

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. *

SOME fifty years ago, Colonel Vass Kennedy, in a book of no vulgar speculation and research, could make the assertion before the scholars of Great Britain, that the Celtic languages constitute a special family, having no connection with any other known languages, specially altogether distinct from Sanscrit, Latin, Greek, Teutonic, and other members of the great Aryan class. At the present day there is not a fairly instructed schoolboy in an ordinary English classical school, who is not familiar with the exact contrary of this proposition. That such an assertion should have been made at all admits of explanation only from the general neglect of the Celtic languages by well-educated British scholars, together with the crude state of arbitrary divination, in the limbs of which even good philologists were, in those days, kindly tossed about. Against this system of would-be scientific conjecture, as applied to the Celtic languages, Colonel Kennedy stoutly and wisely protested; but his own knowledge of Celtic, picked up mainly from the dictionary, without any living knowledge either of its habits or its anatomy, was altogether insufficient to enable him to make a diagnosis of the language, that might furnish reliable materials for scientifically conducted induction. Such a diagnosis, thanks to the labours of those "intellectual axes" and intellectual eyes, the Germans, we are now in a condition, with the most perfect ease and with the most well-founded safety, to conduct. My own acquaintance with the Celtic language is confined to that member of the family spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, commonly called Gaelic; and as it was an acquaintance which I made, accidentally, from sympathy with the people among whom for a succession of summer seasons I had pitched my tent, and followed out as a pleasant recreation rather than a serious business, I cannot pretend, in addressing you, to speak with the full weight of authority that would belong to the words of a Xenos, an Eves, or a Winthgen. But I know enough of the general principles of comparative philology, and enough also both of the grammar and the living genius of the language as now spoken in the High-

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lands, to keep me from falling into any serious blunder; and I appear here before you to-night, I presume, on the very practical and profitable assumption, that in a domain where everybody knows nothing, a man who knows something may pass for a pundit. — I shall therefore proceed to tell you what I know of the matter, on John Locke's famous supposition, that your metropolitan minds are, in reference to the subject of my lecture, as a sheet of blank paper, on which an unskilful, uncovenanted Scot may for once be allowed to stamp my scribbles in places.

Colonel Kennedy was perfectly aware that there existed not a few words in Welsh and Irish, manifestly cognate with the same words in Latin; but he had a really theory that all savage or semi-civilised tribes borrow largely and greedily from their civilised superiors, and he thought that this theory was sufficient to explain all the similarities which he had noted. — Now, it is quite true; however some still Galicians may kick against it, that not only ecclesiastical words, but other words not a few, may be either certainly or doubtless borrowed from Latin, or labouring under a strong suspicion of such importation. — But it is equally true that words for the most common objects and necessary relations of life, and where no suspicion of borrowing can intrude, appear in Gaelic with a distinctly Latin physiognomy; and it is truly surprising to me how the bad luck could have happened to any compiler of dictionaries, to march out two long columns of Celtic roots of familiar objects, without stumbling upon a single Latin or Teutonic equivalent. — If the Celts borrowed *fox* from the Latin *vulpes*, which is possible enough, though anything but certain, it certainly cannot be said that the words *mother*, *brother*, *brother*, *cock*, *horse*, *cat*, *dog*, fall under the same foreign category. — And what shall we say to the numerals? — It should have seemed to Colonel Kennedy that it was as irrational to suppose that the Celts borrowed the names of the simple numerals from the Romans, as with the scholars of last century to believe that Sanscrit is a language borrowed from Greek as a consequence of the conquests of Alexander the Great. The lowest savage count by fives and tens and scores; and the Celts in Julius Cæsar's time were confessedly far above that level. — Let us examine therefore with the unerring, as at once the most striking proof of the original identity of the language, and as presenting examples of some of the most characteristic mutations of consonants, which regulate the passage of an original Indo-European root from the Latin to the Celtic form.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GAELIC.	LATIN.
am	am.	amrad	aprim-
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.
am	am.	amrad	scis.

Now, the three first of these numerals require no observation. In the fourth we see an illustration of a law very common in Gaelic, as compared

with Latin, and as one would expect also in French—viz., dropping a consonant in the middle of a word, when preceded and followed by a vowel. Thus the French from *pater* make *père*, and from *mater*, *mère*; and so the Latin *quatuor* is smoothed down to *quatre* (pronounced *ol-ur*), by the omission of the aspirated *t*. In only another law is exemplified, which leads to the omission of the nasal *n* before a consonant, exactly as in Ionic Greek we have *pathaiate* vocalised into *pathaiata*. So in Gaelic we have *enon*, a month, for *menon*. The number *sex* is softened down by the common practice of shaving off a final consonant. So in *septem*, *novem*, and *decem*, the final *m* falls, as we know neither was it pronounced by the Romans, and as the modern Greeks treat the final *n* of the second declension of nouns, saying *Kala* for *Kalón*. In *sench* and *ochd* we further see the preference given by the Celts to the aspirated guttural *ch*, while, as an initial of roots, *c* remains, as in *crídh*, *bardh* and *cradh*, *creta*; and in *deich*, compared with *decem* we have further to note that the hard *c* or *k* in Latin at the end of a word is softened into *ch*, as in *sech* for *epus*; *naoidh* vocalises the medial *v* of the Latin. *Fishead* exemplifies the change of *v* into *f*, as in *vísium*, and in *foe*, for the German *weisen*; and again, the throwing out of the *n* before the final *t*, as when the Greeks changed the original Doric *lyponti* into *lypanti*. *Cestum* becomes *seul* on the same principle.

And now, summing up all these special differences between the Gaelic language and its nearest relative,* we may say at once that the Gaelic language bears on its face the impress of a curtailed, smoothed over, and somewhat emasculated Latin—a language which has dealt consistently with the original stock of Latin which it brought with it from the East, exactly in the same fashion that French has dealt with its imported Latin. This curtailment in both languages, French and Gaelic, has gone to such an extreme that it is not seldom difficult for an inexperienced eye to recognise the identity. Thus between *gair*, a goat (I write here as pronounced), and *capr*, *goat*, and *capere*, *car* and *pater*, on a superficial view there seems no connection; but spell these words as they appear in the books, *gair*, *gairid*, *uithir*, and a philological eye discerns at a glance the original identity of the divergent terms. For the spelling of these words clearly indicates that the medial consonant before being dropped was aspirated, that is, softened down by a breathing which renders it more easy of pronunciation, and prepares the way for its final disappearance. Restore this medial consonant, with all the sharpness of its natural features, and there is not the slightest difficulty, even to an unscientific eye, in perceiving that *gair* and *capr*, *gairid* and *capere* are identical, the change of the sharp into the blunt consonant in both cases, and the rejection of the final vowel, with

* That even that the Gaelic roots which are here proved to be modified forms of the same roots in the Aryan family belong in pretty nearly equal groups to the Latin and Teutonic stock. I deal only with the Latin here, as being the more familiar to the general student.

the familiar change of *r* into *l* in *copere*, being all that is required to effect the passage from the Latin to the Celtic form of the word. In *achair*, a further change takes place, the dropping of the initial consonant; but this is quite in order, as the Homeric forms *ais* for *paia*, *eib* for *libe*, and *aisos* for *deinos* sufficiently prove. The Gauls seem to have had a peculiar antipathy to *p* at the commencement of a word; so that not only in *achair* from *paier*, but in *less* from *plab*, in *leims* from *plaus* and in *lan* from *plenus*, and in *wchdt* from *peidte*, this unoffending letter has been rudely thrown out. The system of aspiration here noted as a preparatory step for invasion of the medial consonant, and taking the boxes, so to speak, out of the word, extends in Gaelic and all the Celtic languages far beyond the case of the medial consonant. It is a regular habit of the language to modify by aspirates the initial consonant of any word, when it is preceded by certain words, most of which are distinguished by a long final vowel, a modification which in not a few cases amounts to a total deletion of the consonant, and in certain cases to a sweeping erasure of both consonant and aspirate from the field of hearing; a result which not only emasculates the word, but renders it difficult to be recognized by those whose ear has been trained to the primary and unmodified form. Thus the word *tyh* a house (in which, as spelt, the Latin *tege*, the Greek *stegos*, the German *dach*, and the English are *deck*, plainly recognized), when preceded by *mo* or *do*, *my* or *thy*, *forthwith* becomes *tyh*. A similar modification takes place regularly in the flexion of nouns and verbs, and specially when an adjective is joined to a feminine noun. Thus, as *Ben*, a mountain, is feminine in Gaelic, instead of *Ben Mòr* or *big mount*, the natives say *Beann*, or, rather spell it, *Beinn-oidh*, changing the *n* into *v* by the addition of the aspiration. I remember how much I was puzzled with the signification of *Ben Ait* (the name, as pronounced, of the north peak of Ben Mòr in Mull), till I consulted a lady living at the bottom of the hill, who told me that *Ait* as pronounced was only a modified form of *fad*, *long*, the modification being caused by the feminine gender of the noun, which necessitated the aspiration of the initial *f*; and this, again, necessitated the disappearance of both aspirate and consonant! The effect of all this, while it unquestionably gives a certain indistinctness and want of firmness to the expression of the language, is to make it admirably fitted for musical purposes; as we see also in *deach*, where *hall* becomes *ha*; *at all* becomes *ava*; *gold*, *gold*; *will not*, *winn*; *do not*, *dinn*; *must not*, *mann*, and so forth. This state of the case contrasts wonderfully with the common opinion entertained of Gaelic by the English people, who are accustomed to talk of it as harsh and guttural; but this opinion arises partly from the fact that tourists in the Highlands seldom hear the language spoken except by the most unredned persons, and partly from the notion that the final *ch*, in which Gaelic, like German, abounds, is a harsh sound. It is quite the reverse. The German *mich* is the soft form of the harsh and sharp English *with*. It is nothing singular that men attempt to fasten a

fact as an object perceived, when the real flaw lies in the defective organ of the percipient.

So much for the language. The literature in its main stream consists of popular ballads and songs—those the *andron* with which Achilles is represented as salacing his solitary grudge when Agamemnon sends the embassy to request him to rejoin the Greek army. Of these songs and ballads a collection was made by a certain Dean Macgrigor, of Lismore in Argyll, about the time of the Reformation; for a long time preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and some years ago published and translated under the able superintendence of Skene and MacLachlan. Another most extensive and valuable collection has recently been made by John Campbell of Islay, taken down from the mouths of the people, and preserving many of the old Favian traditions in a form which, without his work, must very soon have disappeared. I myself have heard some of these ballads recited by an old man in Tobermory, the descendant no doubt of a race of ballad-singers and story-tellers, who formed a regular profession in the Highlands, but which now, like other good things in that quarter, is rapidly dying out. As in ancient Greece, the original metrical form in which the popular traditions were embodied soon gave rise to a prose version of sagacious matter in a kindred tone; so had in the ballads and songs of which we have spoken, there existed in the Highlands a rich collection of prose stories or tales, which were told by accomplished story-tellers to lighten the heaviness of the winter evenings at the smoky fire-side. To the patriotic diligence of Mr Campbell in this case also we are indebted for the preservation of a body of prose Highland tales of primary importance in the history of early Aryan and European civilisation. The contents of these stories though often fanciful and childish, like our fairy tales, are seldom without a subtle moral significance; and their style is masterly, with a certain natural quaintness and grace, for which we shall find no parallel except in some of the most attractive pages of Herodotus. Some of these single ballad materials, about the middle of the last century, as all the world knows, fell into the hands of a literary gentleman named MacPherson, belonging to the district of Badenoch, between Braemar and Kingussie; and, manipulated by his hands and a few friends well skilled in Celtic lore, they were sent forth to the world under the name of the poems of Ossian. That these famous poems—whose originality was recognised with fervour by Goethe, Herder, and others of the most notable names in European literature—were a genuine Celtic production, both in respect of the materials from which they were composed, and the manipulators who put the materials together, there can be no doubt. The only doubt is how much or how little these gentlemen did to put the materials which they unquestionably possessed into their published shape; and this is a doubt which, like every point connected with the Homeric poems of early Greece, must, I fear, remain for ever unremoved. The Greek Homer, that is, the great poet who usually passes for the author of

the *Iliad*, and the Celtic Homer, that is, not Ossian, but MacPherson, equally founded their fame on the working up of the living materials of popular ballad into a more elevated form; and they both, equally, no doubt, left imprinted on the materials which they used, the stamp of their own peculiar genius; only with this difference, that Homer lived in an age when the minstrel would to which he belonged was still in its vigour, while MacPherson appeared late in a literary age, in the character, rather of an antiquarian refinisher than of an active contemporary bard. The consequence is, that between Homer and the times of which he sings, the most complete and pleasant harmony every where is felt; whereas MacPherson's work can never altogether be cleared from the suspicion of having quitted the healthy simplicity of the old traditions, to indulge in the superficial sentiment and a certain tragic artificialising, characteristic of the somewhat flat and feeble century to which he belonged.

... Though the Highlanders were never a reading people, and are not even now so to any great extent, we must not suppose that they were in any sense a savage, or a degraded, or an uncivilized race. Not in the least. MacPhee's not by books alone, but by every word that breathes out of the living soul of a brother. Professional bards always existed amongst them, learned in all the traditions of their clan, and with senses well exercised to discern all the beauty and sublimity of the picturesque country which they inhabited. Of the intellectual fertility of this race a notion may be had from the study of the *Sar Ghair*, or book of the classical Highland poets, a collection made by a certain John MacKenzie, of Galloway, in Ross-shire, to whose memory a monument, recently erected, strikes the eye of the traveller as he proceeds from the old village to the New Inn outside the loch.

It would be impossible for me, in the brief space I am here presenting, to enumerate even the names of those who have occupied an honourable place in this Pastoral of the Celtic bard; for not only within the book but outside of it, everywhere, even at the present hour, the intellectual atmosphere of the Highlands is largely fed, and evermore pours forth their best thoughts in song as naturally as the moist breeze sheds forth pelicans in April.* Did I say single but there are hardly more than common claims to the notice of the general British public; I mean Alexander Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, David Buchanan, of Loch Baynech, Perthshire, and Duncan MacIntyre, of Breckon in Argyleshire, all belonging to the middle or the latter half of the last century. Macdonald, unlike his brethren of the Gaelic lyre, had received a university education, and had more of the character of a modern literary man than of a genuine Highland minstrel. Possessed of a bold Byronian genius, he was the author of several poems of undeniable power, and a man altogether who, under more favour-

* The fertility of the living Celtic Muse will be best understood by the perusal of the *Ornaments and other lyrical collections* published by Mr Sinclair, Argyle Street, Glasgow: or by the ballads collected and Stewart, publishers, opposite the College, Edinburgh.

able circumstances might have ripened into a great British poetic notability. He lived in the country of the Clan Ranald, and his *March of the Biorfhinn, or Barge of Clan Ranald*, is unquestionably one of the most spirited and powerful poems in the Gaelic language.

Dugald Buchanan, the Buzyan of the religious world in the Highlands, had a genuine poetic vein, as his poem on Hamlet's suggestive theme—a human skull—proves beyond doubt; but that classical production, and his other poems, are marred to heterodox readers, who do not sympathise with the peculiar theology of terrors and tectures with which the natural gay temperament of the Highland Celt, since the Evangelical revival of last century, in its most narrow and repulsive form, has been largely infected.

MacIntyre, or Duncos Ban, fair Duncan, as he is more familiarly called, like a genuine old Celtic bard, knew nothing of reading or writing, but spun his musical runings into shape as he wandered up and down the glens in the vicinity of Tyndran and Loch Talloch. His poems breathe the finest appreciation of human nature and the most genuine human kindness; health and joy and beauty are the atmosphere which he constantly carries about with him; he borrows his colour from the purple heather, and his music from the mountain brook; while the stag on the brae is his familiar friend, and the most distinctive living figure in his landscape. As a picture of mountain scenery, and a glorification of the characteristic Highland sport of deer-stalking, MacIntyre's "Ben Doran" is a work as unique and perfect in the region of poetical art as Landseer's pictures are in the sister art of painting. Of this poem it may be interesting to present a specimen from a translation made by me some years ago in Oban.*

"Right pleasant was the view
Of that fine red-mantled crew,
As with sounding hoof they trod
O'er the green and early sod,
Up the brae,
As they sped with lihouese hurry
Through the rock-angled courts,
With no lack of food I was,
When they cropped the basest grass,
All the way.
O grandly did they gather,
In a joyous troop together,
In the Corrie of the Fern
With light-hearted unconcern;
Or by the smooth green loan
Of Aghalader were shown,
Or by the ruined station
Of the old herby nation
Of the Fern,
Or by the Willow Rock
Or the witch-tree on the knock,
The branchy crested flock
Might be seen.
Not will they stint the measure

To repair the wasted blood
The cheaper and the best in all the land;
And ready gold will try
For the Queen's own lips to buy
Such a treat.
From the rim it trickles down
Of the mountain's granite crown
Clear and cool;
Keen and eager though it go
Through your veins with lively flow,
Yet it knoweth not to reign
In the chambers of brain
With marble;
Where dark water-cresses grow
You will trace its quiet flow,
With many border yellow,
So white, and soft, and mellow.
In its pouring,
With no slimy drags to trouble
The brightness of its bubble
As it threads its silver way
From the granite shoulders grey
Of Ben Doran,
Then down the sloping side

* Published in "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," Edinburgh: Macmillan and Douglas, 1876.

Of their frolic and their pleasure
 And their play,
 When the airy-footed nautic,
 At their frolics will they tangle
 O'er the leas,
 With their prancing,
 And their dancing,
 And their skipping,
 And their stamping,
 And their splashing,
 And their washing
 In the pools,
 Like lovers newly wedded,
 Light-hearted, giddy-headed
 Little fools,
 No thine have they beside
 The willow's flowing side
 And the green wall's huld pride
 Honey-sweet ;
 A spring of lively cheer,
 Sparkling cool and clear,
 And filtered through the sand
 At their feet ;
 'Tis a life restoring food

It will slip with glossy slide,
 Gently swelling,
 Till it gather strength to leap,
 With a light and hoany sweep,
 To the corse broad and deep
 Proudly swelling ;
 Then heads and the shoulders,
 Neath the shadow of the shoulders
 Of the Ben,
 Through a country rough and shaggy,
 So jaggy and so knaggy,
 Full of brambles and of branches,
 Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,
 Full of bushes and of rushes,
 In the glen,
 Through rich green vildities,
 And wildly hanging woods
 With blossoms and with bell,
 In rich redundant swell,
 And the pride
 Of the mountain daisy there,
 And the forest everywhere,
 With the dew and with the air
 Of a bridle."

As a whole, Gaelic literature is a literature which is likely to die, as it has lived, without going largely into what we call more distinctively literature. The genuine Highlander still sings. He does not write. An admirable, and to a certain extent successful, attempt at creating a prose literature was made by Dr. Norman Macleod, father of his better-known son, the Queen's favourite clergyman, in the early part of the present century. He published a magazine full of graphic sketches of Highland life and character, set forth with a grace, and seasoned with a humour, enough to give a classical position to any writer. But admirable as these tracts were, and forming, as they do at the present hour, the unspiced model of classical Gaelic prose, the reading element in Highland society was too weak to encourage any further adventure in this style. It is in vain to write for a people who either do not read at all, or are led by inevitable inclination to seek for what books can give in the full-flowing streams of English, rather than the thin rivulets of Gaelic prose. Next to sketches of character, given in the lively style of popular dialogue, the staple of Macleod, one would expect from the Highlander, being as he is notably a very serious and religious person, a large display of sermon or pulpit literature; but here expectation finds itself hugely disappointed. The fervour of Celtic apostleship is well known; and the very numerous adherence of the Presbyterians north of the Grampians, to the Free Church, whatever other value it may have, is certainly a remarkable proof of the efficiency and the popularity of the clergy in those parts; but however fervid in pulpit demonstrations and zealous in points of traditional orthodoxy the trans-Grampian Evangelists may be, they wisely confined their ministrations to the electric effect of the living word, and not endeavoured to gain a position for Gaelic in the printed eloquence of the pulpit which few could appreciate and everybody could spare.

Among contemporary attempts to use Gaelic for the currency of the hour, the Gaelic articles in that sturdy organ of Radicalism the *Inverness Highlander*, are deserving of special praise; but the very small proportion of the columns of that journal in which the native language appears, affords the most satisfactory proof that the great mass of Highland readers prefer the English tongue, and are in fact for the most part unable to read the the works of their best poets, by whose names they are yet proud to swear. The only other production of Gaelic press that seems to call for special mention is their body of wise saws and popular apophthegms, originally collected by an Episcopal clergyman of the name of Macintosh, who lived in the early part of the present century, and now republished with large additions and valuable comments by that genial and accomplished Celt, Sheriff Nicolson, of Kirkcubright.

Should I be expected to say, in conclusion, what is the present state and future prospects of the Celtic population in the Highlands, the answer may be short but sad. Personally I am one of those who like to see Highlanders in the Highlands; but where Nature, and unnatural landlaws, and partial land laws, and a one-eyed political economy divorced from all moral considerations and social ties, have for more than a century conspired to drain away the native population of the glens, my wishes are a mere breath that will pass the weighted scales innocuously, and leave the balance where it was. Our noble Highlanders, the best-conditioned peasantry morally and physically in Europe, and the best constituent of our once famous armies, that knew no defeat, have been lost to us, I fear, far ever, by land laws which, while they strengthened by artificial enactments the natural strength of the lords of the soil, left the mass of the people at the mercy of pleasure-hunting lords—not seldom absentees—and omnipotent factors inflated by economical wrotchets or spurred by commercial greed. Laws were made and maintained with jealous severity to preserve the game; but no one dreamt of preserving the people. The consequence has been that the people, receiving no encouragement from their natural protectors, who rather seemed anxious in not a few cases to get rid of people, poachers, and poor laws, at a stroke, retreated year after year from their dear old homes, which were homes now only for game-keepers and game, and Tithe-dealers in Highland wool and hill-mutton, and sought for higher wages, more kindly treatment, and far less healthy moral and physical surroundings in the hot-beds and back stums of our great manufacturing towns. It is no doubt wonderful to observe what flashes of the genuine old spirit occasionally shoot forth in fervid verse, and insoucious prose; but they are only *plasmas*. Genuine Celtic sentiment, and loving appreciation of Celtic culture, appear only in a few exceptional individuals; the best part of the people have left the country in despair; and those who remain behind, feeble, dejected, and dispirited, slaves to the urgent necessities of the hour are more anxious to catch grossly at any bait which the purse-proud

Saxon may fling before them than to retain the honourable heritage of manhood and self-reliance which they received from their sires. With the great mass of Highlanders, I fear, patriotic sentiment does not go much beyond a sentiment; men in their depressed condition, in fact, cannot afford to feed on the savour of old traditions, however enabling; they stand face to face with the hard facts of a world that knows nothing about Duncan Ban, and to whom the spirit-stirring strains of the national pipe can be looked on only as an ill-timed interruption to the whirling of their gigantic wheels, and the whirring of their multitudinous power-looms. A special blow of discouragement has recently been given to the maintenance of a genuine Celtic spirit in the Highlands by the recent Education Act. In the code of the Metropolitan Board, neither Gaelic poetry, nor Gaelic music, nor anything with a distinctively Highland hue and Celtic flavour, makes its appearance. The Socratic principle of educating by drawing out what is in people, rather than by injecting them with what is foreign, seems utterly unknown to those who in London are entrusted with the important function of teaching the young mind how to shoot in the world beneath of the Grampians. But red tape and centralization, however naturally narrow and unsympathetic, are not in this case altogether to blame. It is the indifference of the people themselves that lies at the root of this neglect of the best popular culture for a Celtic people in a Celtic country, and the wholesale adoption of what is strange and artificial. Much of the best soul and the stoutest brawn of the country has, we have already said, been driven by partial laws, and commercial selfishness, and inconsiderate pleasure-hunting, into a voluntary expatriation; while the few that remain, often the feeblest and most spiritless, must be content to look up to their Saxon masters to feed them and to clothe them, rather than to their Celtic ancestors to inspire them; and, so far as this is the case, there is small hope for them. Where the Celtic soul, by an unfortunate conspiracy of external circumstances and selfish agencies, has been pumped out of them, it cannot be the business of the School Boards to pump it in again. Where sparks of the grand old fire still remain, their only resource seems to be that they should form voluntary districtal associations for the preservation of patriotic culture and sentiment and music, after the example of what has recently been done in Rogart, Sutherland, by that most intelligent and manly Celt, John Mackay, Swansea. No small people, under the daily influence of strong currents of denationalising electricity from a people on a higher social platform, can hope to rescue its individuality without a manly determination to do so. Here SELF-HELP is the only help; and UNDO under courageous leaders the only form that efficient help can assume.

J.S.B.