle that the perpetual motion is impossible, has led to the discovery of new and important scientific truths.

For a long time it was a question with astronomers whether there were inhabitants in the moon or not. Did astronomy gain nothing by proving that our satellite has no atmosphere, and in consequence, that there can be no inhabitants there who resemble us in the least ? Omitting the satisfaction attending the solution of an interesting scientific problem, did not the settling of this question enable both those who were and those who would have been interested in it, to pursue, undisturbed by it, other important scientific investigations ? If the key which unlocked this riddle had not been discovered, its want would have haunted the minds of many of them, would have tended to wean away their attention from other pursuits and thus would have rendered them less able to extend the confines of discovery.

The same principle holds good in reference to our legends. So long as we are not certain that they have all been gathered up, there will, in all probability, be men whose minds will be haunted with the thought that something more could be done in this field than has yet been accomplished, and therefore whose usefulness in

other departments of Celtic literature and science will inevitably be diminished.

Thus standing upon the lowest level possible—assuming, for the sake of argument, that every legend, nursery story and quaint saying, that every proverb, riddle and scrap of poetry has been already collected, we come to the conclusion that even in such circumstances it would be no vain task to draw attention to the subject were it even to obtain a proof of the thorough character of the previous research. How much more incumbent, therefore, is it upon us all to enter this region of scientific labour with renewed vigour, since we are well-nigh certain that no more than a tithe of the legends, &c., which are floating in the language of the Highlander has yet been observed and examined.

The number of men in our age who work their way into print is very large, yet there are thousands, especially in the remote Highlands for whom it is no easy task to pass any writing of theirs through the press. Here, however, in the collecting of legends and in the describing of ancient customs we have a rich field in which any one possessing a fair share of common sense, and rather more than a fair share of perseverance, can make for himself a name. The more remote the glen in which the student lives, the further away from the steam-ship and railroad the better, since here in the dark, the legends, like certain flowers, have a better chance of living than in the full daylight of modern civilisation.

II.—But this leads us to put our second question—what good can it do to the Highlander, or to any one else, to gather and classify these apparently silly stories?

It has been proved that there is a science of language and and that this science can be classed among the physical sciences. It is not yet an old science, like chemistry and geology; it really belongs to the nineteenth century. Now, the science of language has not only supplied a new basis but has also thrown a new light on the science of mythology, and this again has illuminated with its rays the hitherto dark regions of storiology and folklore. “Even classical philology,” says the distinguished German philosopher, Helmholtze, “even classical philology is no longer restricted to the study of those works which, by their artistic perfection and precision of thought, or because of the importance of their contents, have become models of prose and poetry to all ages. On the contrary we have learnt that every lost fragment of an ancient author, a very gloss of a pedantic grammarian, every allusion of a Byzantine court-poet, every broken tombstone found

in the wilds of Hungary or Spain or Africa, may contribute a fresh fact, or fresh evidence, and thus serve to increase our knowledge of the past;" but if this be true of words and fragments of sentences, it is also true of myths, legends and ancient customs.

Now, since the study of legends must be classed among the scientific studies, it at once becomes manifest that such a study cannot but do good if wisely pursued. The intellectual energy elicited helps to invigorate the student's mind, while the new and interesting truths which he discovers go to increase his store of knowledge. Further, as every planet in the universe modifies the motion of every other, we find that every new science, and every new truth has a tendency to improve and enlarge those sciences which are already adorned with the majesty of years. "The study of words may be tedious to the school boy as the breaking of stones is to the wayside labourer, but, to the thoughtful eye of the geologist, these stones are full of interest—he sees miracles on the high-road, and reads chronicles in every ditch;" and so while the uneducated observer sees no beauty in legends and no instruction in nursery stories, the student of language reads in many of them the history of the far past. When Galileo discovered spots on the sun's surface no one imagined that it would be discovered in a subsequent age that these spots were in some way associated with the Aurora Borealis of our planets, with the motions of our magnetic needles, and even with our terrestrial rainfall and cyclones; so we know not yet what our new science may lead to.

When the geologist finds a new fossil in the strata of the earth, he preserves it and ceases not to examine it until it reveals its secret to him, until it tells its interesting story of the animal or vegetable life which existed on our planet during ages that have long since vanished into the cycles of the past. Is there no use in this? Does any sane man despise the science of geology? Now language has been beautifully called *fossil poetry*. Professor Max Muller, after explaining some stories in his excellent lecture on the Philosophy of Mythology, exclaims, "I wish I could tell you some more of these stories which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and which, though they may be pronounced childish and tedious by some critics, seem to me to glitter with the brightest dew of nature's own poetry, and to contain those very touches that make us feel akin, not only with Homer and Shakespeare, but even with Lapps, and Finns, and Kaffirs."

When the student discovers a myth or a legend of the far

distant, dim past, petrified in the strata of language, he preserves it and begins to examine it. The ignorant may think his conduct foolish, and his eagerness to gather up those nursery tales and school-day rhymes which they were accustomed to regard as silly in the extreme, may be considered by them as an indication of a mind more fit for confinement in a lunatic asylum than for, perhaps, a proud position in the temple of learning; yet, he is not discouraged, for he knows that the pioneers of every great science were in their day despised and dishonoured. Astronomy is now the prince of the physical sciences, yet "we find the whole genus of astronomical men soundly castigated by Socrates (the wisest of the ancients), who thought astronomy was desirable for determining the day of the month, or the hour of the night; but that to carry it further was waste of valuable time and that '*speculators on the universe and on the laws of Heavenly bodies were no better than madmen.*'" (Solar Physics by N. Lockyer).

If the childhood even of astronomy was thus dishonoured can we wonder should the labours of the students of the science of storiology not be respected? But, notwithstanding this disrespect when the student of the Celtic language and literature finds a fossil he wishes to preserve every fragment of it that he may put it through the ordeal of a cross-examination; and if he can prevail upon it to reveal its secret he feels that he has learned a higher truth than that which thrills the geologist, since it is a truth pertaining not to the history of the vegetable or animal worlds, but to the history of human beings possessing immortal souls—to the history of human beings whose blood, in all probability, pulsates through his own veins.

Words have been called casts from the primeval picture gallery of the human mind, and to a certain extent the same title might be applied to legends also. From the study of words, myths, and legends, that is, from the archives of language we have already learned much of what the Aryan civilisation was during ages stretching further back far than the dawn of documentary history; but very much more remains to be done, and it is to be hoped that worthy labourers will ere long be seen at work in every Highland strath and glen.

The Brothers Grimm, Dr Dasant, Dr Bleek, Dr Callaway, &c., and our own distinguished Highland scholar, Mr Campbell, have taught us that our popular stories, however unmeaning they may appear, have a meaning of their own, that indeed they "yield most valuable materials for the palæontology of the human race."

No one denies that it does much good to throw light on the languages, customs, and laws of the present, but legends compose one element of the conversational life of our people, and the more fully we master them the more thoroughly do we understand the significance of what we hear almost every day.

Again, no one denies that we derive much benefit from studying the history of the past; but to many a mind the word "history" has unfortunately a peculiar and hence a limited signification, and that, of course, by no means, the highest. To many people (readers and writers) history signifies the description of court intrigues, battles, revolutions and all such phenomena. It never seems to dawn upon their minds that there was an under-current of force, out of which battles and revolutions sprung in the past; and out of which also the phenomena of the present developed themselves by a slow but sure process. The philosophical historian makes it his primary business to understand and describe this under-current, to point out the general in the midst of the particular, and the fundamental underlying the superficial. He is as sure that this force existed as that there were fern forests previous to the formation of our coal fields. Now, the further back we can trace any chain of which the links are cause and effect, the more really do we understand that portion of the series which is under immediate observation, and so nothing surely can be more manifest than that the more thoroughly we understand that out of which the present was developed, the more completely are we masters of the knowledge of the life which we live, the laws which we obey, and the customs which we follow. But, in relation to our theme, it has been proved, and that satisfactorily, that the scientific study of language, of myths, legends, and customs reveals this dim hidden history of the far past, out of which the present was developed, better than the study of any other science or set of sciences does, and hence we cannot but conclude that those who are engaged in collecting the legends which are floating among the people are employed in a task which is anything but a vain one. The student who collects the legends may not be able to understand their significance, but that is no more a reason why he should not collect them, than that the mechanic who makes the piston of a steam engine should refuse to work until he comprehends every detail of that wondrous engine which imparts life to our factories and speed to our locomotives. Let him be persuaded that not only has every legend which he hears a history but also every word which he utters. As the artist never dreams that the clay which

race, to which we belong, had so far advanced in civilisation that, even before the time of King Solomon, the father was regarded as the *protector* of the family, and “the name of ‘milkmaid’ given to the daughter of the house opens before our eyes a little idyll of the poetical and pastoral life of the early Aryans. One of the few things by which the daughter before she was married might make herself useful in a nomadic household, was the milking of the cattle, and it discloses a kind of delicacy and humour even in the rudest state of society, if we imagine a father calling his (little) daughter (as he dandled her on his knee) his little milkmaid, rather than *suta*, his begotten, or *filia*, the suckling.” (M. M.)

But the fact that the Sanskrit language throws light upon the history of the word “daughter,” and to a certain small but beautiful extent on the early history of the Aryan races, may not tend to make the more sceptical of our Highland friends believe that gems of valuable truth can be discovered in the beautiful language which is their mother tongue and far less that there is meaning in those stories which gladdened their childish years.

We shall therefore examine one little myth and endeavour to find what its meaning is. The bane of philosophy is pomposity, and so we shall confine our attention to one of the simplest of the sayings of some of our people, and what to many may appear one of the silliest of such sayings.

In the days of my boyhood, I used to hear in the Island of Lewis a great many stories (to me at that time fascinating stories) about ghosts, second-sight, peculiar remedies, fairies, trolls, brownies, &c. I became particularly interested in the elfin inhabitants of hillocks green, and although I somewhat feared them, I had, I suppose like most boys, a strong desire to see them; and in consequence I often asked those who, in my opinion should know such mysteries, what had become of the fairies? Where were they now? Were they ever seen in our day? The invariable answer which I got is the myth to which I now wish to direct your attention. It was the following:—“*They left this country when the gospel came, and they have not re-appeared since, and where they now are we cannot tell.*”

Has this language any meaning? Is it one of the myths that an ordinary collector would be ready to write down in his note book? or would he be more likely to pass it over as a silly Highland superstition? If it can be proved that even this has a meaning—that even this apparently foolish answer contains a beautiful kernel-of truth are, we not justified in expecting that other similar

sayings have also a signification of their own, although that signification may not yet have been discovered ?

I need scarcely say that no educated man believes, in our day, that fairies once lived in a mysterious fashion in hillocks green, or that they really performed the various deeds of wonder ascribed to them in the legends of almost all lands. At the same time no educated man doubts that they existed somewhere. If we doubt this, we must believe what is still more incredible, viz., that in the dark ages a certain number of men were clever enough to weave together a tissue of incredible lies which other men, no less clever, were stupid enough to believe. Nor can there scarcely be a greater mistake than to imagine that whole nations, at a certain period of their history, were seized with a frenzy for manufacturing incredible stories ; and yet stories which, taken literally, are incredible can be found among all races.

The truth is that fairies *did* exist in those dark ages which preceded the dawn of knowledge—they existed in the minds and imaginations of men. It is not our present business to determine how they came there, but even this difficult problem has been grappled with and to a certain extent solved. Fairies once lodged in the imaginations of men, but when that beautiful light from on high began to shine—that beautiful light which we call the Gospel—the darkness with its delusions and shadows vanished, the college of fairies and the ghastly regiment of ghosts disappeared—disappeared not from green hillocks or dismal glens, for they never were there, but from the minds of those men in whose imaginations they had found a habitation. Thus, then our Highland friends are not wrong when they tell us that the fairies disappeared,—left the country when the Gospel came ; but they do not all understand the full beauty and significance of the language which they employ.

Thus we see that the saying which some of us once thought so silly gives us a valuable lesson ; it lifts the curtains and gives us at least one peep through the vistas of the past enabling us to behold one interesting stage in the development of mind. We see the delusions of the dark ages disappearing before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, as the shadows and darkness of night vanish before the rays of the morning.

Our time forbids us to follow up this department of our subject any further ; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that if any one doubts that much good and much pleasure can be derived from the studying of this branch of science, he will find that his

doubts will vanish before the light which the science itself will bring, as the fairies and trolls of the days of old vanished before the light of the centuries in which we live.

It is undeniable that a great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about legends, but let this discourage no one, for it is equally true that botany was once in a crude condition, and that the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was based on a wrong conception. The study of geology is now established on a scientific foundation, and no one is kept back from it on account of the fact that there was once a time when the theory was advanced that fossils were due to the agency of the devil. So with us, it is not with the failures of our science that we have to deal but with the strides which it has been making into the kingdom of truth. Discoveries have been already made in this mine which in the opinion of some of our very best thinkers are "not inferior, whether in novelty or importance, to the most brilliant discoveries of our age."

III.—In the third place, I think that now is the time when a society such as ours should put forth its best energies to collect all the legends and all that belong to legendary lore in the Highlands. Unless we are already too late, we are not too early. Languages grow and decay; and, as the Provençal, in which the poetry of the Troubadours was written, attained, at one time, a high degree of literary excellence, but is now degenerated into a mere patois, we find that the Gaelic which shortly before the time of the Reformation possessed a literary vigour of which its sons might well be proud, has since been on the wane. It seems to me that we have one proof that our language is dying out, even in the fact that the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh is being established, not by an enthusiastic Celt, but by a distinguished Saxon. Should, however, the Gaelic die out in a few years, it would leave behind it a legacy of which we have no reason to be ashamed; but that is no argument why we should not endeavour to increase its literature now if we can. Many a language has died without leaving any literature, while that left by the other dead languages is very small; for example, all that we have of the old Prussian which died in the 17th century is an old catechism; while all the literary work that remains of the Gothic is a translation of the Bible. In comparison with such languages the Gaelic stands high, yet the stern fact remains that its sun is setting. And it is just because the Gaelic language is dying that we should now put forth our utmost efforts to glean from it as much as can be gleaned ere the harvest is past.

Let us suppose that a range of lofty mountains like the Andes, were split from summit to base by volcanic action and that in the immense rents and fissures formed, there were laid bare myriads of fossils both flora and fauna. If all species of known fossils were there as well as petrifications of innumerable species that hitherto had escaped geological research, it would seem as if then the science of geology was made easy. If, however, it was discovered that through some mysterious chemical agency a large number of specimens was continually disappearing, the anxiety of geologists would naturally become very intense; and, to save the whole from passing into oblivion, deputations would be sent from all civilised countries to examine and place on record what yet remained visible. Further, the geologists would arrange themselves into convenient classes; and the members of each class would proceed to study those strata with which they were most familiar. This would be desirable and natural. But in one sense the opening has been made into the strata of language by the discovery of Sanskrit. By this discovery the student of language is enabled to examine the fossil poetry of the Aryan races through the strata of many centuries, and "if Hegel calls the discovery of the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit the discovery of a new world, the same may be said with regard to the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit mythology;" nay further, it may be said with regard to the still more interesting discovery that the myths and legends of all the Aryan nations are closely related to one another, and seem to have sprung from a common source. Whether we examine the songs of the Edda or the hymns of the Veda, whether we walk among the snows of Iceland or along the borders of the Seven Rivers, stories closely resembling one another can be heard. This is a modern discovery and therefore we who know this should be more interested in the collecting of myths and legends than our predecessors who did not and could not know it. Are we so interested? The students of geology are legion, why are the students of this interesting branch of the science of language so few? Geology is an interesting study, but it does not surely possess so much human interest as the study of the language, the legends, the scraps of poetry and the fragments of prose, which have floated down to us on the tide of years from the time when they were living realities in the minds of our ancestors. To know what our ancestors in the far distant past hoped and feared, thought and desired, should be of more interest to us than to know what weeds once grew on

the soil which we cultivate, or what reptiles crawled over the landscapes which we admire, or what crustacea once lived in the ocean over the billows of which we sail. The tablets of Karnak, the palaces of Nineveh, the cylinders of Babylon, the catacombs of Rome and of Egypt and the earthquake shaken forum of guilty Pompeii have all been examined ; but these tell us little of the past in comparison with myths, words and legends. The study of ancient ruins is interesting, and the study of the flora and fauna which we find imbedded in the solid rocks is perhaps no less so, but the study of those fossils which we find in language transcends them all. Therefore we trust that willing labourers will be found in our Highland glens, especially since we know that although there is not much danger of a chemical agency which will destroy the writings inscribed on the foundations of the everlasting hills, yet the fossils petrified in the strata of language are dying out, and the probability, nay almost the certainty, is that each year sees the obliteration of specimens which can never be recovered. Only forty-two years have elapsed since the Brothers Grimm published the "Märchen," yet Professor Max Muller says, " Fifty years hence the collection of these stories may become as valuable as the few remaining bones of the Dodo. Stories, become extinct like Dodos and Megatheria, and they *die out so rapidly* that in Germany for instance, it would be impossible at present to discover traces of many of the stories which the Brothers Grimm and their friends caught up from the mouth of an old granny or a village doctor half a century ago." This being so, it is manifest that all the legends which are still floating in the language of our people should be gathered as soon as possible. We know not what havoc the decay of our language may be making among our legends. It is probable that, at this very hour, there are legends trembling on the confines of the land of oblivion. Let us capture them ere they vanish into the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.

But if our subject is more interesting than geology, which also is interesting, why do we find so few among us studying it while enthusiasts in the latter science may be found in all civilised lands. In answer to this, let me ask why do those who live in the neighbourhood of a battlefield, show less interest in it than those who come to visit it from a distance ? If a beautiful plant were brought to Inverness from one of the Coral Islands of the Pacific, we would all take pleasure in examining its root, stem, leaves, flower, calyx, stamina and pistils. How many persons in our

country have put themselves to the trouble of studying that perhaps no less beautiful crimson tipped flower which not only adorns every lawn, but which also kindled the poetic spirit of Robert Burns into song. We overlook and almost forget the constant, while our attention is rivetted by the variable; the phenomena with which we are the most familiar, are just those which are the more ready to escape our notice. Words which we hear every hour, customs which we see every day, legends which we have heard repeated scores of times seem so common-place and natural that we never dream of asking what they mean. We must mentally place ourselves outside the familiar and gaze upon it from a distance as if through a telescope, before the fact that it has a meaning begins to dawn upon our minds. It is then that the familiar

“ Will win
A glory from its being far
And orb into the perfect star,
We saw not, when we moved therein.”

Even customs which in themselves appear trivial, have a history and signification of their own. We saw gentlemen a thousand times removing their gloves previous to shaking hands with a lady, before we thought of asking what this custom meant. But when we learned that there was once a time when a knight's glove was a steel gauntlet, a squeeze with which would not be pleasant, light dawned upon our eyes and the apparently useless habit had a halo of meaning shed around it. We welcome our friends in this country by shaking hands with them, or if our affection be very strong and mutual we may kiss them. We are so familiar with these customs that we call them natural and imagine that all human beings do the same; yet, in New Zealand, in some parts of China and of the Lapland Alps, the salutation is made by a rubbing of noses. It is when we learn such facts that we begin to be really convinced that we are the slaves of habit. Nay, so thoroughly are we the slaves of habit that it is impossible for us to imagine that New Zealanders, when their noses rub together, experience the waves of feeling similar to those of which we are conscious when we clasp the hand of a friend.

Every custom has its own meaning and history, as certainly as the fact that a lady when walking with a gentleman places herself on his left hand side, or that the Highlander's settle is always placed in a definite position relative to the door, has a meaning. Customs like flora and fauna are fossils, and it is a truism to

remark that we in the Highlands have customs which to a certain extent are peculiar to ourselves ; and, as each custom grew in a definite way and has its meaning, it cannot be called a vain study to inquire what that meaning is. Further, now is the time to inquire what our customs are, and what their signification is, for, as our language is dying out before the royal advance of the English language, so are our customs vanishing before the encroachments of the steam-ship, the railroad and the daily newspaper.

IV.—In the fourth and last place, it is not to be denied that while the collecting of legends and myths is a pleasant and profitable study, it has, like all other branches of learning, difficulties peculiar to itself.

(1). I discovered in some parts of the North, what has been indeed discovered in other parts of the world, that some of the old people who are the repositories of ancient stories are often ashamed of them. They can hardly believe that the collector's enthusiasm is real ; they imagine that it is his intention to ridicule them ; and hence one requires to practise very great care and modesty and skill to induce them to reveal all they know. Their mind like a sensitive plant, closes up its petals at the first rude contact. It is only in the full sunshine of genial intercourse that the petals spread and shed their fragrance. This should not be. Neither we nor our people have any reason to be ashamed of that which in itself or in its relations is not wrong. Legends, myths, customs and words are natural phenomena worthy of the philosopher's deepest study, and he who knows the legend or is familiar with the custom, should not hesitate to make the facts known, for facts are important factors in all branches of science.

(2). It will be difficult for those collectors who have been reared in the North, and who have from their earliest years breathed the very atmosphere which contains the phenomena to be observed, to make themselves conscious of even the existence of these phenomena. In other words it will not be easy for them to have the seeing eye and the hearing ear. In a cultivated community the child soon learns to understand what pictures mean and to distinguish one picture from another, while a grown up savage can see in the best picture only lines and scratches and colour. The savage is so utterly unfamiliar with pictures, that he must pass through a long course of training before he perceives their significance. We, on the other hand, are so exceedingly familiar with the phenomena at play around us that

we require a course of training to make us capable of perceiving that there are phenomena to study and that these phenomena, how familiar soever they are, have phases of which the ignorant never dream.

Very much can be done in the way of clarifying the perceptive vision, by studying the legends and customs of distant nations and divers races, especially those of Iceland. We are told by the very best authorities that "the Icelandic contains the key to many a riddle in the English language, and to many a mystery in the English character," but the more we understand the English character the better will we measure that of the Celt.

(3). The last difficulty to which we shall refer is that of getting the legends in their natural condition. As fossils run the risk of being destroyed both in the quarry in which they are found, and in the hands of an unskilled geologist, so both those who have the legends to tell and those who have them to write may, unless they are careful, destroy the beauty and obscure the meaning of the specimens. There is a strong temptation to improve upon legends, *i.e.*, of course, to improve upon them from the improver's point of view. There is a risk that certain portions may be lopped off as worthless, and that certain words may be dropped in favour of others which may perhaps be thought to have a more poetic ring.

Imagine a quarrier or a mason finding some splendid specimens of fossils and then endeavouring to improve their appearance by polishing or otherwise, before bringing them to the geologist; imagine a ploughman discovering an urn containing very ancient coins and trying to increase the value of his treasure-trove by drawing new figures on the urn or inscribing new writings on the coins; imagine some one finding a rare and beautiful flower and then lopping off certain leaves and painting others before bringing it to the botanist; imagine a servant fond of loud colours, trying to improve the paintings on the walls of some baronial hall by giving some tints a brighter hue and some figures a more bold appearance, and when you have imagined this you have imagined nothing more absurd than what is sometimes done by those who attempt to adorn legends and myths. Therefore we would venture to say to those who are young in this department of science—as you would make it a rule to bring the fossil in its native condition to the geologist, as you would bring the ancient coins untouched to the antiquarian, as you would bring the fair and beautiful flower unimpaired to the botanist, as you would not try to improve the frescoes of an Angelo, or the paintings of a Raphael, so

bring all the legends which you can find and all the myths which you can discover, to the Secretary of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and bring them in their natural condition. Let him have, not improved editions, but the *ipsissima verba*. Every word which is changed, in a legend every line which may seem to be improved, every tint which is made more vivid, may tend to make the fossil *appear* more beautiful, but it is not necessarily in the beauty (from this point of view) of its words, or the rhythm of its sentences that the value of a legend lies, but in the germ of truth which it encases, and while improving the legend you may, perhaps, extinguish its life.

As an illustration of how important single words are ; nay, as an illustration of what vast consequences may follow the changing of even a portion of a word let us refer to India where it was for centuries a custom to burn widows in the same flame in which the bodies of their dead husbands were consumed. The Brahmans maintained that this cruel rite was commanded in their sacred books. The Rig-Veda has been examined by European scholars and no such command was found in it, but it was discovered that the Brahmans changed in the verse which was said to contain the command referred to, the word *agre* (altar) to the word *agnih* (fire). This seems a trivial change, yet it was, we are told, sufficient to consign thousands upon thousands of females to a cruel death.

Of course no such dire results as the above can possibly follow any changes which we may make upon our legends, yet it shows how the modifying of even a single syllable may make the unravelling of a legend's meaning more difficult ; and it shows further the importance of our gathering every attainable edition of each legend, so as to be enabled, by making comparisons between them all to arrive at what we may designate the true meaning. If a single word is lost or modified, it might be the very word on which the meaning hinges. Therefore in collecting our legends let us remember that they are "when unadorned, adorned the most." The fact that a legend has already found its way into print, is no reason why it should be omitted in a new collection if a difference be found to exist between the new edition and the old.

The great German philosopher Leibnitz, "pointed out long ago the importance of dialects, and even of provincial and local terms, for elucidating the etymological structure of language" and the principle as we have endeavoured to prove, is no less true of mythology and folk lore.

22ND FEBRUARY, 1877.

At the meeting on this date, Mr Wm. Nicolson, Whitecroft, Lydney, and Mr John G. Mackay, 118 Plantation Street, Glasgow, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter, the Secretary, on behalf of Mr Donald Ross, M.A., H. M.'s Inspector of Schools, read the following paper on

“THE COSMOS OF THE ANCIENT GAELS, IN ITS
RELATION TO THEIR ETHICS.”

PART I.

The past few years form a remarkable era in the history and growth of general Celtic and especially of Gaelic scholarship. Our age has not yet worked itself out of the dull inheritance of compromise, nor laid itself free from the grossness of its preceding unreason. But, with all the grossness of its heritage and its undoubted tendency to ignore the spiritual interpretation of the Universe, or, at best, to profess itself satisfied with an uncertain reflection of high spiritual truths in such imperfections as the gospel of success and its adjuncts, this age, this latter half of the nineteenth century, embraces conditions which in their interaction are already converting its outcome into the hopeful basis of more enlarged science. For one thing and markedly it has grasped, not indeed universally, nor with equal emphasis in all quarters, though for the first time in this country, the great principle of evolution or development—the active result of a will or power which no effort of man, or of any combination of men can thwart or in any way repress. We have not, it is true, grasped that principle in its entirety, or purely in itself; we express it, as we grasp it, in the dull, untechnical forms of our age and nation—in terms of experience, or in terms of fact. But this very narrowness of range and feebleness of interpretative effort mean an intense concentration upon fact. And so, mainly it is, that it justly claims to be an age of strict scrutiny, of research carried to the verge of scepticism, and, along with these, a keen sense for facts, which it gathers with diligence and treasures up for the interpretation which the stronger light of a less gross and less generally distrustful era will reveal. Though, in the main, it has hitherto clung to small doctrines, and pinned its faith, especially in late years to the meagre and somewhat pert gospel of isolated facts, there is no reason why we should picture out a lugubrious future, or confine

our thoughts to the things which are at hand, partly because, in its keen spirit of distrust, it deals as mercilessly with the shams and vivid unrealities of the past as with the loftier aspirations of the present ; partly also because keen criticism and active research have always heralded calm, firm and purer eras ; but mainly because one already sees the vast accumulations of gathered facts yielding up their meaning, gradually though slowly transforming themselves into truths, principles and laws, one of which is this partial expression of evolution and development. The past is being closely questioned, through every discovered fragment of its remains, and these fragments have been brought to light from many quarters of whose existence our grandfathers have had no idea. Development was known to all great minds, in all ages, at least from that of Plato downwards, but not as stretching along the lines in which we now see its effects. Posterity will trace the course of development, if not through other and clearer forms, then certainly in a clearer light, and through its laws and the aid of higher principles which govern even those laws, run up the gathered facts and inductions of our era into a fabric of rationally deduced and rationally constructed truth.

One notable way in which the spirit of this age shows itself is the thorough sifting of the things of outer sense from those of inner fancy, or in laying open the line between the world around us and the world within us. The result seems to me to be one of high literary significance. Into this very fertile field I do not now enter ; but I tacitly pre-suppose a few literary canons which research and criticism have brought to the clearer exposition of history.

But, do the Gaelic people, does the average Celtic mind, share in the dominant spirit of the age, or in the general ideas, opinions and principles which the progressive mind of modern Europe now enunciates and articulates ? Whether or not there be a sneaking mendacity beneath the surface of our institutions, above it at all events we see an intense reverence for fact, for things which are, and which are at hand. Along with this we see, not indeed an intolerance of the luxuries of the imagination, but a laudable desire to push literary fiction within well defined and profitable limits, a keen recognition of mythopœic elements, tendencies and laws, a severance along the lines of history of the actualities of fact from their subsequent excesses, and a dogged desire to verify principles through examples. Aggressive people that had won solid empire in various directions, have always possessed a keen and strong faculty for the

objects of outer sense, as well as patience, hope and the power to grasp, group and analyze the data of sense-experience. But the Celtic races, it has repeatedly been argued, have not, at least for many centuries, been remarkable for the possession of these or any such microscopic faculties; and hence the Celtic mind has never been face to face with a large class of realities. Fire, brilliancy, uncertain insight, were allowed, though often under protest, to be factors in the Celtic mind and genius, but persistence, concentration, and a sense for objective reality and gathered, or transmitted facts, were denied to its composition. The Teutonic world, with some degree of justice to prompt its verdict and the expression of it, has hitherto been in the habit of disposing of the claims of Gaelic effort, if not by a patronising sneer, then at best by relegating its literary products to what was assumed, without much scrutiny, to be the proper platform in the pyramid of thought. That, however, is of the past; and now the verdict of criticism on the Celtic modes of thought and the general Celtic heritage of the country is rather the other way. Those who analyse the character of our institutions and the phases of our literature, in a competent spirit, no longer refrain from pointing to the source of much of what is purest and best in our rules of taste, our types and ideals of beauty, and in our appreciation of the lofty, the indefinite and the spiritual. The admission is now not only much more common than formerly, but even backed up with more than a mere semblance of earnest emphasis, that the slow and silent infusion of Celtic forces, of fire, brilliancy and energy into the national fibre, and generally into the growth and working of our institutions, has saved the nation from grosser courses—from the sway of gross methods.

There is a wide and hopeful significance in the efforts which Gaeldom itself in particular is now putting forth both to perpetuate its spirit, moods and forms, and to renew its past, partly through the perpetuation and partly otherwise. That there is and can be no permanence, except that of change itself is a truth which only a few can recognise; but it is a truth—perhaps the radical truth—nevertheless. And it clustres around the set of ideas which we vaguely construe as evolution. As a living, spoken, actual language, Gaelic must soon pass away. What was best in the Gaelic spirit, must remain, although in alien forms. Partly through conscious effort, but chiefly through means of which it is not conscious, the races who spoke and formed that language, which is now yielding in favour of the stronger and more aggressive Saxon tongue, seem resolved wisely to accept the inevitable and

to preserve and fructify the treasures wrapt up in the obscure recesses of the vanishing Gaelic. It will probably be the case that the same relationship will be established between the Gaelic of the North Highlands and the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh, that already seems to be springing up between Welsh and the corresponding chair at Oxford. That a fine halo of enthusiasm surrounds the founding of the former, and that general Gaelic scholarship owes much to this enthusiasm and its collateral feelings are pleasing facts, which have their meaning. Research in the possible field of Celtic scholarship and keen analysis of its results assume more productive forms than mere enthusiasm, and certainly than that not uncommon kind of it which falls short of positive purpose. For the present, I do not, in any way, refer to the effect upon philological activity or scholarship as such of the founding of these Celtic Chairs. That interesting problem is now passed over in favour of a few indefinite thoughts which some of the antecedenes or causes, concomitants or effects of the enthusiasm suggest. Nor, again, is reference here made to the more outstanding products of scholarly and other research—to such work as *Celtic Scotland*, the most substantial piece of literary workmanship affecting Celtic scholarship yet produced in this country, to what may be called the Cymric section of the *Revue Celtique*, to the brilliant but disjointed volume on *Ossian and the Clyde*, or to the multitudinous assemblage of unsifted myth and story that enter into the pages of the existing Gaelic monthlies and even into those of the Gaelic Society. That heterogeneous though somewhat chaotic mass of fact and fiction has its distinct value, and is worthy of the research to which undoubtedly it shall be subjected. For the purpose now in view, Mr J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* and his *Leabhar na Feinne*, are of the highest value. Mr Campbell dashes into his field with much humour and keen appreciation of possibilities. This field, though hitherto but little explored, is merely a corner of a large area from which much may yet be gathered to elucidate the course of history and the growth of thought in its ruder and therefore more conservative stages. What is near is really what is most unreadable. The whole of the western sea-board of this island is studded with curious fragments of general heroic, and special Arthurian and Fingalian myths, set in songs, wrapped up in transmitted stories, embedded in local traditions, preserved in usages, customs and rites, and even to some appreciable extent, engraved upon the deepest life of the

people, and affecting what is best and deepest in their nature. What the capabilities of these fragments for poetical purposes are and yet may be, is known to intelligent readers of English poetry—not to the admirers of Ossian alone. In days when Wagner, the apostle of deep unrest, seeks to plant our highest musical art in the solemn remoteness of the *mythos*, we get a fresh proof of how Spenser, the dullest idealist amongst British poets, no less than Tennyson, who alone invests the commonplaces of the modern drawing-room with the finer chivalry of former days, and the wider philosophy of days to come, has drawn much of his inspiration from the side of Arthurianism, which appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth. But the consideration of this also must be excluded. A valuable contribution to our literature is to be found in the connection between these and the *Fablieux* and *Contes* of the middle ages. Native thought, native virtues, no less than native stories seem for a while to have been obscured by the encroachment of the latter. Both in themselves and in their affinity with others coloured by sterner conditions, the series of myths, which yet cling around Cornish institutions, and circle about the mountains and valleys of Wales, are a subject of inviting study. Equally so is the connection between these—the outcome of the Cymric mind—and the Tales of the West Highlands, of which Mr Campbell has given us a good presentation. On the other hand, these West Highland Tales have a close affinity with the Norse Tales of Asbjörsen and the Märchen of the Brothers Grimm. After all, then, there is ample work for the new professors in collecting, classifying and analyzing material, and ample scope for deduction from this fertile but neglected field.

My present purpose is merely to give one crude illustration of what may be effected in this wide sphere. I confine myself in the main to Mr Campbell's delightful volumes, and to literature equally conditioned, chiefly the book of the Dean of Lismore and the fragments out of which the poems of Ossian have been worked up. The question of the authenticity of the latter need not be discussed by one who after self-satisfying examination of their form and matter endeavours to draw upon their contents. Even in this restricted area my aim was not very ambitious; only it was guided by the radical presupposition of law, progress, orderliness, all reaching and universal. It was to read back through facts, and to translate the great, remote past into my own small familiar moods. I aimed at brushing away materials thrown into the tales from foreign and recent sources, at sifting the new from the old,

at following material literary contents through the shifting variety of their forms, and thus, by getting back to the working conception of the universe which the ancient Gaels entertained, at ascertaining their rudimental, moral and religious ideas, and at bringing these within the modes of thought peculiar to this century. This was an exercise in method, which is absolutely devoid of all dogmatism. In this attempt, I trusted, in the main, to a careful analysis of the rudimentary thought concealed under the grotesque garb in which the tales appear. In trying to make a fairly accurate analysis of the material contents of the heroic and quasi-heroic Gaelic fragments, I faced a task of which the results would be as meagre as the labour leading up to them would be formidable. A miscellaneous, in many respects a nondescript collection of silly, crude, or childish stories, of rugged poemlets of uncertain source and date, and of loose literary *debris*, worn down by the friction and battered by the convulsions of many ages, and now full of anachronisms, and charged with exotic elements, does not, at best, form a promising subject for logical treatment, or a very solid basis upon which to construct a system of philosophy foreign to modern ways of thinking. This mass—loose literary *debris* as it was—comprised all the material at command; and here, for the present at all events, the basis must be laid. How to discover the old in the modern seemed more hopeless the more the mass was examined. Part of the difficulty lay in the habitual mood of the worker and part in the outstanding pre-supposition against the character of the old Gaelic mind and its products. Much of the real, the permanent and the best life of every one of us is in deep alliance with unconscious forces; in the depths of this *unconscious*, which is a part of our mental equipment, lurk also the worst and most insidious forms of error, prejudice, and class, and other forms of bias; and the resulting limitation is one cause why we find it so hard to transport ourselves into the conditions of other minds and of bye gone days. Fertility or vividness of imagination cannot here come to our aid; for the reconstructions of fancy, based upon recent experiences, do not parallel or accord with the processes of external fact.

The preliminary step is the recognition of the difficulty, and of the width of the gulf which these concrete tales represent. They are relics of a mode of thought altogether alien to our age. It is only, however, by recognising not only this element, but also the presence of calculable law in the formation of the most heterogeneous and random products, which literature or tradition has

conserved, that it is at all possible with any certainty to work ourselves back into, or reconstruct the thought of past ages. And the pre-supposition, not merely of general orderliness and law, but also of some particular form of development, is necessary to the fair treatment of the *detritus* of these tales. There was and probably there still is, a wide-spread opinion that philosophy, even in its rudimentary form was a thing altogether beyond the range of the old West Highland mind; which it was assumed, could never invent, or create terms of thought, even though, perhaps it might read them fitfully and inaccurately. This was the special pre-supposition against the speculative value of the tales; and in fairness we must admit that the appearance of the fact tallies with the nature of the pre-supposition. So destitute of any apparent plan or purpose, of any bond of connection or logical coherence, is the miscellaneous collection of Mr Campbell, that on the first scrutiny of it, it affords some degree of proof against the Gael, whom it represents as a creature of fitful impulse, uncertain feeling, and turbulent idea, incapable of framing any orderly system of thought, or of construing any moderately complex scheme. At the very outset, as onward in his progress, the question faces the critic:—Can scientific treatment be extended to this mass of crumbled-down story? Is it possible to reproduce or deduce a rationally coherent system out of this crude conglomerate, on whose surface at least no sign of system or progressive orderliness can be traced?

These tales are doubtless one *omnium gatherum*. Their nucleus belongs to the indefinite past, whose bounds no one dare mark out; they have been tossed about in all sorts of ways and transmitted through all kinds of minds; they have gathered volumes of accretions from all quarters, and they have been put into their present form by various collectors, differing in capacity and manner of expression. With all their singularity, however, they are not an exception to the laws under whose action rudimentary national literature grows. In the rise of any myth, the preservation of any popular tale, or the consolidation of any popular philosophy, however fragmentary or obscured, there never has been any haphazard or random growth or action. The transmutations of these tales were those of spoken, not of written, speech. Hence they ramified into many versions, through the influence of locality and similar causes. Of *Cath nan eun* and *Ursgeul na Feannaig*, e.g., there are versions from various parts of the country; but, in all essential elements, these versions are identical. They are both

natural, native products of a rugged soil ; they draw their meaning from early times ; and that meaning has survived through a long series of transformations.

We know now that survivals and revivals are not confined to any one department of nature. The doctrine extends to literary products and to the impress of thought. What is best endures. Race itself is a survival, in harmony with the locality in which it is found, and which conditions it. The peculiar qualities of races ; their language, habits of thought and action, are due to the peculiar pressure of their surroundings. Latitude, altitude, the distribution of land and sea, currents and the like, determine climatic conditions, which in their turn determine the character of the soil and its products. But these again, singly or together, give direction to the industries, occupations, habitual modes of thought, ethical ideas of the population. Between the physical, intellectual and moral energies of a people the interaction is complete. Given the conditions now, the law of change in the retrogression, and the products as they are, and we can form some approximation to the products as they were in earlier stages. Certain factors being given, the remainder may be found, the sequence of rigid law being pre-supposed. But the geographical conditions along the whole line of the historic and geological past may be traced, and is gradually being traced ; the climatic conditions, within certain broad limits, are equally traceable, or indirectly calculable ; and thus we may ascertain the social products and obtain a key to the moral and intellectual outcome of the people, and to their forms of religious beliefs.

With the pre-supposition of law, definite and supreme, in change and growth, I sought for the key of what lay beyond the present form of these crude stories, and attempted to extract as much as possible of their meaning from the loose *debris* of the Gaelic tales, by forming an analysis of their contents, by grouping the legends, sayings and incidents under certain heads, by tracing the central idea or burden of each, back from their present form, as fireside narrative, or nursery literature, through its various phases of story, legend, myth and gathering heroic incident, expressive of the struggle between races and their circumstances, to its remotest source as a crude elemental description of the powers of nature as these impressed themselves upon the mind, in opposing and thwarting the aggressive will of the old Scottish Celt. This attempt as an exercise in method, involved more. In thrusting back maxims and gnomes, more or less abstract in their present

dress, but in the main an extract from early concrete passed through various intermediate stages, I had also to consider how much in each story was gathered into it from eastern and especially Scandinavian influences, how much was inherited, genuinely native of the Gaelic soil, and especially how much was genuine myth, contributed by the native mind. In thus following the stream back through rough channels I aimed at elucidating the transmission of Gaelic thought, the opening up of the antique world of the Celts through the application of principles wider than their own, and the formulating of the ultimate notions which the Gael of the Western Isles had formed regarding his origin, his nature and destiny. From this, or along with this, some conception of the code of practical Gaelic ethics might be formed.

When the tales are put through such a process, the result is slightly disappointing. Sift them, classify them; trace their exotic elements; remove what is foreign and imported; strip off their excrescences; and the residuum is somewhat small. At its best and richest, the Gaelic literary heritage is meagre in quantity and of unmistakeable quality. The best rudimental thought of a nation is what survives longest. The residuum of these stories bears all the clearest marks of a high, almost an indefinite antiquity. For one thing it is in singular contrast with modern Gaelic poetry, and all modern Gaelic literature, which is not coloured or strengthened by more comprehensive or less local phases of thinking, is confined within narrow limits, and abundantly charged with the characteristics of the fleshly or sensuous school. Partly because the more sensuous characteristics are also the more ephemeral, and partly, perhaps, because the actions were of a sterner nature, the myths and tales are singularly devoid of pruriency. The voluptuousness of the Greek or of Eastern mythology does not appear here; and the questionable wit and more questionable *double entendre* which bristle in certain sections of Gaelic poetry are conspicuous by their absence. If their range is not comprehensive, or their structure brilliant, their spirit is lofty and their teaching stern.

In one notable respect these Tales from the West Highlands differ widely from the tales from the Norse and the Fjeld, and, what is more surprising from the whole mass of the *Märchen* and *Nibelungenlied* of North Germany. The plot in them all is generally simple; the mechanism is pretty much alike, and resembles the ordinary machinery of the popular transmitted tales of the rest of Northern Europe. In the West Highland Tales, as in

most folk-lore and rustic mythology, we find a strange admixture of the supernatural in strange circumstances. Much stress is laid upon the malevolence or occasional beneficent intents of witches and the like ; ghosts condescend to sharp practices and sly tricks ; and wraiths display activity in human affairs ; the contest between the powers that are from beneath and those that are from above is painted in hurricanes and thunderstorms ; pictured out through the miraculous intervention of the lower part of creation, or even, on an emergency, through the aid of inanimate matter ; the persistency of hate, the force of love and the fickleness of human feeling and emotion are bodied forth, not merely in alliances and meetings and wars, of all degrees of confusion between friends and foes and middlemen, but also in clumsy intrigues, obscure relations of princes and princesses, in the strong and steadfast affection of young maids and in the revenges and petty spite of abnormal hags. Underneath all this grotesque commonplace, there runs, through these legends, traditions and stories, a much more violent current of energy and feeling than what marks the flow of the German and Norse mythology. The Northern Holda is a less seductive and less intense power than Venus of the sensuous South ; and there is an element of austerity and even asceticism in the northern characters for which we have no equivalent elsewhere. Odin is thus a more outstanding figure than Baal. Whilst however, the valour of Odinism is a prominent and daring sort of energy, that of the typical Gaelic personality is formidable, if not always dangerous, through the resources of a quicker, more pliant ingenuity. In the oldest known Saxon product, *Beowulf*, the grasp of a strong human hand crushes the supernatural agent, in spite of all its devices ; but in the Highland Tales, cunning meets cunning, device over-reaches force, instead of merely humanly force breaking down the ingenuity of sly device. On the surface of the narrative, the Trolls in *Dr Dasent's Tales* on the whole may seem capable of greater fury and more extravagant effort than any personage in *Mr Campbell's Tales*, although the extravagance and expansive action of *Magach Colgar* equal those in *The Trolls of Hedah Wood*, and the *Conan* of the former has several qualities that would do credit to the Mephistopheles in *Faust*. We admit of course that the sternest fragments in popular mythology, like the hardest rocks in the surface of a country, survive longest, and that the oldest and most rugged masses of this *de'ritus* are the oldest and most valuable to the student of philosophical development. The energy, and even the cunning of these stories is intensely Pagan ;

and a kind of rude titanic vehemence at turns centres in this Paganism, as, for example, when the clang of the hammer of Fionn resounds through Scandinavia into Ireland, and in the pathos that encircles the death of Diarmid. Greatest forces are always beneath the surface; marked merely by surface signs. In this Gaelic heritage we find Paganism of an uncompromising type at the surface and at the core. Its spirit is Pagan; the prevailing influences are Pagan. Its Christianity is as oil to water; it is not of it. Christian rites and symbols are frequently introduced to work out the action of the stories; but they are often anachronisms, after-thought embellishments; and the meek and gentler spirit of Christianity is altogether wanting.

This is a fact of high significance; for in the absence of the gospel of submission, and of the gentler teaching of Christianity, consists one strong proof, perhaps the strongest, of the great antiquity of these Tales. For myself I was not prepared for this dominance of Paganism. The great influence of Iona, in an era probably anterior to the time of St. Columba, and the extent and evident antiquity of the ruins of Ecclesiastical buildings along the west coast of Scotland, and especially in Argyle, and the character of local traditions, had prepared me to expect that Christianity was the greatest social force, at all events along the Western sea-board. I did not believe that the Culdees were "Albyn's earliest priests of God."

But they were earnest, zealous and powerful; and much of their missionary zeal must have been spent in uprooting the native Paganism. Either the existing fragments of old Gaelic literature and thought, belong to a date anterior to the era of St. Columba, or Gaelic moods must have had a singular antagonism to the gentler and holier doctrines of the imported Christian religion. In any case, Culdee zeal has not been more successful than other modes of doctrinal propaganda that go counter to, or ignore the claims of, existing phases of thought and feeling. No one with moderate insight and knowledge, has ever denied the susceptibility of the Celts to religious and spiritual impressions; yet there is unquestionably a certain hardness in the result. In Wales where the morality of the triads afforded a firm basis for the practical ethics of Christianity, Methodism and its adjuncts have often gone the length of quaint extravagance; and the doctrine preached in the Highland Presbyterian Churches outdoes any other development of advanced Calvinism in its sternness and emphasis of doom. So far from being distasteful, this rigid

Calvinism finds an energetic response in the bosom of the Gaelic race. It has before now been noticed that a popular clergyman in the North, is one powerful in the exposition of the sterner doctrines, in a general reference. The ultimate ground of this is in the permanence of the elements transmitted, both socially and mentally, from generation to generation. There is deep significance in the singular fact. The sterner phases of the Christian doctrine and spirit, have received a more hearty reception among the Gaelic people than the side whose gospel is that of broad humanly charity, love, submission of self-will, to its universal repentance through suffering and the salvation that comes through sorrow. Apart from the transmitted propensities and structure of the race, which have their meaning, a partial explanation of this is found in the superstitions which still influence fireside opinion, and in the traditions which satisfy rustic curiosity and influence courage. Reared in wild, barbarous, and in a manner, isolated conditions, and trained to seek their deeds of excellence in deeds of war and bloodshed, these ancient Gaels, as they are vaguely outlined here, never eager to extend a friendly welcome to opinions sprang from new soils, would look with some degree of coldness and contempt upon a new system, whose advocates sought an avenue for it in the purity and abnegation of their own lives; which required its professors to regard men as brethren, and honour the lowly in station equally with the mighty in rank; to relinquish a life of fierce excitement and varied gaiety for one of penance, self-denial and gloom; to cast aside the pleasures and the glory of war in order to receive the pleasures and the joy of a distant heaven in which there was no room for hunting or feats of strength; and to take up the cross in the life that is, in order to prepare for the alien one to come. If the popular tales of a nation, rather than its earlier lyrics or fireside ballads, embody its oldest literature or its first efforts at thinking, and constitute the most enduring element in the life of the nation itself, we have some illustration of this in Highland customs still extant. In the extravagant love for mystery, in their stubborn belief in supernatural action and interference, the natives of some of the more remote isles and lonely glens conserve many Pagan elements.

A careful analysis of the thought of the West Highland Tales points to an antiquity beyond the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. But the surprising thing is that in their course downwards through many troubled centuries, they have absorbed so little of the encroaching Christian doctrine and ideal, and have

retained so large a measure of the pre-Christian ritual and spirit. Whatever amount of zeal may have been spent by the followers of St. Columba, St. Blane and their followers the history of surviving Gaelic literature and of local customs declare to have received but a meagre reward in leaving the race still Pagan in their fibre—their inmost and truest nature. The natives of the straths and corries seem to have contented themselves with employing the priests to perform the rites of marriage and baptism, to assist at funerals, and to adjust minor squabbles, whilst they seem to have appropriated such new ceremonies as fitted in with their own Pagan institutions, or formed useful adjuncts to them. They did not penetrate very much beneath the surface of the Christian ritual and had not a clear consciousness of its fine underlying ideas. Even now, in the remote parts of the country, when tested by dire emergency, their religious ideas and beliefs are found to contain a residuum of the old Pagan faith. Were Thompson's prayer-gauge, which shocked the correct feeling of the religious public some years ago, tried in Lewis or Skye, Pagan ceremonies would be resorted to as possibly efficacious, after an appeal to the Christian Deity had produced no manifest result. To the strength of the same inherited elements is due, partly, the depths to which the shrewder and more accommodating section of the Christian Church has rooted its power amongst Celtic people. The stern concrete of an earlier stage has been assimilated with a purer doctrine of higher aims. The natives of the Loanda district in Western Africa still employ the same cure for the effects of the evil eye that I have seen a native of the North of Scotland using as a last resource not many years ago; and the popular festivals, those great land-marks of time, have as much of Paganism as of every posterior influence. All this tallies with the inner content of these Tales.

When, therefore, we study the Celtic races both in their oldest literary heritage and in their surviving institutions, we meet with evidence of a positive and negative kind, that the powerful impulses of Paganism, always persistent elements when hereditary in the national fibre, were not, and could not be, counteracted or removed by any alien or outward force which was not complementary or which did not absorb them. For that reason alone, even were there no other, I think Dr M'Lauchlan has given too great prominence to the regenerating influence of Iona on contemporary thought around it. In his own Book of the Dean of Lismore—not to go further—we find the keen antagonism of the old faith to the new, along with rather supercilious treatment of the ritual and

machinery of the latter. Alike in Gaelic and Norse Tales and in the *Nibelungenlied*, one follows the self assertion of the stern old Pagan spirit, but in different degrees, against the calmer attitude and holier lessons of Christian thought; but the West Highland Tales, without the unity of emotion and feeling so conspicuous in the myths of the *Nibelungenlied*, have also no equivalent of the heathen hero Zigurd, who is converted to the new faith and devoutly conforms to the rites of the Southern Church. In their treatment of the new faith the Tales are sometimes grotesquely irreverent; in this respect they are in contrast to the North German ones. Sermons are preached and doctrines expounded; but not unfrequently the audience is bent upon secular thoughts, and the occasion is made into an opportunity for courtship and flirtation. Although the priest is often found gracing the marriage feast with his presence, he is not represented as a check upon the boundless excess, which marked out these events. Baptism was practised by the agents of the Church; but it had no deeper spiritual meaning than the christening of a ship or the naming of a street. The clergy take their share in secular struggles; but they are often overpowered in hand to hand conflict with the more insignificant agents of the myth. Apart from this levity of treatment, and the occasional conquest of the priestly power by evil agencies, we find a tolerably well marked line drawn throughout the whole extent of Fingalianism, between Christian truth and earlier creeds. I quote from the book of the Dean of Lismore by way of specimen:—

“Were the sons of black Garry alive,
Neither the sound of bells nor priests,
Would now be heard in Rath-Cruachan.”

The same attitude is indicated in the following violent threat:—

“Were the blue eyed hero alive,
Bold Conan, the son of Fion,
Cleric, though thy office be sacred,
With his fist he would strike thee down.”

When Patrick gives religious advice to Ossian, and tries to turn his attention to higher topics than the deeds of his forefathers, thus,

“Ossian, prince’s son, ’twill be thy soul’s great loss,
That thou now thinkest of the battles of the Feine,”

The bard rejects this suasion through this savage rejoinder—

“Didst thou hear the hounds and the sound of the hunt,
Thou wouldst rather be there than in the holy city.”

Here is a declaration of Ossian that casts a not unpleasant light upon the current ideas of mortality :—

“I cared little for any blessedness above,
Unless shared with Caoilt and Oscar and my father.”

In the distinct, uncompromising recognition of this antagonism we have a key to a part of the practical ethics of the Gaelic people. Our modern ethics have gathered both compass and strength from the influx of Christian doctrine. To the shallow compromises of our traditional school of moral philosophy we owe a mass of confusion on the growth of moral ideas, which are rational products, though complex and spiritual beyond other rational products. As human experience, the result of human will in perpetual antagonism to its surroundings, has widened and deepened, and as intellect has developed itself, ethical ideas have been purified and enlarged, law has acquired authority, and spread its influence, and conscience, individual and general, has become a keener, clearer and more sensitive index of what is right and wrong. There is no greater stability in morals than in truth, and no reason why the moral sense in the individual should not be as capriciously capable of culture as the perception for beauty or harmony. Gaelic ethical ideas, judged from the *detritus*, had not yet been purified by the influx of wider unselfishness and humanitarianism ; and hence, did not embrace many ethical doctrines familiar to us now, such as the extent and significance of Free Will, the relation of human personality to the Divine Will, the subjective sanction of duty, and the basis of moral laws.

Pagan at its core, as we have it here, Gaelic thought is intensely concrete. It does not even rise to the level at which the troubled concrete of present experience meets the facts of actual history—a point far below that at which abstract thought begins. Progress is from the known to the unknown, from the narrow, crass concrete of fact, to the wider truths of abstraction, and consists in dropping the weight of the concrete out of thought, or in translating its imagery and sensuous symbols into propositions of wider generality. In the process of advance the faculty to grasp truth

apart from its individual image or symbol, which alone is accessible to the popular mind, is created or enlarged. Thus it is that a common English clod-hopper, or an Aberdeenshire hind goes through the dull expanse of life without concern or relation to anything that does not lie within the sweep of his animal wants, the coarse routine of his work, and the intellectual circle of his favourite alehouse, His mind is intensely, even narrowly concrete. But far different from this local, material concrete was that of the ancient Gael, which consisted rather in the excess of the imagery of sensitive fancy, and in the more fleeting symbols of memory.

There is one other respect in which this kaleidoscopic concrete differs from other literary products; but it is not easy to describe the difference. We may call it an excess of sensitiveness, a peculiar delicacy of nerve-action, a rush of troubled feelings, or a keen consciousness of sorrow. Or, looking at the concrete from without we are amazed at the rapidity of its change of colour, rather than at the general character of the colouring itself. There is in all Fingalian literature, and characteristic of it, a peculiarity somewhat difficult to be defined, in virtue of which two such distinct minds as that of Goethe and that of Napoleon, were drawn to Ossian's poems. Goethe eminently appreciative of energy, beauty and all that art could accomplish or embrace, could not have been attracted by anything in the mere matter of the poems; and Napoleon, whose own life was a turbulent epic in strong shades, found nothing in the plan or substantive contents of M'Pherson's ill-jointed fragments, to create an attachment for the Fingalian poet, as great as that of Alexander for his Homer. The magnet in both cases was in the *form* and *colouring*; in the wild and picturesque imagery; in the rapid whirling rush of all manner of shades across the gloomy surface; and in the fierce struggle which it all means. Nor is this form and colouring a reproduction, or a modern semblance of antiquity; it is not the design of a creative modern artist; it is not the work of any Chatterton. Whatever general theory of the rise or growth of literature we adopt, or whatever be our conception of poetry, we tacitly admit that the phases of the one and the imagery of the other, are alike the reflex of the moods and circumstances of the artist or writer. In the same way as the epithets, illustrations and imagery of Homer transport one into the picturesque magnificence of early Greece, and as Spenser, the least realistic of English poets, even in his most phantastic creative moods, constructs his fairy-land out of English dells, groves, hedges and

flowers, and drapes his characters with delicately defined hues of Elizabethan-age conditions, so there is in Fingalian literature a remarkable back ground of form and colouring which reflects the storms of the West Highland valleys, and the struggling fury of the Atlantic and all that these embrace. And not only is this colouring not modern, but modern art could not produce it. What one sees in looking at the kaleidoscopic concrete of Fingalian literature, is an unique combination of sea, land and mist; a long indefinite series of frowning mountains lashed by waves whose foam at times whitens the dark cliffs up to their very summits; dark, precipitous glens, often crowded with troubled wreaths of mist, and awful from their dark store of mystery, stretching from the ocean inwards, irregularly into gloomier space; a tearful sky weeping for the dead which it encloses; tumultuous clouds rushing across and dragging darkened shadows in their train; the force of winds struggling with the cliffs and vanishing with many sighs; and in the midst of all this and such as this, human beings, resolute and brave, opposing a cruel destiny with the cool consciousness of approaching defeat, but meanwhile holding bravely on. The supernaturalism of the *Tales* has been degraded through the attrition of the common-place through which it has passed; but if we extract it, we have a residuum of but little interest; and Ossianic literature would be poor indeed without its grand impersonations of mist and mystery. The scenery is that of a great struggle, which has had no historian, beyond retrospective induction, to hand it down; we gaze at it the more wraptly because it is so indefinite and in such violence of change. Through its imagery of deepening shadows, of rushing winds, and infinite struggles of clouds, of mists ever changing in their hue, we get a melancholy glimpse of a world which was great at least in its sorrows.

Meteors dashing across the sky, bolts of lightning cleaving the rocks, and peals of thunder rending the air form, a fitting background, along with those for the action of supernatural beings—spirits seen in the lightning flash, ghosts leaping from cairn to cairn, or shrieking in the wind, mysterious sighs, moans and sounds of sorrow. Beneath all the supernaturalism or behind it, there is the human element in a race with a will to do and to dare, baffling or being baffled, in perpetual antagonism to the world around, and bent on beating nature back within narrower limits. The colouring after all is a mass of symbolism; and, if we only could read it aright, we should add another page to the great

drama in which each of us is an actor, but whose end no one sees or wisely predicts.

What, then, was the image of the great material encroaching world, which the ancient Gael construed to himself? He was far above the state of the savage, who divides the non-ego into what he eats and what eats him. But did he look upon the outer world as finite or infinite, upon the earth as a plain or a disc?

His language throws some light on this special point. It is most copious in terms of abuse and depreciation, whereas savage languages generally are rather deficient in expressions for malevolence, fierce antipathy, and violent feeling. His expressive and copious command of abusive epithets cannot be explained altogether upon the theory that he was rude and untutored. It opens up the way to a period of long and bitter negation, in which the Gaelic mind, struggling to free itself, passed through experience of keen sorrow and pain, and framed a vocabulary expressive of that experience.

The same conclusion is strongly borne out by the Gaelic canons of truth and modes of reasoning, into the logic of which I do not now propose to enter. That is reserved for a later stage.

Nearly all the tales are tinged with anthropomorphistic doctrines. The plot usually is not intricate; the characters are rather few, and with little difficulty can be grouped into two classes. The qualities that cluster around a good-humoured easy-natured man of the world are nearly altogether wanting. They contain several types of Mephistophiles, but more of Puck or Ariel; and probably this defect has some radical connection with the singularly severe character of Highland wit, and the practical way in which Highland humour shows itself. In banter and rough humour a London cabman is more than a match for a whole clan of Gaels, each of whom is infinitely his superior in general faculty and resource.

The actors are few and sombre; the back-ground is generally desolate and wild. The range of motive, plan and execution is not wide. The Gael opposed to nature, is keenly conscious that he has not conquered her forces, but he is not conscious of their extent. In reading these Gaelic Tales I was struck with the part which the melancholy hoodie plays in the plot. Wherever this creature is, sorrow is not far off. It sits, like the inauspicious crow, a bird of ill-omen, heralding evil, and on the side of the great world against the human race in their efforts to subdue it. The hoodie has many of the resources of a human being in its

dark bosom. Anthropomorphism goes lower than even the hoodie, down through objects that perform many marvellous deeds. Needles stitch without the guidance of the human hand ; hatchets cut down forests without the aid of man ; eggs dance frantically around ; and these, moved by their own voluntary impulse, have the cause of action immanent in themselves. Human qualities are transferred to reptiles, birds and inanimate objects ; man peopled his universe out of his own imagination by multiplying analogues of himself. By this process of transference the Gael got his idea of cause and effect, and obtained a chain of casuality, often composed of a long series of concrete links. But, in every case, the chain leads back to *mind*, or some analogue of it. This running up of effects to mind, by these primitive people, who consciously had no mastered scheme of philosophy, throws a strong flash of light on the rise of cosmology as a theory.

Contemplating the past from the narrow stand-point of the present, we are apt to overlook the significance of this attribution of personal qualities to non-personal objects. At a time when causality was not understood as we now understand it, when experience was too thin and weak to lay open the sweep of natural laws, and when the deposit of moral sentiment, which has since assumed the plastic form of objective conscience, was not yet consolidated, man, as in the Highlands, face to face with opposing powers, naturally hit upon their shortest explanation in the violence and virulence of beings like himself. Much of the grand personifications of Fingalian literature may be traced to the strong tendency of the Gaelic mind towards anthropomorphism. On the intellectual side of their philosophy, they were at the opposite pole to that of a modern cultured apostle of Celtic genius, and to an important school of modern thought, markedly German, which explains all by reference to an impersonality—an “Eternal not ourselves that maketh for righteousness.” Yet, in spite of this intellectual divergence, both have much in common as regards their utilitarian ethics ; and whilst the impersonal deity of the brilliant critic is really an extract from a very limited range of experience, a residuum of moral sentiment outside of us, and making his power “felt by many a sharp lesson,” the God of the Gael was also outside of him, and draped awfully by his imagination.

Those old Gaels had not a very clear notion of personality. Like Thales and the Ionics they regarded the soul as a material or physical substance, having in itself life and a kind of organisation ; highly attenuated in its composition ; performing its function in

various ways ; and existing for a season in union with its crass cell, the body, but also capable of separate or independent existence.

The Kosmos of the Gaels was indefinite in extent, fluctuating, luxuriant, kaleidoscopic. Warlike from choice and necessity, nomadic in character, restless, therefore, and quick by habit, and without any centre of permanent industry, they led a life of extreme uncertainty and were familiar with ideas of decay and evanescence. They could not escape the manifold influences of storm and flood, rushing torrent and foaming inlet, precipitous rocks and sombre valleys. From this and from their familiarity with ebb and flow in all around, arose their keen and highly susceptible organisation, the lively luxuriance of their inner sense, their passionate phantasy and their extremely fertile faculty, projecting itself fitfully and with a sort of melancholy power and emphasis into all around. Above all, their sense of life was passionately keen, and their range of emotion fluctuating and profound ; hence, partly, the undue projection of troubled ideality into their efforts at thinking. Thus, not given to introspection and incapable of making a subtle analysis of feeling, they translated mental acts into objective facts and laws. Hence their image of the objective material world—of the totality of things—was altogether different from any modern philosophical conception of it. For one thing, it was larger in its compass, studded all over with a boundless series of particulars dissipated by modern analysis, more sensuous on its surface, and from end to end in closer sympathy and communion with the personal self than the non-ego which surrounds our conscious life.

Critical and keen, we separate what is real in fact from what is merely ideal. Whilst the ideal concrete of the modern poet is consciously bodied forth, that of the ancient Gael was the residuum of unconscious effort ; in the mythologic stage, physical and hyper-physical agencies were blended into one, and looked upon as phases of personal ones. Thus it arose, that supernatural interference in ordinary affairs was a central doctrine in the gathering faith, and that all nature from the ripple of the smallest wave, or the pebble upon the sea shore, up to the most awful of demons, or the most terrible of spirits, was regarded as an analogue or reflex of personal, self-externalizing energy. The sphere of actual sensation was not marked off from the province of its possibilities ; fancy ran itself into fact ; and the universe, with all its material garniture, was based upon the analogy of the will. Hence, also arose the inordinately

prolific sense—consciousness of the Gaelic people ; their sensible world peopled by a multitudinous assemblage of spirits of protean form, and of all degrees of cunning, shrewdness, dexterity and strength ; and their cosmology so markedly anthropomorphic as well as so large and intricate.

A philosopher, in great repute amongst those of his countrymen who are content with the common place compromises of the shallow age of unreason, found guarantee for the existence of an external world antipodal to mind in the infallible dictum of the common sense of mankind. But the Gaelic race possessed common sense, as defined by this sagacious thinker ; it was the uncritical sense of the crowd ; it bore testimony to the existence of an outer world in many essential respects different from that of our day. Indeed what was fact and sense then would be fiction and nonsense now. Around the tops of the Highland mountains, in wreaths of mist, or in the drifting snows of winter, spirits, melancholy and feeble, or violent and relentless, struggled together when not engaged in preparing terror, or other evil for men ; spectres hovered gloomily over the reedy marsh or the moor, or arrayed themselves on the blasts of the wind ; and pale ghosts, messengers of the unseen world, brought back the secrets of the grave, and proclaimed the lessons of nether experience—upheaving glens as they appeared, and shattering mountains through their departure. Deep beneath the sward of any circular green knoll, in mysterious caverns of intricate access, a vast and indefinite population of *Frir Sheigh* had their abode. And as every knoll covered its population, on mischievous tricks intent, so every loch concealed its monsters ; Proteus-like creatures, deceitful and dangerous ; every stream and shore had its mermaid, capable of transforming itself into the most beautiful of women and then of vanishing into vapoury air. The outer world swarmed with other creatures far too marvellous for our modern faculty—witches of every degree of rascality, cyclops of forbidding look, giants of monstrous size, but of fierce, relentless moods and combative tendencies ; boars, eagles, and hoodies that often excelled mankind in wisdom and in cunning as well as in fleetness and strength ; apples that prattled about the weather and discussed local questions ; pebbles that of their own accord could leave the beach and outspeed the swiftest charger in the chase, and scores of other objects equally marvellous, if not equally grotesque to our sense of propriety, were all realities in the troubled kosmos of the Gaelic people. To the existence of these and such as these the practical common sense of this age does not

testify. On the contrary, it relegates them all to the sphere of unweeded or savage imagination, forgetting that the facts of one age degenerate into the crumbled down fiction of another.

We are in this age so practical in our methods, so commonplace in our Saxon modes of thought, and so intolerant of what now does not square with the little world of our own ways, that few of us can enter with any appreciation into the fabric of the old Gaelic world. With genuine Philistine faculty, we find it easier to call it all a worthless man of superstition than to understand it—forgetting that we, too, and all that belong to us, shall in our turn form sport for even more genuine Philistines than ourselves. If we could only turn from the *mere look* of the world of which we form a part, and ask ourselves the question—*What does it mean?* we would be in a better position to induce broadly and dispassionately. The question is an intensely interesting one, but cannot here be discussed with fair fulness. Consciousness being judge, the kosmos is a varying, perhaps a diminishing, factor. The common sense of the old Gaels and that of the age of Dr Reid could not agree regarding its content or extent, its permanence or reality. Whatever assurance consciousness gave twenty or thirty thousand years ago regarding that part of the outer world which Dr Reid admits, it gave also in support of that position which he does not admit to exist as an external reality. The Gael could not possibly separate objective reality from subjective concrete—in truth, be believed in the reality of both with equal and unquestioning firmness. We do not and cannot; but are we wiser for all that?

It has been seen how spirit and the general garniture of spirit-land predominated in the Gaelic image of the world, and how to the mind of the Gael spirit or a spiritual entity, was simply a material substance—a body of somewhat finer organisation than the one of flesh and blood. And this conception of spirit regulated the prevailing idea of immortality, and therefore practical morality, to some extent. The bridge between the life that now is and that which is to come was a short one; for to their far-reaching imagination the latter was merely a reflex of the present scene, and immortality was but the present state of existence, stripped of some of its coarser conditions. Both spheres, here and hereafter, were represented in the main as under the same restrictions, magnified or depressed, governed by the same standard of happiness and worth, and, consequently, sharing in the same pleasure and pursuits. It is not easy to reconstruct their heaven and their hell.

They held a mollified form of Pythagorean metempsychosis : for the soul is represented as migrating into the lower animals, and even into trees, stones, and other inanimate objects.

Great value was attached to the kind of subjective immortality which fame conserved in the songs of the local bards, who were honoured, as their logical descendants, the clergy, still are, amongst other reasons, on account of their supposed influence with the authorities of spirit-land, and whose verdict, therefore, carried with it much of the consecrated power of prophecy. Such spiritual insight as the race could claim rested with these bards, who were philosophers as well as poets, prophets as well as literary authorities, and who did much more than merely cheer the idle and amuse the vain, as we now suppose. Keener analysts than their neighbours, they were more reliable guides in forecasting the future, and since they could interpret a small fraction of the signs of their time, they were credited with the power of penetrating through the mystery of the remainder, and of controlling what they could forecast. To secure a place in undying song was thus the highest ambition of the warrior—hence, deeds of noble daring and striking cruelty. This gathering up of fame was a kind of immortality verging, in some respects, on that demanded by some apostles of Comtism.

“ Time downwards will bear our praise,
The strength of song will cloudless rise.”

But they went beyond this abstract species of subjective immortality—

“ It will not profit us to live in song,
When we are weak and pale beneath the ground.”

They looked, but not with the authority of strong hope, for an immortality, more substantial than the rewards of fame, in a heroic state in the far off spirit-land, to which the bards, it would appear, issued the passport. Somewhere in the indefinite bosom of the western sea the souls of heroes dwelt in fellowship. There, in the homes of the winds, in the hall of clouds, lay the realms of mystery, beyond “the roofless house of lasting doom,” and thither, after some experience, after hovering in agonising gloom over the chill vapour of the marsh, illustrious spirits passed. According to a Skye tale, there was a happier region beyond this, but from which there was no return.

In this exaggerated mixture of Druidic doctrine and pure

Fingalianism there is one outstanding image. The sun is always central, and light is life. In the distant isles of the west heroes lived happily, if their happiness was possible, in the light of the sun, which was superior to death. The noblest strains in all Gaelic literature are in praise of the sun,

“Which alone does triumph evermore
In joyousness of light its own ;”

and which is also represented as the ultimately inexplicable factor in the universe. That fire-worship was practised there can be no rationally-grounded doubt. In the sun the Gaels found the two highest attributes of divinity—power and purity. If they had not consciously grasped what we call monism, they certainly came within sight of it, and the ultimate inexplicable principle which stood before them was light, or the “Sun of purest face.” In the face of the strong personifying faculty of the Celtic people, we conclude at once that personal agency was ascribed to this principle. How the spirit-world was related to this source of power and purity need not be discussed here, though it is a question of great interest.

Notwithstanding their ideas of continuity, it is noteworthy that the journey to the land of spirits is sometimes pictured out as dreary and perilous—over rocks, precipices, ravines, and dark gulfs, guarded by monsters as fierce as Cerberus, whilst at other times they are ferried across by professional rowers. But, in either case, however, the spirits came within sight of it. For my present purpose it matters not whether the Celts regarded the spirits of the departed as subject to the rarer contingencies of the present life, or whether they had consciously grasped the idea of infinite extension or duration, if it can be shown that for all phases of being they had nearly found one ultimate principle of explanation.

But, whatever was the nature of this ultimate working conception, an analysis of these tales proves that they had got some dim notion of the difference between being *to us* and being *in itself*. This question is started, but it is not solved. That the present totality of things is but the shadow of some deeper reality, beyond the compass of sense or the power of thought ; that the universe, with its material garniture, is in change, and must pass away as a dream ; and that time itself must perish, are doctrines frequently roughly enunciated in Fingalian poetry. Time and

what is inscribed on it are the objects that endure, the only ones ; yet these endure only whilst light continues to be shed on them. They exist only in the light : and the light shall fade. Time is always described as a finite, limited concrete roll. But we know not its beginning ; we cannot encompass its reality ; our faculties, at their utmost tension, can grasp no more than the narrow image of reality. What is more significant, time itself would be imperceptible and beyond our ken had it not been inscribed with the records of heroic actions, which give character to its roll. Men are seen passing as shadows on the surface of time, or are compared to streams that flow downwards into the indefinite mist. But few, indeed, are they who succeed in impressing their deeds on the "far off side of time," or in marking the mountain with their valour as they pass across the field of view. Thus the universe is pictured forth as a shadow of perhaps a deeper shade. Yet, amongst all the flux and unreality, there was one element of some degree of permanence, valourous action stamping itself on time ; the tissue of time combining with the outgoing effort of man, and forming, at the best, only something like the phenomenal world of Emmanuel Kant. Valour, strength, courage, resolute will—this, on the human side, is the ultimate. To the Gaels, this, no less than the Cosmic ultimate, was infinite ; and yet advanced thinking in the nineteenth century expresses it far otherwise.

Now, as pure doctrine, the moral philosophy of the Gaelic people is of no high value in itself. It is singularly meagre and rudimentary. As illustrating a definite class of ethical ideas, it is of some importance to the student of historical philosophy. My conception of what it resolved itself into can best be expressed by the phrase, *ethics of ingenuity*, or *ethics of cunning*. A modern philosopher has said that a state of nature was a state of perpetual warfare, and has founded a popular system of morals upon this sentence. However that may be, the age portrayed in these Tales was one of war, and contest with nature. Man was in a state of chronic strife with nature, which he feared and suspected, and which he tried to check and baffle. In their semi-conscious state, with subjective phantasy blending itself with objective fact, and in consequence central to a life of infinite fulness and profound mystery, our ancestors, according to Mr Campbell's *Tales*, were in that stage, in which self or the energy of the individual, is pre-eminently assertive and negative—partly freeing itself from nature, withdrawing into its own resources, and partly combating external forces. In his gloomiest hour the Gael could not separate the

creation of his own melancholy faculty from inroads from without; to him the bracken bush in the pale light of the moon seemed an emissary from the nether-world; the creeping mist on the moor transformed itself into a subtle spectre. Death was before him and around; and he brooded over the melancholy prospect. He saw strange sights, heard strange sounds, and had forebodings almost perpetually. The Western Celts had not learned the Baconian lesson of mastering nature by submitting to her laws, for in fact they knew little of those laws; and their antagonism to the outer world was not much keener than their warfare with their own imagination, which filled the gulf between self and not-self with a teeming population of uncertain mood. Thoroughly eudaimonistic, as they were by the force of necessity, they aimed at self-preservation, which is a lower phase of individual happiness. Whatever could secure happiness was right and proper. To baffle nature in its physical forces, to break down the intermediate concrete, secured this. Hence general intellectual resource, insight into relations, adroitness, quickness and cunning are highly prized. Virtue centres in these. Success is prized almost universally. The radical part of the practical morals of the Gaelic race is based upon the relation of the individual to his circumstances; the ethics propounded in their gnomes, proverbs and popular maxims are all backed up by prudential considerations. Much, indeed, of their old fragmentary literature is taken up with this contest between human skill, on the one hand, and physical and hyper-physical forces on the other. In this perpetual contest, whatever resource the former can devise is regarded as proper, virtuous and right. Every tale differs from all others in respect of incident, machinery and colouring; but the moral is almost always the same:—Overcome your foes; giants, monsters and supernatural powers and all opposing forces, by physical energy, if possible; but, if not possible, then try intellectual skill; over-reach them somehow; if other weapons fail, fall back upon their own fraud, deception, treachery, or any conceivable method; study them; discover their weakness; the greatest power amongst them all has a vulnerable spot. Search for that; baffle your foes; subdue them; in this way alone you secure not only happiness but even life itself; it is a struggle for dear life, which it is your duty, your interest, your happiness to preserve. Something like this is the moral of the Tales in which the struggle, under various disguises, between man and nature is described. No wonder that practical wisdom, shrewdness and dexterity, rather than the gentler forces

of love and the milder gospel of submission and self-abnegation, underlie the ethics and the moral actions of the Celtic race, whose code, moreover, could not embrace many of the more important modern rules, amongst other reasons, since the rights and duties attached to property were not developed amongst them. And it is easy to see how upon this radical basis the popular virtues of bravery, hospitality and generosity were reared.

There is some propriety, then, in the phrase which I have employed, to express the central part of Gaelic morals. Giants and other monsters, according to the legends and stories of the collection, opposed themselves to human interests and were often overcome by the clever ingenuity of man, when we would naturally expect that superior strength alone could overpower them. The ethical end to which this pointed was subjective, individual happiness; but the undue prominence of this narrow element in the end is one proof that an enlarged conception of moral doctrines was impossible in the circumstances of the race; and hence the circle really on the side of the individual was small, the multitude of his antagonists was always large, and hostility to all foes, human, natural, and supernatural, was regarded as highly meritorious. Here, too, we have an explanation of the singular development of the Gaelic conscience, which is an eminently correct moral guide within its own narrow field, but which takes no cognisance of wide relations. Honesty, for example, was a virtue among the ancient, as it is among the modern, British Celts. Yet we find theft, when not followed by detection, to have been rather a reputable act. It is not correct to say that, even in their most barbarous days, when their reputation abroad was not high for honesty, the Highland people disregarded the moral differences between *meum* and *tuum*, or that the plundering propensities of the clans were due to any blunders of moral feeling in their guides or chiefs. It is quite true that the inhabitants of whole glens lived for years upon the proceeds of their plundering expeditions into fertile spots beyond, and that they were at any time ready to steal whatever wealth Lowland weakness would allow, without experiencing a single twinge of conscience or pang of remorse. I have known a man of otherwise correct morals, a pious smuggler, reverently invoke the Divine blessing on his cup of whisky just taken from his illicit still. And this man was moral and possessed a conscience thoroughly keen and purified by high influences. What Highland morality gained in intensity, it lost in compass. The clan that passed beyond the Trossachs, and plundered the valley of the

Forth, was scrupulously honest within its own border ; treachery, which was a heinous offence when practised against a Gaelic friend was a cardinal virtue when brought to bear on the ruin of a Lowland foe. The circle of the individual, or the family, or latterly of the clan, was the limit of truth ; falsehood had lost its character beyond that line. To defraud the British revenue was, if not exactly meritorious, at least a colourless action, quite compatible with the general goodness of Providence. The attitude of the old British Celt towards nature and the moral code which it created had their appropriate effect in influencing the national characteristics of his successor ; his moral standpoint was narrow ; his conscience was local ; his ethics a secretion of only one stage of time. His virtues were not eternal. He opposed strength to strength, and when strength failed, artifice to force ; and if he succeeded he congratulated himself in being a moral being. He was not in any sense a *Yahoo*, even although the practical moral code of this century endorses a central doctrine on his shifting one.

The ethical standard which runs through these tales of the West Highlands is, for the most part, grossly sensuous and epicurean. Singularly enough prurency, which disfigures the Gaelic poetry of the eighteenth century, is at its minimum in the Fingalian Ballads, and women are almost always referred to in respectful and chivalrous terms. The finest and purest imagery is that which surrounds the form and virtues of woman. A happy marriage is generally the reward of valour and virtue after hardships and trials ; and special value is attached to a sumptuous and protracted marriage feast, which, in ordinary cases, extended over a period of seven, nine, or twenty days. In extraordinary cases the wedding festivities were prolonged during seven years. This is sufficiently gross ; but in other respects, happiness is sensuous, sensual, or associated with gross means, such as excessive eating and drinking. The Aristotelian maxim of moderation is nowhere here ; not in a medium, but in excess ; not in the centre, but at the limits, the Gael sought for his *Sumum bonum* as a rule. We must not, however, infer that unrestrained licence is commended. On the contrary, those stories show that the notion of retribution had been mastered, and that it was known that there was an inexorable sequence in the course of human action, that in the sphere of his destiny a man would reap what he had sown, that pain, wretchedness and privation were the fruit of imprudence and excess, and that good cannot be the moral antecedent to evil. In this the ethical end is the same narrow and selfish element ; present

restraint is inculcated, not from high ideas of duty, but simply that the distant pleasure may be all the keener when it is attained. In one of the most truthful of Mr Campbell's Tales, the *Rider of Grianaig*, this is the moral, as in others; but it is noteworthy that in this Tale, the lesson to postpone present blandishment to future joy is not an induction from experience, but the revelation of a higher and wiser power.

The ethical standard of the Celts, then was selfish and utilitarian, subjective and particular. They possessed a practical moral faculty in the shape of conscience; but its range was narrow and its authority beyond that range feeble. Correct within its own domain, it sanctioned what a modern conscience, tolerably well educated in general moral principles, would as certainly condemn. From this and such as this, I think the conclusion is inevitable that individual conscience, as an ethical function, is a development and a growth from rudimentary conditions, just as morality itself is a growth.

Out of this primitive stock of ethical ideas the more generous virtues of the Celtic people sprung. Valour, fidelity, friendship, hospitality and the like are all utilitarian, not Kantian virtues. Fidelity, intense within its limits and to that extent reliable in its character, was confined to a narrow class of relations. Hospitality was common, but it is sanctioned by utilitarian considerations. Valour was higher than these; and, if associated with modesty, it is almost a sublime virtue; but it is nobly rewarded and its glory reflects upon itself. Friendship among friends was a sacred duty; but this duty was not fixed upon moral principles common to all mankind. The Gaelic proverb, *Cha do threig Fionn riabh caraid a lamh dheis*, expresses the extent to which Gaelic friendship could be relied on.

It is no part of my present task to follow out the ramifications of Celtic virtues. My aim was simply to give a rough sketch of the rise and nature of the radical ideas of Gaelic morals. On some other occasion I may return to the subject and show how:—

“Fion was
Generous, just.

.
A righteous judge
To woman mild,
Three hundred battles he bravely fought,
Anything false
His lips ne'er spoke.”

GAELIC COMPETITION.

The annual Gaelic competition in connection with the Society took place within the School-house at Drumnadrochit on Saturday 3d March 1877. The competition was open to all schools in the united parishes of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and the parish of Kiltarlity. No competitor from the latter parish appeared, and with the exception of Drumnadrochit, it did not appear as if great interest was taken in the matter in the schools in Glen-Urquhart. Four schools were represented—Drumnadrochit, Blairbeg, Balnain, and Invermoriston. Mr Grant, Drumnadrochit, presented eight pupils, and the other teachers one each. The number presented was thus only eleven. For the smallness of the number there were several reasons. One of these was that Gaelic instruction had to be given after the work prescribed in the time-table was finished, and the energy and will of the pupils exhausted. Though the Society will no doubt feel disappointed at the want of interest, as manifested by the numbers presented, the proficiency of those brought forward exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The subjects announced for competition were—(1) An essay, in Gaelic, written in presence of the examiners on any of the following subjects which they might choose, viz.:—"Oidhche Challuinn a's la na Bliadhn' uire," "Oidhche Shamhna," "La buain na moine," or, a "Descriptive account of the parish"; (2) Reading and spelling in Gaelic from any of the four Gospels; (3) Translating any portion of the four Gospels to English and English to Gaelic; (4) Dictation, the passage to be chosen from any source; (5) an essay, in Gaelic, written at home, on "La paidheadh a' mhaile"; (6) an essay, also to be written at home, and in Gaelic, on "Togail nan creach"; (7) singing—a prize to the boy who would sing the song by the Glenmoriston Bard,

"Mo bheannachd do gach sean a's og,
Tha'n Coire-Mhonaidh thamh."

And to the girl who would sing best the Strathglass Jacobite song—"Mo run geal og." To encourage competition a prize was offered to the competitor who would come the longest distance.

Besides these prizes, Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston, offered, on the day of Examination, a first prize to the competitor who would sing best any Gaelic song whatever, and at the same time Major Grant offered a second and third prize in the same competition. The examiners appointed by the Society were the Rev.

Mr Maerae, Glen-Urquhart ; Major Grant, do. ; Mr Hugh Rose, Inverness ; Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary to the Society ; and Mr John Whyte, *The Highlander* Office. Major Grant and Messrs Mackenzie and Whyte were present, and conducted the examination. The other gentlemen representing the Society were Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston ; Mr William Mackay, solicitor ; Mr Charles Mackay, builder ; and Mr James Fraser, C.E. Rev. Mr Cameron, the Manse, Glen-Urquhart, presided and there was a large number of the people of the district present.

The examination began about eleven, and was not finished till about four o'clock. For the reading and spelling all the pupils competed, and the excellence of the work was such that the examiners had the utmost difficulty in making their awards. The reading was exceedingly good, and the spelling far beyond the expectation of any. The passage for dictation was chosen from Mackenzie's *History of Scotland* (Gaelic), and though the children had not seen the passage before they were marvellously correct. The first boy had only three errors in half-an-hour's writing, whilst the succeeding three had only five each. To decide the tie between the 2d, 3d, and 4th, another trial had to be given to those three, the passage being chosen from the current number of the *Gaidheal*. When the writing was examined it was found that one of the boys had committed one error, whilst the other two were correct. The first and fourth prizes were now decided, and another trial had to be given to settle the second and third. The translations were very well done. Of the four Essay subjects named by the Society, the examiners chose "Oidhche Shamhna." Seven pupils competed and the work was highly creditable to them all. Considering that the children were not trained to sing Gaelic songs, their rendering of several Highland melodies was remarkably good.

The Society offered upwards of £6 in money prizes ; Mr Noble, bookseller, gave three copies of the Rev. Angus Mackenzie's "History of Scotland ;" Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Lodge, Inverness, gave three Gaelic Testaments ; Mr Wm. Mackay gave two copies of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry ;" Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Hamilton Place, Inverness, gave the *Celtic Magazine* for a year ; Mr Charles Mackay gave 20s ; Mr Burgess, 10s ; Mr James Fraser, C.E., 10s 6d ; and Major Grant, 7s 6d. These prizes were awarded as follows :—

Essay on "Oidhche Shamhna."—1, John Macdonald, Drumadrochit School, 20s ; 2, Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston School,

15s; 3, George Anderson, Lakefield School, 7s 6d; 4, Evan Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, Rev. Angus Mackenzie's History of Scotland in Gaelic, the gift of Mr Noble, bookseller.

Reading and Spelling.—1, Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, 15s; 2, George Anderson, Lakefield School, 10s; 3, John Macdougall, Blairbeg School, *Celtic Magazine* for one year, presented by the publisher; 4, John Macdonald, Drumnadrochit School, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; special prize, presented by Mr Whyte, Evan Fraser, Drumnadrochit School.

Translation.—1, Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, 15s; 2, Evan Campbell, 10s; 3, John Macdonald, Gaelic History of Scotland; 4, John Macdougall, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Chisholm.

Dictation.—1, John Macdonald, 20s; 2, John Macdougall, 12s 6d; 3, Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston School, Gaelic History of Scotland, presented by Mr Noble; 4, Alex. Fraser, Drumnadrochit School, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Chisholm.

Special Prizes.—By Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness:—Best Essay on “La paidheadh a' mbail”—John Macdonald, Drumnadrochit School, Mackenzie's “Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.” Best Essay on “Togail nan creach”—Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, Mackenzie's “Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.” By Mr Mackay, builder, Inverness:—1, Girl who will sing best “Mo run geal og”—Mary Campbell, 10s; 2, Boy who will sing best “Mo bheanachd do gach sean a's og,” &c.—John Macdonald, 10s. For best rendering of any Gaelic Song—1, Alex. Macdonald, 10s, by Mr Burgess; 2, Evan Campbell, 5s, by Major Grant; 3, Donald Fraser, Drumnadrochit School, 2s 6d, by Major Grant. For Competitor who comes the Longest Distance—10s 6d, by Mr Fraser, C.E. Inverness—Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston.

The songs sung in the last competition in singing were “A Song to Victoria,” by the Glenmoriston Bard; “Mairi Laghach,” and “Fear a' Bhata.”

The prizes having been distributed, the Chairman spoke highly of the efforts of the Gaelic Society to promote the literary interests of the Highlands, and before sitting down called for three cheers for the Society and the Secretary, which were cordially awarded. Mr Mackenzie, the Secretary, in replying, regretted that a larger number of pupils had not come forward, but complimented the

competitors on the general excellence of their work. He conveyed the thanks of the Society to the teachers who prepared pupils for the competition, and especially to Mr Grant, Drumnadrochit, who presented eight. Major Grant, Mr Wm. Mackay, and Mr Charles Mackay, made some remarks expressive of the pleasure they had in being present at such a successful competition. A call was then made for a Gaelic song, when the Messrs Mackay gave "An Ribhinn, eibhinn, aluinn og," in true Highland style. A vote of thanks having been awarded to the Chairman, the proceedings, which throughout were highly successful, were brought to a close.

22D MARCH, 1877.

At this meeting a paper (in Gaelic and English), by Mr Farquharson, Tiree, on a variety of subjects relating to the Highlands, but particularly Highland education, was read.

29TH MARCH, 1877.

At this meeting it was resolved that the next Gaelic Competition in connection with the Society would be open to the parishes of Inverness and Bona, Kirkhill, Petty, Daviot, and Dunlichity, and the old parish of Boleskine. Some routine business was transacted, and thereafter Mr William Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness, read the following paper on

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GLEN AND ROYAL CASTLE OF URQUHART.

Tha mo shealladh air linnte a' dh' aom,
 Cha'n fhaicear ach caol na bh' ann ;
 Mar dhearrsa na gealaich tha faoin
 Air linne tha claon 'sa' ghleann.

In the beautiful lines which I have quoted Ossian poetically deplores his lack of knowledge of the times that were. "I bend mine eye," sings he, "upon the ages fled : seen but in slender gleams is all that was—like to the glimmer of a sickly moon on water winding through the glen." The difficulties which the minstrel-historian of the Fingalians experienced still beset him who would look into the past of our country ; and in my humble endeavours to weave a somewhat consecutive narrative of the history of my native Glen, and its hoary Castle, I need not say

that I have found no exception to the rule. Our romantic vale is rich in legendary lore;* but slender, indeed, and few, are the gleams which as yet have met mine eye, of what may be truly looked upon as undoubted history. Not unfrequently, however, do tradition and authentic record agree in a striking manner, and if one had the time and ability judiciously to blend these together, the story thus told would be a sufficiently interesting and stirring tale of the olden time. In writing this paper, at the request of the Society, necessity for brevity precluded my introducing much of the legendary element; and I may thus safely promise that this night, to quote the opening lines of an ancient ballad,

I shall you telle as trewe a tale
As ever was herde by nyghte or daye.

Peering into the distant past, as far as our limited vision will carry us, the first slender gleams of light bearing upon the history of the North come from the pages of the Latin writers who celebrated the deeds of the Roman armies in Britain. From Lucan and other writers of the first century we learn that in their time our part of the island was inhabited by the Caledonian Britons (*Caledonii Britanni*), the same who so valiantly withstood the Roman legions at the battle of Mons Grampius, and to whose valour we Highlanders owe the proud boast that our ancestors successfully stemmed the advance of the conquerors of the world. From the geographer Ptolemy, who wrote about the year 120, we gather that in his day the district extending from Loch Long (*Lemannonius Sinus*) to the Beaully Firth (*Varar Æstuarium*), and embracing Glen-Urquhart and the surrounding districts, was peopled by the *Caledonii*, one of fourteen independent tribes into which the Caledonian Britons were then divided. In the time of Severus (A.D. 208) those tribes were combined into two nations, the *Caledonii* and *Mæatæ*, which, a century later, appear under the general name of *Picti*—a name well known and much dreaded during the remaining years of the Roman occupation. To the south of the Grampians were the Southern Picts; the north, corresponding pretty nearly with what is now called the Highlands, was occupied by the Northern Picts, or *Cruithne Tuath*, whose king had his seat at Bona, at the east end of Loch Ness. Still later, we find the consolidated Kingdom of Alban divided

* I have already given some of the Legends of Glen-Urquhart. See Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Vol. I., page 43; and Vol. II., page 74.

into seven large provinces, and the name Moray applied to that which extended on the one hand from the Spey to the Forne (Beauly), and on the other from the Moray Firth to Locharber and the western sea. Hence, in our early records and historians, our glen is distinguished as "Urcharl in Moravia," or "Urquhart in Murrayland," and hence, too, the mistake into which modern writers have sometimes fallen of confounding it with the parish of Urquhart in the present *shire* of Moray.

At what period the rude fort was first raised upon the Rock of Strone, which is now crowned by the noble ruins of the Royal Castle, it is impossible to determine; certain it is that at the very dawn of our Scottish history the fortress was one of no mean strength. Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who wrote a history of Scotland, published at Rome in 1578, describes it as the most ancient castle belonging to the king (*antiquissimum regis castellum*), and the old cavalier, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, states in his "True Pedigree," written in 1652, that it was erected by his ancestor, Conachar, in the sixth century before Christ. Of this Conachar, who actually lived in the twelfth century after Christ, I shall presently speak; but although he may have added to the castle, I am not inclined to think that he was its founder.

In ancient Irish manuscripts and in the oral traditions of Ireland and the Highlands, no warriors are more frequently or more favourably mentioned than Naois, Ailleán, and Ardan, the sons of Uisneach, and cousins of Conachar Macnessa, King of Ulster, in the first century. Naois, we are told, falling in love with the beautiful Dearduil (pronounced Jardil), whom King Conachar himself intended to marry, fled with her and his brothers to Scotland, where they built a castle on the shore of *Uisge Naois* (Loch Ness), from the window of which they could slay the salmon and from the door the bounding stag. The retreat of the lovers became known to Conachar, and he sent Fearchar MacRo to them with an apparently friendly invitation to be present at a great feast which he intended to give. Naois and his companions assented, but not without evil forebodings, and Dearduil sang a touching farewell to Scotland and her beloved Glen-Urquhart, in Gaelic words which are still preserved in a manuscript, dated 1208.

" Beloved land, that eastern land,
Alba, with its lakes;
Oh, that I might not depart from it,
But I go with Naois.

Glen Urchain, O, Glen Urchain,
 It was the straight glen of smooth ridges ;
 Not more joytul was a man of his age
 Than Naois in Glen Urchain."

The king's promises were fair but his heart was false ; and Naois and his brothers were treacherously slain. But Naois and Dearduil were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided, for she, casting herself into his grave, expired. The king caused her to be buried on the opposite bank of a neighbouring stream ; and a tender pine sprang out of the grave of Naois and another out of the grave of Dearduil and the pines grew and joined above the stream.*

As Naois is believed to have given his name to Loch Ness, so that of his love is perpetuated in the vitrified fort of Dun-Jardil on the south shore of the lake.

The wars of the Picts, and the subsequent invasions of the Norsemen I shall merely mention. During those events the province of Moray was one great scene of blood. The Pictish kingdom of the North ceased to exist, and a new order of rulers appeared in the Maormors. The Maormors of Moray claimed the independence which of old belonged to the Pictish kings. In the Irish Annals they are frequently styled *Ri* or kings, and two of them, Malcolm and the famous Macbeth, not only maintained the

* This was a favourite mode among Celts and Saxons of closing tragic tales and poems. Thus in the old English ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" we have the following :—

"Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
 And William in the higher ;
 Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.
 They grew till they grew into the church top
 And then they could grow no higher ;
 And there they tyed in a true lover's knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

The words of the Scottish ballad of the "Douglas Tragedy" are similar :—

Lord William was buried in St Marie's Kirk,
 Lady Margaret in Marie's Quire
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
 And out o' the knight's a briar ;
 And they twa met and they twa plat,
 And fain they wad be near ;
 And a' the world might ken right weel
 They were twa lovers dear.

independence of their native province, but ultimately seated themselves on the Scottish throne. Towards the end of the ninth century the Norse firmly established themselves in the district north of the River Beaul, and for a century thereafter a continuous war waged between them and the sturdy men of Moray. In connection with those struggles tradition relates that Mory the son of the king of Scandinavia (*Monaidh Mac Righ Lochlainn*) landed on the West Coast with his sister and a large force. Their retreat to their vessels having been cut off by the Gael, they were pursued northwards until they reached Glen Urquhart where they made a stand on the high rock of Craig Mory. Here they bravely held their own for a time, but driven at last to the plain below, still called Dal Mory, they had to give battle and were defeated with great loss. Mory escaped with his sister; but at Corrimony, ten miles off, he was slain, and his body buried in the cave still known as *Uaigh Mhonaidh*. The people of the Glen took kindly to the hapless Princess and she lived among them many a day. A crevice in Craig Mory, called the Bed of the King's Daughter (*Leabaidh nighean an Righ*) is still pointed out as the place in which she sought shelter during the fight on the Craig.

The men of Moray were for sometime forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the Norse; but on the death of King Thorfinn in 1064, the native chiefs regained their independence. But the Scottish Kings looked with a covetous eye upon the fair province, and a struggle commenced which continued for upwards of a century. In 1130 the Celts sustained a disastrous defeat which the Irish Annals of Innisfallen record in the significant words, "*Ar fer Muriamh in Albin*"—the death of the men of Moray in Alban; and their ever reviving spirit of independence was further crushed in 1160. In that year, we are told by Fordun, King Malcolm "removed them all from the land of their birth, and scattered them throughout the other districts in Scotland both beyond the hills and on this (the south) side thereof, so that not even a native of that land abode there, and he installed therein his own peaceful people." It is impossible to believe that the extensive province was entirely swept of its ancient inhabitants, and it is more probable that Malcolm merely removed the chief families and so deprived the people of their leaders.

Among those thus dispossessed were the Macraes and Macleans, who inhabited Urquhart, the Aird, Abriachan, and Kilfinnan. Urquhart and the Castle were granted to an Irish adventurer of the name of Conachar, well known for having slain a monster

boar of great ferocity. From this hero are descended the clans of Mackay, Forbes, and Urquhart, in whose respective shields appear three boars' heads in honour of their ancestor's great adventure; and to the same source may be traced the presence of the boar's head in the arms of the families of Chisholm, Rose, and Mackintosh each of whom had at subsequent periods an interest in Conachar's glen and castle.

The Mackays were descended from Conachar through his son Alexander, who, about the year 1180, was sent into Caithness by William the Lion to expel the Danes. He succeeded, and received as his reward a grant of the lands which they had possessed, and became the first chief of the clan. Some of the name were, however, left behind in our glen, as we shall hereafter see.

The family of Forbes are descended from Conachar's son John, who, in the reign of William the Lion, got a grant of the lands of Forbois in Aberdeenshire, and took his surname from the estate.

In the curious work entitled "The True Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the most ancient and honourable Family of the Urquharts in the House of Cromarty from the Creation of the World until the year of God 1652," by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, that eccentric antiquarian relates that, in the year 554 before Christ, "Beltistos married Thomyris. This Beltistos was surnamed Conchar, for which cause a certain progeny descended of him is, till this hour, called the generation of the Ochonchars, a race truly of great antiquity and renown in the dominion of Ireland. Belistos founded the Castle of Urquhart above Inner-nasse, which being afterwards completed by his posterity, hath ever since been called the Castle Vickichonchar." Sir Thomas wrote his Pedigree, as Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim, in prison, where he was confined for two years by Oliver Cromwell, and we can, perhaps, pardon him for having placed his renowned ancestor seventeen hundred years anterior to the time in which he actually lived. From the antiquarian Nisbet (born 1672) we learn that a brother of the Lords Forbes "having in keeping the Castle of Urquhart, took his name from the place;" and William Forbes, who wrote in 1667, states that Conachar's second son "was called Urquhart, of qm. is descended the Laird of Cromartie and the Urquharts; and to testifye to all posteritie that they descended of him that killed the beast, they caused erect just the like monuments at the Castill of Urquhart as is lying at Logie, which is yet to be seen there as is alleadged." This son, then, who was called Urquhart, settled in Ross-shire, and gave his

name to Urquhart of Ferrintosh, and it is interesting to find that his father's name is still preserved in Bad-Ochonachar, near Invergordon, as it is in Innis-Ochonochar in Glen-Urquhart.

Led by topography, we cross the Moray Firth from Ross to Elginshire, where we find a place called *Innis* within the parish of *Urquhart*. This was anciently the seat of the family of Innes. Their crest is the boar's head. The first of the family on record is Berowald Flandrensis, to whom the lands of Innes and Easter-Urquhart were granted by Malcolm Canmore after the expulsion of the ancient Moray families. From his name, he is generally supposed to have been a native of Flanders; but, as remarked by Forbes of Cullothen, who wrote an account of the family in 1698, he may have received that name from his having travelled in that country, just as the Frasers of Foyers were called *Sliochd Huistein Fhrangaich*, from one of them having visited France; and their crest and the topography of their possessions lead me to suppose that the family of Innes may in some way have been connected with Conachar.

Saint Columba himself first preached the Gospel in Glen Urquhart. Born in Ireland about the year 518, he early evinced a strong missionary zeal and this spirit was encouraged by his tutor, Finian of Clonard, to whom the ancient church of Abriachan, still known in Gaelic as *Cill Fhianain*, was dedicated. Crossing from Ireland about the year 563, he established the famous institution of Iona, and then resolved to convey the message of redemption into the very palace of the Pictish King Brude, who resided at Bona. Adamnan, who wrote in the year 695, tells us that on his way the missionary came to a place on the north shore of Loch Ness, called Airchartdan—a name in which we easily recognise *Urchudainn* the modern Gaelic name of our Glen. Here he preached to Emchadus, an old man whom he found at the point of death. Emchadus, we are told, believed, and ascended to Heaven in the company of angels; and his son Virolecus and his whole house were likewise converted and baptized. Thereafter Columba proceeded to Bona, where he worked many miracles, for an account of which, I refer you to Adamnan and to Dr M'Lauchlan's "Early Scottish Church."

The good work which Columba commenced was, says tradition, continued by his nephew, Drostan or Crostan, after whom our Glen is called *Urchudainn Maith Chrostan*—St Drostan's Urquhart—to this day. In the immediate vicinity of Balmacaan House are St Drostan's croft (*Croit Maith Chrostan*) and the Monk's Hollow

(*Glaic a Mhanrain*), names which go far to shew that tradition is correct, and that Drostan laboured in the Glen.

The simple Culdee Church of St Columba through time merged into the Church of Rome; and the province of Moray was erected into a diocese and a bishop appointed, in the time of Alexander I., who reigned from 1107 to 1124. About the end of that century a church was built in Urquhart, and shortly thereafter Glenmoriston received a chapel. The former was a parsonage dedicated to the virgin—hence the name *Cill Mhoire*, now corrupted into Kilmere; the church of Glenmoriston was dedicated to St Richard. The first mention I find of the Church of Abriachan (*Cill Fhianain*) is in a deed dated 1239, in which Bishop Andrew declares, “*ecclesia de Abiribaeyn*,” to which considerable lands were annexed, to be the common property of the Canons of Moray, except one-half davoch of land which exclusively belonged to the Bishop himself. To the Church of Kilmere also certain lands were attached, the revenue of which was enjoyed by the Chancellor of Moray, who resided at Inveravon in Strathspey.

During the time of Bricius, who was Bishop of Moray from 1203 to 1222, the Celts of the province again rose in open rebellion against the Scottish king. They were led by Gillespie MacScolane, who claimed the rights of the ancient Macmaors, from whom he was descended. MacScolane and his followers looked with no friendly eye on the Church and the feudal institutions which it fostered, and so freely did it suffer at their hands that Pope Innocent III. had, in January 1215, to issue from his far-off home on the banks of the Tiber, a special protection over several churches in the diocese. Among them was that of our glen—“*ecclesia de Urquhart ultra Inuernys*.” By this document the indignation of Almighty God and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul was declared against all who interfered with the churches named or their possessions; but the men of Moray cared for none of those things, and it was not until MacScolane and his two sons were treacherously slain in 1222 that the Church enjoyed peace and felicity.

Upon the suppression of MacScolane’s insurrection—the last attempt of the sturdy Celts of Moray to restore their ancient institutions—the old plan of bestowing the lands of the offenders upon strangers was resorted to. Urquhart and Boleskine were granted to Thomas Durward or Hostiarius, who possessed extensive estates in various parts of the kingdom. At the same time he was appointed Sheriff of Inverness. He was succeeded by his son, Sir

Allan Hostiarinus, Great Justiciary or Chief-Justice of Scotland, who was married to Marjory, an illegitimate daughter of King Alexander III. Sir Allan coveted and claimed the lands in Glen-Urquhart which belonged to the Church, and the revenue of which, as we have seen, went to the Chancellor of Moray. William, who was Chancellor at the time, resisted the claim, but at last a compromise was effected, and its terms embodied in a Latin deed, which does credit to the lawyers of that remote period. The noble person, Sir Allan Hostiarinus, says this document, "for the sake of peace, has given to the church of Urquhart half the lands sought, viz. the half of the half davoch, which is called the half davoch of the foresaid church, in pure, free, and perpetual elimosina. But he and his heirs will possess the other half of the half davoch in perpetual feu farm: giving therefor yearly to the church of Urquhart ten shillings, viz.—5s at Pentecost (Whitsunday), and 5s at the feast of St Martin (Martinmas) in winter next following. But further, the said church of Urquhart will have one whole croft and one toft of four acres assigned to the said church near it, in a suitable and convenient place, in gift of the said noble person, in pure, free, and perpetual elimosina." This agreement is dated 10th March 1233, and among the witnesses to it is "Gilereoch de Urchard," perhaps the parson of the time. The half davoch in dispute was Achmony, which was church property very early, and was feued by the Bishop to Sir Robert Lauder in 1334, and thereafter successively to other governors of the Castle, until it was purchased in 1554 by John Mackay of Achmony. The croft and loft of four acres near the Church mentioned in the agreement, probably agree pretty nearly with the present Glebe.

In 1275, Hostiarinus died, leaving no male heir, and his estates were divided among his three daughters. His great rivals, the Cummings of Badenoch, seem soon afterwards to have obtained possession of the Castle, which they retained until the wars of Edward of England.

The sad death of King Alexander the Third in 1286; the equally disastrous death of his heiress, the Maid of Norway, in 1290, the consequent appearance of several competitors for the Crown of Scotland; the award of Edward I. of England in favour of Baliol; the irksome position which Baliol occupied as vassal of Edward; his renunciation of his allegiance; and the consequent invasion of Scotland by the English King—these events are well known to every reader of Scottish history. Baliol was crushed. Edward marched victoriously as far as Elgin, from whence he sent

out detachments of his army to occupy the northern castles. John de Warrene, Earl of Surrey, was appointed Governor of the Kingdom; and William Fitz Warrene, probably a son of Surrey, was made Constable of Urquhart. The King returned to England, leaving Scotland, as he thought, subdued, and taking with him the flower of the Scottish leaders, among whom was John of Glen Urquhart, who was imprisoned in the Castle of Berkhamstead, until 30th July, 1297, when he was liberated upon condition of serving with the English army in France.

And now arose in the South a deliverer, in the person of Sir William Wallace. Sir Andrew Moray, younger of Bothwell, his companion in arms, was proprietor of Petty and Avoch, in our vicinity, and had influence in the North; and to him was entrusted the duty of raising the Highlanders. Gathering before the Castle of Urquhart, they sorely beleaguered Fitz Warrene and his English garrison. Ominous reports reached the English King, and on the 11th June, 1297, he addressed letters to Henry le Chen, the warrior Bishop of Aberdeen, and to Gratney, Earl of Mar, requesting them to proceed with all speed to the relief of the Castle. Obedient to those instructions, the Bishop and the Earl led an army towards our Glen. At Inverness, they were met by the Countess of Ross, who, we are told, gave them aid in counsel and men; and the Constable of Scotland, too, sent forward all the troops he could muster. Upon the approach of the large army thus thrown into our now peaceful vale, the Highlanders prudently raised the siege and betook themselves to the neighbouring fastnesses. But it was only for a season, for soon afterwards the fort was wrested from the English by Wallace and his band of patriots. Fitz Warrene, was expelled; and Sir Alexander Forbes (de Forbois sometimes contracted into Bois), great-great-grandson of Conachar, was appointed in his stead*.

Edward, thus baffled and disappointed in his fondest desire, in 1303 concluded a treaty of peace with France, and with an immense army of English, Welsh, Irish and Gascons invaded Scotland, determined finally to crush the nation. Meeting with little opposition, he marched north as far as Lochandorb, near Forres, burning and laying waste the country. From Lochandorb, he sent forth his army against the neighbouring castles. Those of Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Inverness, awed by the near presence of

* Sir Alexander was the son of Duncan de Forbois, who was the son of Fergus, who was the son of John, who was the son of Conachar.

the Hammer of the Scottish nation, opened their gates without resistance; but it was otherwise with the Castle of Urquhart. In the letters which, as we have seen, Edward addressed to Le Chen and Gratney in June, 1297, he directed them, upon their arrival in Urquhart, to consult with Fitz Warrene as to the best mode of adding to the strength of the Castle so as to prevent its ever being taken by the Highlanders. The result of the consultation probably was the erection by the English of those massive entrance towers which guard the only landward approach to the fort, and which are said to be in the peculiar style of architecture practised by Edward. Those towers, built to withstand the Highlanders, had now become their defence; and when the English commander summoned the garrison to surrender, Forbes declined with scorn. The English, therefore, encamped on the level neck of land connecting the high rock on which the Castle is built, with the adjacent Hill of Strone, and resolved to starve the Castle into submission. Winter was near, and Edward returned south and took up his quarters at Dunfermline.

During the winter and spring months, the English army patiently lay before the Castle, supporting themselves at the expense of the surrounding country; while the brave band on the rock husbanded their scanty provisions to the utmost. But towards the close of the spring (1304) the last morsel was doled out, and Forbes and his companions resolved to fight their way through the enemy or die in the attempt. The English saw with joy the drawbridge lowered; but the only person who crossed was an ill clad beggarly-looking female. Is this one of those knowing women in whom the superstitious Highlanders believe, chosen by them to negotiate terms of surrender? Upon her approach she informs the English that she is a poor person, who happened to be within the Castle when the siege commenced, and that her present condition—for she is about to become a mother—necessitates her venturing out. Her story is believed; she is generously permitted to pass; and she betakes herself to the neighbouring hill, from which, as from the gallery of a theatre, she may witness the next step to be taken by her husband—for she is none other than the wife of the Governor, clad in beggar's garb, the more easily to escape detection.

When Forbes saw his wife safely ascend the opposite hill, the draw-bridge was again made to span the moat, and he and

his followers dashed across and at the astonished Saxons. The devoted band fought long and well—

“They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a harte made colde.”

But it was not possible for them to pierce through the mass of soldiery which confronted them, and they were cut down to a man.*

Such, as we gather from Bœce (born 1465), Abercromby and other old writers, is the history of one of the most remarkable sieges in the history of our country. Forbes' wife, “with her life saved,” observes old Holingshed, “being suffered to depart, got over into Ireland, where she was delivered of a son, that was named at the font-stone Alexander, who when Scotland was recovered out of the Englishmen's hands, came to King Robert the Bruce, requiring him to be restored into his father's heritage, being as then in the occupation of other possessors. King Robert doubtful what to do herein, for he thought it neither convenient that a Prince should take lands or possessions from noblemen which had been given to them in reward of their manhood, showed in defence of the realme; neither judged he it reason to keep him from his rightfull inheritance, that had lost his father, his friends and all his whole substance in the like cause and quarell by injurie of the common enemies. Wherefore to qualifie the matter he devised this means; he gave into this Alexander Boyis certaine other lands in Mar, nothing lesse in value (considering the largeness and fertilitie) than the other of Urquhard were; and willed him to content himself with those, in recompense of such as belonged to his father; to the intent that all parties might be satisfied, and no man should seeme to have wrong in being deprived of his rightful possessions.”

The year 1305 saw Wallace betrayed by the false Menteith, conveyed to London, and put to death with cruelty and tortures which stamp the character of Edward the First of England with indelible infamy. But a second bright star arose to lead the Scottish Patriots; and the year after that in which Wallace died saw Bruce crowned king of Scotland. The king's nephew and warm supporter, the renowned Sir Thomas Randolph, was created Earl

* The Castle contained accommodation for 600 men, and it was possible that Forbes' company numbered that.

of Moray, and received a grant of that province, including our glen ; and it was thus that the king, as we have seen, was afterwards unable to restore the Glen and Castle to young Forbes, on his arrival from Ireland to claim his father's possessions. At the Battle of Bannockburn, Randolph led the centre of the Scottish army, and among his soldiers, says Holingshed, the Englishman whom I have already quoted, were three thousand fierce and forward Irish Scots, otherwise called Katerans, or Red Shanks. In the men thus described, we need have no difficulty in recognising the impetuous and kilted Gaelic-speaking Highlanders of Randolph's northern possessions. And here let me protest against the ignorance and prejudice which have led men who were looked upon as authorities on the subject, to state that the Highlanders had no share in the glorious and stirring events which secured the independence of Scotland. We have seen what the Highlanders of Urquhart did under Sir Andrew Moray and Forbes. General Stewart mentions no less than eighteen Highland Chiefs who fought under Bruce at Bannockburn ; and no unbiassed man who has any knowledge of the history of the Highlands and of the relationship which existed between the chiefs and their people, under the clan system, can suppose that the chiefs were in the army of Bruce unaccompanied by their respective clans.

In 1329 the good King Robert died, having bequeathed his Crown to his infant son, David II., and, with his dying breath, appointed Randolph regent. Edward Baliol claimed the Crown, and he was supported by the English, who entered on a new war against Scotland. The year 1332 saw the great Randolph die. He was succeeded in his title and lands by his eldest son Thomas who, on his death in the same year on the fatal field of Dupplin, gave place to his brother John Randolph. The result of the battle of Dupplin was that Baliol was crowned King ; but the people were against him, and he was soon expelled the country. Thereupon the English King resolved personally to lead his army against the Scots, and resist the usurper. At Halidon Hill (1333) the Scots were defeated with great carnage, and then followed the almost entire submission of their country. Five of the principal castles, however, refused to submit to the English or acknowledge Baliol King ; and, as of old, Urquhart was found among the faithful few.* Its governor was Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood, one of the

*The other loyal castles were Dumbarton, Lochleven, Kildrummie, and Lochdown in Carrick.

doughty Lauders of the Bass. Hastening north from the fatal hill of Halidon, he garrisoned the Castle and resolved to defend it to the utmost. Next year (1334) the invaders appeared in our glen, and assaulted and besieged the Castle; but so well was Lauder prepared for them that they were obliged to raise the siege and return south.

Sir Robert Lauder probably occupied the lands which formed the Barony of Urquhart, as tenant of Randolph, Earl of Moray. In 1334, in consideration of his many services to the church and of an annual feu-duty of four merks sterling, he received a charter from John Pilmore, Bishop of Moray, of the "half davoch of our land of Aberbreachly (Abriachan) lying between the Barony of Bonach (Bona) on the east, on the one side, and the Barony of Urcharde (Urquhart) on the west, with our land of Auchmunie (Achmony) lying between the land of Drumbuy on the east side and the land of Cartaly on the west." I have already mentioned that Abriachan and Achmony belonged to the Church from a very early period.

About the year 1336, the Castle seems to have been for a time under the immediate charge of Richard Cumming, who held it in faithful allegiance to King David. Sir Robert Lauder was still the Constable, and we find him one of the witnesses to a charter granted by the Earl of Ross to Reginald, son of Roderick of the Isles, and executed at the Castle on 4th July 1342. To show you how important were the gatherings of that remote period within those walls whose ruins still speak of their former grandeur, I shall give you the other witnesses to that charter. They were: The Venerable Fathers in Christ, Lords John and Roger, by the grace of God, Bishops of Moray and Ross; Robert de Lauder, James de Kerdale, and William de Mowbray, knights; Sir Thomas de Lichtoun, Canon of Moray, John de Barclay, Adam de Urcharde, John Yong de Dingwall, and many others cleric and laic.*

Sir Robert Lauder's only daughter, Anne, was married to Sir John Chisholm, son of the Lord of Chisholm in Roxburghshire. Their son, Sir Robert Chisholm, received, in 1345, a charter from John Randolph, Earl of Moray, of "two davochs af land within

* "Venerabilis in Christo dominis Johanne et Rogero Die gracia Moraue et Rossie episcopis dominis Roberto de Lawedre Jacobe de Kerdale et Willielmo de Mowbray militibus domino Thoma de Lichtoun canonico Morauensi Johanne de Berclay Adam de Vrcharde Johanne Yong de Dyingvale et multis aliis clericis et laicis."

our Barony of Urquhart, viz., the half davoch of Innermorchen (Invermoriston), the quarter davoch of Blare (Blary), and the quarter davoch of Lochletare (Lochletter), the three-quarters davoch of Inchebrene (Inchbrine), and the quarter davoch of Dalshangy (Dalshangy)." These lands were the first Highland possessions of the family of Chisholm.

In 1346 John Randolph, the proprietor of the Castle and Barony of Urquhart, was killed at the battle of Durham. His sister, "Black Agnes," famous in Scottish song and story, succeeded to his vast estates, and her husband, the Earl of Dunbar, assumed the title of Earl of Moray. It would appear, however, that the Castle and Barony were retained in the hands of the King, by whom they were in 1359, granted to William, Earl of Sutherland. They soon afterwards were again in his majesty's possession; and he in 1371 specially excepted them from his grant of the Earldom of Moray to John of Dunbar, son of "Black Agnes," and gave them to his own son David, Earl of Strathern, and; failing him to his (the King's) son Alexander, well known in history as the "Wolf of Badenoch."

Sir Robert Chisholm, who, as we have seen, acquired the lands of Invermoriston, Blary, Dalshangy, Lochletter, and Inchbrine, in 1345, became Constable of the Castle in 1359, in succession to his grandfather, Sir Robert Lauder, whom he also succeeded in the lands of Achmony and Abriachan. He subsequently became Justiciary or Chief Justice of the North, and one of the most influential men in Scotland. On 2nd January 1364, a contract was entered into between "the noble men, Sir Robert Chisholm, keeper of the Castle of Urquhart, on the one part, and Hugh Rose, Lord of Kilravock, on the other part," by which Kilravock bound himself to marry Sir Robert's daughter, Janet, in consideration of which Sir Robert agreed to give to "the said Hugh and his heirs between Hugh himself and the foresaid Janet, ten merks of land of Cantrabundie, with all its pertinents, within Strathnairn." One clause of this ancient marriage contract is worthy of preservation as a model for modern writs of the same nature:—"From the day of the celebration of the said marriage the said Sir Robert shall keep and entertain his said daughter for three whole years in meat and drink, but the said Hugh shall find and keep her in all needful garments and ornaments."

Sir Robert, in his old age, ceased to be Constable of the Castle, and resigned his lands of Invermoriston, Blary, Dalshangy, Lochletter, and Inchbrine into the hands of the King, and the lands of

Achmony and Abriachan into those of the Bishop of Moray. The former were, consequently, in 1384, granted by the King to his son, the Wolf of Badenoch, who, about the same time acquired the Castle and Barony in feu from his brother David. The Wolf, however, would neither pay David the stipulated feu-duty, nor give up possession, and, consequently, David in 1385 complained to Parliament, by whom the matter was remitted to the King's other children for amicable settlement.

On 3d February 1386, the Wolf got a charter from the Bishop of Moray of the lands of Achmony and Abriachan; but for this and other "church privileges" of a similar nature that worthy, four years later, paid the bishop in a characteristic manner, by burning "the town of Forres, and the choir of the church of St. Lawrence, and the manor of the Archdeacon within the town," and also "the whole town of Elgin and the church of St. Egidius therein, the House of God near Elgin, eighteen noble and beautiful mansions belonging to the canons and chaplains, and, what must be more bitterly deplored, the noble and beautiful church of Moray, the mirror of our native country and the honour of the Kingdom, with all the books, charters, and other valuable things of the country therein kept for security." For these ruthless and sacrilegious deeds he subsequently did penance in the Blackfriars Church of Perth. He died in 1394 without lawful issue.

The reign of Robert the Third (1390 to 1406), and the early part of the reign of James the First, form a sad page in the history of Scotland. The first years of Robert's reign were, as we have seen, disturbed by the evil deeds of his brother, the Wolf of Badenoch. That miscreant was worthily succeeded by his bastard son, Duncan Stewart—"the ferocious son of a fierce father,"—who, sweeping down from his mountain fastnesses, for a time kept the Lowlands in terror; while the Highlands, and particularly the districts about Inverness, were harrassed by the Islemen under Alexander,—the *Alasdair Carrach* of Gaelic song and story. In those circumstances Parliament, in 1398, placed the Castle of Urquhart "in the King's hands, who shall entrust the keeping of it to worthy captains, until the Kingdom be pacified, when it shall be restored to its owners." But the pacification anticipated by the Act of Parliament which I have quoted was far distant. South of the Grampians anarchy and confusion increased; Highland clans waged internecine wars in the North. In 1411, Donald, Lord of the Isles, renouncing his allegiance to the Scottish king, entered upon that insurrection the great event of which was

the battle of Harlaw. The Island chief ultimately surrendered ; but lawlessness and rapine were still rampant in the Highlands, and although James the First and his Parliament visited Inverness in 1427, and seized about forty of the most turbulent chiefs, some of whom were put to death, matters were not much mended, and the Castle of Urquhart was never "restored to its owners." From the Rolls of the Great Chamberlain of Scotland, we find that the sum of 40s was expended on the fabric of the Castle in 1428-29. Subsequently Thomas Ogilvy was Captain of it as well as of the Castle of Inverness, and the Great Chamberlain's accounts for 1448-50 show that he paid £14 8s to William, Thane of Cawdor, for corn for the garrisons.

In 1451 the great Douglas rebellion broke out in the south. In the north the Earl of Ross took the field in support of it, and seized the royal castles of Inverness, Urquhart, and Ruthven in Badenoch. Ruthven was demolished ; Urquhart was committed to the charge of Sir James Livingstone, Ross' father-in-law, who upon the first news of the northern rising, escaped from Court to the Highlands ; and Inverness was supplied with military stores and strongly garrisoned. The war continued until 1456, when, after the defeat of the Douglas and forfeiture of his estates, Ross submitted to the king, and was pardoned. In the meantime Parliament, on 4th August, 1455, passed an Act by which, "forasmekill as the povertie of the Crowne is oftymis the caus of the povertie of the realme and mony other inconvenients," the Castle and Barony of Urquhart were "annext to the Crowne perpetually to remaine, the quhilk may not be giffyn away."

Notwithstanding the prohibitory terms of that Act, the King, on the Earl of Ross's submission, granted him a lease of the Castle and of the lauds of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, for all the days of his (the Earl's) life, at a rent of £50 Scots a year. But the Earl was ungrateful, and upon the King's death in 1460, he again entered upon his schemes of personal aggrandizement, and, with his kinsman the famous Donald Balloch, and the Douglas, entered into a treaty with Edward the Fourth of England, with a view to the conquest of Scotland. Ross's army, under the command of his illegitimate son Angus, and Donald Balloch, became masters of the Highlands ; and from Inverness were issued proclamations in the Earl's name which show that he had already assumed the airs of a King. But his rule was short-lived, and the rebellion expired. The Crown dealt leniently with him, and he was permitted to retain his estates until 1475, when, the treaty between Edward the

Fourth and himself having come to light, a decree of forfeiture was pronounced against him. Next year he made a humble submission to the King, who not only pardoned him but also restored to him the Earldom of Ross and the lordship of the Isles. He immediately resigned the Earldom, and it thus became vested in the Crown.

About the close of the fourteenth century, Charles MacGillean, a scion of the house of Maclean, a follower of the Lord of the Isles, and a renowned warrior, settled in Glen Urquhart, possessed certain lands there, and was Constable of the Castle about the year 1398, when, as we have seen, it was annexed to the Crown. From him sprang the Macleans of the North, (after him called *Clann Thearlaich*) and the family of Dochgarroch, chiefs of that clan, are his lineal descendants. By his wife, a daughter of Cumming of Dalshangie, he had a son, Hector Buie Maclean, who succeeded him. In Hector's time, and for centuries thereafter, the herds of cattle reared on the rich pastures of Urquhart and Glenmoriston were an irresistible temptation to the cattle lifters of Lochaber, and numerous were the raids made by the Camerons and the Ken. edies (*Clann Mhic Uraig*) into our Glen, and deadly were the feuds that consequently arose. Hector Buie retaliated by marching a band of Urquhart men into Lochaber, while Lochiel happened to be in Ireland. "Donald, Chief of the Camerons," says the old historian of Lochiel, with reference to the invasion, "was soon recalled from Ireland by the groans of the people, who were cruelly oppressed and plundered by a robber from the North, called Hector Bui Maclean, who, with a party of ruffians, took the opportunity of his absence to infest the country. Being joined by a sufficient party of his clan, he pursued the robbers, who fled before the news of his arrival, and overtook them at the head of Lochness. But Hector with his prisoners, for he had taken many, and among them Samuel Cameron of Glenevis, head of an ancient tribe of that clan, escaped him by taking sanctuary in a strong house called Castle Spiriten, where he barbarously murdered them. In revenge of their death, Donald caused two of Hector's sons, with others of the gang who had fallen into his hands, to be hanged in view of the father, a wretch so excessively savage that he refused to deliver them by way of exchange though earnestly pressed to do so." From these deeds of blood, and the consequent belief amongst the people that the spirits of the murdered haunted the Castle of Bona, it has ever since been called *Caisteal Spioradan*.

Hector Buie married a daughter of Malcolm Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and attached himself to Clan Chattan. He is said to have been killed at Castle Spioradan, and was succeeded by his son Ewen.

After the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles (1475), the Earl of Huntly, acting on behalf of the Crown, let the lands of Urquhart and Glenmoriston on lease to Hugh Rose, Baron of Kilravock. This led to hostilities between Rose and Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and his brothers Allan and Lachlan, who desired either to have the lands for themselves, or to secure the interests of their relative, Ewen Maclean. The matter in dispute was at last referred to the judgment of six "honourable men," among whom were Duncan Grant of Grant and his son John; and upon 26th March, 1479, the arbiters gave their award, finding that Rose was entitled to enjoy the peaceful possession of the lands in question. For a time the Mackintoshes paid no respect to this decision, but on 25th July, 1481, the chief of that clan and his son Farquhar granted their bond of manrent to Kilravock, binding themselves and their kin to respect his rights "under the panis of inhabilitate perjure and infame." Notwithstanding the terms of this bond Ewen Maclean refused to submit, and on 23rd September 1481, Farquhar Mackintosh granted a new bond to Kilravock, binding himself, in the event of Ewen continuing his resistance, "to take lawful part with the said baron, his barns (children) and party aganis the said Ewine and his party." The Macleans, thus deserted by their powerful friends, were forced to submit: and in June 1482, we find Rose in possession of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and Huntly discharging him of the rents thereof in consideration of his keeping the Castle of Redcastle for the Earl. The Macleans subsequently acquired Dochgarroch, a property which they held until 1832, when it was sold to Mr Baillie of Dochfour. The late Mr Allan Maclean, Drummond, was chief of *Clann Thearlaich*, and since his death in 1876, the family is represented by his nephew, Mr Allan Maclean, London.

Balmacaan, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, is in the charter of 1509 by which the Grants acquired Urquhart, as well as in other ancient writings which I have seen, written, "Balma-kauchane"—that is, the town of the son of Hector. From this it would appear that it was called after Ewen Maclean, who, as we have seen, was the son of Hector Buie.

The close of the fifteenth century, and the opening years of the sixteenth, were greatly disturbed by the insurrections of Alexander

of Lochalsh and Donald Dubh of the Isles. Alexander, followed by a large body of West Highlanders, and joined by Hugh Rose younger of Kilravock and Farquhar Mackintosh, took the Castle of Inverness, and probably that of Urquhart, and devastated the surrounding country. Huntly, appointed Lieutenant of the North, was commissioned to quell those disturbances. A long war followed, in which the Grants distinguished themselves by their zeal in the King's cause, and to them was entrusted the keeping of the Castle and barony of Urquhart, in room of the Roses. The men of Urquhart, led by the Clan Mhic Uian, were hostile to the Grants, and bloody were the fights between the opposing parties, and many the deeds of valour performed on both sides. The traditions of the Glen regarding this period are still interesting, and even at the present time there are men who pride themselves on their descent from the heroic *Clann Mhic Uian*.* But the Grants prevailed, and on 8th December, 1509, the King liberally rewarded them for their loyalty. To their chief, John Grant of Freuchie, called the Bard on account of his poetical talents, his Majesty granted a charter of the barony of Urquhart, including the Castle. To the Bard's second son, John *Og*, the barony of Corrimony was granted, and the barony of Glenmoriston was given to another son, also named John.

These charters, which made the family of Grant absolute owners of the whole united parish of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, with the exception of the estate of Achmony, close the period which I have promised to sketch to you, and although the history and traditions of the Glen for the next two centuries and a-half are full of interest, I must not at this time enter upon them, except so far as shortly to refer to the families who held sway in the parish from that remote period to the present time.

I have said that the charters of 1509 conveyed to the family of Grant the whole parish, with the exception of Achmony. That estate, including Kilmichael, belonged, as you will remember, at a very early period, to the Church. In 1557, the Bishop, foreseeing the storms of the Reformation, sold it to John Mackay, who already possessed it under a nineteen years' lease dated the last day of March, 1554. The charter, which is dated at Elgin the 6th day of May, 1557, is in favour of Mackay and his wife

* I write this name according to the modern pronounciation, but may it not originally have been *Clann Mhic Eoghainn*—the clan of the son of Ewen, that is, Ewen Maclean?

Catherine, Lady Carrycht, (*Catherinæ Domine Carrycht ejus Sponsæ*) in liferent and to their son Duncan and his heirs male in fee. John Mackay was in all likelihood a descendant of one of those Mackays who remained in the Glen when the Chief of the clan settled in the North about the year 1180, and who, according to the ancient Wardlaw Manuscript inhabited Abriachan and Urquhart in the thirteenth century. Of what family his lady was I have not been able to ascertain. Their son Duncan, upon the 13th day of May, 1592, entered into a marriage contract with Margaret Chisholm, daughter of The Chisholm, and their descendants, possessed the estate until 1779, when it was sold by Alexander Mackay with consent of his wife Agnes, a daughter of Macdonell of Glengarry, to Sir James Grant of Grant, grandfather of the present Earl of Seafield. My father, who is old enough to remember Agnes Macdonell, is now the representative of the family, as well as the only man of the name of Mackay resident in our Glen, which, as we have seen, was the cradle of the clan.

The other families of position in the parish were the Grants of Sheuglie and Lochletter, and the Cummings of Dalshangie. These possessed their lands for upwards of two hundred years under wadsets which were terminated before the close of the last century. The Grants of Sheuglie had considerable influence, and one of them, Alexander, led the Urquhart men on the side of Prince Charles, in the Forty-five. Taken prisoner, he was sent to England and died in Tilbury Fort. He was a good bard, and an excellent player on the violin, and also, it is said, on the pipe and harp. From him was descended the late Colonel Grant of Redcastle, father of Mr Charles Grant, now of Hazel Brae. The most distinguished members of the family of Sheuglie, which is now represented by the Rev. Alister Ronald Grant, Rector of Hikham, Suffolk, were Charles Grant, Chairman of the East India Company (who was born in a lowly cottage in the Glen only a few hours before his father was killed at Culloden), and his sons, Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay.

The last of the Grants of Corrimony who possessed that estate was that genuine Highlander, James Grant, advocate, who died in 1835, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. His learned and exhaustive works on the origin and descent of the Gael, on Ossian, and on the Origin of Society and Government, are, I hope, known to you all. The family is now represented by Dr Grant of Montreal, while the estate is divided between Mr Ogilvy of Corrimony and Dr Cameron of Lakefield.

The Grants of Urquhart (now the noble family of Seafield) and the Grants of Glenmoriston still possess their ancient patrimonies, and distant be the day when the stranger will take their place. We all regret the circumstances which have made so many of our old Highland families alien to the land which once knew them so well; and we desire to see such of them as are still left to us continue chiefs of their clans as in the olden time—not now, indeed, to lead them in battle against the inhabitants of some neighbouring glen, but to go before them and lend them a helping hand in the arts of peace, and, by a proper use of the influence of their position and of the old feelings of clanship which still exist, to encourage them to become better and more useful people, and to strive to attain the highest possible measure of happiness and prosperity.

P.S.—Should any who may happen to read the foregoing sketch possess information, however insignificant, regarding the history or traditions of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, or of the Castle, I shall deem it a great favour if they will kindly communicate the same to me.

W. M.

5TH APRIL, 1877.

At the meeting of this date, Mr Archibald Sinclair, Printer and Publisher, 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow, was elected an ordinary member. It was agreed to appoint a committee to collect subscriptions, from the Members of the Society, towards the funds of the Memorial to John Mackenzie of the “*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*” Mr John Whyte read a paper in Gaelic, entitled, “*An Gaidheal anns a’ Bhaile,*” which he declines to publish.

19TH APRIL, 1877.

At this meeting, Mr George Macbean, writer, 42 Union Street, was elected an ordinary member; and after some routine business had been transacted, Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, (late President of the Gaelic Society of London) read the following paper, entitled—

THE CLEARANCE OF THE HIGHLAND GLENS.

After forty years absence from this part of the country I shall state the opinions that I now entertain of matters in the Highlands. I shall as briefly as possible place before you the impressions on my mind with regard to the most prominent changes in the Highlands during this long interval.

In the first place I feel bound to express my sincere pleasure at the sight of the noble efforts of the Gaelic Society of Inverness to rescue our ancient and venerable language from decay and dissolution. Professor Geddes of Aberdeen says that “it can boast a pedigree better far than that spoken in the highest places in the land, and can claim the start of English on the soil of Britain by ten centuries, and that in a literary form.” Professor Morley, of London, states that “a man cannot be a thorough English scholar without a knowledge of Celtic”; and Professor Allison, of Glasgow, said “that the man who speaks two languages is equal to two men, and advances in usefulness at the same ratio for every language he speaks.” It augurs well for the development and success of your Society that the Provost, the Chief Magistrates, and Town Councillors of Inverness have opened the Town Hall of the largest county in Scotland for your deliberations. All thanks to them for it, and for their friendly appearance among us at our principal meetings.

It is a source of pleasure for me to state without favour or prejudice that this town of Inverness has improved in every imaginable respect during the forty years alluded to. In sanitary respects the town is unquestionably 500 per cent. better than it was in my early recollection. In well-designed and stately houses there are portions of Inverness that will compare favourably with, if not surpass, equal lengths of London streets and London shops. Large and spacious hotels with every accommodation, comfort and civility; an abundant meat, vegetable, and fish market; suburban

villas, and every fanciful architecture. Add to this the daily arrival and departure of railway trains to and from every part of the Kingdom, as well as the steamboats plying both by salt and fresh water. Old nature seems to have designed the town and environs of Inverness as the Madeira of Scotland, but it remained for the scientific acumen of our friend Mr Murdoch to demonstrate the salubrity of the town ; and it is satisfactory to note that his labours on this score stand unanswered and unchallenged. My house being on a rising ground above the town where, according to tradition, the Cross or centre of Old Inverness stood, I can see from my windows for many miles, and it is most gratifying to see the surrounding country studded with small but substantial stone and slated houses and offices to correspond with the moderate size of the farms on which they are built. All honour to the proprietors of these estates. They belong principally to the Baillies of Dochfour, Leys, and Redcastle.

Let us now leave the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness and wend our way North, South, East or West, and what do we see on all sides? Large farms infested with game and burrowed like honey-comb by rabbits. If we extend our walk to the Glens, we find them thoroughly cleared—the native population sent to the four quarters of the globe, wild beasts, wild birds, and game of every description in quiet possession and feeding among the crumbled walls of houses where we have seen happy families of stalwart Highlanders reared and educated ! This is no exaggeration. During the last twelve months I travelled through the counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, Moray, Banff, Perth and Argyle ; and I can bear testimony to the general depression and desolation caused throughout the Highlands, I maintain, by the operation of the iniquitous Class Laws called Game Laws. They are like the Upas Tree, withering all within their unhallowed atmosphere, sending the bone and sinew of the Highlands to foreign lands. They turn large tracts of country into cheerless and inhospitable deserts. They sever the proverbial and ancient bond of union and attachment between chief and clansman. The chief is distrusted frequently for his acts, communicated through his factor, and the clansman is thereby disheartened. Thus another town-land or perhaps a whole Glen is laid waste and placed at the disposal of wild beasts. The work of destruction and depopulation in the Highlands has gone on so regularly for nearly a hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years, that the few farmers left on the Lowlands have a difficulty in finding servants and

labourers to work their farms. Every part of the Highlands through which I have passed seemed to be much in the same way—the surface of the land, as it were, in sombre mourning covered with heather lamenting the absence of the strong arm that used to till and ought to reclaim it, to enable it to fulfil the purposes for which land was given to man, viz., to make it support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness. The law that enables one man to say to another; “I will not cultivate one acre, and I will not allow you to do so,” is most unnatural and most iniquitous in its results.

It is most satisfactory to know, I think, that the British Government has ignored freedom of contract between landlord and tenant in Ireland by the Ulster Tenant Right and the Irish Land Bill of 1870. Since the Bill of 1870 was passed into law the landlord in Ireland is not the judge between his tenants and himself. It is the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, a Government Officer, independent of both landlord and tenant, who must decide whether the rent demanded is excessive or not. There may be legal quibbles still in the way of amicable settlements between landlord and tenant in Ireland; but the Land Bill of 1870 (which I read over and over again) seems to me to bear this construction. It is not long since a tenant farmer got £700 damages from his landlord in Ireland for raising his rent and thereby compelling him to leave the farm. At this moment English good sense stands like a bulwark between the landlord and cultivator of the soil in Ireland. Landlords, factors, and leases are no longer supreme in Ireland. The Chairman of Quarter Sessions is arbitrator from this time forward. England abolishes landlordism in Ireland by advancing money through the Board of Works to every honest tenant who has ambition to purchase his farm in fee simple from his landlord. The repurchase system has made rapid progress in some of the Continental kingdoms of Europe. Notably in Prussia. From the day that Napoleon I. crossed the Rhine the Government of Prussia looked with sorrow and astonishment at the number of young Germans who flocked around Napoleon's standard. They soon discovered that these men were flying from landlord tyranny. Having discovered the cause, they applied the remedy; they valued every farm on large estates throughout Prussia; enacted laws to enable tenants in possession to purchase their farms, and on certain conditions advanced money to enable the farmer to pay for his land. In Austria they have a re-purchase system also.

They have a land system of their own in France since 1789, one feature of which (I think) is, that no man can derive more than £5000 per annum from land in France. Large landed estates have often been the cause of revolutions and bloodshed.

Macaulay, in his review of Mitford's History of Greece, justly says—"In Rome the oligarchy was too powerful to be subverted by force, and neither the tribunes nor the popular assemblies, though constitutionally omnipotent, could maintain a successful contest against men who possessed the whole property of the State. Hence the necessity for measures tending to unsettle the whole frame of Society and to take away every motive of industry — the abolition of debts and the agrarian laws — propositions absurdly condemned by men who do not consider the circumstances from which they spring. They were the desperate remedies of a desperate disease. In Greece the oligarchical interest was not in general so deeply rooted as in Rome. The multitude, therefore, redressed by force grievances which at Rome were commonly attacked under the form of the Constitution. They drove out or massacred the rich and divided their property." This is ancient history, but the French Revolution of 1789 is modern. Thus we see in ancient and modern history, that the land was the bone of contention. The first grand error of Britons was selling what did not belong to us. That which is on the land belongs to man, because he made it, or helped to rear it, but the land itself, belongs to no man, and no generation of men because they did not make it. The law of England, interpreted by the ablest, expressly declares that man can only hold an estate in land. The modern theory of a general commerce in land was unknown in England, till the demise of the Stuart dynasty. More than one half of some English counties was held in common. On the lowest computation, says a report of the Commons Preservation Society, "5,000,000 acres of common land have been enclosed since the reign of Queen Anne." It is not easy in the various and conflicting statements set forth occasionally to estimate the amount of land still unenclosed and subject to common rights in England and Wales. I have seen it put as low as 2,600,000 acres. On the other hand it is stated that so recently as the reign of George III., eight million acres of commonage still remained. There was no pauperism under such a system. Milk, butter, cheese, bacon, poultry and some sheep were within the reach of all. There was no absolute ownership of land either by great or small, but there was fixity of tenure during good behaviour to all.

The King or Queen, as representing the public, exercised strict, just, and impartial control. We are no more than trustees for our successors. But we have divested ourselves of the power of compelling any man to cultivate an acre. Yet history tells us that this want of cultivation has on several occasions been very nearly the downfall of England.

In the face of all former experience, it is melancholy to see our landed proprietors through the Highlands encouraging a system among us that would not be tolerated in England. The noblemen and capitalists who come among us from England to elbow out of house and home our native population *know too well* that it would be not only impolitic but *most dangerous* to try such experiments on their own countrymen.

Forty years' residence in England convince me that the free, brave, independent, and justice-loving people of England would not tolerate or brook oppression from any man or from any class of men. Instance—how quickly the voice and press of England brought the Earl of Darnley to his knees when he attempted to dispossess one of his tenants near Gravesend some three or four years ago. It may be urged that the Dukes and nobles, capitalists and sportsmen who come among the ruins of farms and villages in the North had no hand in clearing the people out of the way of sheep, deer, and game. Be that as it may, they are in possession, and it was in anticipation of such unscrupulous tenants that the people were driven out and deprived of farms, houses and homes. In such cases as these the strong arm of the law ought to interpose between enormous wealth and honest industry.

To prevent you from thinking that I am dealing in generalities only, just imagine that such men as the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Portland come from England annually to imitate our Highland Duke of Athole and Northern Duke of Sutherland, in increasing their stock of deer and extending the size of the Ducal Forests. I ask what chance would the cultivator of the soil have in the same atmosphere with the Ducal Deer? One would think that some, if not all, of these forests were extensive enough. Let us hear what Thomas Graham Murray, Esq., said of the Forest of Athole while he was under examination by a committee of the House of Commons on the 26th July, 1872. In answer to a question, Mr Murray said, "you will find that in Mr Scrope's book he gives a calculation of the number of acres. His book was written in the time of Duke John, about the year 1828 or 1829, and he makes the whole forest 135,000 acres; but of that

51,000 acres were then under deer, the rest being grouse ground. And you will observe that it is just about the quantity that it is now. I do not think there has been any change scarcely since that time." Further on in his evidence Mr Murray, speaking of the Athole Forest, says:—"It has been a forest from time immemorial." Mr Murray is one of the first, and probably one of the most honourable lawyers in the kingdom. He tells us the extent of Athole Forest, but cannot tell us how long that enormous amount of land has been lost to the community.

Ordinary mortals might think this extent of forest, with its "five to seven thousand deer as estimated by Mr Sciope," ought to satisfy the slaughtering propensities even of a Duke. But nothing of the sort. Last year his Grace of Athole added about 10,000 acres to his old deer forest. The lands cleared for that purpose are Glenmore and Glenbeg, with the Glen of Cromalt and the different smaller glens and corries that branch off from the above mentioned glens.

Be it remembered, however, that all this misappropriation of land is perfectly legal and legitimate according to the present usages of Society. Nay, more, if the four noblemen alluded to, or any other capitalists, had the means and the chance of purchasing every inch of land (perhaps boroughs excepted) in the Highlands of Scotland, convert it into Deer Forests and turn the present remnant of the Highlanders out of house and home, they would be quite within the pale of the law as interpreted by Society in modern times. We see this principle acted on year by year, and it is against this irresponsible power that every well-wisher of justice ought to appeal. It appears to me that some of our Members who are learned in the law might tell us whether the original Charters of our landed proprietors justify them in substituting wild beasts for human beings? If the Charters empower landlords to destroy the people, by depriving them of their birth-right, the land on which they were born, they are quite at variance with recent legislation, in as much as the pauper has now a life interest in the land of his birth. Yes, the proprietors and the paupers are the only two classes of the community who have any hold of the land of this country. There is not a man in Europe so completely divorced from the land of his birth as the Highlander of Scotland.

Now, lest you should imagine that I content myself with making statements and then conveniently forgetting to prove them, let me briefly revert to the time and circumstances which inaugurated the unhallowed system of depopulation in Inverness-

shire. As to the time, I have heard Edward Ellice, Esq., of Glen-Cuaich, stating before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th March, 1873, that "the great depopulation was in 1780 and 1790, when the Colony of Glengarry was founded in Canada, by the number of people that were sent out from Scotland to obtain their low lying crofts for the sheep in the winter." Further on in his evidence, Mr Ellice, in answer to a question, says, "Yes; I may mention one single case that I am well acquainted with. When the depopulation began in 1780, the people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. They had turned out 700 to 800 fighting men in the Rebellion, consequently the population could not have been under 5000 or 6000." It seems to me that Mr Ellice has Glengarry in his mind's eye. If I am right in this supposition, it appears to be one of the severest reflections ever made on the depopulation of Glengarry. For every pound sterling of the rental of the particularestate a fighting man was sent from that estate, to support the cause of the Prince whom they believed to be their lawful Sovereign. Imagine that Britain might be threatened in these times either by Turk or Christian, how many fighting men would the estate alluded to be able to send to the service of our Sovereign? I venture to say that it could not raise 50 men. Nay, if you keep clear of the village of Fort-Augustus, which is Lord Lovat's property, I do not think that even 20 men could be sent out of Glengarry with all its sheep and deer. Not that the men are less patriotic now than they were in 1745, but for this simple reason, there are neither M'Donnells nor any other men in Glengarry. In justice to Mr Ellice, I must say, however, that he seemed to me to be the most humane and most favourable to Highlanders of all the Members of Parliament that gave evidence at the committee alluded to. During the two days he was under examination, not a word escaped his lips that could be construed into slight or disrespect for Highlanders. It is quite true that Mr Ellice spoke of them as "Crofters." This was the *lingo* in which Highlanders were generally spoken of at the Game Law Committee. But the Earl of Chatham dignified them on a former occasion with the name of "Mountaineers." Speaking of them with great respect in Parliament soon after the mis-managed affair of 1745, his Lordship said in effect:—That the Mountaineers had well nigh changed the dynasty and upset the constitution of the Kingdom.

Now as to the circumstances that inaugurated the depopulation alluded to. They are simple but melancholy, and they occurred as

follows:—*Marsalaidh Bhinneach*, the mother of the last popular “Glengarry,” had the management of the whole properties of Cnoideart and Glengarry, while her son was a minor. The fascinating demon of old unfolded its golden coils before her avaricious mind; and in an evil hour she surrendered the birthright of her husband’s clansmen to his crafty wiles. To begin with, she gave Glen Cuaich to one unscrupulous south country shepherd, and thereby deprived over 500 persons of houses and home. This was the beginning only of a series of misfortunes which laid the foundations of complications and embarrassments that ended in the sale of the whole of the Glengarry estates. I forbear to mention the maiden name of this woman on account of the esteem in which her noble chief is held. It is said that he is by far the best landlord in the Highlands. However, The Chisholm of Strathglass married her eldest daughter Eliza in 1795.

The Chisholm was rather delicate and often in bad health, and this threw the management of the estate into the hands of his wife. Hence the cause of the great clearance of Strathglass in 1801. The evicted people from that strath crossed the Atlantic and settled principally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. They gave the names of some Strathglass farms to their freehold lands in their adopted country. In the Island there is even the county of Inverness.

In 1810 an heir was born for The Chisholm. He succeeded to the most of the estates on the death of his father in 1817. I say the most, because a portion of the land was still in the hands of his uncle’s widow. It will be necessary here to explain this reserve on entailed land:—

Alexander, the eldest surviving son of the The Chisholm who entailed the estates in 1777, married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Wilson of Edinburgh. He died on the 17th February, 1793, aged forty-four years, and left an only child, Mary, who married James Gooden, Esq., merchant, of London. The estates reverted to his half-brother William, who died in 1817, as stated above. The widow alluded to was Dr Wilson’s daughter. Alexander The Chisholm, her husband, made a fair settlement in case of widowhood. He left for her, the option of a certain sum of money annually or the rental accruing from a number of townlands or joint farms. Through the advice of her only child Mary, Mrs Chisholm made choice of the townlands and kept them intact, and kept the tenantry on these farms in easy circumstances until the day of her death, which took place on the 23rd January, 1826, and then the

whole of The Chisholm's estates reverted to the young heir of Strathglass.

By and bye, I will tell you how the tenantry were treated by the young Chief and his advisers. But I feel bound to tell you first, that repeated efforts were made by some of those who were acting for the Chief to get hold of the land still in possession of the widow. However, the great good sense of this noble-minded Edinburgh lady, and the sincere attachment of her daughter, Mrs Gooden, to her father's tenantry stood firm against all the advances made to deprive her of the faithful Highland tenantry entrusted to her care.

For the long space of thirty-three years she kept her tenantry intact, never turned one of them out of a farm, nor did she ever deprive any man of an acre of land. As The Chisholm, her husband, left them at the time of his death in 1793, so they were left by his beloved widow at the time of her death in 1826. This excellent lady was well known and distinguished in the Highlands by the endearing term of "*A Bhantighearna-Bhan*"—the English equivalent of which is "the fair lady."

When Mary (afterwards Mrs Gooden) was a young lassie in her teens, four south countrymen (Gillespie of Glen Cuaich, I think, was one of the number) came to see The Chisholm and passed the night with him at Comar, where the Chief was staying at that time. In the course of the evening it transpired that the Southerners wanted the most and best portions of Strathglass as sheep walks. In short, the object of their mission was to treat the Chisholms of Strathglass as the Macdonnells of Glengarry were treated a few years before that time.

Mary listened for a time quietly to their proposals; at last she mildly put her veto on the whole transaction. She was ordered off to her room. But, with tears in her eyes, Mary found her way to the kitchen, and called all the servants around her and explained to them the cause of her grief.

Never was *Craun-Tara* sent through any district with more rapidity than this unwelcome news spread through the length and breadth of Strathglass. Early next morning there were about a thousand men, including young and old, assembled on the ground at Comar House. They demanded an interview with The Chisholm. He came out among them and discussed the impropriety of alarming his guests. But the Chief was told that the guests were infinitely worse than the freebooters who came on a former occasion with sword in hand to rob his forefathers of their

patrimony, etc. [This was an allusion to a sanguinary battle fought on the plain of Aridh-dhuiean many years before that time between Clann-'ic-an-Lonathaich, who wanted to take possession, and the Chisholms, who succeeded in keeping possession of Strathglass to this day.] The guests were at first anxiously listening, at the drawing-room windows, to the arguments between the Chief and his clansmen; but they soon got quietly down stairs and made the best of their way, (I think through the back door and garden) to the stable where they mounted their horses, galloped off helter-skelter, followed by the shouts and derision of the assembled tenantry, across the river Glass, spurring their horses and never looking behind until they reached the ridge of *Maoil Bhuidhe*, a hill between Strathglass and Corriemoney. Imagine their chagrin on turning round and seeing a procession being formed at Comar—pipers playing, and The Chisholm being carried to Invercannich House on the brawny shoulders of his tenantry.

Instead of this being cause of sorrow, it was the happiest day that ever dawned on Strathglass; Chief and Clansmen expressing mutual confidence in each other, and renewing every manner of ancient and modern bond of fealty ever entered into by their forebears. All this extraordinary episode in the history of Strathglass I heard related over and over again by some of the men who took their part in chasing the Southrons out of that district.

About thirty years ago, I reminded Mrs Gooden, in London, of what was said of her in the North, in connection with the hasty exit of the would-be shepherds, every word of which I found to be substantially correct, and Mrs Gooden then added:—"When my father died in 1793, I felt that the welfare of the tenantry left in charge of my mother depended in a great measure on myself. I was brought up among them, I used to be the Gaelic interpreter between them and my mother, and they had great confidence in me. However, it was in after years, when old age began to impair my mother's memory, that I had the greatest anxiety lest the agents* of The Chisholm should succeed in depriving her of the tenantry. I had two objects in view. The first was to keep the people comfortable, and the second was to hand them over as an able class of tenantry to my first cousin, the young Chisholm, at the demise of my mother."

This determination was so well arranged and so completely

*One of these was Wm. Mackenzie, W.S., Edinburgh—a Ross-shire man.

carried out, that when the Dowager Mrs Chisholm, of whom I have spoken as "*the fair lady*," died, the tenantry on the portion of The Chisholm's estate she managed so long and so successfully, were able and willing to rent every inch of the whole of Strathglass, as I will soon prove to you. But let me first fulfil my promise of acquainting you of the manner in which the new accession of property with its native population were treated by the young Chief and his advisers. For a few years the people were left in possession of their respective farms. This, however, was in order to adjust matters for future and more sweeping arrangements, as all the leases in Strathglass were about to expire. To the best of my recollection it was in the year 1830 that all the men in Strathglass were requested to meet the young Chisholm on a certain day at the Inn at Cannich Bridge. The call was readily complied with, the men were all there in good time, but The Chisholm was not. After some hours of anxious waiting, sundry surmises, and well-founded misgivings, a gig was seen at a distance driving towards the assembled men. This was the signal for a momentary ray of hope. But on the arrival of the vehicle it was discovered that it contained only the "sense carrier" of the proprietor, viz., the factor, who told the men that The Chisholm was not coming to the meeting, and that, as factor, he had no instructions to enter on arrangements with them. I was present, and heard the curt message delivered, and I leave you to imagine the bitter grief and disappointment of men who attended that meeting with glowing hopes in the morning, but had to tell their families and dependents in the evening that they could see no alternative before them except the emigrant ship and choose between the scorching prairies of Australia and the icy regions of North America.

In a very short time after this abortive meeting, it transpired that the very best farms and best grazing lands in Strathglass were let quite *silently*, without the knowledge of the men in possession, to shepherds from other countries, leaving about half the number of the native population without house or home.

Let me now prove to you how the native tenantry at that time in Strathglass were both able and willing to rent every inch of it, if they were only allowed to retain their farms at the rent given for them by the strangers. I will prove it by plain incontrovertible facts. Here they are:—When the late generous Lord Lovat heard of the ugly treatment of the tenantry alluded to, he entered on negotiations with the late Mr George Grieve, the only

sheep farmer or flockmaster on his Lordship's estates at Glen-Strathfarrar, and arranged to take the sheep stock at valuation. His Lordship sent for the evicted tenants to Strathglass, and planted—so to speak—every one of them in Glen-Strathfarrar. The stock was valued for the new tenants by Mr Donald McRae, who died some years ago at Fearnraig, Lochalsh, and by Mr Donald McLeod, who died lately at Coulmore, Redcastle. These gentlemen were supposed to be two of the best judges in the Highlands, and were also well known to be two of the most honourable men anywhere. I was, along with other young men from Glencanaich, in Glen-Strathfarrar at the time, and saw the stock valued. To the best of my recollection, it was at Whitsunday in 1831. Well, then, at the ensuing Martinmas every copper of the price of the stock was duly paid to Mr Grieve by the new tenants. This is ample proof of their ability to hold their own had they been allowed to remain in Strathglass.

Some fourteen years afterwards, when the rage for deer forests began to assert its unhallowed territorial demands, Lord Lovat informed these self-same tenants that he wanted to add their farms to his deer-forest. However, to mitigate their distress at the prospect of another clearance, his Lordship stated that he did not wish to part with one of them, and pointed out that he intended breaking up the large farms on the estate. I remember seeing twelve ploughs, the property of one farmer, all at the same time at work on the plains of Beauuly. But, to his credit, and in honour of his memory be it stated and remembered, the late Lord Lovat made this one and almost all other farms on his estate accessible to ordinary farmers, so that every man he brought to Glen-Strathfarrar, and every one he removed from it, were comfortably located on other parts of his Lordship's estates. In short, the management on The Chisholm's estate left only two of the native farmers in Strathglass, the only surviving man of whom is Alexander Chisholm, Raonbhrad. He is paying rent as a middle-class farmer to the present Chisholm for nearly twenty years back, and paid rent in the same farm to the preceding two Chisholms from the time they got possession one after the other until they died. He was also a farmer in a townland or joint-farm in "Balana-hann," on "the fair lady's" portion of Strathglass. So far, he has satisfied the demands of four proprietors and seven successive factors on the same estate. And, like myself, he is obeying the spiritual decrees of the fifth Pope, protected by the humane laws of the fourth Sovereign, and living under the well-meaning but absent fourth Chief. All the

rest of the Strathglass tenantry found a home on the Lovat estates, where their sons and grandsons still are among the most respectable middle-class farmers in Inverness-shire.

Glenstrathfarrar, by far the most fertile glen allotted to forestry in the Highlands, has been from that time and still is the free domain of foxes, eagles, and hundreds of red deer, strictly preserved in order to gratify the proclivities of sportsmen. I am very sorry for it, and in obedience to the dictates of my conscience I must add, that in my humble opinion it is a serious misappropriation of much excellent grazing and some good arable lands. My firm belief is, that every portion of God's earth should be occupied by Christians and made to support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness.

As I stated, there were only two native farmers left in Strathglass. But the only one who left his native country of his own free accord at that time was my own dear father. So that when the present Chisholm came home from Canada to take possession of the estate about nineteen years ago, there were only two of his name and kindred in possession of an inch of land in Strathglass. At the first opening he doubled the number by restoring two more Chisholm's from Lord Lovat's estate. But I am sorry to say that restoration is a plant of slow growth in Strathglass. It is only right, however, to state that The Chisholm generously re-established and liberally supported one of the tenants in the farm from which he was evicted nineteen years previously. This man's father and grandfather lived and died as tenants on that same farm, and his great-grandfather, Domhnul MacUilleam, was killed on Druimossie-moor, (better but more detestably known as Cuilloder-moor.) I heard it said that this faithful clansman was shot when carrying his mortally wounded commander, The Chisholm's youngest son, in his arms.

Some years ago I remember reading, I think in the *Inverness Advertiser*, observations made by a tourist or a traveller who passed through Glencanaich, on the number of broken houses and crumbled walls he saw in the glen. The writer concluded from such unmistakable signs that there must have been a considerable number of inhabitants at one time in Glencanaich. He was quite right in his conclusions. Even within my own recollection, there were a number of people comfortably located in the Glen. Of the descendants of Glencanaich men there were living in my own time, one Bishop and fifteen Priests ; three Colonels, one

Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants and seven Ensigns. There is not one of all these military men now alive. There are seven of the Priests alive. An elderly man in that district assured me that Colonel Chisholm, who died some years ago at Alexandria, in Upper Canada, was a Glencanaich man. The last of the military men alluded to, died about a year ago, and a Priest was since ordained. This will account for the discrepancy between this statement and that of "Fear Monaidh" in "The Gael" of August, 1875, page 235. Such were the men mostly reared, and who had the rudiments of their education, either in this Glen or in Strathglass. And now there are eight shepherds, seven gamekeepers, and one farmer only, in Glencanaich. Pray forgive me if you think I have said too much about the depopulation of Strathglass. You have repeatedly expressed a wish to hear how the people were cleared out of that district. In obedience to that wish I have given you a mere outline, intentionally passing over the recent clearances on the estate of Giusachan, because they are well known to all who interest themselves about Highlanders. The future historian may find an account of the doings at that time in Giusachan recorded as "Improvements" in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*. He may find them also closely criticised and openly censured in the *Inverness Advertiser*; and they occupied the time and attention of a Committee of the House of Commons for a portion of three days.

It was not with any degree of pleasure that I approached the subject, and I will leave it for the present. But before doing so I may tell you there is not a human being in Strathglass of the descendants of those who were instrumental in driving the people out of it. I believe the same may be said of Glengarry, and I heard it stated lately by a man who knows Sutherland and the Reay country well, that there are only two families living in those countries who had any hand in or on whose behalf the infamous clearances of 1806 were commenced. It need scarcely be stated here that the wholesale clearances alluded to were inaugurated under the cruel auspices of Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland, and now it appears that the whole race of the Crowbar Brigade, their progeny and abettors, are (by some mysterious agency) fast gliding away from the country they have so ruthlessly desolated.

Glengarry was cleared by "Marsali Bhinnach," Strathglass was cleared by her daughter Eliza, and Sutherland was cleared by Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland. These three ladies

may have been good wives and good mothers ; I have nothing to say against their private character. But their public acts in land clearances ought to stand forth as landmarks to be avoided by the present landed proprietors and by all future owners and administrators of land.

In conclusion, let me repeat what I have said, that it is totally beyond my comprehension how our forefathers could have divested themselves of every species of control and power over the land of these countries. I have seen it stated in an Edinburgh paper that nineteen men own half the land in Scotland.

Be that as it may, we know that less than nineteen miserable landed proprietors brought the present desolation on the Glens of the Highlands. And now the simple but important question is — Will you do all in your power to alter this state of things ? Will you collectively and individually endeavour to leave the tenure of land in the Highlands in a better state than you found it ? My own humble opinion is, that you ought to petition Parliament forthwith, praying that they may be pleased to interpose between misapplied capital and the cultivators of the land in the Highlands. It would perhaps be presumption on my part to propose or even to suggest any of the terms which ought to be employed in your petition. But I think you might with good grace remind the present Government of what the late Gladstone Government did for the cultivators of the soil in Ireland. Let your petition be legally conceived, wisely worded, numerously signed, or signed by your Chairman only on behalf of the meeting, respectfully presented and patiently discussed in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. In one word, let all your proceedings be strictly within the pale of the ten commandments, and, by the help of Him who made them, you will be sure and certain of success.

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 Wilson, George, S.S.C., 14 Hill Street, Edinburgh

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ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN SIOSAL, FEAR ALLT-
NA-GLAISLIG.

We give here the following spirited song by Mrs Mary MacKellar, the bard of the Society, composed to celebrate the right hearty and Highland spirit with which Captain Chisholm of Glassburn presided at the annual supper of the Society in January 1878. It appears with music in the *Celtic Magazine* for March, 1878, with the subjoined note which fully explains the circumstances under which Mrs MacKellar composed it :—

'Ghaidheil a's ciataich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomh, gu'n olainn le sunnd ;
A Phìobair an' fheadain, fhir leadanaich, dhuinn,
'S tu fein' chuir le d' sheansair gu dannsa na suinn.

Bu shiubhlach an ribheid, 's bu mhilis an gleus,
A's b' fhileant' na meoir 'thu' an ceol a bha reidh ;
Gu'm b'uaibhreach an aigne bh'aig gaisgeach mo ghaoil,
'S bu rioghail an gaidheal mac aillidh nan laoch.

O Shìosalach ghasda, 's ceann-feachd thu le buaidh,
Sar shaighdear gun ghealtachd, gun mheatachd dhut dual ;
Thu shìol nam fear calm', agus dhearbh thu do choir
Air giulan ard ainm agus meanna do sheors'.

'S i 'n deise bu mhiann leat, an deise bu dual,
An deise 'bha ghradhach le armuinn do shluaigh ;
Cha bi' bhriogais lachdunn a thaitinneadh ribh,
Ach feile cruinn, socair, an cogadh 's an sith.

O Fhir Allt-na-Glaislig gur math thig dhut fhein
A' bhoineid 's am breacan aig clachan no feil,
Am feile beag cuaiche 's do shuaicheantas ard,
'S do leugan a' boillsgeadh mar dhaoimean gu h-ailt' !

A lasgaire chiataich, 's tu 's fiachail' 's gach cuis,
Tha seirc agus maise a' lasadh na d' ghnuis ;
O c'ait an robh cuachag 'measg ghruagach na tìr
Nach rachadh am fuadach leat, nasail mo chridh' !

'S tu sealgair an fheidh agus sealgair an eoin,
'S tu sealgair na h eal', agus sealgair a' gheoidh,
Le d' ghunna neo-chearbach 's tu dh' fhalbhadh an fhrith,
'S a shiubhladh an fhuar-bheinn air cruaidhead na sin'.

Do mhiann 'bhi 's a' chreachann 'sam faight' an damh donn—
Ged 's luthor e 'leum bithidh e reubt' air an fhonn
'Nuair 'chuireas tu 'n cuilbhear gu cuimseach ri d' shuil,
'S a shradas gu buadhòr do luaidhe mu 'chul.

A Phibair' an fheadain, ged 's beadarach binn
 'Bhi 'd eisdeachd 'an seomar 'n am ceol bhi ga sheinn,
 Tha d' aigne cho ard ann an ar-fhaich nan tuagh,
 'S an taobh air am 'bi thu gur cinnteach dha buaidh.

O 's rioghail an Gaidheal thu, ghraidh nam fear treun',
 'S e caismeachd do phioba 'chuir m' inntinn gu gleus,
 Thu leantuinn seann dualchas nam fuar-bheannaibh fraoich—
 An tìr ghlan a b' abhaist 'bhi 'g arach nan laoch !

O ard biodh do bhratach a's tartrach do phiob,
 Fhìr-labhairt na Gailig gu manranach binn ;
 Tha m' earbsa, 'fhìr chalma, a d' ainm 'bhi ga ghairm
 Le cliu mar is coir dha, na d' choirneal air airm.

A mhor-Ghaidheil chiataich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,
 Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomh, gu'n olainn le sunnd :
 A phibair' an fheadain, fhìr leadanaich, dhuinn,
 'S tu fhein 'chuir le d' sheannsair gu dannsa na suinn !

NOTE.—It is not necessary to say a word in praise of the above. The air is old and deservedly popular. The words are the composition of Mrs Mary MacKellar, the bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and are in praise of Capt. Archibald MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass, who discharged the duties of chairman with so much success at the last Dinner of the Society; and their merit augurs well for their future popularity. As an illustration of his thoroughly Highland spirit, it may be stated that when asked for a song, the gallant Captain responded by saying he would give them "a song on the bagpipes." Then taking a *piob-mhor* which belonged to the last Marquis of Seaforth, he played, in excellent style, several tunes, which had the effect of creating so much genuine Highland enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed anywhere. Again, when the programme was finished, the Captain took his pipes to play a parting tune, and so soul-stirring did the music prove, to quote the words of *The Highlander*, "that the table which stood in the middle of the hall seemed to be whisked to a side, as if by magic, and a party of nimble Celts were irresistibly drawn into the mazes of the Reel of Tulloch, which closed the proceedings." Suffice it to say, that when the Bard read the account of the proceedings in the newspapers, the muse had to find expression in the above song.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

